

would have been allured into "fast houses," dressed in style by the mistresses, sent out to "fascinate" perhaps the young hopefuls of the very fathers who say "I will not give my money to the Home; you cannot reform the fallen." It is true that, without divine grace, there can be no change; reformation must come from the *heart* outwards—but the merciful spirit of the Gospel bids us try, and we *have* learned what the Holy Spirit can accomplish.

I would appeal to the *selfishness* as well as the benevolence of the community, for aid in the reclamation of the pests of the city, as it ought to be a matter of *personal* interest to every thoughtful parent.

I am sorry at having to record the deaths particularly of two of our inmates; they were nearly four months in the Home. One was an English girl who had been a servant in this city; she was an affectionate and clever girl. When she was leaving to go to the Lying-in Hospital, she hung back and kept looking in my face without speaking. I asked her if she had forgotten anything, she said no, but still seemed loath to go. Then I said "You know you are coming back again Mary, and bring the baby." She seemed quite relieved, and went away more cheerfully. The other was, a quiet young girl from the Townships. Her uncle gave her into my care; she was very much loved in the Home, and was taken to the Lying-in Hospital, but was returned, as her sickness was not what we expected. She wanted "to make something to remember her by in the Home," and had just finished a mat for Mr. T., to kneel on at prayers, when she was taken back to the Hospital. I have much comfort in the assurance that this gentle girl was brought to Jesus. After the other girls (who show great sisterly kindness to each other) had dressed her, and tied up her little bundle of baby-clothes, and kissed her as they always do, weeping when they leave for that critical moment of life or death to them, she knelt at her bed (the others standing around her) and gave herself to God's will. Often has my heart yearned after them, when watching them go down the hill, to turn them again, regardless of our want of accommodation for that purpose, knowing that they would have kind, sympathizing nurses here among themselves. The nervousness they feel on going again among strangers at that time, must be injurious to them, when a kind word, or even look is such a comfort. When I sent a few days afterwards to inquire for this girl, the messenger was curtly told that "she is dead and buried." I have been so distressed, that I would entreat the managers of our Home to do something to help me to keep these poor girls in my own care, and, with the Lord's blessing, restore them to their friends.

The following are extracts from letters received during the year now reported:

A lady who took a girl from the Home a year ago, writes thus:—

'DEAR MRS. GOWAN,—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that the girl, K. S., whom I took from the "Home," is still with me, and continuing