

kindred of the Fifth-avenue. Poverty—nothing but poverty—made some hearts bleed, and severed in many instances the dearest and tenderest earthly relations. How painfully solemn the trust when the weeping father and mother led their child to me, and gave it up, trusting to me its future interests! They wept over it, and kissed, and turned away to their desolate abode of poverty, conscious that they would see it no more. But it was also a joyous hour.—One said, "I will beg no more;" another said, "I'm done picking cinders." Little Dutchy said, "I don't care where I go, it's better than where I lived."

As we were about starting, several arrived from the Children's Aid Society, some from the Newsboys' Lodging Room; and when we arrived at the cars in Jersey City, a beautiful little lame girl, from the House of the Friendless, was placed in my care.—As the cry, "All aboard!" was heard, "little Mary" was put on board and was forever free from the cruel tyranny of the woman who had driven her forth to beg since she was five years old. On we went some singing, others crying. It was a sleepless night to me. Constant attention of some kind was necessary. Though we had clad them at the mission as well as our small means and exhausted wardrobe would permit, still they often became very cold. The snow storm in the mountains was severe. Towards morning a pipe burst and we were soon frozen up. As the storm subsided, I went up the side of the mountain to a farm-house, and begged a pail of milk for the children. This, with the lunch with which we were provided before we left the mission, we shared with the children of our fellow-passengers, who for the time received food from the hands of the children of the Five Points. I was glad to have an opportunity for such a contrast.

Toward noon the children became restless, and as we had but little prospect of getting off soon I thought they would feel better if they were washed and combed. A path having been broken by some teams, we went near half a mile to the dwelling of a "mountaineer," told them who we were, and what we wanted. They had read the "Old Brewery," and were ready to help. We spent an hour in washing, brushing, warming, eating "dough-nuts," and apple pies, singing, etc. We returned full of glee to our impatient fellow-travellers. By and by another locomotive arrived, and we were on our way rejoicing.

As we were hastening on, trying to redeem the time, little "Paddy" was sitting by the side of a very interesting lady, who seemed to eye him with unusual tenderness. At length she began to talk to him. "Paddy" leaned over on her lap, and talked and smiled, just as no other little one can. She asked him about home—brothers and sisters, and parents—and when she learned that he was homeless and friendless, dependent upon strangers, and only five or six years old, she took him in her arms and kissed him, and baptized him with the warm tears fresh from her heart. Her father, mother, and sister were on board, and soon became as deeply interested as herself. She pleaded for "Paddy." "Now father, we never had a brother. There are none but Mary and I. You have enough to live on. 'Paddy' shall be no trouble to mother. We will take all the care of him, and teach him, and when he grows up, you can make a doctor of him." The point was settled. They must have "Paddy." I made the necessary inquiries in regard to them. They lived in Cuba, Alleghany County, N. Y. Himself and wife are Presbyterians. He is well off, and is a regular physician. They have two children—the daughters in the cars. He takes "Paddy" as a son, and I therefore authorized him to change the name of the

child to his own. "Scotch" begged so hard to go with "Paddy," that the Doctor was moved to tears, and almost determined to take them both.

This good home cheered the children, and often they said, "I am glad for 'Paddy;' will you get me so good a home?" I told them that I would take them to where I would be willing my children should go. They sung,

"As free as the wind we fly,

In search of the land where pleasure's found."

After a little, William Wright, one of the newsboys, said, "Do you remember the promise we made to Mrs. Denel?" I asked what it was. "Why we promised to sing a song every day out of the hymn-book she gave us." Soon about twenty hymn-books were taken from pockets and bags. Several hymns were proposed. As they could not decide, I told Henrietta—the poor girl from Paterson N. J., who wandered into the mission two or three nights before I left—to lead on what she liked. She commenced,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly."

They all joined in, and then others were sung, till a passenger, noticing the peculiarity of the book and hymns, concluded that Charles Wesley was a favorite with the children, and laughingly asked if we were going to "camp meeting."

The second night from New York we arrived at Dunkirk. We were treated with the utmost kindness by the conductors and landlords. The next morning we left for the west, and arrived in Cleveland in time to be left twelve hours. Several of the children were sick from the shaking of the cars, eating the "nice things" kindly sent to the mission for us, want of rest, and the colds they had taken. Two very large omnibuses were immediately placed at my disposal. The superintendent of the road being present took hold, with the affection of a father, and assisted me in getting the children in. Off we went to the Angier House, and were welcomed the more cordially because there were so many of us. Fires were immediately made, the sick ones put to bed, and the others "slicked up." Soon breakfast was ready for us, and it was well that the "buckles and belts" were left in New York. Four or five hours were spent in sleep.

In the meantime the Postmaster and several generous ladies having heard of our arrival, and having gone among several of leading wealthy families, and arranged to have them take the "limbs to their folds," called and told me what they had done. I told them we would leave that evening, but they would not hear it. They said, "You have always passed us when going west, and now you are here, and you are not going to leave. These children are tired and must have rest." I sent down to the depot for the baggage, but by some mistake the porter failed to get it till it was gone to Chicago. I told the ladies of it, and said we now must go. But they promised to take care that the children was supplied with clothes for the Sabbath. Soon they were paired off—a large and small one together—and taken to some of the best families in the city.

The generous landlord said it was not necessary to remove them from his house, and refused to receive any compensation for what he had done. His only charge was, "come again." Sabbath morning I pleaded for the mission in the First Baptist Church and received seventy dollars. In the afternoon I spoke in the Euclid-street Presbyterian Church, and received sixty-three dollars and twenty-five cents; and in the evening I presented our cause to the Erie-