

to see, how eager to compare! What worse poison can taint the blood of boys and girls, when their character, like wax, is to receive the stamp, to last perhaps through life, than the belief that begging prospers, while honest industry is cold and hungry?—*R. T. Paine, Jr., Esq.*

The New Charity sees the woman begging before the Academy. It gives her nothing; it learns her name and address, and perhaps a few words of her story. The next day it goes, either in person or through the organization which meets here to-night; and, "the cause which it knows not, it searches out" It finds, perhaps, that the woman is a capitalist; or, perhaps, that she has children who ought to support her, and whom public opinion will compel to this duty; or that she has claims to be admitted into an institution where she will be suitably cared for, or, perhaps it finds her employment.

The Old Charity sees a woman begging, having in her arms a child with diseased eyes, distorted legs, festering sores; it gives profuse alms, and thereby puts a premium on diseased, distorted children; and so such children are made to order by the thousand, while the Old Charity goes away, hugging itself over its tenderness of heart. The New Charity puts the child under treatment, and it sends the