

but could not gain admittance there or in any other place. When she came to our door, before I had time to say "come in," she cried, "Oh for God's sake don't say no; every body says no, and I've been praying to God at the door, not to let you say no, too." Poor girl, I had no intention of saying no it is much against my will to say it, although I have had to do so sometimes, when a wretched creature will come in, and I find a bottle of whiskey nicely hid on her person—then if she will not let me take it from her, she and her bottle has to be refused. I have known them to go, and after drinking it come back, and oh, then, the frightful night we have. I have felt this to be the most trying of all the Christian work I ever had, but the curiously carved moral maxim I once read on an old door in Edinburgh often comes to my mind, it was this:

"He that tholes overcomes."

No. 310.—A very gentle, prepossessing girl, seduced by her lover and thrown aside,—the same old story "lovely woman stoops to folly, and finds too late that men betray." What a comfort to the wronged, crushed, credulous girls is the quiet of our retired, beautiful Home. The security they feel in not being looked at or talked to by many visitors is much valued, and the perfect confidence they have in knowing that their names, parentage, &c., &c., is never made known beyond the friends who give them shelter here.

No. 311.—This young woman was brought here by a Christian gentleman who got her as a servant at the Immigrants' Home. She was only two days with him when she got drunk. He brought her here at once; her mind seemed to be greatly troubled, when I begged her to tell me her sorrow, and she did so. She said she had, in company with some neighbor women, been drinking at her home in Belfast. Her husband quarrelled with her, and she went off and took passage in a ship going to Canada, leaving her baby thirteen months old. "Now she was sorry for it, and what would she do?" "Go home immediately" I said. She had nearly as much money as would pay her way home. I bought a ticket for her, and saw her away next day. She had nice clothing, and seemed to have been in good circumstances at home. Had she met with some of the low drunken women in this city, what a sad end she would have come to.

No. 313.—A young woman who had been seduced by her cousin, and left home unknown to her mother. She was in such a state of distress for her poor mother that she went back to her. Her brother advertised for her whereabouts.

This is the eighty-ninth young girl who has come to our "Home" in this way, ages ranging from 16 to 25, and over two-thirds of them without a cent in their pockets. Some of them found sitting in the Depot, crying, and not knowing where to go. Some have told me that they have wandered on the streets looking for a kind face, that they might ask for shelter, and were brought here. Had sixty of these eighty-nine girls, penniless and friendless been picked up by the police, (who are enemies to colloquy) and sent to jail for protection, as has been done before the opening of this Home, we may judge what the terrible results would have been. They