

place, her feelings fairly overcame her. "How can I help it?" she cried in a fearful voice! "How can I help it? I am lost; lost, lost forever; I dare not go home; I have broken my father's heart; the man who ruined me won't speak to me; I am lost, and I wish I were dead, like Maggie Thompson. Maggie is well where she is compared with what I am," and here she subsided into a hysterical state, and sat moaning and moving backwards and forwards, like a poor broken-hearted creature as she was. On inquiring as to who Maggie Thompson was, it turned out that she was a girl who had died in that room a week or two ago. Her history was the old, old story. But one little episode of her death-bed is worth recounting. When she came to realize the fact that death was near, her memory travelled back to her Scottish home, and recalled to her the days when she was the joy of her mother, and the pride of her father's heart; and the godly teachings she enjoyed from both came so vividly to her recollection, that the seed sown then seemed to be taking root even now in that ungenial soil. She sent an eager message to a clergyman to come and visit her, but he refused. Again she sent a similar, but still more entreating message, and again he refused, and that poor soul, yearning after some kind word of comfort and instruction, passed into eternity, uncared for, with the sounds of cursing from a neighboring room ringing in her ears. Such was the end of Maggie Thompson, and such is the end of all these unfortunates. To-day they are flaunting in silks, to-morrow they are shivering in rags. Lower and lower down is their inevitable fate. Drink they must have to deaden the stings of conscience, and when the supply of that necessary is cut off, conscience, with a fearful energy, sets to work and drives them to the lunatic asylum, or the grave.

The causes that lead to this state of matters in our midst, are as various as they are difficult to be dealt with. One poor girl whom we saw maintained that soldiers'