



THE
LITTLE RAGGED
TEN THOUSAND.

BY
P. H. SKINNER.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done
it unto me."

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Preface.

THE scenes of this little story, as its title indicates, lie among a class hitherto neglected, and but little noticed by refined society, except with disgust and loathing.

But the sun of a brighter day for them is dawning. Many warm and noble hearts are now being enlisted in their behalf. The precepts of Him, who, above all others, is their best friend, are now beginning to move the hearts of many, and must soon sway their mighty influence far and wide. He said, Suffer the least of these (ragged though they be) to come to me, and turn them not away.

The fact that we have these in many of our large cities numbering to thousands and tens of thousands, has given rise to the title of this little work in the mind of the author. Its object is to enlist sympathy for these little defenceless ones.

The fact that they are defenceless is sufficient apology, in the mind of the author, for speaking. Shall it enlist but one more warm and generous heart to act for them, searching out and alleviating their sufferings, our work will not be in vain.

Most of the scenes brought out in this little work are facts which have come directly under the author's notice, during his labors among this class.

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The Little Ragged Ten Thousand.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, if I could put an end to it and not hurt it," said a poor woman, as she raised her head from her pillow of straw, and gazed upon her little, pale, emaciated, half frozen infant, only a few weeks old. It was on one of the cold and inclement mornings in January. She had been sleeping upon the damp ground, half covered with rags, in one of the many dark and gloomy cellars that are so thickly inhabited by the wretched outcasts from society in some of our large cities.

Misery and degradation were depicted upon her countenance. Despair had almost fixed its fangs upon her heart. Her degraded and un-

fortunate husband is now dead. Her friends have forsaken her. She is alone. She has become an abandoned outcast. She, once courted and flattered by all around her; once— young, gay, joyous and innocent—now degraded, abandoned, despised, outcast. She can now say in truth—

"I've had false friends around me to cheat and beguile,
When fortune was smiling they also did smile;
Like the lake's treachrous waters which look both bright
and blue
When the heavens above them are beautiful too.

But, when sorrow and trouble came to my door,
Those that I thought would befriend were friendly no more;
Like swallows who vanish when winter draws nigh,
They left when the tempest-cloud darkened the sky."

"Oh! if I could put an end to it and not hurt it," said she. "Oh! if I could get it out of this bad world. Poor thing, I fear it will die. It's almost froze now. Its little hands are just like ice. What a pity it wouldn't die. Poor little innocent thing. Oh! what will I do with it? Oh! oh!" (sobbing and weeping bitterly). "Oh! if it could die and not die," (clasping the child in her arms). "Oh! what

will I do with you? You have got a soul. You have got to live, and you have got to die. Oh! what can I do?"

She cannot speak now. Her sobs and tears have choked her utterance.

A cold gust of wind once more drives the snow through the crevices in the wall against which she is lying. Her limbs are almost palsied. She has scarce rags enough to cover her body. There is no warm fire on the hearth, inviting her to come near; for there is no hearth there. There is no warm food awaiting her to arise and eat; for there is no food nor even cupboard in that dark cellar.

There is no comfortable clothing in a nice wardrobe just at hand. No! there is no wardrobe—nor chair—nor table—nor stand—neither any article of furniture that is so necessary to make home comfortable and happy.

No! she has nothing left to her but desolation and want. The projecting wall is her seat by day. The filthy straw, which has been stolen from a neighboring stable, is her couch by night. The big tears are now flow-

ing profusely down her cheeks, as she slowly raises her chilled, emaciated form, and staggers towards a hole in the opposite wall, muttering to herself in low tones of despair; then bursting into a flood of anguish, she cries, "Die! Oh! I shall die! My hands, my feet, they are frozen! My head! oh! my head!" All is still for a moment. She is in deep meditation. Poor woman! she has suffered much. Do you, my young reader, ask how? I will tell you.

Her little child is but a few weeks old, its name is Thomas. She has called it after its father, for he it is upon whom all her hopes in this world have depended. For, she said, "though he be unkind to me, yet I love him still. Yes, if he does get drunk and beat me. If he does neglect me here alone and leave me to mourn and die. Yet he is my husband. He is all I have in this world." But where is her husband, do you ask? Poor woman, she has no husband. He is now dead. Soon after the birth of little Tommy, his father came home almost sober, which was the first time for many weeks.

He had been laboring for a few days and had earned a little money, a part of which he had brought home with him.

On seeing the little babe he seemed to be very happy. He took it in his arms and kissed it again and again; then turned to its mother, and said, "what shall we call it?" "Call it," said the mother, "I shall call it Thomas, after its father." "Thomas! Thomas!" said the father. "What, after me! After its poor father!" "Yes, after you." "Oh, Mary," said the father, "you are so good to me. I have been so unkind to you. Oh, Mary, I will never get drunk again while I live. Oh, Mary, I do love you as much as ever." He was one of the kindest of men when he was not drunk; but, step after step, in his drunken career, he had taken, until he had become so degraded that he had lost all respect for himself.

His unnatural appetite for rum has become so strong as to have the perfect control over him. He is now no more a man—but a slave. A slave to his appetite! He cannot govern

himself. He is led captive by the tyrant alcohol!

"Here, Mary," said he, "here is some money, you take the purse and all the money I have—when I shall have nothing to get drunk with. I will never drink any more rum while I live. No, Mary, I never will. For your sake—and the sake of this dear little Tommy, I will never drink any more grog." "Oh," said the mother, "you have told me that so often, I fear you will." "No Mary, I will not. No, I will not. As true as there is a God in heaven, I will not touch another drop of grog while I live." So saying, he left the room in haste, but soon after returned, with a pistol in his hand, and placing it on the table before him, he said: "Mary, I have ruined myself. I have destroyed your happiness in this world by drinking that infernal rum. I have promised you often to quit drinking; you know I have tried to keep my pledge; you know I have promised God and man; yes, I have promised you again and again. But, Mary, that dreadful appetite, it gnaws upon me by day and by night.

"Now, Mary, I will be free." So saying, he got down upon his knees, by the table, and placing one hand upon the pistol, and grasping Mary's hand with the other, he said, "Mary, my dear wife, I call upon you to witness what I say, I call upon God and all the holy angels to witness what I promise you; Mary, I will never drink another drop of grog while I live."

"No! another drop of that liquid fire shall never enter these veins. I have loaded this pistol, Mary, with a double load. I shall carry it there the rest of my days," said he, placing it in his pocket, by his side. "Now, Mary, the first drop I drink, that ball shall tear this heart into a thousand pieces." "Oh, stop," said Mary, "you frighten me. Oh, don't—don't," she cried. She was too weak. She could not endure it. Her cheeks turned pale. She sunk into her chair. She was breathless for a few moments. She was then seized with spasms, which lasted for hours, and from the effects of which, she never fully recovered. She lay almost senseless upon her bed for a number of days, during a part of which time, her husband was by her

side the most of the day. He had kept his pledge with firm determination, until one day Mary was apparently asleep. He thought he would leave her a few moments to go and get some money from his employer, as there was a few shillings due him. He went, but did not get the money. On returning, he passed the door of one of the old grog-shops that were standing so thick and fast on every corner of the streets, where he had so often spent his money, and wasted his time in drunkenness and debauchery. As he came by the door he thought of his resolutions. He started as if he would run from the temptation—but just at that moment the door opened, and he saw one of his old companions standing at the bar, in the act of pouring down a glass of grog. The moment he saw the sparkling fluid, he felt the cravings of that horrid appetite burning in his bosom. He was overcome. A sudden trembling seized his whole being. He rushed into the grog-shop, placed himself before the bar, and reaching out his trembling hand, he cried, “give me—give me the bottle.

Yes, though it burn my soul and body up in hell, I will have it—*yes—I will—*give it me.” So saying, he grasped the bottle and filled the glass to its brim; then placing it to his lips he drank the whole of it. No sooner had he replaced the glass upon the board, then he remembered his resolutions. He drew the pistol from his pocket, and placing it at his breast, he said: “It is the last—I will not live.” Turning his fierce eyes upward, he cried, “Oh, Heaven! protect Mother, Lizzy, and dear little Tommy.” In an instant the ball pierced his heart, and he fell senseless upon the floor of that filthy grog-shop, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nose. He was soon taken to the hospital where, in a few hours, he breathed his last.

CHAPTER II.

DURING this time, the landlord had come for the rent, and the poor woman had no money to pay him. Of course, she must be removed from the upper room where they had been living, and the little furniture they had must be sold to satisfy the demands of the greedy landlord. Sick, pale, and emaciated, she is compelled to leave her dwelling, and all she has on earth that is dear to her. With her little child in her arms, she saunters forth to seek a refuge from the wintry blasts in this dark and filthy cellar. Here is where we find her now. She has no husband. He is dead—but she does not know it yet.

The remains of her husband, but a few days since, were buried from all human view. No fond wife has followed them to the tomb, for

she knows not where he is. She little thinks that that loved form which has so often been the recipient of her fond embrace, is there. She little dreams that the remains of him whom she has loved more dearly than her own life are now lying mangled and mouldering, beneath the clod. Let us see! poor woman! she sobs aloud! the bitter tears are scalding those pale and almost frozen cheeks. But, ah! she knows not all her grief yet!

She has another child. A sweet little girl she is. Her name is Lizzy. During her father's absence, her mother has sent her to beg something to keep them from starving, but on returning home, she found the cold room empty and desolate. "Mother! mother!" she cried, but no kind mother was there. She searched the closet again and again, then she went to the chimney, and looking up it, she cried, "mother! dear mother! oh mother! where are you and little Bub?" Thus she walked around the room for hours, calling for her mother and her little brother until it grew dark. When she was so chilled and fatigued that she

could scarcely walk about any longer, she went to the window, and stood weeping and rubbing the tears from her little cheeks with the ragged sleeves of her dress. But she soon fell asleep, and threw herself upon the floor, where she lay until nearly midnight, when a man came up-stairs with a light in his hand, and seeing the little girl lying upon the floor, and the old basket by her side, with a few pieces of cold meat and bread in it, he seized her by the arm, and kicking the basket before him, he dragged her down stairs and laid her upon the pavement near the door, saying, "There, you little brat! Let me catch you in there again, dirtying up my house with your dirty rags and filthy bread and bones, and I'll fix you, so that you won't want to come there again." He is the agent! He it is in whom so much power is vested. The power to rob poor widows and orphans of all they have on earth, and turn them empty into the street. And all this they must do to save the landlord the paltry sum of a week's rent.

But where did poor little Lizzy go in that

cold, dark, and dreary night? perhaps you ask. I will tell you. She arose from the pavement and felt her way around the buildings until she came into a filthy, narrow lane. It was so dark that she could see nothing around her. She soon fell into a hole, which was the entrance to an old cellar. She was too much frightened and too cold to cry. She felt her way down into the cellar. There was no light there, but she thought she heard a voice in the further end which frightened her still more. She stood listening and trembling with fear. Soon she heard the sound again. Distinctly she heard these words. "Oh, where is my dear little Lizzy? Where is she?" She knew the voice. It was her mother's! She screamed with all her might,—“Mother! mother! mother!” and ran towards the place from whence she heard the sound; where she soon once more felt her gentle mother's kind embrace, as she lay upon that filthy straw, only partially covered with the few rags that had been left her by the agent when she was driven out from her home into the street.

"But where is Lizzy now?" perhaps you, my young reader, are ready to ask. I will tell you. Lizzy is a good little girl. She has crept lightly away, and has gone out to beg something for her poor mother's breakfast. Poor thing, she has no shoes or stockings on her feet. She has no bonnet or hood to cover her head, she has no cloak or shawl to ward off the blasting winds. She has nothing on her but one old tattered garment, which is so large that she is compelled to hold it with her little hands, to keep it about her body. She has been begging ever since before it was light. She has already been to many doors this morning. She has stemmed the chilling blast, while others are still asleep. She tells each one as she passes, "I fear poor mother will die." And with bitter tears, she adds; "yes, sweet little Tommy, too. He lies so cold in yonder dark cellar." She is now urging her claims with great earnestness upon some passer-by. Or, perhaps, she is just now ringing the bell at some basement door.

Would you, my little reader, see her gentle

countenance and gaze upon her little sparkling eyes as they glisten through the icicles and frozen tears upon her cheeks, and meekly learn of her sweet patience and perseverance? If yes, then go seek her in yonder street. Be not afraid of those rags. Ask her name. She will tell you. Take that thick shawl from your now more than warm clad shoulders, and place it upon her shivering form. Now look at her little eyes. See? They sparkle. Wipe that tear away, and kiss that half frozen cheek. Does she not love you now? Oh, what joy is this, that we can make another smile.

Then smile. Oh, smile. 'Tis not in vain—
Yes, smile, and thou shalt smile again.

CHAPTER III.

ON Lizzy's return home, she had to pass many of the low, filthy shops or dens that so infest our cities, standing forth like poisonous ulcers on every limb; which it seems almost impossible for the smallest child that prattles through our streets, even in this boasted day of temperance and purity, to avoid. Many of these dens may be readily recognised by the numerous signs painted, written, hung and stuck in every manner, way, shape and style.

At the first glance, the little prattler sees stuck in the window, a stale ginger cake, or a few sticks of candy, twisted and colored in every manner to attract the little eye and catch the penny. The next that glisten in his view are the little "brandy drops," four for a penny, in each of which are just enough grog

to form a taste for it, and create a desire for something stronger. "Oysters in every style;" "boarding and lodging;" "meals at all hours;" "cold snaps and lunch for six cents;" "beds for twelve and a half cents;" "lager beer;" "pale ale;" "cider;" "champagne;" "old whiskey;" "Havana segars;" "plug tobacco," &c., &c., will be seen in every direction. Again, that which is all important for such a place, therefore not the least conspicuous, will be seen painted in large letters standing out in bold relief, the words

LIQUOR STORE,

which are so well adapted to accomplish the desired end, for they speak volumes to the inflamed imagination and unnatural appetite of the more accustomed visitor. Our little friend had received a few pennies, which she carried in one hand, while in the other she had an old basket, partly filled with cold victuals, which had been given her by a kind lady. As she passed one of these places, a large woman, with a red nose, inflamed eyes, and distorted

countenance, who stood in the door, spoke to her in a harsh and abrupt manner, and said, "Here, you little fiend," adding a dreadful oath to every sentence, "here, stop, stop, you little thief. What's that you've got?" seizing her by the hair of her head, and pulling her backwards down the filthy steps, and looking her in the face, she said, "I know you now; yes, I do. I know you, you little ragged skulk. You can't cheat me. I am too old for you yet. You are the very little brat that use to come after grog for old Tom the carpenter. Yes, and he's the very old coon that killed himself—right there—the other day, and there is the very pistol that he did it with," said she, stepping hastily behind the old board, and taking it from the shelf from among the bottles and holding it up to her view.

Poor Lizzy, she remembered the pistol. She remembered the words of her father, when he knelt down by the table and spoke so earnestly. "Yes," said the old woman, turning to the drunken by-standers, "yes, and don't you think the old thief did it just to get rid of pay-

ing his grog-bill? Yes, I've got ten marks there on the wall against him now. Yes," said she, pouring forth a volume of oaths which would seem to be enough to sink a whole city, "yes, he owes me for ten drinks of grog yet. And there's his old bloody coat—kicking it towards the door—I've got it yet, and his old hat and boots—I took them off from his old carcase just before the policeman came to take him to the hospital. And, don't you think, just as quick as they had taken him away, I went to find his old woman, to make her pay the bill; and sure enough she had picked up duds and skulked off; so that I couldn't find her neither. And all that jist to cheat a poor old woman out of her hard earnins'."

"Yes," said a drunken bystander, "and old Bill Johnson, just over there, says he owes him a lot more. And I don't believe anybody on this 'arth knows how much he does owe."

"Well, I'll have all I can get," said the old woman, as she wrenched the pennies from poor Lizzy's hand, and snatched the basket from her arm. "Now begone you little brat,

and if I ever catch you again, I'll take every rag from your back. I'll watch you. I'll find out where you go, and I'll make your old skulk of a mother pay for it yet. I'll not lose a drop of grog. No, I'll not."

This woman is a licensed grog-seller. She is privileged far above many others around her. She has a right to sell the liquid poison. A right to send degradation, misery, and want, to all around her. This, too, without endangering her high standing in society, for her good character has been sworn to by the officers of our government. She holds a diploma of a legalized, a licensed agent, of a highly christianized and enlightened nation. Is it because of her ingenuous—her noble character in the sight of our rulers that she is thus privileged?

Dear little Lizzie uttered not a word. She meekly endured all. But on finding herself released from the powerful grasp of her enemy, she flew out of the door and ran across the street. Just as she had reached the opposite pavement, she fell senseless upon the hard

stone, where she lay for a few moments unnoticed. It was too much for her. She could not endure it. She knew her father's hat and boots. She saw the blood upon his coat, which she recognized too well to be mistaken. Poor little thing! We can only imagine her feelings as she flew from that den of infamy; for words cannot describe them.

Soon a man came along, and seeing her, he stooped down and lifted her up. She was pale. She scarcely breathed. As soon as she had recovered a little from this stupor, she burst into a flood of tears, and said, "I want to go home to see my dear mother."

It was some time before she found her way through the filthy lanes, and reached the entrance to that dismal cellar. Her poor mother has waited long. She is sick, hungry, cold, and almost exhausted. She has left her little babe upon the straw and found her way to the foot of the steps. She has become impatient, and has thought to go out and beg something to satisfy the cravings of hunger, but she is too weak. She could not climb those rugged

steps. She has been listening to the conversation of some passers-by. She could not hear much. But she has heard one of them say, "that a man killed himself a day or two since with a pistol, in a grog-shop, only a few squares off." "With a pistol!" she muttered to herself. "With a pistol! Can it be him." "What was his business?" asked one. "I do not know," replied the other, "but they say he was a carpenter."

"A carpenter!" said she. "A carpenter! It must be him. Oh, gracious heaven! was that my husband? Can it be that it was my dear, dear husband? He was a hard husband, yet he was my husband." She listened again. "What was his name?" asked one. "I will not be certain," was the reply, "but I think they called him uncle Tom." "Thomas! Thomas!" rehearsed the mother. "Oh, sure it must be him! Yes—I fear—I fear it was my husband! Is he dead?" she cried. "Oh, can it be that my dear husband is dead?" Just at this moment, Lizzy appeared at the entrance. She saw her mother sitting on the

steps below. She did not wait to go clear down the steps, but throwing herself with both arms extended upon her poor, sick mother's neck, she cried; Ma! Oh, ma! dear ma! father is dead. Ma, I know he is dead! I saw the gun, ma; and father's coat, too. Oh, ma, I saw it; it was all bloody. Yes, ma, it was. Dear ma, I know poor father is dead, for the woman said it was my father. Yes, dear ma, poor father is dead." The mother doubts no longer. Her husband is dead. She is alone, and her dear little children are now orphans. Her hopes for this world are destroyed. No friendly hand is extended to sustain her in her moments of disconsolateness. No kind mourners bow around to share with her the bitter tears of grief. Here is where we find her now. She is shedding those bitter tears alone.

CHAPTER IV.

WEEKS have passed away. The old woman has been watching poor little Lizzy to find where she went that she might make her mother pay the pending debt. She has at last found her, and on going down into that dismal cellar she found Lizzy's poor mother lying upon that straw so sick as to be scarcely able to converse with her. Yet she demands the money for her husband's grog bill; but, on finding no money, she took the only warm blanket that was left, which had been given little Lizzy by a good woman only a few days previous. Not satisfied with that, she has stolen little Tommy, too, away from his poor sick and dying mother. She now carries him around in her bosom, that she may the more readily attract the sympathies of the benevo-

lent. She has already stolen six little children in different ways, and carried them around with her to aid her in begging, until each has become so large that she can carry it no longer. Then she has turned them out to beg by themselves, and as often as she can find them, she takes from them all they have, and sends them forth weeping to beg again.

Lizzy's poor sick mother's load of grief has become too great. She has sunk under it. She took Lizzy by the hand, and after commending her and little Tommy to God, she said, "My dear Lizzy, you are the only protector little Tommy has in this world. Your father is dead; your mother will soon die. You have no one to protect you in this cold and unfeeling world. Taking from under her head an old Bible and handing it to Lizzy, she said, "My dear child, I wish you to learn to read this Bible, and read it every day. Keep it to remember your poor dying mother by. Do you never forget to pray to God for little Tommy. Always do right, my child, and God will hear your little prayers, and bless

you. Now, my dear child, your mother must die. When I am dead, go find Tommy, and do not leave him, but watch him by day and by night. So farewell, dear Lizzy! Farewell! Heaven will protect you, my dear child. Then *farewell! farewell!*" Drawing Lizzy's little face close to hers, as her last effort, she kissed her, and whispered, "*Farewell! dearest Lizzy—farewell!*" and breathed her last.

On that cold wintry morning that poor little girl was found by the officer in that dark, damp cellar, with her little arms clasped around the cold neck of her poor dead mother. The big tears were running down her pale cheeks. Her little bright eyes were gazing upward to heaven. And he heard her say, "Ma, dear Ma, will you never come and smile any more, and kiss us again so sweetly?"

The officer took the corpse away and buried them out of poor Lizzy's sight.

CHAPTER V.

"OH! mamma," said little Lucy, as she stood looking from the window of a large brick house in — street, in the city of —, "oh! mamma, do see what a pretty little baby that is. Mamma, did you ever see such a sweet little baby? Oh! mamma, it is coming just here, (shoving up the window). It is going right down to our basement. What a dreadful-looking old woman that is, mamma, that's carrying it. Just see how she carries it too. It is enough to kill it to carry it so. Poor little thing! What makes her carry it so, mamma? See, she's got it tied to her with that old rag. How dirty that old woman looks, don't she, mamma? Mamma, where did she get such a pretty little babe? It can't be hers! Is it, mamma? Oh! mamma, let me go down and

see it. Mayn't I, mamma? Hastening down stairs with all her might, she ran to the basement door; and on opening it, she saw the old woman standing with her hands extended to receive anything that might be given her. Little Lucy was almost frightened as she looked upon the distorted countenance, fierce red eyes, and filthy tattered garments of the old woman. She shrunk back into the room, and running to the servant girl," she said, "Betsy, Betsy, come here; do, Betsy—do come—and take this pretty little baby for me. I want to see it, Betsy—and I am afraid of the old woman." Her mother coming into the room, she said, "mamma, isn't this a sweet little baby? Oh! mamma, it is just about as big as little Billy! Isn't it, mamma? Mamma, may'nt Betsy go and bring little Billy down and see if it aint just as big as he is?"

"Yes," said Mrs. B. "Betsy, you may go and bring little Willie down, and let us see them together."

"Isn't it sweet, mamma?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Mrs. B., "it is, indeed, a pretty

little child. Is this your child?" said she to the woman.

"Yes, marm," replied the beggar-woman.

"But it can't be that such a pretty little sweet baby belongs to such an old creature," said Betsy, as she brought little Willie into the room. "I was just agoing to say, ma'am," said she, "that it is prettier than Willie himself; but you know I wouldn't say so, for Willie is yours, isn't he, ma'am?"

"Well, indeed, it is a pretty child," replied Mrs. B., smiling at Betsy's simplicity.

"Isn't it, mamma?" exclaimed Lucy.

"What is its name?" asked Mrs. B.

"Well, marm, they call him Tommy, marm."

"How old is it?" interrogated Betsy.

"I don't just know, marm," said the old woman; "guess he's pretty much after going on three months old, marm."

"Why, mamma, what makes it so pale?" asked Lucy. "Don't it have anything to eat, mamma?"

"No," replied the beggar-woman; "it haint eat anything to-day. Please marm, give me a

few pennies. Please marm, if you have any old clothes, for the little baby is sick, marm. Please marm, if you have any cold victuals, marm."

"But whose little girl is that out on the steps?" asked Mrs. B.

Beggar-woman. "I don't know, marm. She has followed me here, marm."

Mrs. B. "Come here, little girl. Whose child are you?"

Little girl. "I have no father, ma'am."

Mrs. B. "Where is your mother, then?"

Little girl. "I have no mother, ma'am."

Mrs. B. "What is your name?"

Little girl. "My name is Lizzy, ma'am."

Mrs. B. "Where do you live?"

The little girl hung her head and could not answer. The big tears stole down her cheeks, for she could no longer suppress them.

Mrs. B. "Have you no brother or sister, Lizzy?"

Lizzy. "Yes, ma'am. This is my little brother."

Mrs. B. "Is this your mother, too?"

Lizzy. "No, ma'am. My dear mother is dead. She died last week. Then bursting into a flood of tears, she covered her face with her ragged sleeves."

Mrs. B. "Is your father and mother both dead?"

Lizzy. "Yes, ma'am."

Lucy. "What made 'um die?" asked little Lucy, looking very sad.

Lizzy. "If they didn't sell any poison liquor," said Lizzy, rubbing the big tears from her eyes, "then poor father wouldn't been drunk, and killed himself. Dear mother, too, she wouldn't died neither. Yes; then father and mother both would took care of sweet little Tommy and me, too. Wouldn't they, kind woman?"

The old beggar-woman who had been listening very impatiently, was now seen making her way up the steps as fast as possible, not stopping to take the pieces of bread and meat that Betsy had been preparing for her. This is the very old woman that sold the grog to Lizzy's poor father in that dreadful grog-shop,

where he killed himself, you remember, with a pistol. She it was that stole the ragged coat, all covered with blood, off from his half-dead body, before the police took him to the hospital. She spends a part of her time in begging cold victuals, old clothes, or any thing she can get; then goes and sells them for liquor, which she takes into that old cellar and peddles out to the crowd around her, both old and young, until she has made them all drunk, and has become so drunk herself that she can no longer stand or sit up, or until she has used up all the grog she has. Then she will go out and beg again as soon as she is sober enough to stagger from door to door. This is the way she spends her life. She is a lawful rum seller. It will be remembered that she is licensed by the authorities of a great and powerful city or state. She pays for her license ten dollars a year. She has a right to deal out that poison. Yes, she may, and will poison anybody she can, from the "President of the United States," to the smallest and dirtiest beggar child that paddles in the filthy

mud at the "Five Points," provided she can get her penny.

You are now ready to pour contempt and blame upon this wretched woman. But which is most to be blamed, this poor degraded, ignorant woman, that stands behind that old board and deals out that horrid poison by the penny's worth, or the wise law-giver? The educated, enlightened, and christianized statesman, that sits in his exalted seat and grants her the license, signs the contract and seals to her the right to poison and murder her neighbors and her neighbors' children? She is indeed guilty enough. But how much more guilty such a statesman who sits on his seat and coolly legislates such a law?

Again, think not that this woman is alone. While she is looked upon by the world as being the lowest and most degraded of that class of beings, yet hers is not an isolated case; we have them by hundreds and thousands, swarming our streets like the locusts of Egypt, devouring every thing around them, from this beggarly retailer to the wealthiest

and most genteel wholesale murderers. Her influence is limited—theirs is unbounded. She pays her ten dollars to destroy hundreds—they pay their hundreds and ruin their thousands.

Mrs. B. stood in profound silence while little Lizzy rehearsed her woes. She told of her poor mother's pale cheeks and dreadful death alone in that dark cellar. She told of her father's horrid end. And she said her poor father could not keep from drinking that bad whiskey when they would sell it to him.

"What makes 'um let 'um sell the bad whiskey so then, mother?" asked little Lucy, who had been standing with her hands stretched out, and her mouth wide open, gazing Lizzy earnestly in the face. The big tears were running down her cheeks; her little heart was beating and throbbing; and her bosom heaved with mingled emotions of indignation and grief. "What makes 'um let the wicked men sell such bad poison, mother? Say, mother, what makes 'um? Father wouldn't let 'um; would he, mother?" "What makes 'um let 'um,

kind woman?" said Lizzy. Mrs. B. answered not a word; her feelings were overcome by the simple reasonings of the little girls. Turning from the scene, she retired to her room with a heavy heart to meditate upon what had passed before her.

The interrogations of little Lucy and the answers of the little beggar girl, lay with deep weight upon the mind of Mrs. B. The momentous questions in the simple words of her little child, had been revolved again and again in her mind: "*What makes 'um let 'um sell this poison?*" This is a question for statesmen to answer. Would that a satisfactory answer could be given. Would that the interrogations of these "Little Ragged Ten Thousand," alone could be answered. But we hope for a better day.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE day Mrs. B. was sitting in her room, and little Lucy, who had been uncommonly quiet for some time, came running to her, and said, "Mother, how does the poison look that kills people?"

Mrs. B. "What do you mean, my child?"

Lucy. "Why, mother, the poison whiskey. Mother, how does it look?"

Mrs. B. "Why, my child, what do you mean by that?"

Lucy. Mother, don't you know that bad poison that killed the little beggar girl's father and mother? Oh! mother, don't you remember the little beggar girl that was here the other day? Say, mother, how does the poison look?"

Mrs. B. tried for some time to satisfy the

inquiring mind of her little child, but in vain, until she arose and went to the side-board, and taking from it a bottle of wine, she said, "Well, my child, it looks something like this."

Lucy. "Let me see, mother. What makes it look so red, mother? Does this kill people, mother? What makes you keep it? Aint you 'fraid it will kill you, and father, and sister Julia, and brother Alfred, and brother George, and aunt Lucy, and all of us."

Mrs. B. "No, my child, it wont hurt us."

Lucy. "Why, mother? Why wont it hurt us? Didn't it kill the little beggar girl's father and mother."

Mrs. B. "Oh, dear! What a pest she is when she gets to asking questions about any such thing. Is'nt she?" said the mother to aunt Lucy, as she came into the room. "You see if you can't satisfy the child's mind in some way. I have tried my best, and I can't do anything with her. I can't answer one half of her questions. She will fret herself to death if we don't satisfy her in some way."

Aunt Lucy. "I never saw such a child. She

knows more than half the people in the city."

Mrs. B. "Well, we must satisfy her mind in some way, or she will fret about it all night, and her father will have to get up with her again, as he did one night after the beggars were here."

Lucy. "Aunt, what makes mother keep this bad poison here? I am 'fraid it will kill somebody. Wont it, aunt?"

Aunt Lucy. "Listen, listen, my child," taking Lucy upon her lap. "Listen to me now, and I will tell you. This is what we drink. It won't hurt us if we don't take too much of it. If we take too much it will make us dizzy and crazy."

Lucy. "What made it kill the beggar girl's father, then?"

Aunt. "Because, my child, he took too much."

Lucy. "Then, won't father take too much of it too, and be dizzy, and kill himself?"

Aunt. "No, dear child, he won't take too much, I hope."

Lucy. "Well, you won't drink any of it, will you, aunt? Nor, you won't, will you, mother?"

To these interrogations the child obtained no reply, but the servant was called, and she was sent to the nursery. There was too much truth couched in the simple words of that innocent child.

Weeks passed away, and Lucy was often found at the window, watching for the poor beggar children. Sometimes she would run to her mother, aunt, or her older sisters, and ask them to come to the window to see the poor beggar children, as they passed. Then she would ask a great many questions about them. Sometimes she would be found at the basement door watching for them to come along. Then she would run to the servants and ask them to give her something for the poor children to eat. If the servants refused her, she would cry as if her heart would break. Sometimes she would run to her father, when he came in from his business, and say, "father, you won't take any of the bad poison that

made the little beggar children's father die. Will you, father?" Sometimes she would put a part of her own breakfast in her apron and keep it for Lizzy. When she came along she would give it to her. Then she would stand and talk with her for hours, and ask her all manner of questions about where she lived, and where she slept. One day she took off her little shawl, and gave it to her and said, she did not need it, for she had another new one.

One Sabbath afternoon, the family were all assembled around the hearth. Mr. B. was lying upon the sofa, and Lucy stood by his side with her little head leaning upon his bosom. Her mother read a chapter from the Bible. She read where the Saviour says, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

After her mother had finished reading, Lucy said:

"Father, what does that mean that mother read about a feast?"

"A feast, my child. What do you mean?"

"Why, father, mother read about a feast in

the Bible, you know. What does it mean, father?"

"Why, my child, it means that when we make a big dinner, we must call the poor to come and eat it."

"Oh, father, then the poor beggar children will come too, won't they, father! and we will give them all they want to eat, won't we, father! Mother, you will make a feast some time, won't you, mother?"

CHAPTER VII.

SOME weeks after this, Mrs. B. invited a large company of her wealthy friends to dine with her.

Little Lucy saw that great preparations were being made in the kitchen, as well as in other parts of the house, and asked the servants what it meant. They said that her mother was going to make a big dinner. She went to the nursery, and got her hood, which was the last that was seen of her for nearly an hour. When she came running in, in great haste, and said to her mother; "They've come, they've come—yes, mother, they've come." "Who have come, my child," asked Mrs. B., hastening to the window. "The peoples have come, mother, to dinner." "Where are they, my child, I don't see them." "Here they are, mother.

Come here, I'll show you, mother." Mrs. B. followed her child to the basement door, where she saw eight or ten beggar children, that Lucy had called into the yard, and invited to dine with her. "Pooh," said Mrs. B., "I wonder what next. Betsy, go and drive those dirty vagabonds out, and fasten the gate; then take this child to the nursery, and tell the nurse to keep her there. What a child that is. She would have a Bible feast, indeed—she thinks everything in the Bible is in earnest. If everybody thought as she does, we shouldn't have any of these little ragged ten thousand left long," said Mrs. B. to herself, as she turned away from the ragged crowd around the door.

Would that there were more that believed with little Lucy, the word of God, to be in earnest!

"Our table is spread with bountiful cheer,
The guests now are waiting, your pleasure to hear;
Oh, do come and welcome the beggars, I pray;
We'll make them so happy, dear mother, to-day.

You said the dear Saviour had bid us prepare,
And call in the needy, our banquet to share;
I am glad you have done as Jesus did say;
We'll make them so happy, dear mother, to-day.

But Lizzy, and Tommy, oh, they are not here,
I searched every corner and alley so drear;
Till sad and disheartened, I turned on my way;
Oh! let Betty find them, dear mother, to-day.

I loved little Tommy, you know he was sweet,
And so I did Lizzy, though bare were her feet;
But *do come* and welcome the beggars, I pray;
Dear mother, you've made us all happy to-day!" *

After dinner, the wine cup was brought on to the table and passed from one to another around the company, and finally came to Mr. B. Lucy, who was sitting in her little chair close by her father's side, had been watching with great earnestness, every motion. She had evidently been struggling to keep the ascendancy over her feelings. A big tear now stole down her cheek.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked her mother.

Poor child. She could contain her feelings no longer. She burst into a flood of tears, and said; "I don't want father to drink that bad poison."

* Kindly presented by one whose heartfelt sympathy with the Saviour ever leads her to long for the good of these little ones. (Mrs. L. Baxter).

"Why, my child, you are very naughty, indeed," said Mrs. B. "What do you mean, Lucy? You will have to leave the table."

This only made the child cry the louder, for she could not contain her feelings. It seemed as if her little heart would break.

"I don't want any of you to drink the bad poison. It killed the little beggar children's father and mother, and I don't want it to kill father and mother, nor sister Ann, nor brother, nor aunt Lucy, nor anybody."

"Take that child away, Betsy, to the nursery," said Mrs. B.

"The poor child must be unwell," said her father, "I am afraid she is agoing to be sick."

Taking Lucy in his arms, he left the room, and after much difficulty he succeeded in pacifying the poor child. Suffice it to say, there was not much of the ardent drank on that evening at the house of Mr. B.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING all this time Lizzy has followed the old beggarwoman and her little brother by day and by night, and has passed through many horrid scenes. Sometimes sleeping on the pavement; sometimes on that old grog-shop floor; sometimes in the station-house; sometimes the old woman would get drunk, and leave her and little Tommy for days. Then she would find them again, and fasten the poor little child to her body in such a way as to make it cry almost continually, that she might attract the attention and pity of the passing multitude. When she could not succeed in making him cry without, she would place a large pin in his clothes in such a way as to press into his limbs, so that she could make him cry at any time she pleased, by simply

moving her arm. Oftentimes sores could be seen on his little body, caused in this way, which would remain for weeks. She carries vinegar and some horrid nostrums with her continually, which she pours into the child's stomach, to keep it pale and sickly. All this, that she may the better work upon the sympathies of the benevolent. Tommy had now become so large and so inured to hardships, that it was too much trouble for the old woman to make him cry and carry him at the same time.

So she left him with his sister, after taking everything from his body that could possibly be useful to her, in case she found another victim. This poor old creature is the terror of all The Little "Ragged Ten Thousand." She goes by the name of Old Zag. She has often been taken up by the police for stealing, and put in the Tombs. More than once the court found quantities of gold about her. At one time, the amount of seventy-five dollars in gold was found sewed up in one corner of her old filthy garment.

Time has rolled rapidly away, and each day has brought its changing scenes. Several times Tommy and his little sister have been taken up by the police and put in the Tombs as vagrants, or shut up in the station-house, to spend the night, locked in cells with wicked profane gamblers and drunken wretches, who delight in using all their powers to debase, degrade and destroy those within their reach. Many things have transpired in connection with our little ragged friends which, no doubt, would be truly interesting to our young readers, that must pass unnoticed. But there are some things we cannot forbear relating.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE evening, the cold winds blew, and the snow flew in a dreadful hurricane. Lizzie and Tommy had slept under the fish-market the night previous, and had been begging around from door to door all day, until they were nearly frozen. They came to an old tenant-building, where several families were living, or rather staying. They slyly found their way up several flights of stairs, hoping to find some vacant room where they might stay during the night, sheltered from the wintry storms. They finally came to a room where the door stood partly open. Tommy looked in, and not seeing any one, he said, "let's go in, Lizzy," pulling her with one hand, and pushing the door with the other. "Come in, Lizzy," said he, not noticing that there was any one in the room,

as his sister had thrown her old ragged shawl over his head and shoulders, if possible, to keep him from freezing.

"Who's there?" muttered a poor drunken woman, who sat on the hearth, half naked, with her long and disheveled hair hanging in every direction around her head and shoulders. She had no stockings or shoes on her feet. Her face and limbs were bloated, and indeed, she was a frightful picture to behold.

"Who's there?" said she.

"It's us, ma'am," replied Lizzy. "We didn't know anybody lived here, ma'am."

Our little friends were greatly frightened, and started to run down stairs.

"Come here—here—come here," said the woman.

The children were afraid to run away, and were afraid to stay.

"Come here—I want you to go and get something for me."

This gave them courage, and they returned again to the room.

"I want you to go and get me some bitters

just down in the shop on the corner. Wait, I'll find the bottle."

After looking around the room for some time, she found the old bottle stowed away in one corner under some rubbish. It was partly full.

On removing the stopple, she exclaimed, "Oh! happy enough!—I found it—I found it, and there is some of the 'good critter' in you yet. So there is," (lifting it to her mouth and pouring down a good swig). "Yes, there is just enough left yet." (Indeed there was just enough for she never needed more.) So saying, she threw herself upon the old bed that stood in the corner, with the bottle in her hand, and drew the filthy covering over her head.

Lizzy and her little brother who had been trying to warm themselves by the few dying embers on the hearth, being chilled and tired, soon fell asleep. When the husband came in it was dark. On looking for his bottle he found it had been removed from the place where he had hid it, partly filled. He, however, soon found it on the bed by the side of his poor drunken wife, with its contents exhausted.

His disappointment was too great. He must have some of the "good critter," too, before he could sleep. He left the room and locked the door. The poor woman had been doing some washing that afternoon, and had left it partly finished in the wash-tub standing on an old stool in the middle of the room. While her husband was gone to fill the bottle again, she arose and undertook to finish her washing in the dark, but she was too much intoxicated. She staggered and fell with her head in the water, from which position she was not able to extricate herself. On her husband's return he found her dead, with her body inclined forward upon the wash-tub, her head beneath the water, and her little child but a few weeks old lying upon the floor nearly naked.

CHAPTER X.

ONE rainy day little Tommy and his sister and a number of other ragged children were sweeping the mud from the pavement somewhere in the vicinity of the Park. A large stout man came along partially intoxicated and evidently in a rage about something. As he passed the street the little toiling multitude were huddled upon one end of the walk. As he came up to them he pushed one in one direction, and another in another. Then seizing Lizzy by the shoulder he pushed her with all his might and said, "get out of my way here, you little dirty varmins." Poor Lizzy fell upon the iron bar of the railroad track so violently as to fracture one of her limbs. They picked the poor thing up and carried her to the pavement where she sat for some time in

great distress. By and by a poor woman came along, and seeing Lizzy weeping, she asked what was the matter. The children related to her what had passed.

"Aint your name Lizzy?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ma'am," replied little Tommy; "and she is my sister."

"Was'nt your father a carpenter?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Lizzy.

"Well, I used to know him before he died. He was just as good a man as ever lived, only he could not keep from grog. Poor man, he died a horrible death; I saw him when the policeman took him to the hospital, from that dirty grog shop where he shot himself. It was not long after that, when my poor husband was killed at that same place, in a drunken spree. Where is your poor mother, now?"

"She is dead, ma'am."

"Where do you stay?"

"We have no place, ma'am."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

We staid in the lock-up, ma'am. But we could'nt sleep any, ma'am. There was some

drunken men and women there, and they swore so bad that we were afraid to sleep."

"Where did you sleep the night before?"

"We staid out, ma'am."

"Did you sleep any, then?"

"Tommy slept some, ma'am, when he laid in my lap."

"Oh, dear," interrupted Lizzy, who had been sitting very patiently, enduring the pain until she could stand it no longer. "Oh, it pains me so. What shall I do?" said she, rubbing the scalding tears from her eyes.

"Well, you must go with me, to-night," said the poor woman, raising Lizzy from the pavement. "You must go with me, and I will do the best I can for you. I had a sweet little boy the other day, continued she. Oh, he was such a comfort to me. It seems as though I could'nt live without him. But he is dead. He was killed. One day the dear little fellow was going across the street, his foot slipped and he fell. A drunken driver run the cars right over his head, and killed him. Oh, it was such a dreadful sight. But I believe

the dear little fellow is in heaven, now. He was such a sweet child. He loved to talk so much about heaven and Jesus. Oh, I know he has gone to Jesus, now, for he said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

She took Lizzy home with her, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting a neighboring physician to set the broken bones of the poor child. She then laid her upon her own little bed of straw and covered her with the only blanket she had, and bid little Tommy watch her while she could go and sell the few rags she had in her bag, that she might get something for them to eat for the night. After some time she returned with a small loaf of bread, and two or three potatoes, which she cooked in the hot embers upon the hearth. After feeding poor Lizzy with some of the best she had, she said, "Come, my boy, come and stand here by me;" and as she put her hand upon his little shoulder, she said, "Oh! you seem so much like my dear little boy, I cannot

help to call you William, (for that was the name of her little boy).

She then implored the blessing of heaven upon their scanty meal. This was a new era in the life of little Tommy, as it was the first time he had ever been at a table to eat a meal of victuals. He had never heard a prayer before in his life, excepting by his little sister, who often prayed with him in the dark night when nobody could see them. He had never heard the name of God used before by any one excepting by his sister, and in the horrid oaths of the blasphemer. He had never before known the deep gushings of a mother's love, which even now were but second-handed to him.

This was indeed strange to him. He knew not how to decipher it. He had often wept before on account of injuries wrought upon his little being, and out of fear of the horrid frowns of his vile persecutor. But now the scene how changed. Kind looks, gentle smiles, and loving tones now fill the places of fierce frowns, malignant grins, and horrid oaths.

His little heart throbs and beats. His little bosom heaves with emotions of bliss. He cannot hide it.

He now for the first time in his life weeps for joy, as the kind woman throws her gentle arm around his little head, and draws it to her warm, soft bosom. Ah! this is indeed almost to him "*a millenium in a moment.*" The world is now changed to him. He is changed to himself. Whereas he once could shed but bitter tears of grief, his cheeks now overflow with rivers of joy. This little boy is not alone in his desolation; no, we have "A Little Ragged Ten Thousand," each of whose hearts may be made to leap with joy even as little Tommy's now does. Dear young reader, would you be happy? Then go seek one of these little outcasts, and pour in upon him a brother's kindness, a sister's love.

Think not to gain it in the giddy whirl of the ball-room, or in the gleeful merriment of parties of pleasure, or in the degrading, fictitious allurements of the museum, or the theatre. No, these are but fleeting shadows. They pass

with the moment. But go seek the smallest, the filthiest, and most degrading of these, and draw around him the chords of love. Take off those rags, supply his wants, smile upon his little haggard face. Breathe upon him all the tender kindness and generous affections of your own warm heart. Do it not to-day alone, but to-morrow, and continually. Yes, do it, because you love to do it—then tell me if there is not joy in living. Let this then be our motto:

"The heart—the heart, oh! let it be a true and bounteous thing,

As kindly warm, as nobly free, as eagle's nestling wing;
Oh! keep it not like miser's gold, shut in from all beside,
But let its precious stores unfold in mercy far and wide.
The heart, the heart, that's truly blest, was never all its own,

No ray of glory lights the breast, that beats for self alone;

The heart, the heart, oh! let it spare a sigh for others' pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care, was never spent in vain;

Though it throb at gentlest touch, or mercy's faintest call,
'Twere better far should ache too much, than never ache at all.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest, was never all its own,

No ray of glory lights the breast, that beats for self alone."

This good woman would read the Bible and pray with Lizzy and her little brother every day. She is an industrious woman. She can be seen every morning very early, carrying a large bag strapped to her shoulders, perched over her head at least two feet. This bag is filled with rags, all of which, she has picked before the sun is fully up. She carries another in her hand, which she must fill before she can eat her breakfast. For these are all she has with which to purchase a meal for herself and her little dependants. Tommy must watch his little sick sister. Besides she will not let them beg while she lives. Poor creature, she has but one hand. Her wretched husband, in a fit of inebriation, struck her a violent blow, which fractured the bone of her arm so badly, that it had to be removed. She wears a narrow brown-tow frock, with tight sleeves. A little narrow hood tied under her chin, is the covering for her head.

She wastes not her precious moments in arranging costly jewelry. She spends not her best hours at the toilet. No, she is not cum-

bered with these things. The glistening, sparkling tears upon her placid cheek, as she thinks of a precious Saviour, a bleeding lamb, a crown of life, are the jewels that adorn her being.

This poor woman is indeed a good woman. She has been through much trouble. She has lost one of the best of husbands. When she married him, he was a young man of noble talents, of warm and generous feelings. He was the son of wealthy parents, who lavished upon him everything that money could procure. But with his wealth, he fell heir to an appetite for stimulants, which grew upon him, and finally has proved his ruin. She has been for many years a member of a christian church, but when her husband had spent all in drunkenness and debauchery, she, of course, was reduced to poverty and disgrace. She was ashamed to enter the church where she had so long worshipped, and where now she was looked upon with sneers and contempt, for she is a drunkard's wife, they said. She is consequently driven to her own secret retirement, and to her God, for her christian comfort and conso-

lation. Her God is the God of the poor, and she worships him in her poverty, with sincerity and truth. She mourns not over a cold heart. No, her bleeding Saviour is the warmth of her heart. She grieves not at the wearisome moments passing so heavily. No, not even in her poverty. She has no selfish end to accomplish. Her Saviour is her present joy. She waits only his bidding.

These little ragged children are her inheritance in this world. She *loves* them. And she rejoices to hear the gentle voice from above saying, "suffer the little ones—yes, even these despised, filthy and ragged, though they be, to come, and keep them not away." Yes, she remembers that these too were bought with the precious blood of the son of God. She needs no stimulant to warm her heart and lead her to the throne of grace. As the silken cord draws the lightning from the clouds, so she longs to be the link between that infinite heart of love, and these little outcasts. Say, christian sister, christian brother, you who have known the secrets of a God, you who have felt these

things—would you despise the inheritance of this woman, even in her earthly poverty, walking in lowliness amid this filth? Do you say I am glad there are some that can stoop to these things, as for me, I cannot do it? Nay, would you not rather, even now, living as it may be, in that mansion in all its stately grandeur, possess the inheritance of this woman, and enjoy what she enjoys, than all the pampering luxuries of a palace without it? Then say not, I can do nothing for these. Go down into the waters of humiliation. The lower you shall stoop, the higher the waves of your joy shall flow.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE evening, Mr. H., a very respectable citizen, was walking rapidly through one of the by-streets, in the lower part of one of our large cities. He had left his business and was hastening to his tea, that he might not be belated at meeting; as that was the regular night for the weekly prayer-meeting. As he turned the corner of the street, he found himself surrounded by little beings with tattered garments, dirty hands and faces, dishevelled hair, bare feet, bare heads, &c.

It was in front of a grog-shop. These juveniles had assembled there in a crowd, as if to recruit and prepare for their night's campaign in crime, as they are often found to do, in many parts of the city, around these schools of iniquity at that time in the day. Newsboys, rag-

pickers, bone-gatherers, street-sweeps, and at their head, young gamblers, pilferers, burglars, incendiaries, thieves, pick-pockets, &c. Each having their respective profession, trade, or office to perform in society, as their circumstances, talents, and past education may have fitted them for. Each holding their respective titles according as they are estimated by their ragged votaries—some of which we will mention: Nick Whaler, Buckshot, Carrotts, Denny Skillett, Mike Bouncer, Chubb, Google Eye, Black Dick, Willey the Whist, Dick Taylor, Pat the Lion. Each title representing something in itself distinctly understood by all.

They stood so thick upon the pavement, that in his haste to pass the multitude, which he considered to be nothing strange, (as he had often seen such crowds in that part of the city,) he turned into the street. He had, however, gone but a few steps, when a little lame girl, with a crutch in her hand, came running to him, screaming—

“Good man, please save my little brother.

Good man, do—do save my poor little brother. They'll kill him. They'll kill him. I'm 'fraid they will."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. H.

"Oh, sir, they're going to make poor little Tommy drunk. Do make them stop, good man, for they will kill him, I'm afraid they will. Sha'nt they stop, good man?"

"Let us see, let us see, what are you doing here?" said Mr. H., forcing his way through the ragged crowd. "What are you trying to do, boys?" said he, kindly.

"Nothin' much," replied one. "Nothin' only 'nitiatin' him," responded another. "That's right, Nick. Give it to him," yelled another. "That's just the way they did me," shouted another. "Give it to him right, Whaler," hooted another. "Do it up brown, Nick," screamed another.

"Now let him go," cried a voice in the midst of the crowd. "Now let him go, I say," pouring forth a volume of horrid oaths at the end of every sentence. "Let him go. Why don't you let him go? If you don't let him go now!

I'll kill every —— one of you. Let him go."

At this command, the crowd rushed back, and Mr. H. was now, for the first time, able to see within the circle. A little ragged boy was stretched upon the filthy pavement.

On inquiry, he found that he was the brother of the little lame girl. He and his sister had stubbornly refused to drink any of the filthy grog that had been furnished them by the grocery-keeper. It was found that Tommy had a few cents that had been given him during the day, and one of the largest boys, they called Nick Whaler, had undertaken to 'nitate him, as they term it. That is, when they find a new customer among them, if he has a few pennies, they will compel him to treat the whole crowd. If he refuses to drink, they catch him and pour a quantity down his throat. This is what they call "nitiatin." The poor child was nearly strangled, and in the struggle, his ragged clothes had been almost pulled off from him, so that he was nearly naked. Nick had poured a quantity of whiskey down his

throat. Now this Nick was a famous fellow; he was the largest and strongest of the crowd, and seemed to be chief commander. He could run the fastest; drink the most grog; utter the most horrid oaths; tell the biggest lie; insult the most people, and had been in the "lock up" the greatest number of times of any one present that night. And, in fact, to the looker-on it would seem that, as far as this ragged herd was concerned, in him was vested the powers that be.

Our friend, Mr. H., drew near the child, whom his sister had just raised from the pavement, and was about to lead him away. As he stooped down to speak to the poor little fellow, one of the crowd knocked off his hat. When he stooped to pick it up, they tripped his feet from under him, and he fell prostrate upon the pavement.

"That's right," yelled Nick. "Give it to him, boys."

Upon the issue of these orders, he found the ragged host gathering fast around him, with Governor Nick in the front rank.

"You man what's got a coat on and a shillalah in your hand, we'll 'nitiate *you* next if you don't be off."

"Down him—down him," shouted the governor. "Down him—down him," was heard in every direction.

Fierce eyes, red noses, and bloated cheeks, were hung around in plenteous effusions, as grog-shop keepers and bar tenders were now staring upon him, with horrid grins, from every direction. Mr. H. scrambled up from the mud, and by the help of his big cane, and sharp-toed boots, he succeeded, after much difficulty, in extricating himself from his unpleasant position without severe injury, many of his antagonists being already too much intoxicated, and he hastened home with his nice linen and fine broadcloth well besmeared with mud, much chagrined, amid the hoots and shouts of the "Little Ragged Ten Thousand."

CHAPTER XII.

HE had not gone far, however, before he met one of the police, when the following conversation took place:—

"Ah! Mr. Policeman—here you are."

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. H.?"

Mr. H. "How do you do, sir? Pity you could'nt have been found sooner; but they do say you can never find a policeman when you want him. I was going up to the station-house after you before I got out, but I don't think you'll be of much account now."

M. P. "Why, what's the matter?"

Mr. H. "Oh, what a time we have had."

M. P. "When? Where?"

Mr. H. "Just now. Right down there. Hav'nt you heard the fuss?"

M. P. "Oh! was that you down yonder,

on the corner in front of that old Rummy? I thought there was a little more noise down there than common; but I didn't think of it being you, though."

Mr. H. "Well, I guess it was'nt all me" (*a little vexed*).

M. P. "Well! Well! Never mind that. I will let you pass this time."

Mr. H. "Well, I think it is rather a hard case, for a man to be run over and trod on by such a set of little brats. It is a disgrace to our city."

M. P. "Well, you're alive yet—are you?"

Mr. H. "I guess I am;" viewing himself from head to foot, and then rolling up his besmeared wristbands. Well, this is too bad, anyhow. I wish you would arrest some of them, and put an end to such work."

M. P. "Oh, that is nothing. If you could see them sometimes, you would call that a trifle."

Mr. H. "I should say it *was* something. Why, there are at least fifty or sixty children there, of all colors, and sizes, from seven to

sixteen years of age. Some of them swear like demons; some of them are drunk now, and still they are buying grog at those groceries and rum shops. Cannot you do something? Cannot you arrest some of them?"

M. P. "Oh! No. If we arrest one, we must arrest all. How would we look arresting a whole community of children, and locking them up. Then, every one we arrest it makes ten times worse, instead of better. Yes, every boy or girl we lock up, comes out a hundred-fold worse than before. While there, they must be locked up in those cells with murderers, robbers, thieves, and drunken, profane blacklegs, who are awaiting their trial. Adept teachers indeed, in the school of vice. And it is plain to be seen, that it would be much better to leave them as they are, than to send a part of them to such schools, to be tutored by these old offenders. Besides, it ruins them forever. For when a boy or girl has been once in the "lock up," they think everybody is looking down upon them with sneers and hate. This feeling makes them perfectly reckless, and

disrobes them of all fear of God or man. Then they are prepared to destroy hundreds more around them. Some of these children you saw in that crowd are of very respectable families, and attend Sunday Schools. Some of them have been sent to the grocery to get some trifling articles for the family use. Perhaps a few ounces of tea, or a pound of sugar, or some other necessary article. These necessities are occurring every day."

Mr. H. "These are schools indeed; holding their perpetual sessions. For I see no end to such influences, either in this world, or the world to come."

M. P. "I was going to say that one of these children that have been shut up in the Tombs for a few days, would destroy more good in the community in one week's time, than all the Sabbath school teachers in the city—with all their self-denial can accomplish in a whole year's fatigue and toil."

Mr. H. "Oh, yes, I see it. I see it. It is just what the Bible tells us. 'That one sinner destroyeth much good.'"

M. P. "Besides, I was about to say, they are not so much to blame; they do just as they are taught to do. If you should sit down and teach your son to play cards, could you blame him for becoming a gambler? If you send your child to the grocery each day, to deal with a profane, Sabbath-breaking rum seller, where the sound of blasphemy and degrading sights shall become as familiar to her as her own name. Untill all the finer feelings of her being are defaced or obliterated, would you wonder at her becoming a wretched outcast? A disgrace to her parents. A blighting curse to all within her reach.

"Many of these children belong to what I call our 'Little Ragged Ten Thousand.' Many of them have no homes. No father to protect them; no kind mother to love and smile upon them. And they have need (at least they think so) of all the cunning craft, all the bold, God-defying, man-daring impudence and rascality that they can possess, in order that they may force their way through this world (to them) of robbers and pirates.

They have been robbed of parents, of home, of food, of raiment, and all the gentle influences that surround home; and in fact of all the comforts and endearments of life. All for what? All just to fill the pockets of the rumseller. All this too by the consent and license of the government, under which they, in their weakness, are compelled to exist. They are cast out, despised, loathed and hooted by all around them, for they are the drunkard's children.

"Again, do you think you would do any better than the worst of them, if you were placed in their situation? Having been educated just as they have, and treated as they have been?"

Mr. H. "I confess, I fear I might have been much worse. And I leave you, sir, with a firm determination to do all in my power during my future life for the benefit of the '*Little Ragged Ten Thousand*.' Well, I must bid you good night, sir, as I am now much belated."

M. P. "Well, good night, Mr. H."

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT evening Mr. H. was accompanied by the family to the prayer-meeting. His feelings were much affected by what he had seen among our little ragged friends. "What will become of them?" he said, as he walked to the church. "Oh! what will become of these poor drunken children?" Again he said, as he wiped the falling tears from his eyes, "Will no one care for these precious little souls?"

The minister was not present at the meeting that evening, and of course Deacon J. must lead the worship, as he was considered by far the most spiritual man in the church. The exercises were commenced by singing a hymn to the tune of "Old Hundred." Much of the time was taken up in remarks, and great complaint was made of cold hearts.

As the meeting passed on, and as prayer after prayer was pronounced, Mr. H. waited with great anxiety, often saying to himself, "Oh! if they would only breathe one prayer for these poor children." The superintendent of the Sabbath School was called upon. "Now," thought Mr. H., "surely he will pray for the children."

He followed each sentence that was uttered, word by word, expecting the next would be "Oh! Lord! have mercy upon the souls of these uncared-for, drunken children!" but in vain.

Deacon J. finally closed the meeting with a long and eloquent prayer. He prayed for the heathen in foreign lands. He prayed for the heathen in Hindostan; in China; in Burmah; in Turkey; in Abyssinia; in Iceland; in Borneo; in Japan; in Greenland; in Africa; in the Indies; in South America; in Oregon, and especially in California.

He prayed for the President of the United States; the Cabinet; the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and all

the officers of the government. For the governor of the state and members of the legislature. For the mayor, aldermen, and common council of the city, and all those in authority. For all kings and queens, and all rulers of the earth. For ministers and doctors, and deacons, and all men of influence. He prayed for the big new stone church up-town, that was nearly finished by the kind assistance of an All-Wise Director.

He prayed that Zion might be led forth into it with victory. That there she might dwell in peace, retired from her foes, the little ragged tumultuous crowd without. In fact it seemed to him that the deacon prayed for everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, excepting for "The Little Ragged Ten Thousand."

After meeting, Mr. H. retired to his room deeply weighed down with the condition of these children. He could not sleep. Oh, who will care for these little lost ones, would often force itself upon his mind.

In the morning, Mr. H. called upon Deacon J., to see if something could not be done to rescue these drunken children.

The deacon replied, "I have been a great temperance man for many years; I helped to establish the first temperance society in the country; I have delivered many temperance speeches. But of late years I have given these things up into the hands of the world, and I attend to more spiritual matters.

"Oh, deacon," said Mr. H., (the tears gushing from his eyes,) "what more *spiritual* act did Jesus Christ ever perform than to bleed upon the shameful cross, to save our lost and degraded souls from an eternity of black despair. What more *spiritual* act could you perform, than to rescue one of the filthiest of these outcast children from a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell, and by the help of God, set him as a little sparkling star, in the crown of Jesus forever."

"Furthermore," continued the deacon, "I doubt whether it would be policy to do anything now in this matter, as the public mind is

so much agitated upon the subject of temperance already. You know, Mr. H., we have to walk very carefully, lest by some means we offend some. But, Mr. H., I give you God speed, as your cause is a good one, I confess."

"But then, deacon, won't you do something to aid us in this good cause in some way?"

"No, no," said the deacon, "my mind is made up."

"But I would advise you to call upon our clergyman, Rev. Dr. ——. He will undoubtedly feel a deep sympathy for the object, and do much to assist you—I do not mean pecuniarily, for you know he receives only four thousand dollars salary, and there are at least three in his family. He lives just across the way in that large brown house."

Mr. H. then called upon the Rev. Dr. —, who replied he could do nothing for such a cause. Besides that, he had no time to talk about such things.

"Well, sir, do you not think we could get the basement of your church to hold a meeting,

that we may devise some plan to save some of these children?"

"Oh, no," said the Rev. Dr. —; "I could not give my consent to that. Some of our wealthiest men are rum-sellers. You know I could not offend them."

"Well, sir, you will give out our notice in your pulpit, will you not?"

"No," said the Rev. Dr. —; "that wouldn't do."

"Well then, sir, you will let me give out the notice to the Sabbath-school, won't you? as we wish to get as many of the children enlisted in the subject as possible."

"Oh, no, I could not. Mr. H., you see I am in a peculiar predicament, for you know I could not get along without their money."

"I should think you were in a peculiar predicament, for a minister of the Gospel of the Son of God," replied Mr. H.

"Well, Mr. H., I wish you God speed. Your cause is a good one, and you will receive your reward. So, Mr. H., you will excuse me,

as I have to preach a sermon for the Foreign Mission Society to-night; and, of course, my time is all occupied."

"Oh, Most Rev. Sir, when will the time come, that you will preach one of your good sermons for the benefit of these poor heathen children, lying in thousands at our very doors, under our feet by day and by night? Oh, sir, my time is precious, too, but it seems to me that these souls are infinitely more precious still than time. Are souls in foreign lands more precious than these? Did God pay more for their redemption than for these?"

"Well, Mr. H., I would advise you to call upon Mr. B. He has lately been elected Alderman of this ward. He, without doubt, feels a deep interest in these things. So, may God bless you in your noble undertaking."

Mr. H. then called upon the Alderman, and related to him what had passed, the day previous. He told of the drunkenboys and girls that he had found in the streets. He spoke of little Lizzy, and Tommy, and all the little beggar children; and he said:

"Mr. B., can't you do something to save these children and youth from intemperance and ruin?"

"No," replied Mr. B., "I would not give one cent, to have every boy and girl in this city, temperance."

"Oh!" said Mr. H., "we have more than seventy-five thousand children in our city. I fear they will all be ruined if we don't do something."

"Why, father," said little Lucy, who had been standing by his side, listening very attentively to all that had been said, "why, father, what makes 'um drunk? Does the bad poison make 'um drunk, father?"

"Yes, my child," replied her father.

"Well, father, what makes you let 'um have the bad poison? Does the beggar children drink the bad poison, father?"

"Sometimes, my child."

"Oh, father, won't it kill the little beggar children, too?"

"I don't know, Lucy. If they drink too much of it, it may."

"Oh, father, won't Alfred drink too much of it, and kill him, too? Say, father, won't the poison liquor kill dear brother Alfred? Oh, father, he drinks it every day. I seed him, father. Oh, father, I don't want brother Alfred to be killed."

The big tears now found their way down her little cheeks. She could not speak. She hid her face in her father's bosom, and wept.

How many more young, warm, and tender hearts, are now beating and heaving with emotions of fear lest a loved father or brother shall drink that deadly poison and die. Would that the "Voice of the Young" might be heard throughout the length and breadth of our country.

Mr. B. seemed somewhat affected, but said, "My mind is made up, Mr. H. I can do nothing for you."

"Nor for these lost children?" said Mr. H.

"No, nothing, nothing at all," was the reply.

Not long after that, one day, Lucy came running to her father, and said—

"Father, didn't God make the beggar children, too? Father, didn't Jesus die for the beggar children, too? Say, Father!"

"Why, my child, why do you ask such questions?" said her father.

"Because, father, little Lizzy said her dying mother told her so. Ain't you glad, father?"

CHAPTER XIV.

"JOHN," said Mr. P. to the servant, as he alighted from his carriage in front of his large brick dwelling, "John, just drive these beggars away; and don't forget to-morrow evening when *they come*, to have black Bill out here to keep these dirty pests away from here. Don't forget it now, John. If you do, all our guests will be haunted to death with them; and they will think we are all beggars here."

"Please sir, give me a penny to buy something for my little brother to eat, for he is sick. Please, good man, give us some old clothes, to keep my little brother warm to-night, for he is very sick. Please, good man, do please. Please, good man," said Lizzy, leading her little brother by her side, and holding up her little hand to Mr. P.

"Away! John, drive them off. Oh dear, what a pest they are. If I had all the gold in California, I would not give them one cent. They pester me dreadfully. They are so impotent. They beg like a drowning man. Drive them clear away, John," shutting the door after him.

"These are our little friends, Lizzy and Tommy. They have suffered much. The poor woman with whom they were staying, and who was so kind to them, has been very ill. Not being able to pay for the room where she lived, the police have taken her to the hospital, where she has been for several weeks; and, of course, our little friends were turned out again. Tommy has been sick for a number of weeks. The cold winter has come upon them, and here we find them now—hungry, cold, and almost naked."

"Oh dear," muttered Mr. P., as he took his seat in his big easy chair. "Oh dear, I have given so much this year, that I am as poor as a beggar. Oh, what a set of beggars they are in this world. Let me see—I gave one thou-

sand dollars for the Colonization Society, at that big meeting in — church, when old Dr. — preached his famous sermon. I gave one thousand dollars to pay off the debt on — college, at the meeting on the day before commencement. One thousand for our big stone church, just being finished. One thousand for our pew. One hundred for the Foreign Mission Society. One hundred to the Tract Society. Twenty-five for the — Sunday-school Union. One hundred dollars I gave in the — hall, at a big meeting there. Fifty to the poor of the city. Ten to the temperance cause, and five dollars to the Ragged Schools. Besides, I don't know how many other smaller sums every day to everybody that comes. Now, I have got to put an end to it. I don't mind giving when I can give, so as to have it amount to something. At these big meetings I don't mind giving, for then it sounds like something. But these little dribblings, especially to little beggars, they never amount to anything, for nobody ever knows anything

about them. Well, I must stop giving any more this year at any rate.

"Sir," interrupted a servant.

Mr. P. "What do you want, Andrew?"

"Sir, the servants in the kitchen want me to ask, sir, if they could take some beggar children into the kitchen to-night."

Mr. P. "No, no. Drive them out, and keep them out. You know we don't want such creatures in here, with their insects. Why do you come to me with such things, especially when you know I am engaged?"

"Please sir, there are two of them, and one is very sick."

"Pooh! They are always sick, or something else. It's no use, Andrew; go to your business."

"Please sir," interrupted Sally, "might'nt I give an old blanket to them? The one is very sick."

"No, Sally. Go to your business. What possesses you all to-night? We should have all the beggars in the city here by morning if you keep on."

The little beggars were driven out.

Mr. P. is considered to be worth nearly three millions of dollars. He has no family, excepting a niece, who has charge of his house. He has been making preparations for an evening's party, to take place on the night following, and has spared no pains to adorn his house for the occasion. A bill was lying on his table to the amount of three thousand dollars, that had already been expended for the purpose of ornamenting his parlors, &c.

The servant enters.

"Mr. P., sir, the man is waiting for the check on the bill that lies upon your desk, sir."

"Tell him to come in and be seated in the hall."

Mr. P. draws the check. "Here, Andrew, hand this to the man. Stop, you may call him in."

The man enters.

Mr. P. "Is this bill right?"

Man. "Yes, sir. I made it out myself. It is right."

Mr. P. "I suppose the most of these flowers came from —, [a neighboring city]?"

Man. "Yes, sir, nearly all of them; they are the best the country affords. We have paid the highest price for everything, as you said you must have the best."

Mr. P. "That is right. Well, you will be up in the morning and attend to matters bright and early. Never mind the expense. Well, good night. Oh, stop, you will send in your other bill on Monday, will you?"

Man. "Very well, sir. I will do so."

The servant closes the door after the man, and announces to Mr. P. that dinner is in readiness for him.

About eleven o'clock in the evening, Mr. P. called his servant, and ordered the parlors lit up, that he might see how they would appear, for, said he, "it will be a very special occasion and we want every thing in perfect trim."

After passing from end to end of the rooms, and viewing them thoroughly, he said, "that will do, it is all right. Now turn off the gas, Andrew." And as he turned to leave the room, he fell prostrate upon the floor, and died without a moment's warning, and his spirit

went to render up its account to Him who gave it. The next night found those parlors hung with deep drapery of mourning. On opening the basement door in the morning, the servant girl saw some children lying upon the ground against the steps. On going to them, she found that one of them was dead, and the other was so nearly frozen, that it was with much difficulty that she awoke her. She was sitting with her little dead brother's head in her lap, and she leaning against the steps. Poor little Tommy is now dead, and his spirit too, has gone to God.

CHAPTER XV.

Now let us take a parting glance at each of our dear young friends. Lucy, though young, is now engaged to be married. To whom? you ask. To a proud ———. She has been educated at one of our most popular Seminaries. Every advantage that wealth could confer, has been lavished upon her. She has all the accomplishments and airs of a modern popular female education. She can talk French, and play upon the piano. She is truly expert at a game of whist or cards. The novel, the ball-room, the Museum, and the Theatre, are her resort. Her companions are the gay and the frivolous. Step by step, her young, kind, warm and generous heart, has grown cold, proud, and selfish. Often, during the course of her education, and especially during her

stay at the seminary, she has wept, when she has thought of the happy and innocent moments of childhood. When she stood at the gate and talked with the poor little lame beggar girl. Often has her mind recurred to the time when she took her shawl from her shoulders and gave it to sweet little Lizzy. Often has she been known to exclaim, "Oh, that I were that innocent, tender-hearted girl that I was when I talked with the beggar children, at my father's gate." Often has she dreamt of seeing the ragged children at her door. At one time she wrote her mother a very affecting letter; an extract of which, we will give.

"Dear mother, I could not sleep last night. I thought the little beggar children were at my door. Among the rest, was that sweet little lame Lizzy, that I loved so much. Oh, mother, how happy I was when I talked with her. She was such a sweet little girl. She used to talk so much about kind Jesus, as she called him. Then she would tell about her dying mother. Oh, dear mother, I couldn't sleep, I dreamt so much about the beggar

children. Oh, mother, I fear my heart is growing proud. Mother, can't you find little Lizzy and give her some of my clothes?"

To which her mother replied, in her next letter, that "she thought she was now getting old enough to think of something else besides the beggar children. This would do for little girls, but a young lady should be more dignified." Which was the last she dared to write upon that subject. The influences that have surrounded her, have drawn her, step by step, to love the world and all its follies and flatteries. Yet, in her more serious moments, she often weeps over her proud and selfish heart. She has been led by the gaieties of youth, and luring smiles of the proud and frivolous. She is not happy.

During her stay at the seminary she had many serious moments. At one time there was a revival in the Institution, when a number of the students came forward and publicly renounced their sins, and professed their attachment to the Saviour.

She was among the number—she lived for a number of months a devoted Christian.

But when vacation came on, and she returned to her father's house, she was surrounded by gay companions, and, little by little, she was led to yield to the influences around her, until she consented to enter the ball-room by the over-persuasions of a gay young companion. Thus she has been led on, until by the flatteries of her companions, she has become vain and haughty.

Preparations are now being made for her wedding. Thousands of dollars have already been expended for that purpose. Her wedding dress was brought in but a short time since. The bill for it was a little more than one thousand dollars. The bill for the jewelry that is to adorn her person on that occasion, is now lying on her father's table, to the amount of four thousand dollars. She is now surrounded by flatteries and unmeaning smiles—but she is not happy. Often in her solitude and retirement when she feels the gentle spirit pressing her to return, she will fall upon her

knees and cry, "Oh, God! save me from the influences that surround me!" But she has not moral courage or strength enough to stem the waves of influence that are pressing against her from every direction.

Let us go now for a few moments to that lowly garret, where lies our friend Lizzy upon that little couch of straw, surrounded by no other courtiers or attendants than that poor woman. She, after her recovery, sought for many months to find our little friends Lizzy and Tommy, but in vain. One morning, however, very early as she passed through a bye-street, she saw some one sitting upon the steps of an old shop, weeping—it was Lizzy. When she saw the woman she arose, and threw her arms around her neck, and sobbed and wept as though her heart would break.

Since Tommy's death Lizzy has been very lonely. She has become a regular rag-picker. She has kept the old Bible that her kind mother gave her on her death-bed. It has been her only companion. She has not forgot-

ten the injunctions of her mother. Many fierce temptations have surrounded her. Many dark moments of trial has she passed through. Many heart-rending scenes of wickedness has she been compelled to look upon.

She has been robbed of father, mother, and brother. She has been robbed of home and all its endearments—of food, of raiment, and all the pleasures and comforts of this life.

She is now near her end. She has been lying for a number of months upon that hard couch of straw, wasting away by consumption. Most of the time she is alone, as the poor woman must pick rags every moment she can. Still she is not alone, for Jesus is her present help.

She is happy. She longs to meet Jesus in a world of glory.

The hour is set, and the preparations for Lucy's wedding are fast being completed. The large parlors are ornamented with splendor. All is glittering show. The morning has arrived. This afternoon, Lucy is to be married. Hark! a lady is at the door.

"Is Mrs. B. in, this morning," asked the lady.

"I will see," replied the servant.

On returning, the servant announced to the lady, that Mrs. B. was out, and would probably return in about an hour.

"Is Miss Lucy in," inquired the lady.

"She is, ma'am," replied the servant, "but she is engaged."

"You will ask her, if she will see me one moment, as her mother is out."

Lucy came into the room.

"Good morning, Miss Lucy."

"Good morning, Mrs. H."

"I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Lucy. I have scarcely seen you since you returned from the seminary. "Well, Miss Lucy, I came in to see if your mother would assist us in burying a poor lame girl, for she cannot live long, and as your mother was not in, I thought I would speak to you about it. I remember how much delight you used to take in these beggar children, before you went to school."

"A lame girl! A lame girl!" exclaimed Lucy. "What is her name?"

Mrs. H. "They call her Lizzy, the carpenter's daughter."

Lucy. "Lizzy! Lizzy! Can it be that dear little Lizzy, the beggar girl? Is she dead? Where? When? Oh, tell me, is she dead? Is she dead?"

She fell upon the floor, and was senseless for some time. When she awoke from that stupor, she said to the nurse:

"Oh, if I was only that little kind, innocent girl, that I once was, when I stood by the gate and talked with the beggar children. Oh, take away these glittering jewels! Oh, how I hate them! Give me one moment with Jesus, and that sweet little beggar girl, and I will give all besides."

Then she knelt down by her bed-side, and poured out her soul in prayer. When her mother came into the room, and saw her weeping, she said "this would not do. This was not dignified for a young lady."

Lizzy had now bid adieu to her kind friend,

the poor woman, who was singing to her a beautiful hymn, when the door suddenly opened to that little garret-room, and Lucy fell upon her knees by the side of that bed of straw, and kissed dear Lizzy's pale lips. Lizzy smiled, and whispered farewell, and breathed her last. Lucy looked steadfastly upon her for a moment, then she exclaimed, "'Tis the last. She is gone! Oh, dearest Lizzy," and dropped her face upon the lifeless bosom of the beggar girl, and wept.

Lucy had ordered the servant girl to bring her her own shawl and hood, and show her where she could find Lizzy, unbeknown to any one in the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

YEARS have now rolled rapidly away, and little Lucy's childish fears were not so much misplaced, for not many months since, the remains of that dear brother Alfred were brought in at the midnight hour, and the family were aroused by the announcement that Alfred was dead. He had almost unconsciously formed an appetite for stimulants, which has early proved his ruin. From the polite card-table and the wine-cup in his mother's parlor, to the club-room, the gambling table, and the theatre, was an easy step. After spending much of the night at a club-room with some of his companions, he started for home. On approaching the cars, he missed his step, and being too much intoxicated, he lost his balance and fell upon the track. The car severed his head from his shoulders in an instant.

As Mr. B. gazed upon the mangled corpse of his son, he wept bitterly. He could now understand the import of that remark made by that noble father* of temperance, many years since.

"Little do parents know when they are rescuing children from the drunkard's path, how often the one saved proves to be their own child."

The words of his little daughter now rushed vividly to his mind. "Father, won't the bad poison kill brother Alfred, too." His feelings of anguish now almost overwhelm him. Instead of one cent to decide the characters of thousands of young and tender minds; instead of one vote weighing the destiny of hundreds of thousands of defenceless ones, he now cries, "Oh, had I millions of gold, would it but redeem my lost son; would it bring back my boy, it were nought to me beside."

Lucy's mother, too, as she looks upon the bleeding remains of her lost son, remembers well the interrogations of her little child, and

* Rev. Dr. Beecher.

the anxious solicitude of her young and innocent heart. She cannot now forget the simple questions of her little daughter, and the beggar girl. "Mother, what makes 'um let 'um sell the bad poison." She exclaims, "*these are a part of them*, a part of the fruits of her husband's legislation."

Her husband is now a member of the State Legislature. He has helped to make a law to license the rumseller.

Only a few months since a petition was sent to the Legislature, praying, that a law might be made to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits, which was signed by thousands of poor drunkards, drunkard's wives, and children: besides hundreds of thousands of others who begged to be protected themselves, and have their neighbors, and their neighbor's children, as well as their own little innocent ones, sheltered from that dark and blackening storm, that has so long hung over our City, State, and Nation.

Yes, more than three hundred thousand men, women, and children! They prayed, they beg-

ged, they besought of that legislature to turn off that tide of misery, and defend them from the dreadful curse of alcoholic drinks. Wives begged them to save their drunken, their inebriated, their dying husbands. Husbands implored them to protect their heart-broken, mangled, and abused wives. Little children, too, plead and besought them, to save their fathers and mothers, and cover their own little innocent and defenceless heads, from the scalding blasts of such a storm. All this could have been done by a single vote. But no, their petitions were disregarded; their cries were unheeded; their prayers were unnoticed; with one fell swoop all were thrown under the table, and the rum bottle called for, to drown the thoughts of a dying city, a bleeding state, and a mourning nation. To shut out from their view the midnight revelry, and debauchery; the horrid blasphemies, and the God-defying oaths; the inflamed eyes; the fierce looks; the distorted countenances; the bloated cheeks; the fiery brain; the reeling, staggering carcasses; the hollow laugh; the raging madness

and the brutal unkindness of drunken fathers and husbands. The aching hearts; the broken heads; the consumptive forms; the blasted hopes; the dejected countenances; the disheveled hair; the frightened visages; and the shrieking cries of murdered wives and daughters. Ghastly looks; the horrid squalor; the disgusting tatters and filth; the scalding tears; the freezing, aching limbs; the hungry cravings, and the lisping prayers of the "Little Ragged Ten Thousand."

She could not forget these things. But now they are brought more strikingly to her view by the scene that has just passed before her. These are the fruits of her husband's legislation.

She remembers when that legislature sat in session during all that long and tedious night, when, at five o'clock in the morning, after a mighty combat, the powers of darkness gained the victory over struggling bleeding humanity.

When they seized that noble advocate of the people's rights, declaring him to be an intruder, and hurled him from his high office, on the battlements of a nation's glory, with the ma-

niacal shrieks of, "Give us the bowl! Give us the bowl! We will have it!"

Then gazing as if to see him dash upon the rocks below, or sink beneath the waves of infamy forever. That night when a nation sat in listless awe waiting the results of such a contest. She remembers that morning when in lightning speed, the news flew from state to state; from city to city; from town to town; from village to village; from hamlet to hamlet; from heart to heart. "'Tis lost! 'Tis lost!"

When drunkard's wives could be seen running from neighbor to neighbor, with dejected looks, crying, "'Tis lost! 'Tis lost!"

A mourning nation hung her head in chagrin and despair, when she heard the cry, "'Tis lost, 'Tis lost." Our "Empire State" is vanquished by its deadliest foe. All this, too, she knows, was done by a single vote.

What! the prayers of more than three hundred thousand souls rejected, and the fairest hopes of millions crushed by a single vote? Yes; these things she knows full well.

Ah! it was her husband that cast that vote.

After hours had passed in unsuccessful efforts for the ascendancy, the contest grew hot and hotter. The trial came.

Who now shall yield? Each had stood firm to his post. At last, the question was called for again. His vote was cast in favor of the rumseller. The edict went forth. The hopes of millions are crushed. The wicked now rule and the people mourn.

THE END.