

fit for a home in Heaven—one which human—in-human—beings have pulled down and left a mere wreck of what it was created to be—a form in God's own image, a worthy worshiper of its Creator. A score of masons were busy at work putting back the old bricks, adding new mortar, putting in new beams and braces, rearing up, refitting and replenishing the old tenement. It was time it was done, for it had stood there the allotted three-score years and ten of human life. Time had made its mark upon it, and it was pulled down and rebuilt. That was not the case with the other tenement, for it had not stood one-third of that time, and yet it had been pulled down! Who did it?

There is yet life enough in the ruin to speak, let that answer.

While we stood contemplating the spectacle before us, the masons upon the building over our heads were sending down jibes and jeers, heart-wounding words, and calling opprobrious names to one whom, a short year ago, they would have spoken to with respect, or courted for favor; for then she wore the adornments of dress and the smiles of beauty. Those cruel words—thoughtless words—not vicious ones, perhaps, fell heavily upon one heart; not hers—that was beyond the reach of hard words—she had rather hear them than kindly ones—for her heart was seared.

Our hand went involuntarily into our pocket and clutched a coin—it was only a small one, we never shall miss that quarter, we never shall forget the look that met us when we gave it, or words that came in answer to our question—"Mary, why don't you go home?"

"Home! I have none, nor friends either."

Homeless and friendless! A young girl in the streets all night, without a place to go that she could call home.

"Have you no home? Where do you live then?"

"In the street. I wish I did not live anywhere. I'll go to Dutch Bill's grocery, and soon forget I do live. He turned me out doors last night; I had no money, then. He will let me in now I have got a quarter."

Had we done a deed of charity or a deed of wrong? The heart said it was well intended, but truth told us it would be applied to support—the licence system of the rum trade.

We said a few words, and Mary went and sat down upon a door step and held her old cloak up to her face to hide a tear.

To our inquiry, "What has become of your friend William?" she replied.

"Friend! Devil! He robbed his employer to buy wine and treat me, as he did when you first knew me, a poor, hard-working, but happy sewing girl, when I used to go out almost every night with him to late suppers, until, until—don't ask me what. See what I am. You heard what these brick-layers called me." "What is Will?" "I saw him last night dressed like a gentleman with another, just such a poor simpleton as I was a year ago, going into a gilded sepulchre. How long before she will be a mother, a miserable outcast, poor drunken—you heard what they called me. Who made me so? I could send Will to the Penitentiary with a breath. What would be the use? He would come out a hero—they would fire guns in the Park—perhaps I should not hear them. I should then be dead—if not, drunk. It matters not which. Who cares for me, or what I am now? Look at me. Do you see the Mary that made shirts for you. Look, I see my work now. You have it on. It is not yet worn out. I am. The stitch has lasted longer than the stitcher. The thread of cotton lives. The thread of life is destroyed. Oh, rum! rum! rum!"

She got up, and walked rapidly away toward a place "licensed to accommodate travellers," where she might drown herself in forgetfulness, with the very cause of her ruin.

'Tis a sad tale, but a true one: it has a sequel; the readers of *The Tribune* have read that. Our story was written when the reporter brought in the item, published a few mornings since, of a girl found dead in the cellar of a new building in Reade st. We had a suspicion, a painful feeling that it might be—we went to see—it was Mary. Two years ago she was blithe and beautiful, industrious, poor, virtuous and happy. She was tempted, flattered, mortified at not being able to dress as richly as others she met in the street or saloon in her evenings walks with Will, accepted presents (stolen dry goods,) at all late suppers, drank wine and became what we found her in the street; then drank cheap rum, poisoned alcohol, and died

Homeless and Friendless in a cellar. Poor Mary. She is Dead. Rum is not. We shall say on Tuesday we have done our duty towards killing it. If not successful, we shall try again, and again. Who will do with us one little deed to avenge Mary?—*New York Tribune*.

#### THE SMALL NUMBER OF THE ELECT.

VOLTAIRE regarded the following extract from Massillon, as one of the finest specimens of eloquence. It is taken from this eminent preacher's sermon on "The small number of the elect."

"I pause with you, my brethren, who are here assembled. I speak no more of the rest of men; but regard you as if you were alone on the earth, and this is the thought that occupies and moves my soul. I imagine that this is your last hour, and the end of the world; that the heavens are about to open above you, and Jesus Christ appear in all his glory in the midst of his temple, and that you are assembled here like trembling criminals, to hear the sentence of mercy or of eternal death pronounced against you; for you may well flatter yourself that you will die such as you are to day. All these desires of change and amendment which amuses you will amuse you till the bed of death. This is the experience of all ages. All that you will in the future find new in you, will perhaps be a greater and more aggravated account to render to God, than what you have to day. And as to what you will yet be, were you to be judged this moment, you could almost decide what will be your fate when you leave this life.

"I ask of you, then, and I ask it of you, terror-stricken, not separating in this respect my fate from yours, but placing myself in the same position in which I desire to regard myself—I ask of you, then, if Jesus Christ should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the world, in order to judge you—to make the terrible separation between the sheep and the goats—believe you that the greater number of those here would be placed on his right hand? Believe you, that the division would be equal? Believe you, that even ten righteous men would be found here, whom once God could not find in five entire cities? I ask it of you—you know not, and I know not myself—Thou alone, Oh God knowest those that are thine! But if we know not those who belong to him, we know, at least, that sinners are not his. But who are the faithful here assembled? Titles and dignities here count nothing; you will be despoiled of them by Jesus Christ. But who are they? Many sinners who wish not to reform their lives; yet more, who desire it, but who defer their conversion. Again, others who never reform but only again to fall back. Finally, a great number who believe they have no need of conversion. These are they who are reprobated! Take away these four classes from this assembly, for they will be taken away in the great day; and then appear, ye just! Where are ye? Thou holy remnant of Israel, pass to the right hand! Pure grain of the Lord, separate yourselves from this chaff, destined for eternal fires! Oh God! where are thine elect? and what is left for thine inheritance?"

#### WOMAN'S LIBERTY AND VIRTUE—NUNNERIES.

It has often been a question whether nunneries were promotive of vice or virtue. In the city of Lyons, France, there are FIVE THOUSAND NUNS— forbidden to marry, and associating in the same churches, perhaps buildings, there are TWENTY THOUSAND PRIESTS forbidden to marry. To keep the people down in the city, numbering over 300,000 people there are 40,000 soldiers. Is it likely under these circumstances that virtue can be promoted by such a state of society? Is it likely that virtue can be promoted by withholding what nature desires, what God in the Scriptures has commanded; that is marriage of the sexes? In this as in many other things popery directly contravenes God's and nature's laws. Let it be remembered too, that these priests and priestesses have nothing to do— are worldly minded; and what conclusion can any one come to but that there is enormous vice among them. The monasteries in the time of Henry the VIII, of England, were put down partly on this ground, and it is the general belief among shrewd men all the world over, that nunneries are liable to become vicious. Gavazzi asserts it. It was proved many years ago at Montreal. Yet we have protestant presses upholding such institutions, and a Canadian Reform Ministry voting to create more. Read this:—

SECRETS OF NUNNERIES.—But that which concerns our present subject is the veil of secrecy that covers all within such establishments as these. There may be—I must not say that there is—there may possibly be the most frightful vice—there may be the most ruffianly violence—there may be the verriest climax of profligacy—there may possibly be all this, and the public never know it. History has recorded the fact, that in the apartments of the inquisitors of Spain there were found sixty-two young women, who had been corrupted and ruined by the inquisitors, and kept there where the public could never know it.

The French soldiery flung open the inquisition, and revealed the secret. There is no security in Italy against the same evil in a very large portion of the nunneries; for every crime of earth and hell may possibly be rife throughout their cloisters, and the cry of injured innocence and outraged virtue stifled within the walls, remain unheard by the world without. While we were at Rome, an abbess of one of the nunneries rushed forth frantically from the opened gates, plunged into the Tiber, and there sought in its deep waters to drown the memory and the remorse of the past! The ecclesiastics could not bear to hear it mentioned.—*Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome*.

THE VIRTUE OF BAPTIZED BELLS.—The *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, has lately published an address delivered by Cardinal Wiseman, at the church of St. Thomas, Canterbury, on the occasion of blessing the bell of the church. This Cardinal contends that the chief object in baptizing bells is to "convey blessings to objects that of themselves might appear incapable of them, but which God has been pleased to make capable, through the grace of regenerated nature, of a new and sacred life, not proper to themselves, whereby they are enabled to transmit, as instruments or channels of Divine mercy, a blessing even to us. Hence when the Catholic bell has once been consecrated and blessed, it is so sacred in the eyes of the church that it cannot be applied to any other purposes. It is not to be used as you commonly see bells used in this country, which has now become Protestant, and which, had then been used in the same manner, would have shocked the ears of our Catholic ancestors. So the church having blessed the bell, and having devoted it to God and consecrated it to him, hung it in the tower of the church, and forbidden it to speak except when it speaks as from God to man, likewise gives it another voice, to speak from man to God—when a fire breaks out—the sounds of the bell breaks forth, and pious Christians have believed that the flames were quenched through the prayers called forth and sent up to heaven by that material object."

What a very pious, devout bell that must be, to put out fires by calling forth and sending up prayers to heaven.

I once knew a Christian minister engaged in a large city soliciting money for the advancement of the Saviour's cause. In several instances during one morning, he had met with great coldness, and at last was insulted by one who ought to have acted very differently, and was treated as though he were little better than an impostor. The tear stole unbidden down the grey-haired minister's cheek as turning from the counting-room of the wealthy Christian merchant, he mildly said, "You dare not, my dear brother, go and tell my great Master in your closet what you have been saying to me." Like a sword this sentence went to the good man's heart, and a servant was despatched to request his return. An earnest apology, seeking in united, tearful prayer, pardon at the foot of the cross, and a handsome sum indicative of interest in the object which demanded Christian zeal, gave evidence of repentance.

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.—Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful; and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow*.