not Mich

ABOUT

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. WILLIAMSON'S

MISSIONARY LABORS

IN THE

Slums, Dives and Opium Joints

OF

NEW YORK CITY,

WITH

PRESS NOTICES.

Missionary Labors in the Slums, Dives and Opium Joints of New York City.

In her varied labors in the Slums and Dives of this city, during her many years of nightly toil, Mrs. Williamson has most keenly felt the need of a place of shelter, to which she could convey, if only until the sun should again send forth its light, some of the dreadful objects which she has encountered from time to time, because, for the most part, these "Somebody's Daughters" have gone so far down the broad-way to hell, that they can only be removed when in a state of oblivion, and the physical labor required to transport the pitiful objects any considerable distance is beyond conception to those unused to the toil, for they are far more weighty than so much butchers' meat would be, being not only unable to assist, but fighting against every movement for their good.

The time has come when this great city should be divided into sections for Christian missionary and philanthropical work, and there should be not less than half a dozen places of shelter, open at all hours of the day and night, in which the miserable objects, when persuaded to look away from their present state, can be temporarily placed. There should be one such place opened within a stone's throw of the Five Points, for in that vicinity Mrs. Williamson's most effective work has been carried on; at times unaided, and at others with the assistance of some Christian helper.—She has to carry, to drag, to coax, or to coerce, as the case may be, some sister sinner, who is perhaps so boisterous, so filthy, or so besotten, that no car conductor

will have her on board his car, no policeman can be expected to render assistance, and no stranger to the cause will but pityingly look askance and moves away, or glares at the object with glee or curiosity, as the case may be; but yet Mrs. Williamson has to convey her to some place where she can give her a cup of tea or coffee, some food to which she has long been a stranger, perhaps, and when sufficiently sober, get her on to a street car and remove her to some of the Mission Houses, only to find when she has toiled so long and so hard that there is no room for the poor creature, and she has to go to some other place of refuge, or, at last, to land the poor object in a Station House as the only resort.

For nineteen years unassisted, save so far as some Christian people have voluntarily made her donations, Mrs. Williamson has carried on the work among the most squalid, most depraved, most sin bedraggled, of this city's population, but now the time has come when she has felt compelled to take the large hearted and charitably disposed public into her confidence, and ask not only their consideration of the object of her life, the means and ways she has to take to accomplish the same, the risk she runs, and the results she has accomplished, but to ask them to provide for her use a place, in the locality designated, where she can put those whom she finds sin-sick and weary.

The following extracts from the press show some interesting facts connected with the work as hitherto carried on, and are submitted in the confident expectation that very quickly response will be made to the requirements of the case, and a place of shelter provided to which those who are so very different from the hour when they were "Somebody's Darlings," may be placed for a brief time, until they can be fixed for removal to some other and more permenant place of refuge.

[FROM THE WORLD.]

In New York's Real Slums.

A MIDNIGHT TRIP AMONG DIRTY SALOONS, LOW CONCERT HALLS AND CHINESE RESORTS.

DISREPUTABLE PLACES INTO WHICH MEMBERS OF THE PRAYING BAND FORCE THEIR WAY, WHILE FOULEST LANGUAGE BESETS THEIR EARS—HALF-GROWN GIRLS DAILY RESCUED BY JOSEPHINE WILLIAMSON—WHO WILL AID HER?

The time is eleven o'clock Saturday night, and the scene a low grogery on Elizabeth Street, just a stone's throw from the noisy Bowery. The rum-hole is a type of many, for the whole lower part of the great east side abounds in resorts of this identical character, and to describe one is to describe them all. It is not cold without, only chill and damp, and the wide, yet not high, doors of the saloon are open. There is no pretense at elegance within; indeed, all inside and outside is rough, old and soiled. The room is narrow, and on the right as one enters is a ten foot bar, high and broad, and black with use and the stains of much spilled liquors. Behind it is a shelf, answering for a sideboard, and extending the entire length of the bar. It is decorated with gilt and colored paper, and is covered with a variety of black bottles bearing ambitious lettering denoting the contents, from any one of which a nickel would entice a generous draught of fiery liquid. At the lower end of the bar is a big, black ice box, whence mixed ale and schooners of beer are drawn.

A DEN OF DARKNESS.

The ceiling is low and dark, the floor is thinly covered with sawdust, that might be anything else, so mixed is it with dirt, tobacco expectoration and drippings from the glasses of unsteady patrons, and the whole place breathes of degradation and vileness. The bartender is energetic in supplying the wants of the fifteen or more tramp-like men upon whom he waits. He is twenty-eight years old, solid, not tall, swarthy, and wears a very black mustache. He knows how to control his rough customers, he is working for the

now absent proprietor, and he does his duty well. He may be better than some of his class, or he may be worse, but there he is, to all intents and purposes, a bad man, an outcast of the better outcasts of his own calling.

In the rear of the saloon is a box-like apartment, the pine board sides of which do not reach to the ceiling. It is but eight feet long and five feet wide, and contains a black, soiled table and a few chairs. A single gas jet gives a poor light. Two women are seated on one side of the table. At first glance they would seem to be old women, but a closer look shows them to be young, aged only by marks of shame, disease and drink. They have been drinking, but are not drunk. One is not more than twenty one. She has luxuriant dark hair, done up in a knot at the back, and decidedly unkempt, her face is oval, her eyes brown and sodden with drink, and her face is both pinched with want of nourishment and bloated with the poison of many vile cups. Her dress is a figured calico, soiled and worn, and belted at the waist with an old strap.

There is no hat upon her head. What she might have been once is only conjecture, but what she is now is plain. Her companion is several years older, rougher, more unkempt, and, if possible, more repulsive.

WAITING FOR THEIR PREY.

They sit waiting for some one to purchase more fiery liquor for them, so that they may forget their pain and misery in a drunken torpor.

There are two new arrivals. They come from the side street through the entrance a few feet away. One is a man of middle age, short, spare, with gray mustache and half gray hair. He is comfortably dressed, is smoking a cigar, and might be a cigarmaker or a mechanic. His companion is a young woman, her face so distorted with the ravages of a recent illness and with dissipation that to fix her exact age would be impossble. She is somewhat better dressed than the other two, but is without a hat, and has probably come from her room nearby. They take seats opposite the others and order drinks for themselves.

Now there are more newcomers through the misnamed "family entrance." The first is a woman of some years past middle age, with a resolute, strong and kindly face. She wears a plaid woolen dress of dark material, a long plush cloak and a hat that well becomes her motherly face. She is followed by two of her own sex and three men. She walks back to the private compartments, followed by two

of the men. The remainder of the party enter the main barroom and go among the loungers there. The leader of the little party is Josephine Williamson, the well known slum worker, and when she stands in the doorway of the mean back room, she recognizes all three of the girls and calls them by name. They all take her hand as she extends it to them, are shame-faced, and scarcely answer her greeting, "How are you to-night, my poor children?" and then casting a long and sorrowful look upon the girl who had come in with the man, she continues: "Oh Annie, my child, how you have changed; I would scarcely know you. You have been very sick, hav'nt you, dear?" The miserable one with the scarred and swollen face replies falteringly something about the hospital, while her male companion, who evidently feels his position keenly, tells in a few words of the girls recent struggle with death.

A CHANCE TO BE SAVED.

Mrs. Williamson bends over each of the girls and whispers something to which they all nod their heads affirmatively. It is an invitation to come just once to the Florence Mission, coupled with gentle words of sympathy and love. "Let us speak to the Father for these wandering daughters," says the leader, as she kneels upon the floor. The room is too narrow for the girls to kneel, but the man with the sick girl manages to get to the floor, removing his hat reverently as he does so. The two men accompanying Mrs. Williamson also bend the knee, and then the devoted friend of the outcast and despised pours forth her heart in a prayer for the Divine hand to lift these poor girls, these "mothers' daughters," from sin and shame. The women weep bitter tears as the earnest entreaty, so fraught with good wishes for them, is uttered; the words and melody of a Gospel hymn come from the front room and mingle with the prayer and the fervent "amens" of the worker at Mrs. Williamson's side, and for that moment the resort of the wayward has become a temple of worship.

SHE KNOWS THEM ALL.

To go among the girls of darkest New York under the guidance of Josephine Williamson is to see these abandoned creatures under distinctive and novel circumstances. She is the chief of the Florence Mission Rescue Band, and her experience as a slum worker extends over a period of nineteen years. She is a North of Ireland woman,

with a strongly marked accent in moments of great feeling, and knows not what fear is. There is nothing namby-pamby in her manner, and she fights the devil with fire or with gentleness, just as she finds his majesty disposed towards her. She is a remarkable woman, whose peculiar methods and fruitful labors belong to the history of vice in this city, and that she knows the walk to which, as she says, she is consecrated, is not to be gainsaid. She is familiar with the distinguishing features of the various kinds of low resorts, and their visiting population of nearly one thousand girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six.

A World reporter accepted Mrs. Williamson's invitation for a tour that ended at 4 A. M. The start was made from the Florence Mission, a shelter for women and a mission house, at No. 23 Bleecker Street, and the little party that was to make the trip of the slums met there at 10.30 P. M. It consisted, besides the leader, of a physician of thirty-eight years of age, who has been interested in slum work for several years; a divinity student of twenty-five, a tall young fellow with brown curly hair and a frank, handsome face; an elderly woman, who wore a habit, half nun's, half otherwise, and who devoted herself to mission work; a slender, small woman of thirty-five, who had once been a Romanist, but had become a protestant slum worker in grateful acknowledgement of the fact that a protestant mission had reclaimed her husband after he had been a drunkard for twenty years, and a reporter.

THE SCENE IN THE MISSION.

The main room of the mission was crowded with a most mixed assemblage, the better dressed and more spiritually inclined around about the platform, the vista towards the rear showing varying degrees of human condition, and ending at last in forty or fifty men of the genus tramp. Up near the front, grouped together, were forty-two girls, the fruit of other nights of labor in the haunts of degradation. They wore no hats, were neatly dressed, and good association, good food and good hours had eliminated nearly every distinguishing mark of their former existence. Some were rosy, plump and healthful, some slender and pale, some very young, others older, and all undeniably interested in the proceedings. They sang with vim and looked happy and content. They were living, breathing testimony of the fact that souls were saved from the slums, and that the Florence Mission knew how to reach them. It was difficult to believe, when afterwards the places were seen from which these nice looking

young women had been taken, that such good could come out of such perdition.

An ex-convict, who was clothed neatly and from whose happy face shone manliness and happiness, were talking to "the boys" as the reporter elbowed his way through the crowd at a door near the front. He spoke with manly vigor and simple earnestness as he told of how the mission had reclaimed him from sin to a life of honor and truth. This man had married one of the women caught in the mission drag-net, and they had one of the cosiest homes in New York. As this man pleaded with his wayward brothers, all of whom hung upon his very word in closest attention, Mrs. Williamson beckoned the members of her prospective slumming brigade to an ante-room. There they all knelt while their brief but fervent prayers went up asking for blessings upon the night's work in hand. Then out the three men and three women passed, through a larger room where a young man sat upon a high stool, Bible in hand, pointing the way of salvation to a dozen roughly dressed men of different ages

THE SLUMMERS START.

Crossing Bleecker Street towards Elizabeth, which there opens dark and unpleasant into the former not savory thoroughfare, the chief slummer caught by the arm a young women who, in company with a tough-looking man, was hurrying in the direction of the mission and its throng of saved and to be saved. The girl was tall and strong, her eyes were crossed in a most exaggerated way, her face was red and her manner reckless Her voice was harsh and loud as she replied to the gentle salutation. "Where are you going, dear?"

"I've broke loose again," she cried excitedly, "but I'm going to show him that I can work if I am drunk."

"He is all right," was the rejoinder, as the chief slummer patted the girls scarlet cheek, "and you had better follow his example. Go over there, but let him alone."

The girl who had recently back-slidden and who was bent on annoying her husband, a steadfast recruit from sin, mumbled a defiant something and passed on.

"She will come to us again, praise the Lord," was the spoken thought of the devout slummer, as the trip was resumed.

Just a few blocks down Elizabeth Street the way was led through the "family" entrance of a dingy rum shop to two cuddy-hole rooms

in the rear. Two girls sat alone in one of the pens. One was beastly drunk. She was gross, and was probably twenty-eight years of age. The other girl was sober, and her rather good face was meek and apologetic. Both were poorly dressed and represented well the homeless vagrant of the slums.

A SIGHT FOR CHURCH FOLK.

"I'm on a spree," cried the drunken one wildly, as she clasped Mrs. Williamson's hand and kissed it.

"Yes, I see you are, my good child," replied the missionary, and then she bent over the other girl and asked her several questions.

"They have no money and no place to sleep," said the guide, appealing to the reporter. "This man allows them to sit here. They lay their heads upon this dirty table and catch naps throughout the night. Oh, if I only had some place to take them, they could be saved. I know them, and you can see that they are fond of me, but there is not one place in all this great city where I can take them. Even the Station Houses are full to overflowing. Then she knelt down and prayed fervently for a moment.

"I never forget the boy behind the bar," cried the leader cheerily, as the six slummers gathered in the saloon proper, and in the midst of a crowd of typical patrons of such establishments. "He is some mother's son," she added, as she gave him a tract or two. The rather good looking young fellow addressed took the leaves with a pleasant smile, for he knew and appreciated the goodness of his visitor. "Why don't you come to the Florence, and go to heaven instead of hell?" inquired the leader, not unpleasantly or rebukingly.

"Perhaps I will, some time, Mrs. Williamson," was the rejoinder. "You know I don't like this business, but it's the only thing I have to do."

"Well, come to us and we will find you something better."

TRACTS FOR TRAMPS.

Meanwhile the others had been distributing tracts among, and talking to, the loafers in front of the bar. "Just a minute of prayer with these poor boys," was the command, at which all went down on the dirty floor. The men listened respectfully and several bowed their heads reverently. Then the trip was resumed, half a dozen similar resorts being visited, where much the same scenes were enacted. In every one of the dingy little back rooms, which

are the unvarying adjunct of the low bar-rooms, from one to five homeless girls were found, some drunk, some sober, some defiant, others plastic, and all miserable.

"Now we must show you another phase of our work," said the chief slummer, as she led the way to the noise and cheap glitter of the Bowery, full of its usual Saturday night crowds and boisterousness. As the guide walked along the uneven and slimy pavements, she told of her hopes for the betterment of "her girls." "We want," said she, "so badly, a lodging-house, where we can take these girls at any hour of the night we find them. Won't you tell the public through The World of the great necessity for such a place, and ask the people if we can't have a retreat for God's miserable daughters? Ah, if brighter New York could only know, could only see what we do night after night, how soon the refuge we want would be built! Just think of it, $2,000 would do it handsomely, and I already have $300 towards the sum. Ask the men and women of New York to help us, where so little, comparatively, will do so much good."

By this time the slummer had reached the concert "slide" of John McGurk, at No. 253 Bowery, the largest, perhaps, of all the tough drinking places on the thoroughfare. The main entrance opens into the bar-front, where half a dozen coatless bartenders were busy "slinging" up beer, mixed ale and fancy drinks. That was the business end of the institution, and no foolishness prevailed there. The bar itself was little patronized, the drinks all going to the "concert" room in the rear. There was no elegance about the bar-room. It was rough and old, and the decorations were tinsel and shabby at that. The glory was in the rear, but it was only the glory of revelry, not of adornment.

IN THE CONCERT HALL.

The "concert" room was thirty-five feet wide, and extended back a hundred feet, with an L in the rear right, doubling the width at the back. The ceiling was low and stained with grime and smoke. Just as one entered from the bar, and on the right, was a piano, at which sat a little hunchback woman, surrounded by a maudlin crowd of worshippers at the shrine of Music. The big, crooked room, with its hundred of flaring gas lights, was filled with round tables, packed as closely as possible. Every one of these was crowded with male patrons and female hangers-on, and a moving, motley throng choked up the narrow passageways between the

latter, making navigation slow and difficult. Dozens of waiters, wearing soiled, beer-soaked, white cotton aprons and in their shirt sleeves, pushed vigorously about, seeking orders from the not financially profligate crowd. There were sailors from Uncle Sam's ships, in their picturesque costumes; sailors from the merchant service, soldiers from the regular army in uniform, tough Bowery boys, and, besides, as nondescript a collection of men as are ever brought together. And then there were the girls—the girls of darkest New York. They were slender and stout, fair and dark, tall and short, pretty and ugly, drunk and sober, old and young, and dressed in costume that run the gamut from an attempt at evening dress to a tattered gingham or calico. It was nearly 12 o'clock, and the Bowery resorts had just emptied their thousands of unsavory patrons into the streets and saloons. There were at least 400 men and women in McGurk's place, crowding and jostling, drinking and having a high time generally. The girls lolled in the men's arms, the drinkers were boisterous and wanton, but all was as merry as such ugliness could be.

MCGURK'S WORD IS LAW.

McGurk is a despot and diplomat combined, and allows no disturbances. Bad conduct bars one forever from the place, and this is a disgrace keenly felt and greatly feared, especially by the women. The girls were mostly flippant, for they were in the midst of revelry heightened by the "noise" of popular melodies played on the piano by the little hunchback. They knew the slummers, and, as they rollicked in the arms of sailor, soldier, or any one else, which they did in coteries of a dozen, they treated the rescuers lightly, but not abusively. It would not be well for any one to maltreat the head of the Florence Mission Rescue Band, for McGurk himself is a great believer in the institution and considers himself one of Mrs. Williamson's chief aids. He hovered about her as the party went around distributing tracts and talking to men and women, and when, now and then, she gave him a hard rap for his sins, he looked meek and apologized as best he could, saying the Slide was his livelihood.

"He takes care of the girls when they get sick," said the leader, at which McGurk, who is a short, stout, dark fellow, with jet black hair and mustache, about forty years of age, seemed complacent, and acquiescent to the description of his virtues. "He is mine by

faith," added the missionary, as she placed her hand on his arm, whereupon McGurk's countenance was as immobile as a statue's. Upon request, and at McGurk's ready assent, the deformed musician played "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" the slummers and a select crowd of bummers gathering about the piano. At first the loud talking and laughing drowned the singing, but, as most of the women and many of the men knew the old song, it was taken up by those nearest the piano and gradually spread all over the big room. There was a great volume of sound, and it made the smoky, hot air reverberate The result was not sweet-sounding music, and, if the incongruity of the moment was heightened by the witticism of a coatless and unshaven waiter, who cried, as he elbowed his way about, "Who wants a wandering waiter?" it had for its inspiration five earnest persons to whom the vulgar, mean surroundings were as nothing and were preferable to them to the environment of a Fifth Avenue musicale.

"Three girls that we took from here," said the chief slummer, as the party left McGurk's, after much hand shaking, "are doing splendidly. One is happily married, and once in a while I take dinner with her and her husband in their pleasant home."

The objective point now was Delancey Street, just off the Bowery, where, on the north side of the street, are five houses of infamy in a row. One has a mock millinery front, a show window filled with hats, which is never opened, the styles it exhibits having grown obsolete long ago. "This man is very ugly," said the guide, as the party halted in front of the first house, a three-story brick, which is No. 6 Delancey Street.

"You men go first," she directed, whereupon the men rang for admission, while the three women hid behind them. The door was hastily unbolted and opened by a man of probably forty years of age. He was short and compact, and wore a dark cloth cap. He had a stubby black mustache, and his face was sinister, if smiling. The men marched in like prospective patrons, and the women pressed behind. Mine host caught sight of the female contingent, just in time partially to close the door, with Mrs. Williamson half in and half out.

"We don't want you; get out," cried the outwitted keeper in strongly marked German accents, as he tried to push the chief of the band out. But she held her ground and said: "Don't try to put me out. We have come with God's word, and we want to see the girls you have here."

THE FIRST REPULSE.

The man was obdurate, but all the time the chief was edging her way in, while the other two sisters also got their heads in and added their entreaties. "If you dare to keep us out we will go around to the police station and make a complaint," threatened the determined leader, at which the man fell into a rage and cursed loudly "Yes, for spite, damn you; you will do that for spite."

"No," was the reply, "not for spite, but because we must see the girls. You can't keep us out, "continued the undismayed soul-saver, and apparently he could not, for he ceased trying to, made a gesture of helplessness and disgust, and the six people were in the narrow hall, with the door locked behind them. He would not allow them to go into the front room, saying it was private, but waved his hand towards the rear. They entered the rear parlor, which contained in the way of furniture, a couple of settees and a few chairs. There was a well-worn carpet on the floor, and a single gas jet free from a globe, afforded light. Several girls ran into the front room as the party entered, leaving but two of their companions there, standing in the centre of the rooom. One of these was not a day over fifteen; a fragile, diffident little thing, her bleached hair frizzled over her head like that of a doll, and clothed in a simple white dress to enhance her already apparent youth. The other girl was twenty perhaps. She wore a red Mother Hubbard, and brown hair and eyes, a fair skin, and a sweet face. She, too, must have been a novice.

A CHILD IN THIS DEN.

"How old are you my dear?" asked the leader of the younger girl, as she took the child's delicate hands in her strong ones.

"I am eighteen," was the abashed reply, for she was telling a lie, in which she undoubtedly had been coached. One of the men, the doctor, prayed, and as he did so Mrs. Williamson and her female helpers talked hastily to the two girls, notwithstanding that abuse of the vilest character was being heaped upon them. It came from a big, ugly girl, who had sought the front room when the party had entered, and now she stood looking through a small opening and reviling the party She invited the men to be good old sports and have some fun; told the ladies they ought to go into her business, cursed, laughed loudly and immoderately, and uttered every beastly thing she knew. But this produced no effect upon the slummers,

who continued to pray and talk. Then the guide herself knelt and began a prayer, which, as it was directed against the man who ran the infamous den, raised the ire of that individual. He came to the door and commanded, with many oaths, that they should go, but they continued to kneel and pray. The guide then talked to the girl in red, and the expression of yearning and acquiescence that came over the miserable one's face could be read clear across the room.

THE GAS IS TURNED OUT.

The proprietor must have noticed it, for he became furious. He and his wife tore about like mad, crying, "Where are the clubs?" and raising a terrific row. Suddenly the gas went out, leaving the Christians on their knees in darkness before the two girls they were trying to save. The younger man, the divinity student, was then praying, and he did not cease until the guide touched him to go.

The air was full of oaths and cries calculated to freeze the blood, and one would have thought that murder was being done. But the dogs barked without biting, and, as the slummers were filing out on to the pavement, the guide cried: "Hear the devil roar; how I like to hear the coward show that he is hurt"

"Do you know" she added, "that it is a good indication when they fight us? Why, I had to fight to get into McGurk's place and lots of the others, where now I am welcome. These people who never make any row at all are the hardest to reach, and I will show you one of that kind. Well, we will get those two girls sure. The oldest one said she would come to the Mission and bring the little one, and she means it. Poor children, we must care for them," and she led the way towards No. 14 Delancey Street.

LIKE HATTIE ADAM'S PLACE.

There was no trouble in getting in, and the party walked right into the front room where the girls receive the men The head of the house, a youngish woman with strongly marked features, and good looking, sat in a big chair and smiled benignly on the visitors. It was a good-sized square room, with plenty of sofas and chairs, and lace curtains at the windows. There were five girls and three men present, and it was the type of place where Dr. Parkhurst saw leap-frog played, a gentleman, by the way, whose methods Mrs. Williamson scores unmercifully. The girls wore silk skirts reaching

to their knees, showy stockings, and blouse waists, cut low. One of the young women wore glasses, was reading a book, and might, with other costume and surroundings have been taken for a student of philosophy. Another girl was tall, willowy and pretty, and none was over twenty-two years of age. The visitors distributed tracts, and then knelt down in the centre of the room, the mistress smiling placidly on the scene. If the girls paid little heed to the prayer, and cast covert glances and smirked at each other, they, at least, preserved a semblance of behavior. The three young men, fairly caught, sat on their respective sofas and regarded matters guiltily.

THIS WOMAN GROWLED.

No. 8, the "millinery front," was next visited. The stout woman who came to the door, discovering the character of the crowd, tried to keep it out, but, failing, yelled to her girls to run up-stairs. They did so, and when the rescuers got in there was no one but the woman to speak to Her front room was a barroom, and she retired behind her bar and growled.

After visiting the other houses in the vicinity and a "barrel" house across the way, the band turned its attention to the Bowery saloons. It was very late and in fear of excise arrests the front doors were closed, but there was revelry within.

In one place there were both singing and prayer, and men and boys, with voices ruined by drink and exposure, joined in their songs. From the saloons the rescuers went down to Doyer, Pell, and Mott Streets, and hunted through rickety buildings and dark stairways for the white wives of Chinamen.

A dozen of such were found, several of whom had been legally married by the Methodist and other Christian rites to their pigtailed companions, and were cleanly and happy. They all knew some of the visitors, and knelt dutifully when prayer was offered that, if it was their lot to live as they did, to bless them.

THE CHINAMEN DON'T MIND.

The Chinamen, accustomed to this sort of intrusion on their domesticity pay no heed whatever to it. In one little room, where a docile and pretty girl of the name of Jennie claimed a Chinaman as her legal husband, the spouse and two friends were playing cards. They kept right on at the game through prayer and all, just as if no one at all had come in.

In the Chinese restaurant at No. 11 Mott Street, where one party of Chinamen were quite hilarious with wine, and swore volubly in English, and where decorum was generally at a discount, the wanderers sat down to eat chop sui and rice, and drink tea. One of the ladies declined to eat, whereupon the guide admonished her :

"Are you afraid to eat with publicans and sinners, sister? Your Master was not." The sister remained obdurate, more, perhaps, because she had little faith in the peculiar, yet savory mess served by John, than because of any objection to the roistering Chinamen.

VILE LODGINGS VISITED.

The evening's tour ended by a visit to the vilest lodging-house in New York. It was in the basement at No. 94 Prince Street, a narrow thoroughfare running south from Mott Street and just west of Park Row.

Down a flight of narrow and steep steps into the darkness, a door was reached and opened. There was a room 20 feet wide by 25 feet deep, lighted feebly by a low-turned kerosene lamp. Packed about on the floor as close as possible, were forty odd men and women, some in a drunken stupor and all dirty and ragged. The odor was terrific and the sight paralyzing.

In a much smaller rear room—the kitchen—were twenty more beings, all leaning with their heads upon a narrow bench that ran around the four walls. These patrons paid but two cents a night for lodgings, and were, therefore, not entitled to stretch at full length and comfortably on the floor, as were their more aristocratic associates of the front room, who paid full five cents. And out of this polluted, festering hole, the Florence Mission Rescue Band has already taken three miserable girls, who are now earning good wages, have their health again, and are happy.

These workers have saved proprietors as well as inmates of all sorts of low houses.

[From THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES, June 21, 1893.]

Saving "Somebody's Daughters."

MRS. WILLIAMSON TELLS OF TWENTY YEARS' RESCUE WORK IN THE SLUMS —A PLEA FOR A TEMPORARY SHELTER AMONG THE DIVES.

"My life has been a life of faith for nineteen years, for during all that time I have been called to labor among the unsaved."

The speaker was a slightly built woman, with bright eyes and a face expressing cheerfulness and confidence. Hardly yet in middle life, she has been active in the service of the Master for a much longer period than ordinarily falls to the lot of even the most devoted worker. Josephine S Williamson was born in the north of Ireland, and came to the United States when still very young. She was converted in her own home in Leonardville, Monmouth Co., N. J., the death of her husband having been instrumental in bringing her soul to the Saviour.

"Right after I was saved," she explains, "I went out after souls and have been at it ever since."

Her whole life, since that eventfnl episode, has been a ministry of love. She felt that she must communicate her happiness to others, and so she chose the class of all classes the most miserable and wretched—the unfortunates of the slums. Her work among them has been wonderfully blessed of God, and she has been the means of turning many of these daughters of sin to purer and nobler lives.

At the outset of her new career, Mrs. Williamson became connected with the Margaret Strachan Home for Fallen Girls, in New York City, and afterward with the Jerry McAuley Mission, on Water Street. She next continued her work among the unsaved, in connection with the Midnight Mission on Greene Street, and the Whittemore Home.

For a brief period she conducted, with her own means, a retreat called Christ's Home, on West Thirty-third Street, and it was during those months that one of the most remarkable conversions took place. A beautiful and

finely educated girl, the daughter of a business man of Syracuse, had fallen into a life of sin. For sometime after leaving home, she revelled in the luxury of vice, but—as invariably follows—she gradually sunk until the lowest stage of moral and physical degradation was reached. She became a victim to drugs and was widely known among the patrons of the slums as "Morphine Laura." When Mrs. Williamson made an effort to reform the girl, she found the latter in a sorry plight, wasted by disease and the baneful drug which enslaved her. Laura was led to Christ, and gave evidence of conversion and a complete change of heart. After her death, many of her old associates in sin crowded around her coffin, and not a few then pledged themselves to the Saviour and a new life.

For many years past, Mrs. Williamson has been with the Florence Mission, as its most active and successful worker on the streets, and in the slums. "The Lord has used me," she quaintly expresses it, "from half past ten o'clock in the morning until half past five, on my feet, talking with sinners. My principal places for labor have been the Battery, the City Hall steps, and the Five Points. Our object is to get the girls work. If they have work and are taken from their old associates and haunts, and form new acquaintances, they are not liable to be drawn back to sin. In order to avert it we must have places to put them.

"Many hundreds have been saved through the Florence Mission," she continued. "Many of the girls, brought in from lives of sin, are doing well and married and raising families; others are working in a variety of employments.

"In connection with the slum work, in the late hours of the night, when hotels and lodging houses were closed, we found we had no place to shelter the girls except lodging them in the Station House until the next morning, for they were generally so poorly clad that we could not take them to any of the hotels or lodging houses. Women with wretched garments are not admitted to such places. The only lodging in the city of New York that I know of, as being available for such cases, is in Rivington Street, and that closes at eleven o'clock. If a woman has taken intoxicating drink she will not be admitted there either. There is nowhere else, except alleys, halls of buildings, or the Station House, for these wretched creatures!"

In view of this condition of affairs, Mrs. Williamson, together with Miss Belle Doyle (one of the rescued girls), has decided to make a strenuous effort for the establishment of a Permanent Girls' Lodging House in New York, where those who are rescued from the streets or the slums may be sheltered. Although the project has until now hardly been made public, many sympathetic letters have been received containing financial help to forward the plan.

"We find responses from all classes," said Mrs. Williamson, "and, strange to say, even from some dive-keepers. One of the subscribers is a Chinaman, who has become a Christian, and who gives $3. for the establishment of a lodging for these poor American girls. Thus does China, to some extent, repay its debt of gratitude to us"

Some of Mrs. Williamson's experiences, as a mission worker in the lowest social and moral strata of the metropolis, are touching in the extreme. She has labored all these nineteen years without salary or remuneration from any earthly quarter, but she holds herself richly paid in the spiritual results.

"Some three months ago," she said, "a woman died in the slums of Bleecker Street, on a stoop, alone and friendless. I knelt beside her, spoke words of spiritual consolation and hope into her ears, and when the poor, weak, wicked life at last flickered out, I closed her eyes and had her cared for. Now, see how strangely the Lord works at times. A woman passing by saw me as I knelt there by the homeless, dying girl, and she stopped. She, too, although she had all the outward appearances of respectability, had been leading a life of sin. My simple action in caring for the other had touched the new-comer, and ultimately led to her conversion. We became acquainted, and soon I learned all about her. She is a Southern woman, and, having renounced her sin and begun a new life, is now on her way to her husband in Texas.

"One day I walked into the back-room of an Italian dive in Elizabeth Street, in one of the lowest slums on the East side. It is one of those wretched places where the sodden victims of drink and sin lie around like brutes, sleeping with their heads on tables, in foul-smelling back-rooms. I had been to this place before, and knew some of the inmates. On this occasion I found there a young girl of eighteen, named Charlotte ———, who had been asleep. Her careless and tangled hair gave evidence of the life she was leading, but there was still in her face a trace of goodness that touched my heart with pity. I shook her by the shoulder until she awoke, and then, while she still sat dazed, looking at me, I said:

"My child, this is no place for you. God wants your soul, and he wants to use your body in a different way, besides giving it up to drink and sin."

"She was a handsome girl, with a soft, dark, complexion, and the drink had as yet left few marks of dissipation on her face;"

'Oh Mrs Williamson!' she exclaimed. 'How can you come for me? You have advised me so often.'

"God sends me here, child, and I must deliver His message. I will not leave the place unless you come with me.' She looked at me hesitatingly for a moment, then with a sudden new-found resolution shining in her eyes,

she stood up and said, 'I will come.' We went out together, and she never went back to the old life again. She has now a good position, and is living a Christian life."

One of the most sorrowful experiences in Mrs. Williamson's life occurred recently. Mollie ———, an attractive girl with a sweet and winning disposition, had left her home and gone to live with a young man belonging to the "hoodlum" class. Their room, in a grimy tenement, was the scene of nightly revel and dissipation. Mrs. Williamson had frequently met Mollie, and urged her with all the eloquence she possessed to abandon her life of sin.

"Ah yes," the girl would answered with a little sigh, "sometime I will."

"But now is the accepted time," the visitor insisted. "Christ is waiting to welcome you now. Another time it may be too late."

The girl, however, could not be persuaded to make up her mind to the step which she really longed to take. Her companion in sin had become cruel and neglectful, and she began to feel the pangs of remorse. After all, she reasoned, it might be better to do as the lady advised and to reform. Yet she clung to her sin, although her better nature revolted at it; its fascination was powerful.

The end came suddenly and tragically. Her lover shot her dead, one night, after a quarrel, and poor Mollie went to her final account unrepentant, and in the midst of her sins! Her "sometime" never came!

Mollie is a type of many other girls of the same unfortunate class, who are gradually sinking lower and lower in the vicious life of the slums. Many of those encountered by Mrs. Williamson were born and brought up in the country, in different parts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania Having fallen from virtue, they were either decoyed or found their way to New York, where they hide themselves away in the dark places of the great city. Once in the vortex, it is almost impossible for them to extricate themselves. They are nearly all addicted to the use of morphine, drugs and liquor, thus adding to their terrible slavery. Hundreds have been released from this hideous bondage and brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Florence Mission and its devoted Rescue Band, whose members invade saloons, low concert halls, and even Chinese resorts, in the search for those poor,wandering sheep that are waiting to be led back to the fold. Mulberry Bend with its Italian dives, the purlieus of Bleecker, Greene, Doyer, Mott, Pell, Delancey, and the Bowery are their familiar battle ground,where the struggle for souls goes on night after night the year round

This article was reprinted in "The Signal, and Gospel Union Gazette" published in London in July, 1893.

[FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

The great need of an institution of this character is every day more apparent. In the course of her mission work in the slums, Mrs Williamson is constantly brought into contact with lost girls, whose reformation would be much more readily and permanently accomplished were there a permanent lodging house where they could be placed immediately after being rescued from the streets. Some of the letters she receives from girls who have, by divine grace, been led to a changed life, are extremely touching. One writes:

HOBOKEN, N. J, July 1, 1893.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—How I thank God for saving me, when he did; for by his grace I am what I am. It took as much of the grace of God to save me as it would to save those poor girls in———'s dive. I thank God for opening my eyes after you spoke to me in the Florence Mission, nearly five years ago. I have looked to God, and in his wonderful way he brought me out.

Your Sister,

MAGGIE M F.

Another girl writes as follows:

NEW YORK, July 1, 1893.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—I feel led to write to you. You have often heard me say what God had saved me from. I had been a thief since I was thirteen years old, and not only a drunkard, but a drunkard-maker. Still, through all my sinful life, my sainted mother's prayers followed me. Oh, how I thank God to-day for the Florence Night Mission! For it was there that God broke my stubborn heart by his love, and God has kept me ever since. He has led me through many strange paths, through trials and temptations, and kept me safe, because I did not make the mistake of trying to take care of Jesus, but have let him take care of me.

Yours, in our blessed Master,

J. M. B.

Saved in the Snow.

A poor girl who, after leading a life of wickedness in New York, was at last converted, gives this interesting account of her experience "On the 6th of January last, I was wandering in the snow, without either a home or habitation, and, not knowing where to go, I went into the Florence Mission. I was spoken to by Mrs Williamson, a kind Christian lady, who accompanied me to a Christian home, in that dreadful weather, having first prayed with me, and urged me to put my trust in Jesus. A more fearful night one can scarcely imagine, the wind and snow driving in every direction. I was indeed worn out and weak, having been living for several days on nothing but drink. For a long time I had associated with companions who were even worse than myself, perhaps, and more used to the curse of drink.

"I became each day more degraded; but now I cannot think of the snow without feeling thankful to God; for by the snow, and through kind friends, I have at last been brought to know Jesus, when I might have perished. The snow makes me think of the time, long past, when I was a young, innocent girl, and God in his infinite mercy sent it to bring me back to him, and once more make me white by washing my sins in the blood of Jesus. I am now one of his children."

[FROM THE MISSION WORKER.]

A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

"Oh it was pitiful,
In a whole citiful,
Home had she none.

It was long past midnight. I had finished my work, for that night, in the slums, and took the car up town, stopping at 14th St. That usually noisy thoroughfare was unusually quiet and deserted, so I walked slowly along with a prayer in my heart that the Master would still find some work for me to do.

Presently I met a woman coming toward me As she approached I was surprised to see, by the flickering gaslight that she was young and beautiful.

"My child," I said, stopping her and taking her hand, "this is no place for you It must be two o'clock. You should be at home."

"Home," she replied, bitterly, "I have no home."

"Jesus Christ wants you, child. He has other uses for the body which he has given you than sin," I said gently.

"The Messiah has not yet come," she replied quickly; by that I knew she was a Jewess.

"Yes, He has come;" I rejoined, "and if you will go down to the Florence Mission you will hear all about Him."

"He wouldn't want me; I'm too low," she said, sadly.

"He wants *everyone*. 'For the Son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

We talked for a long time. She told me that she didn't like the life she was living; that she was often hungry and poorly clad, but she had no other way of supporting herself. She said that no one cared about her, she was a poor friendless orphan; and that she would like to lead a good life if she only had the chance, but no helping hand had ever been stretched out to save her.

It was the old, old story—a woman of the streets, willng to work but unable to find any to do. No one will employ them if they know their history.

How I wished that I had some place to take her to that night! It is too bad that women have no lodging house. Men have plenty of them. I feel the need of one very sorely in my work, and hope God will soon open the way to give us the most needed shelter for the poor women of 'darkest New York."

I gave her a tract, asking that God's blessing go with it. She said she would read it, and would meet me the following evening at the Florence Mission.

I could only leave the poor child then, after making her promise that she would go to her "room," and alone.

So, with a prayer to the Master that the few words said in His name would take deep root in her heart, I said "good night" and left her, hoping that she would be true to her promise.

The next evening, as I stood talking in the hallway of the Mission, someone touched my arm, and I turned around to find the young Jewess standing beside me Dissipation hadn't left its mark upon her face as yet, and in the full light she looked very beautiful.

"I am here, Mrs Williamson," she said, simply. I mentally thanked God that she had kept her promise. It was the means of saving her.

She was converted, and I found her work with a good salary. For a long time she was a regular attendant at the Mission.

About six months passed when one day I received from her this letter,

"MRS. WILLIAMSON—

"Sister in Christ,—I take my pen in hand this morning to write you a few lines, thinking you would like to know how I am progressing in my Christian experience. Well, bless the dear Lord, he *is* very dear to me this morning, and my heart is full of joy and gladness. The way grows brighter each day, and the nearer I live to God the better he is to me. I praise His name for what he has done for me, and for the way he is leading me. I find a sweet peace and joy that I never knew before, and I would'nt exchange the hope I have to-day, for all the world can give.

"When you spoke to me on 14th St., a few months ago, I was a poor, miserable, lost girl, friendless and vile, discouraged and without hope, and I

pray that the good Lord will reward you for the kind words spoken, and the helping hand that you extended to a poor sinner like me.

"I hope that my experience may touch the hearts of other lost girls, and be the means of bringing them to Christ, fully saved.

"I find some temptations and trials in my daily walks, but each day, as I grow stronger in my spiritual life, I find they are more easily overcome'

"I am saved, the Lord has saved me!
Help me shout the glorious news.
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honey dews,

is what I have been singing all day. I will try, by a faithful life in the future, to merit your friendship, and hope that you will remember me in your prayers.

"God give you a crown in Heaven at last."

"Yours in Christ,

Retta S——."

This incident illustrates God's saving grace among the fallen.

"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him"

Truly God, our God, does not respect persons. His salvation is *free* to all that call upon Him.

I find that the need of a "Permanent Lodging House for Women" becomes more urgent every day. To establish such a home it will cost $2000. In answer to an appeal from me the *Christian Herald* has already raised nearly $400 towards the shelter.

If any of the readers of THE MISSION WORKER would like to contribute they can send the same to me at 130 W. 17th St., N. Y. City; and all contributions received by me bearing the sender's address will be personally acknowledged.

I hope by the grace of God, that we will soon have a "Permanent Lodging House" for the poor girls of "darkest N. Y."

JOSEPHINE S. WILLIAMSON

THE TRIBUNE writing about Mrs. Williamson's labor, as a missionary says:

"The experience of this missionary as she goes from den to den trying, like the Master, 'to seek and to save the lost,' seems incredible to one who does not know the fearful nature of vast sections of this city, through which men and women walk unconscious of the slumbering volcano just beneath them. When the bitter cry of outcast New-York is written, the vilest condition of London, described by General Booth and others, will seem mild reading by comparison.

[FROM THE WORLD.]

The following is well worthy a place among the records of Mrs. Williamson's labors.

"Morphia" Laura's Fate.

DEAD AFTER YEARS OF DISSIPATION, AND BURIED FROM CHRIST'S HOME.

There was a pathetic scene in Christ's Home for Fallen Women, No. 102 West Thirty-third Street, yesterday afternoon, when funeral services were held over the remains of Laura E. Sennett, better known among her associates as "Morphia" Laura. She was twenty-nine years old, and had died in Bellevue Hospital on Friday night, after living eight years a life of dissipation. Her father, who is a Syracuse business man, was notified of the death of his erring daughter, whom he had not seen in years, and he was present at the funeral. The girl had been very beautiful in life. While her father was in the army during the late war, her mother died, and her father married again after the close of the war. It is said that the girl's life with her stepmother was not a very pleasant one. At the age of eighteen years her beauty attracted many admirers, among whom was a wealthy gentleman residing in Baltimore. This man made ardent love to her and promised her wealth and position, if she would leave her home and go with him. Being ambitious, and with a craving for the pleasures of the social world she finally consented to leave her father's roof. Her admirer took her to Baltimore, where she lived a gay life for a while. She wore silks and diamonds, and drove about the city in a handsome turn-out. She visited Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities. Everywhere her beauty was much admired. Finally her wealthy lover tired of her and cast her off. She then came to this city, and went from bad to worse until the last year of her life was spent among negroes.

Shortly before her illness she wandered into Christ's Home for Outcast Women, and Mrs. Williamson, who conducts the home, made an effort to reform her. A week ago she was taken seriously ill, and Mrs. Williamson had her removed to Bellevue Hospital, where she died on Friday night.

Many of her former companions attended the funeral services yesterday, and wept over the coffin. Some were young and pretty girls, just beginning a similar career, and others were old and hardened sinners. They were a mixture of white and black. The father of the girl sat beside the coffin and wept, while the Rev. Dr. Mingin and Rev. Dr. Thompson discussed the unfortunate girl's good qualities. At the conclusion of the services the dead girl's associates crowded around the coffin and kissed the cold forehead. It was a touching scene. One of the girls who wept more bitterly than the others, declared between her sobs, that she would reform and give up the life she was leading. The remains were buried in Woodlawn.

[FROM THE NEW YORK RECORDER OF SEPT. 10, 1893.]

In the "All Night" Retreats.

THE LOW AND THE DEGRADED CHERISH THE HOPE OF SOME DAY FINDING AN ESCAPE FROM WAYS OF WICKEDNESS.

THE GIRLS KEEP THE ADDRESS OF THE MISSION AND ONE BY ONE THEY STEAL AWAY TO ITS SHELTER.

"A night with the Florence Mission workers." So read my order from the editor for a Sunday special. At 8.30 I was in the street ready for the work.

"Where is Florence Mission, Officer?" I said to the first policeman I met."

"At 21 Bleecker Street; but do you know what kind of a place it is?

"No sir, I never heard of the Mission before, but I have orders to spend a night with the workers."

"Well, good luck to you. I don't envy you the trip, toughened as I am."

Surprised and puzzled, I hastened on to No. 21. A raw, cold wind was blowing, and I was chilled through when I reached the shelter of the Mission. Going up the steps I was joined by a colored man, whose black fingers glistened with diamonds and rubies; a mother with her babe in her hurry pushed me aside and stepped in first; an old man with tottering steps got as far as the doorsill and then sat down to rest; a young girl, not over 20, staggered down the hall just ahead of me.

Standing room only remained, and as the clock pointed to 9, a lady who sat in one corner of the room before a small organ announced a hymn, and three hundred voices burst forth with :

Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Jesus' love.

The room seemed flooded with a soft light. Fear, doubts and perplexities all vanished, and everybody's mouth opened to hum the tune, not to sing the words.

As women entered the room men vacated seats and stood up in the back of the hall or in the isles. I saw that I was seated immediately behind the drunken woman who had entered with me. She called out during the first prayer :

" Oh, let up on Jesus Christ and give us a little of Bob Ingersoll and Tammany !"

This remark was followed by a fervent prayer from the minister for the saving of her soul. Again he was interrupted with :

" I am God's pet, I want you to understand that "

A woman missionary knelt at her side, and tried to touch her heart with words that affected everybody except the poor girl herself, who broke in with :

" Give 'em a rest about me, and mention my mother, for she's a durned sight worse'n I am."

To drown further remarks that she might make, the hymn " I Will Tell it All to Jesus, my Lord," was begun by the young minister and immediately the woman was forgotten by all except those close to her. She tried to sing, but it proved too great an effort. She leaned back in the chair and cocked her felt hat on one side, from which it was immediately changed to the other, then back it would go almost out of sight hanging on a coil of untidy hair. All the time she kept up a succession of smiles, bland winks and meaningless blinks. A fan lying on a chair opposite caught her eye. A dive was straightway made for it, one or two movements, and back it was flung and a hymn book was stiffly held upside down long enough for her to sing out, " Singleton has stolen all my money, Lorblessmer ! he thought he did, but "—— She opened her dress at the collar, and reaching way down near her belt, she fished out a crisp one-dollar bill, which she shook furiously at the assembly, her head wabbling from side to side. Replacing the money she sank in a heap in the chair, a specimen of the most abject and hopeless misery. The night matron. Mrs. Wall, a woman with an angelic face, called on one of the men to assist her, and the sleeping girl was carried out.

Near the organ were seated the " house girls," leading the singing On the platform at the extreme end of the hall were the ministers, and the remaining seats were filled with the men and women who generally walk the streets at night. " Go quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and maimed, and the halt and the blind," is the daily text of the mission. The " house girls " numbered twenty seven They have repented living the degraded lives of the dives and beer saloons, and are making the mission their home, till work can be found for them.

" You want to come to Christ boys," said one young fellow who had been in side show-work for many years. " I tell you, there is a feeling that comes over you that beats getting drunk and all that."

" How can we come. Bob ?" called out a voice from the doorway.

" Why, jes come foreward and say, 'I'm tired of all this sin and shame.' You don't have to write to no secretary and have your letters torn up before they are scanned by the Lord. Not much ! The Lord does His own readin' an' writin', and He writes out on your heart that you're saved, and from that minute you're as light as a feather, and you don't get mad so quick, and you don't care a continental what people say, and——Oh, come to Jesus, boys, and try it yourself ; if you don't like it you can go back to the old life, but I'll bet if you get a genuine interview with the Lord Jesus Christ things will go different. Why, you don't mind starving half so bad as you did before. Your heart's so light, you don't mind the gnawing at the pit of your stomach."

" I want to say this for the Lord," interrupted a man wirh a red nose and bloated face. " I was converted only a few days ago. and I have already learned that the Saviour gives a hundred cents on the dollar every time."

" I know a lot of the girls over there," said one of the " house girls," pointing to the opposite side, " and I wish to tell them that I do not regret leaving the old life. I will be firm this time, because I have the Lord to help me. Twice before I tried to get away, but I did not think to call on the Saviour. Oh, come here too, girls, and be washed white as snow !"

Some one started to sing, " He will wash me white as snow," and, as with every other hymn, it was sung with a zest and joy that I have seldom witnessed. One young woman in pink, with a white hat cocked on one side of her head, and her low-cut dress revealing a false diamond necklace, sang the loudest of any one in her vicinity. When asked if she would not give herself to the Lord, she replied that she came just to sing, and would they please let her do it in peace.

" Lizzie, dear, said the matron, you have been drinking and have forgotten your promise te me."

" Lizzie, who was a beautiful girl of 17, was intoxicated just enough to be talkative."

"Yey, I have taken enough to give me light into this whole affair. It is a fake, and so is that man who cries 'Come to Christ' I am going to testify; I'll give them a piece of my mind."

"No, no, Lizzie!" said the matron, clinging to her arm, "come upstairs and go to bed. Don't go away to night, dear. You are not bad at heart when you do not drink."

They disappeared, and I turned my attention to the preaching, which was simple and telling. Five of the listeners were converted. One man kept crying out: "Oh, won't I be glad to tell mother!" The girls who are sent to, or come to the Mission to stay, register their names, then take a bath and put on new clothes from head to foot. A resident physician attends them strictly until cured of all complaints they may have. Separate rooms are provided for those very ill. A library and sitting-room are free to the inmates, and no girl is allowed to leave the home until the matron has grown to have perfect confidence in her; then she may take up work of some kind and support herself, always being permitted to return to the home when she feels the need of it.

Until midnight the praying and singing continued, not one man or woman caring to leave. It was a surprise to see them stand so long in the back of the hall, where it was a little difficult to hear all that was being said, yet they could sing, and sing they did with all their might; no speech was more than three minutes long, never long enough to weary

* * * * * * * *

The meeting is free to both men and women, but the home, that is room and board, is for none bnt fallen women.

"Now, Miss Kensington," said a bright-faced Scotch woman, a trained nurse from Scotland, "we branch out here in fives and go through the slums. Mrs Josephine S. Williamson, president of the east side home work; Princess Viroqua, the Mohawk Indian Missionary, and myself; now you can join us if you wish.

The first place we went into was a dance hall. Fifteen couples were dancing in one end. The other was filled with tables, where were seated young men with girls on their laps, and arms about their necks: such pretty girls, neatly dressed in modest colors. Three were quite drunk, and had been laid aside in one corner.

MRS. WILLIAMSON seemed to recognize half the number, and was talking very fast to a group that had been dancing.

"Come kiss me, Bess, before I go," said a young fellow to his partner. He looked as if he might be a Fifth Avenue dude. Without any hesitancy she put up her lips for the salute, and then was carried off by another man for a waltz.

"Keep on coming here," called one girl as she waltzed by. "Some time I'll go with you." A second afterward I saw her drinking beer with her partner as she reclined in his arms at a side table. "Can I surely get in the home at any time of night?" whispered a frail young woman to the Princess, as she was hurried by with her half-intoxicated man. The Princess had no opportunity to reply other than by a nod of the head.

The next dance hall was a little bit less dense with smoke, and the floor was not quite so covered with tobacco juice, yet the girls were bolder, dressed louder, painted more, and imprssed one as being a more hardened set than the young girls in the other place

From the dance halls, we visited the "parlor houses." One was on First Street.

Delancey Street "parlor houses" were next visited. One was filled with girls dressed something like circus performers. Arms and neck bare and skirts up above the knee; stockings and slippers the color of the dress and ribbons and laces in profusion. We got in the same way as before, by standing close and walking quickly forward. Men are always admitted, but women missionaries are unwelcomed. All the men fled upstairs but eight at this place. Those eight looked silly, weak-minded or idiotic. All were smoking cigarettes, as were two of the women. Every girl's face was pretty—one was exceptionally so. The lady missionary talked to each. They listened respectfully and took the card with a smile of thanks.

"Where is Minnie?" asked a lady, who was with us this time. "Why, you know," replied one girl in royal purple, "the mistress got a letter from the Florence Mission to-day, saying would she please forward her clothes to that place. She is sick there. The mistress is kind you know, and never tries to keep us, but pays us what is coming to us, and says: 'Skip along.'"

A gentle-faced girl in blue on the other side of the room attracted my attention. Surely there was something familiar about her. Could it be anybody I had ever known? "Do you know me?" I asked, crossing the room to her. She smiled and then I knew. "You are Lizzie, with whom Mrs. Wall pleaded so hard to reform to night at the mission."

"Yes ma-am. I ran away when she thought I was going upstairs to stay."

This house was furnished beautifully, with rich carpets and heavy hangings. "There are twenty ladies here," said one of the girls, and the mistress feeds us well and lets us go away whenever we want to. Being able to go away at pleasure seemed a great privilege to them.

"It is not expected that we can carry away any of these women who are dressed in all their regimentals and 'on duty,' as they say, but they do not forget our visits, and the seed we sow often takes root and some women

is saved," explained Mrs. Williamson, as we walked on down through the thickly populated street to Chinatown.

Girls were stationed all along the walk and accosted the men as they passed. One young man who was just ahead of us, though he seemed to try to evade them, was bumped against by six that I counted in going one block. They did not seem to speak unless the men heeded the bump and stopped. Every girl we passed received the card, and some one of the five missionaries would say a few words to her.

The Chinamen on recognizing the missionary, paid little heed to us. After climbing one flight of stairs, we were made to stand aside while a short Chinaman drove three girls past us, and shut them up in a little pen off from the hallway. None of the girls were dressed. All the clothing they wore was a short chemise. In another pen were two Chinamen smoking opium. The wide bench they rest on is made of wicker work. The pipes are put in the centre, and as the smokers grow drowsy they rest their heads on what looked like black wooden boxes

Not being able to see the girls any more we left there to meet, a short distance from the door, a policeman bringing home a white girl. The Chinaman was jabbering at a great rate, and the girl was begging to be set free. "Go where you belong," said the officer "You are his wife, are you not?"

"Yes sir, but"——

"He beats you, does he? You knew he would do that when you chose you lot. You are only getting punished for your wickedness." And she was pushed inside the door. the Chinaman disappearing after her.

The last place we visited was a low beer saloon. The time was just 4.30 in the morning. On the outside all was still; no signs of life whatever.

"Oh, missionaries! I did not recognize you at first. You can go right in," and he motioned with his head to the left.

All about the great saloon were little cubby holes, or den rooms. One step down and we were among men and women packed in like sardines. A table is in the middle of the room, and early in the evening the men drink beer with the girls. There is not room for them all to lie down. One woman had made a bed by sleeping on the laps of two men. Jennie, as some one called her, was a new girl, and was held close in the embrace of oh, such a vile-faced man! She was sound asleep, but he sat smoking a huge pipe, and every now and then the ashes had fallen on her face leaving it dirty and streaked.

I looked into five rooms and grew faint. No writing can ever picture the odor of those close cubby holes. No talking can ever describe the faces of those brute men who held those young girls in their arms when

they got too sleepy, or too drunk to sit up. Only one of the girls was able to talk.

"I have been here two months," she said, "We never go to bed, we have no homes. These men pay to sit here all night, we don't have to pay. I guess the men don't have homes either. They are most all laborers; men with money of any amount go to better places."

"When do you change your clothes," I asked.

She looked puzzled a second, then replied, "When we buy new ones."

She helped the ladies to put a card in every girl's pocket, and said if she thought she could live a descent life she would try it. "But I don't feel like touching good people any more, or even talking to them much."

I counted ten girls and twelve men in one of the largest rooms, and there were from six to eight in all the others. In one, two girls were on one table, and three under, aud the rest were sleeping in the men's laps. Everywhere, without exception, the party was hailed heartily by both proprietor and customers. He had a word for everybody, and called hundreds by name, which they seemed to like. One drunken man called out just as we were leaving, "Well, there is something 'culiar 'bout (hic) that man. He allus makes me feel (hic) kind a-sorry-like that I live."

KATE KENSINGTON.

MRS. WILLIAMSON has a large number of letters, received during the term of her missionary labors from people, who not only were influenced by her actions, words and prayers, to enter on a Christian life, but who in part have gone to await her arrival on the other shore, and in other part are bright and shining lights here, pointing out the road that leads to glory and to God. These letters will be published for circulation in due time.

MRS. WILLIAMSON'S address is No. 130 West Seventeenth Street, New York City, where contributions may be sent, which will be duly and regularly acknowledged through the columns of *The Christian Herald*, or through the mail.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear. loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few ;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too.

CHORUS —For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

I have a Father ; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too !

I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew ;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you !

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you !