

ive intonations of the grand organ and professional choir. The music and singing were very beautiful; the preacher's voice rich and charming. The sermon was a gem of elocution—that alone was worth three-pence.

The text was: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." I thought directly of marriages, also of divorce courts; but the gifted clergyman never glanced at subjects so common-place and vulgar. He discoursed of Prof. Huxley, and of "The antpler anthem which will be sung when science and theology shall be united in sweet and indissoluble union

Upon either side of the organ was a steep gallery, filled on the right hand with boys, on the left with little girls; these were the more advanced foundlings—(I never saw or heard the babies.) There were, at least, 500 of these children in the galleries, apparently between the ages of five and ten years. They were dressed in uniform; and were very still and well-behaved during the whole time of the service, in which they took an active part, and appeared as serious and decorous as the most devout worshippers.

When the religious exercises were over quite a number of the congregation, including myself, went through the domestic apartments of the hospital. I visited the dormitories and bath rooms. The former are lofty and capacious, and appear to be near perfection in cleanliness and general sanitary appointments. There was a large fire-place in each, in which blazed a cheerful fire, while a refreshing stream of pure air swept through from end to end. I walked through the picture gallery, and was much interested in the gems of art and other note-worthy objects which adorned the walls and were otherwise dispersed in the elegant apartments.

I went to the dining rooms on the first floor; there is one for the boys and another for the girls. Each room is probably a hundred feet long, and is furnished with two tables running nearly the whole length, with forms without backs at the sides.

When the children came in for dinner they entered in single file, and walked in slow and even order down each side of the tables. There were four rows of them and they (the girls) looked very pretty in their white tips and aprons. As the first reached the foot of the table the last stood at the other end. They all stopped together like well-drilled soldiers.

On a signal being given by a rap upon the table, they instantly turned and faced the table. Another rap

and each pair of tiny hands were raised and held palm to palm, in front of the breast. A few moments pause, and then a childish voice lisped out the "grace before meat." At another rap the hands dropped to the sides again; and still another and each child stepped with the right foot over the low form and sat down at the table. The dinner appeared abundant and substantial, and was served by girls of fifteen or eighteen.

These children did not seem to be unhappy; they had the appearance of being as well fed and cared for as any children need be. And yet, as I gazed upon their little countenances there was something in their looks which moved me deeply. The spectacle drew a gloom over my spirit and filled my soul with a melancholy sadness. They were more like old and antique dwarfs than young children. There was a mute and sedate expression on each face that was painful to me. Every face wore this subdued cast. It was not childlike and natural; it was more the anxious, care-worn look of chastened age.

I was with those little ones half an hour and I saw only one smile. That smile went into my heart and sent up something to my throat, and my eyes got wet. It was the only bit of childhood I saw where there ought to have been so much, and that was so precious it melted me in a moment. If they had all laughed I should not have been moved; but that one faint ripple, such as a tiny minnow might make on the placid surface of the still water, was so touching.

It was a strange sight, this unnatural hush of mirth and childlike frolic. Not a sound was uttered, not even a whisper passed; but the children viewed everything—the table, the eatables, visitors—with a quiet leaden stare. There was a something behind that look; there was a reason for that mysterious hush. It made me think of the grave, the pale face of a female corpse floating above the turbid surface of the Thames. I saw in these sad, white features those of the frail mother, as with stealthy hand she placed her babe upon the doorstep. I could trace the lineaments of fear, anxiety and shame. Those little innocent waifs had been thrown from moral wrecks upon the world's bleak shore—outcasts, abandoned, not wanted. How could they laugh? Their eyes never drank in the rapturous love-gaze of a mother's face; how could their eyes shine? They have never been warmed and soothed upon the soft breast, and kissed and hugged and squeezed like natural children; of course they were

cold and cheerless, and without soul. They were caged birds, who had never known the freedom of the meadow and the wildwood, and never tuned their voices to the joyous shout, and had never joined in the merry romping gambols of their free fellows. No, there was a settled stillness brooding over those little spirits, a chilly hush that froze the gushing gladness at the fountain, and forbade the childish mirth to flow.

I have seen such faces on little children who had lost their parents, and being too young to realize the extent of the bereavement, have sat and watched with anxious expectation for papa or mamma to come back. Also in pictures of the "Babes in the Wood," where the hapless innocents lie clasped in each other's arms, and had sobbed themselves into exhausted submission to their fate.

What was this power which had spread such a mysterious spell over this host of little ones, and made them look like long rows of inanimate dolls, or lifeless statuettes? Had they come from the land of silence, where the rivers glide with noiseless flow, where the birds are mute and still, and the breezes waft no sound, nor stir the leaves with gentle flutter?

No, it is the reflex of the hush of guilt. It is the phantom of fear and dread that always follows and hovers around secret transgression. It is the sign of conscious guilt skulking behind the veil of innocence. It is the dark shadow of the hand, which would fain hide its foul work in the grave, but shrinks from committing murder. It is the hush of the forbidden meeting and the stolen embrace. It is the hush born of cankering terror, that drives the bloom from the cheek and steals the light from the eye, when the tokens of retribution turn the stolen sweets to bitter gall. It is the hush begotten of sighs and sobs in the secret closet. It is the hush that attends the innocent, but ill-starred victim, when, with trembling hands, it is thrust through the dark, stony portal. It is the hush of the cheerless nursery, where caresses and loving kisses are unknown, where the purchased and mechanical routine of motherhood is dispensed by strangers with cold breasts and chilly hands, and faces without smiles. It is the hush that pervades every hall of that home of strange and arctic comfort.

This is only one of the clusters of deadly fruit which load and bend to the earth the corrupt tree of apostate Christianity, with a branch thereof flourishing in pompous wealth in this same building.