

when they leave us they have learned something which will provide them with the means of leading an honest, industrious life for the future if they choose to follow it."

The process of making this binder twine, from the combing out of the flax until it is wound into balls and marked all ready for the market, proved to be a very interesting one; and it was easy to understand the working of each ingenious piece of machinery used during the operation, although the noise made it almost impossible to hear the explanations that were given to us.

We also enjoyed watching the various operations in the woollen mill, where we saw the looms winding the wool on the bobbins, and also the spinning of blankets, cloth, flannel and winsey for the winter clothing of the prisoners, and also for some of the patients in the lunatic asylums.

We were also shown the factory where are made the iron bedsteads with woven wire mattresses that had excited my admiration in the asylum in Orillia last winter, and we were not a little amused to see how very simple is the method of making those mattresses after all, although they look so intricate.

Besides all these industries we were told that some of the prisoners are employed in farming, gardening, tailoring, and boot making, so that almost the complete round of industries is represented in that prison world.

#### PRISONERS AND LILIES.

I was sorry to notice some very young lads among the prisoners, and I could not help thinking that it was a pity they should be confined with older offenders, for although the rules prohibit all conversation between them, there is little doubt that it is a rule that is frequently broken.

As I looked at the faces of some of the lads, and then at many of those near by, who bore the unmistakable stamp of evil upon their countenances, I thought of their mothers, and of themselves, as they were, once upon a time, little, innocent babies, and my thoughts

flew back to the water lilies once more, and to one particular bunch of water lilies that I had lately seen crushed, and faded, and bruised, after being worn throughout a busy day in the crowd at the fair.

"Even these lilies could not remain lovely if taken away from what is necessary for their good," I thought, as I reached the pond once more, "and how can we expect boys to grow up good if evil has been near them from their cradle upwards."

#### THE LILIES AGAIN.

I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Houston, the head gardener, beside the pond this time, and he gave me a good deal of information about the plants, explaining that they were all annuals from the tropics, and that the water had to be kept at a high temperature to make them grow in this climate, and for this reason the waste pipe from the boilers has been turned into the pond.

"I thought those big leaves in the middle were artificial, at first," I confessed, with a laugh.

"So does nearly everybody," he said, and then he told me that they each measured at least, five feet four inches across, and that they would sustain the weight of a man standing on them.

"I wish these gardens and these beautiful green-houses were attached to the Parliament buildings, I said, and then I thought that perhaps it was as well I seldom get my wishes, for surely working among plants and flowers must have a softening and refining influence upon the prisoners who do it

"Would you like to have one of the lilies?" Mr. Houston kindly asked me as I said good-bye.

I need not tell you my answer, nor need I say anything about the envious looks that followed me afterwards, when I proudly carried one of the largest pink blossoms in my hand as I went my way to the fair. SAMA.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—  
Lord Clarendon.