

warden looked at me but said nothing. He led the way to the dark cellar, and there, glaring at us from behind the bars, was as ferocious a face as I ever saw. Unlocking the door the warden simply remarked, "Here is a gentlemen come to see you," and walked away. Ten minutes later that big, rough fellow was sitting in a corner of that dark passage-way, crying like a child—precious tears, that washed many a sin from his over-burdened soul! Nearly five years later I was making my way through a big crowd at our National Exhibition, when I heard someone call me. Going back I met this young man, and pointing to a stand he said, "I own all this, and that fellow over there works for me." Now, wasn't it worth a special effort to bring about such results as this? And going over the records I have not been able to trace more than six who subsequently got into any prison.

The Modern Institution.

Do not consider me as desiring in any way to reflect upon your local institution for boys. It is excellently situated, and in the hands of a splendid superintendent, but I would strongly advise that it be converted into an industrial school, with the indefinite sentence, and the speedy restoration of each lad to normal home life. Treat the boys as intelligent human beings, capable of good, and lead them by friendly and sympathetic methods to reverence that "inner soul of which they are the show."

Give your institution and its superintendent your hearty co-operation. Visit the boys fre-