

often fills my heart with joy and work that is done by the Ontario my eyes with tears, expressing their Reformatory for Boys, entitles it to deep gratitude, and assuring me that the confidence of a generous public, they are endeavouring to live Chris- and justifies the corrections that we tian lives. Surely the excellent have felt it our duty to make.

NOTE.—The writer of the article on the "Prison System of Ontario," in the January number of this MAGAZINE, desires to add the following note :

"Granted that the institution above referred to is in a more efficient condition since the Prison Reform Commissioners made their report in 1891, the question in which the public is chiefly interested is this,—'Is the Ontario Reformatory for Boys, with respect to methods and results, fully abreast of the age? Is it at least equal to the best reformatories in other countries?' We boast that the Ontario public-school system is equal, if not superior, to that of any country. Have we not a right to expect that our penal and reformatory system shall occupy the same proud preeminence? The Cottage System, whereby boys in a Reformatory are placed in small groups, with separate sleeping-rooms, under the care of wise overseers, is almost universally accepted as furnishing much better facilities for their moral reformation and training in habits of virtue than the congregate system, in which a large number of boys are housed in one building and sleep in common dormitories. This plan is adopted in the Michigan State Reformatory, and the Ontario Prison Commission strongly urge, in the interest of homeless, and often friendless, boys who have come under the ban of the law, that the rich Province of Ontario shall not be behind the neighbouring State of Michigan in making such provision."

DAYBREAK.

BRING spices sweet ; the east is red ;
Haste to embalm the precious dead,
With solemn hush the morn is waking :
Their hearts with grief are breaking, breaking
For love and hope forever fled.

O who will roll away the stone ?
We are but women and alone.
They know not angels, swift descending,
The guards have smote, the tomb are rending,
And death and hell are overthrown.

Behold ! the stone is rolled away.
He is not here, the angels say.
The Crucified has burst His prison ;
The Christ is risen ! risen ! risen !
Come see the place where Jesus lay.

Go ring the blessed Easter bells,
Till every tongue His triumph tells,
Till every knee, in homage bending,
Shall welcome Him in power descending,
While love's eternal anthem swells.