

proposed to build a more modern institution in a central locality. There were at the time about one hundred and fifty boys in the institution, and in view of the excellent showing of the forty boys already helped, I felt it my duty to do something for the lads serving sentence. With fear and trembling I offered to take charge of the whole number and get them situations, but the proposition was declined with thanks as too dangerous.

The Institution Emptied.

The following year the offer was renewed and accepted, and I was given authority to do as I pleased with one hundred and twenty-five boys from twelve to twenty years of age. Officials declared that to liberate those fellows would be to flood the country with criminals; but love and sympathy can conquer the hardest heart, and I determined that nothing would deter me from taking advantage to the full of such an excellent opportunity of demonstrating the ultimate goodness of the human heart. Each boy was dealt with separately—they came in with sullen countenance and defiant manner; they ended in tears and with a mighty purpose gripping their lives. One big fellow of eighteen was locked up in a basement cell. "No use talking to him," the warden said, "He is the worst tempered fellow we ever had—would stick a knife in you as quick as look at you—the penitentiary is the place for him." "Dear God," I murmured to myself, "What an opportunity to test the power of love!" And turning round I said, "Warden, if I can't influence that fellow for good, I'll give up the whole job; take me to him right away." The