

new train of problems. A little daughter of a prisoner dies and she has to be decently buried. And so the ramifications widen. I touch here only the fringe of the actual details.

I did think my school work and prison work were mutually exclusive, but one day I met one of my own students, a girl of nineteen, inside the prison gate. "What are you doing here"? I exclaimed. She threw herself sobbing into my arms and said, "My father!" Just before I returned to Canada I visited the women's prison, and saw two graduates of Christian schools, both in for attempted murder, one of a mother-in-law and the other of a lover. I have met a number of men in prison who have been in good schools and colleges.

Within recent months I have been asked a number of times by a Judge, who has charge of juvenile cases, to help care for children let out on parole. I have