

Besides the lilies are several well-grown plants of "Cypress deternifolius" commonly known as "Cypress grass," which so many people try to grow in their houses, but, because they forget that, being a swamp plant, it needs a very great deal of water to make it flourish, they seldom succeed in bringing it to perfection. Egyptian lotus plants are there also, and they are soon coming into flower.

Pink and purple, cream, pale-yellow and white, in varying shades and tints, double and semi-double blossoms, each one perfect in itself, as it rested lightly on the water, surrounded by foliage that is equally beautiful—no wonder I lingered about that pond for I cannot tell how long, now viewing it from this side, and now from the other, and then again retracing my steps to look once more at one especially beautiful lily or another.

It was not until I had feasted my eyes for some time upon the wonders the pond contained that I took in its framing, so to speak, or bordering, more correctly, of beds filled with foliage, plants of great variety that had been arranged by one who is evidently an artist in landscape gardening.

"I wish I could transplant the whole thing to the front of the Parliament buildings or Osgoode Hall, or anywhere else where the world of busy people might see it, and pass on feeling better for so having looked upon such beautiful works of God," I thought.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

As I turned away at last, I suddenly decided to go on and visit the prison itself, if I was allowed, and I wondered as I went if there existed anywhere in the world greater contrasts within the same walls than the two of which I am speaking. On the one hand, vice, wrong-doing, intemperance and all the other works of the destroyer of men's souls and bodies, shut in with iron bars and locks, and on the other hand beauty, purity and sweetness, the work of the great Creator, out in the glorious sunshine, beneath the free air of heaven.

When I rang the bell of the Warden's office, and stated my wishes, I was told that Warden Massie was out of town, but that the Deputy Warden would act as my escort through the prison, and I was given a seat in the office, and asked to wait for a few moments until he was disengaged.

A guard in uniform sat in one corner of the room, beside a door made of iron bars, and as anyone approached it from the other side he turned a large key, that caused it to open for them, locking it again immediately behind them. Among those who passed by were several prisoners, who were evidently going to the storerooms with their arms filled with blankets, and one could not help noticing the sullen, morose look that many of their faces seemed to wear.

Other visitors were waiting there also, of the male persuasion, however, and it amused me not a little to observe the curiosity with which they regarded me, and it was easy to surmise the conjectures they were making as to my presence there, for I have little doubt they thought I had come because of having a special interest in some one of the prisoners behind the bars.

PRISON LIFE.

The Deputy Warden received us one and all most kindly, and acceded to our request with a cheerfulness that I wondered at afterwards, when I had seen the amount of walking and exertion it had involved for him.

Passing through the grated door, which closed behind us with a snap that made me shiver involuntarily, we were taken first through some corridors to the south wing, which contains half the total number of cells for the prisoners. These are built in a solid block, back to back, down the length of the wing, in four tiers, one above another, with iron stairways leading to each tier. The doors of the cells open into the wide passageways that are on all sides of this block of cells, and on the opposite wall of these passageways, on three sides at least, are high windows covered