

if he would take her back. He positively refused, saying she was past redemption and wanted to save the remainder of the family. He told me he had paid her fine several times and brought her home, but in a day or two she would be gone. Again and again he had with a detective searched the streets and found her in some of the lowest dens in the city. The last time he brought her home he took her to some of the best shops, bought her any article of clothing she desired, thinking this would save and induce her to give up her companions and drink. All his efforts proved a failure. As soon as her clothing was made up she was missing. One evening a few weeks after when he returned from his office he found her drunk lying in the back yard wit' some of the meanest loafers in the city. The father was so enraged, he said had he had a gun lives would have been lost. Her brother, not two years older, when he came in from College took her in his arms, carried her to her well furnished room, had her washed, dressed and cared for by a nurse; but in three days was away. Her appetite for drunk was such that again and again almost every article of clothing was pawned for it. I saw no arguments that I could bring would induce him to take her back, and who could blame him. On the sons arrival home from College hearing that she was in the Haven he prevailed with the father to try her once more. But, alas, she was gone when we got back to the Haven, like the sow that was washed had returned to the mire. I came home with a sad heart; spent most of the night in prayer, for sleep was gone, this was on Friday. I said out of the fullness of my heart: Lord, bring her back to the jail again. The next Sunday morning when the van drove up to the jail with the prisoners collected from the various Police Stations she was the first one put her head out, only two days out of jail till she was in again. There are some old women now in jail that have spent most of thirty years there through drink. She put in her term. It fell to my lot to do the mission work of the Haven. Again she was brought to it and seemed more penitent, resolved to abandon her course of sin, and after a few days persuasion consented to go to the Magdalene in Hamilton, thinking if there she would be out of the reach of all her companions. I went to her father, he gave me money to procure some plain clothes. Her brother came for her and took her home to see them all before leaving for Hamilton, spent an hour of weeping together, hopes dead were now beginning to revive, that their lost one might yet be saved. She did well for a few months in the Magdalene; in some way she got the liquor again, committed a crime and is now in the Penitentiary. O, when, Christian brethren and sisters, will this traffic cease? Should we not pray that this great fountain of