

mother, and had slept in a dark cellar. She seemed to have been brought up by flagellation. I believe that too tight a hand is certain to engender a disposition to rebel and run riot. I have seen many painful illustrations of this truth. She had an unenviable temper, ready to do battle with every one who spoke to her; but kindness and patience made a wonderful change. The saving method was carefully administered, and in a few months she became, by the Lord's help, docile, earnest and eager to hear the Scripture stories I used to tell her. When asked what she would like us to do for her, she would say: "I am yours, do what you like, nobody every cared for me before, and I never was so happy as I am now." Like many others whom I have had here, she showed a lamentable deficiency of the commonest rudiments of education, for their intellectual culture is but seldom attended to at their homes.

No. 373.—A young girl who had fallen from virtue in the old country came out here, her seducer promising to follow her in the spring. She had no relatives living, the last who died was her mother, who, she said was a Christian, and that her family were consumptive. She had a child here, and died of puerperal fever.

This is the only adult who has died in the Home since it was opened five years ago. We had great hope and comfort at her happy and triumphant death.

No. 377.—A girl who had been in service and seduced under promise of marriage. Her child was born here. Her married sister took home. She was a quiet, nice looking, obliging girl, and I doubt much if the fellow who ruined her can ever get a better wife than she. By what scale can the villain be measured, who, in the guise of an accepted lover, and bound by the closest ties to the girl who has relied on his honor and affection, can rob her of her virtue and cast her off as a worthless thing. The thought of her love or her agony is nothing to him, and yet every day we hear of such wretches marrying into respectable families, *their* virtue unquestioned. The touching details of suffering, misery and privation that I have listened to from their loving, trusting, credulous victims, makes me very bitter towards them.

No. 381.—A mild-tempered girl who was led astray and left her home and friends to hide her shame. Her seducer told her to go away and he would send her money. He wrote to her, but sent her no help, so she applied to our Home. He was written to from here, and sent her money to pay her lying-in expenses.

This injured girl, I feel confident, has laid her sins and sorrows at the feet of Jesus, as she gave many evidences of a new heart. She is one of the many encouragements the Lord has been pleased to give us this year.

No. 384.—One who had been seduced in the country, and came to Montreal. The kind hearted woman who sheltered her had heard of this Home and sent her here. She was a young, good-looking girl, and what she told me will show how quickly these simple, homeless girls can be picked up by the "enemy." She was looking around for the Home, on