

liquor, some had been smoking cigarettes. Crouching in the farthest corner of a cell was a shapeless bundle of humanity, evidently an imbecile who had been picked up in the woods near the city and retained there for four years. Locked in another cell was an insane woman who made the place ring with her wild shrieks. Several others in plain, loose-fitting "duck" wrappers on which were printed the large white letters C.C.P. (County Carleton Prison) were counting the days when they would no longer "languish in durance vile." One was a little girl, an orphan, who was serving a term for larceny. What a school for a pure minded child !

They felt rather disconcerted at first; however, the matron paved the way for them by saying, "Girls, these young ladies have come to sing to you this morning ; come now, bring up the benches, get seated. It is very kind of them to think of you and to try to make Sunday brighter for you." Hymn books were then distributed and several joined in the old familiar hymn, "Tell me the old, old story." The choir then sang—

" I will sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ who died for me,  
How He left His throne in glory  
For the cross of Calvary."