

## VISITATION AT HOSPITAL, GAOL AND PENITENTIARY.

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One of our hymns commences with the words :

“ There are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by ;  
There are weary souls that perish,  
While the days are going by.”

The past year has been no exception to this admitted truth, as might be amply proven even in the narrow field and circumscribed circle occupied by the writer. Yet, looking back on the twelve months just closed, the number of hearts and souls which have been cheered and rescued, form an aggregate that is full of encouragement, and a basis for yet more strenuous and prayerful effort for the future. It is difficult and often invidious to give in detail particular instances, yet, without doing so, it is well-nigh impossible to convey to the mind of another the nature of this ministry, which goes on week in and week out in unceasing flow.

In the fall of last year a young man was met with in a cell of the gaol, dying of consumption ; he was removed to the General Hospital, where he died in February. His history is full of warning to young men, as well as fraught with encouragement to sow beside all waters. He was an only son of a widowed mother whom he had left at the age of 17, and for ten years had neither seen nor heard from her. He had been born and brought up in one of the larger cities of a neighbouring State, and the Rev. Mr. H. was his mother's minister, and he a member of his Bible-class. A letter was written to this clergyman, enquiring if the story was true, and if his mother was yet alive. “ Yes,” was the response, “ quite true, but his mother had removed to the far west, but he, Mr. H., had at once sent her a telegram that her lost boy was found, though dying in an hospital in Montreal.” Then he and