

extent this is so, but it is by far too limited. It stands in indisputable evidence that the increase of crime in the North American Continent is appalling in its magnitude. In Canada the increase is not so apparent as in the land across the lakes, but in a measure it is as real. The reason for its being less noticeable here is that justice in all its departments is administered impartially, unbiased and uninfluenced by the subtle means exerted over there, so that the deterrent effect thereof restrains the criminal to a greater extent here than in the States, and then there are fewer chances of escape from justice. Then, again, many of the criminals of Canada seek the States as their field of operation. Take the statistics of crime as to nationality in the United States, as I have seen them truthfully exhibited, and we are astounded at the number of Canadians that figure in them. Many men and women engaged in Sabbath School work visited the Central Prison during my wardenship, to inquire after lads who had at one time been in their classes, who, during, or after, an interview with them would say, in expressing their sympathy and apologies for the prisoner, that the cause of their criminality was bad associates; but when inquiry was followed up, it was invariably revealed that the company they kept was their own choice. Their parents knew the sort of companions they spent their evenings with, yet made but little if any effort to restrain them, and not till after their incarceration did they realize to the full the consequence of their indifference, and the result of their neglect.

What I have said may possibly lead many to look upon the darker side of matters. I wish to say a word of encouragement to all engaged in Sabbath School work. You never know when you are going to accomplish good. To illustrate, I will tell you one of the many incidents I could relate to you. On my way back from New York, while walking on Main Street, in Buffalo, I was passed by a man, who looked at me very closely, then passed to the other side of the street with his two boys. Leaving them there, he came back to me and said: "Mr. Massie, of Toronto, is it not?" "Yes." "Do you remember me?" "I remember the face, but I cannot recall the name." "Why," he said. "I was one of your boys." I had been so long associated with St. Andrew's, in Guelph, and St. Andrew's, in Toronto, that I said, "Which of the two?" "No," he said, "I was one of your boys in the Central Prison; don't you remember me? I was sent from Toronto on a sentence of six months, for drunkenness, disorderly conduct and theft. I was as far down as it was possible for me to get; and when I went into the prison, after being there for a short time, I felt the want of whiskey to such an extent that I was prepared to commit any sort of crime in order to get whiskey. I was in the broom-shop, and was reported for misconduct, and taken into the hall. You came through to me, and read the charge against me, spoke to me for a few minutes, asked me to sit down, and sat down alongside of me. You talked to me as never man spoke to me before,