

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
TORONTO MAGDALENE ASYLUM  
AND  
INDUSTRIAL HOUSE OF REFUGE,  
JULY 6, 1859.

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IN bringing our Yearly Report again before the friends of the Institution and the public generally, it may be expected that our Statistics will bear some proportion to the earnestness of the appeal, which we make for encouragement and aid. This is not the case—we have no high figures to count, no wonderful doings to relate, our claim now, as before, rests upon this fact, that there is such an Institution, in this “city of sins and sorrows;” that, in establishing it, a refuge has been provided and a door opened for whom? Not for the poor, the sick, the dying, as such; but for the outcast, the wanderer, the tempted, and we trust, we may add, in not a few instances, the *penitent*. The Institution is still comparative in its infancy, but it creeps on, and we are not to despise the day of small things. The name of the Institution must commend its object to every Christian, benevolent heart. We have divine and scriptural authority to sanction our efforts—Jesus was the friend of sinners, and His precious blood was shed for them, and made a Mary Magdalene a *pardoned* sinner. He welcomed the wanderer to His fold; and when there was no eye to pity—no arm stretched out—His eye pitied, and His arm brought salvation. Our Institution is of value; *first as a refuge*, offering protection from the wicked pursuer and the wily tempter; this is one benefit, but it is specially of value, as a House of Industry, without this, how little would be effected! Our Institution combines both. It is the Industrial House of Refuge. Idleness being the great source of the evil—with heaven’s blessing, industry is the best antidote.

The Institution has been in existence for six years, and during that time, it has been gradually commending itself to public patronage. The greatest difficulty, being at the outset, people were slow to believe that in a young country and a new city, such a thing should be needed; but, Alas! wherever, or whenever, vice pollutes the moral atmosphere, then, is the call for an antidote.

The first breath of the noisome pestilence, leads to the erection of the hospital, either temporary or permanent; so the first outburst of sin, warns that the monster is there, and that a place of safety is needed.