

Why do the good Christians of Halifax take so little interest in this attempt that is being made to dry up the stream of crime in our city, by meeting it at the fountain head? Are they aware that now there is not a single Protestant boy in the City Prison, owing to our exertions? And in return for this, and for our saving the city revenues in hard cash thereby at least \$900 a year, the Corporation has voted us for two years \$100 annually. And the sum that we save the city indirectly is double the former amount; and as to the moral and christian gain we will not set that down in dollars. The public has generously supported us with money, but we wish that more of our friends would visit and inspect the Institution, and then they would take a greater interest in it. We are sure of this. If they go in the day time, it presents the aspect of a beehive. Enter the new workshop, and down stairs a squad of boys are busy at Cabinet-making. You hear from up stairs the hammering of the Shoemakers. Go into the nearest wing of the main building, and you come on a lot of little tailors, stitching away true tailor fashion, at flannel drawers, blue shirts for fishermen and lumbermen, and such like. At the other extremity of the building, in the new shed, you are pretty sure to find Mr. Grierson with the small boys, some of them just returned from errand-running, and all of them cheerily busy at splitting and making up kindling wood. Through the rest of the main building, you will come here and there on a boy, each one doing a special work, and knowing that it is his, and that he is responsible for its being done. The interior economy of so large an establishment must be complicated, but the work is so subdivided among the boys, that it is all done by themselves, and the whole machine is kept running smoothly. Offices are distributed among twenty-seven of the boys, and the weekly list is hung up where all can see it, and if anything is left undone, all know who is to blame. Thus there are six dormitories, the largest holding thirteen, the smallest five boys, and, in each, one of the inmates is responsible for the tidiness of the room. Every boy makes his own bed, but there is a head to the room every week. Then there are four workshops, and one boy in each sees that it is swept out, and that things are in their places. There are four waiters, one