

No. 292.—A denizen of many jails. It is a distressing perplexity to me to know what to say to those who come to the door that has been opened as often as five times to receive them and which they wilfully close against themselves. It has a bad influence over those who are content to remain to see women go out and be received again and again. In consonance with my own sense of what is just, they ought not to be admitted. I have had women who have gone in and out of jail for ten, twelve, and fifteen years committed almost every month. This proves the uselessness of short committals as a punishment. Punishment is not to *avenge*, but to *prevent*, so I think the prison should be decidedly less comfortable, and and the labor harder. Any one who sees the women in prison here would have no idea that they are undergoing *punishment*. Insufficiency of punishment weakens resistance to temptation. The only inconvenience these women feel is the confinement, and that is made quite pleasant by the daily arrivals of their companions, with all the news they care for; and when one goes out they often say "when will you be *home* again? don't be long." These are the "*pet prisoners*" who give me so much trouble. If they had constant, hard, *productive* labor, it would improve their moral condition and greatly reduce the percentage of crime.

No. 293.—A young girl who was sent here with some others from the Lying-in-Hospital, on account of child-bed fever and deaths there.

No. 298.—A very bold bad girl, who left because I would not allow her to go out at night to church. (?)

No. 299.—A very nice young girl who had been seduced while at home. Her parents sent her here and she has since been restored to them.

No. 300.—A woman who came out of jail. She was dressed quite as a respectable servant, but had such an evil eye that I thought while looking at her, that she might be an amateur thief, and as if she had read my thought, she said, "I may as well tell you, I was sent down for *stealing* only a trifle, not worth speaking of. I cut up some linen sheets belonging to my mistress." I thanked the Lord for making her tell me, so that I might be watchful, as we have very valuable washings committed to our care, but, to God be the praise we never have anything stolen by the inmates. The laundress in charge is a Christian, full of simple faith and confidence in the Lord's care over all she daily commits to Him. She herself was one of the "weary ones" born again in our Home; a faithful industrious, useful girl to me. Anxious she was to learn to read, that she might be able to read the Bible to her fallen sisters; she knew the letters, and her anxiety to learn made teaching her a pleasant and easy work to me. Now she is able to read very well and spends every Saturday afternoon in the Lock-ward of the General Hospital giving God's message of love and mercy to the unfortunate girls there.

No. 308.—A young woman who was seduced under promise of marriage. Her seducer told her to follow him to New York city, and he would marry her there, she did so, and of course, could not find him. When she came to Montreal, she had no money left. Asked shelter at the Lying-in Hospital