

the low, the vilest of the vile. Little can be done for this class, only to go among them, care for them, sympathize with them, encourage them; introduce a flower, a picture, something of beauty into the squalid home. A single pot of scarlet geranium has been known to completely metamorphose a whole household. Lead them up to God. His standard of guilt and responsibility is knowledge, and these have but little means of knowing their Master's will.

But leaving this large class, who are born and nursed in vice, and who can scarcely be otherwise than true to their nature, we ask for causes why women virtuously born and tenderly nursed make this awful plunge from the heights of virtue, into the depths of dishonor. First, we notice an impure nature—the love of vice for its own sake. Much has been said and written by those who know little about the matter, to the effect, that young girls very rarely become prostitutes from deliberate choice, and that many who, by some accident, find themselves in these ranks, are only waiting for some one to stretch forth a kindly hand, and their salvation is sure; but after careful thought, and a somewhat extensive experience, we say, sadly, but decidedly, that *two out of five*, do, of their *own free will*, choose a life of sin and shame.

About six months ago we were requested to visit one of those gilded, but infamous “dens” which abound in our city, and rescue, if possible, a beautiful young lady who had been well brought up, and, at one time, an officer in one of our temperance societies. We went, and, with the help of others, succeeded in getting her away, and out of town. Four weeks ago a note came to us containing this sad news:—“N. is again in town, and at the same house.” We sought her out a second time, begged and entreated her to fly for her life—to come with us and we would save her. But with firm set lips and a hard defiant look in her beautiful eyes, she replied—“Let me alone. I am where I want to be. I am happy here,” and we left her, simply saying,—“N. if ever you want a friend, come to us.” To-day, we could point the members of this Conference to a small child, of the tender age of 13, who has a pleasant respectable home, a kind mother and sister, but who will not go to school, will not work, preferring to lead a wandering, vagabond life. She has already been arrested and imprisoned, twice for “street walking,” after midnight, and knows more about sin and depravity, and the “hells” of our city, than almost any gray haired woman in Toronto.

In connection with the rearing of children, we might mention the love of alcoholic “stimulants” as a third cause why many, who have been tenderly and virtuously reared, become debased. This love was probably implanted in the infancy of the child. The mother was not strong, and the physician, instead of advising “milk,” so full of nutriment, the best blood-maker in the world—orders ale and porter, with the best of wine, and the helpless child imbibes, along with the nour-