

said, she had kept company for three years, and she only sixteen years of age! After being four months here, her mother came for her to take her to school. She was a mild, quiet girl, and I have every confidence that she humbly received the truth, and left the Home born again. She often expressed her thankfulness to the Lord for sending her to us. Her mother was very grateful also.

No. 286.—Came from S. A quiet simple girl, who declared she did not sin, as she "was forced by her master, and cried out." How kind of the Lord to direct this simple, innocent looking child, an orphan, penniless and friendless to our open door. Had she been "sent down to jail at her own request," as has been the only resource of many who have come from all quarters to Montreal, she would have been so contaminated that her next step would have been to become an inmate of some of the dens of infamy in the city: Thank God, who led the founders of this Institution to make a way of escape for the weak who are in danger of falling, and rest for the penitent who, with dull heavy, hopeless expression of countenance have been only able to say. "For God's sake take me in, my heart's scalded."—The blessings of many who were ready to perish have been poured on those good men who, with the characteristic of their Master, received sinners and ate with them.

No. 289.—A woman who said she was sent by the Bishop's lady. The first afternoon she was here, I did not ask her to do any work; next day I wanted her to sew, she could not; "Then you can iron a little" I said, "or I shall teach you to knit; you have to do something,—we are all busy here, cheerfully working, every one intent on doing the most she can to assist in paying for her board." Next day she left, saying the tea did not suit her; she liked strong tea, and wondered how I could have it on my conscience to give her weak tea. It is a meditation to me to know how to deal with a class of women who can hardly be got to do anything but indulge their inordinate appetites.

No. 290.—A young girl who has been in the Home before, did well, and was sent to service; was eleven months in her situation, went out to buy a dress, met another girl who was out on the same business. They treated themselves to a sleigh drive, and the end was that they and the carter got drunk, and were arrested. I happened to be seeing the Recorder on some other matters when Sergeant Neilson told me of a fine young girl who had been committed that day. I did not know her by the name she had given and went down to the cells to see her. I found poor foolish L., who was greatly ashamed to see me. The Recorder, with his usual magnanimity, after giving her sound advice, allowed me to take her away. I had other business to do before returning home, so I gave her a car ticket, saying:—"now, I trust to your honor, go straight to the Home." I found her there on my return. The thought came into mind that "even the true Christian though guaranteed against *falling away*, is not secure against *falls*;" so let us try to establish these weak reeds shaken by the wind, not by harshness or rebuke, but by gentle sympathy and persuasion. Poor girls they come through searching trials sometimes.