

abruptness of the speech, and the comically penitent look which accompanied it; "I am sure I don't."

"Then you ought to do so," cried Kate, too remorseful to heed his mirth. "If I had no tongue, I should be quite good—really good—and now I am not. Of course it is wrong to go on sneering at Mr. Clive, when he is one of Dick's friends too. It is not even dignified or becoming, and you must know it is not; but it is only a way of talking, Mr. M'Kenzie. We never have liked each other, but—"

"But you would hardly rejoice if a railway accident smashed him up into infinitesimal atoms coming down here," Dallas suggested. "No, Miss Bellew, don't be afraid. I lay very little stress on enmities so frankly avowed; and as to Mr. Clive disliking you—"

"But he does," cried Kate, clasping her hands together to give emphasis to the sentence. "You've no idea how he does. Why" (with a look which, added to the *naïveté* of the conclusion, made M'Kenzie's eyes dance), "that is just why I don't like him."

"A very natural and proper reason," Dallas said gravely. "And so you want me to help in keeping the peace, and reminding you that 'your little hands were never meant to tear each other's eyes.' Is not that quoted correctly? Very well. I had reasons for not caring to grow more intimate with Mr. Clive than was necessary; but in such a cause of course they vanish. Let me make one request, however. If you don't want me to dislike your friend even more than you do, please put off that very grave little face. You have been looking so bright till now, that we could not easily

feel in charity with any one who spoils our house sunshine."

Kate laughed and promised. She was indeed feeling too happy to care much for the mere prospect of Clive's grave looks and strictures. True, the brightness faded a little when she found that M'Kenzie was not going to dine with them that day; but she said hardly a word to press him; for had not Dick spoken something about business to discuss with Clive, and was it not therefore most delicate and thoughtful in the other guest to discover that an old school acquaintance of his had a living some eight miles off, and must be visited on this special evening? The brightness came back in a minute, and M'Kenzie's good-byes were sweetened by a smile which made even the sunshine look dull and cheerless by comparison during the first part of his ride. For the first time an idea came into his mind, so strange as to startle him. At first he rejected it with prompt decision; but it came back again, and knocked persistently for admittance.

"She likes me already, likes and trusts me as though I were an old friend, instead of a comparative stranger. Would it be hard to turn such liking into love, and keep that living sunshine for my own?"

Verily and indeed a strange idea, and one not to be lightly entertained by Dallas M'Kenzie. Did not the shadow of another woman stand between him and the possession of any such sunshine as he coveted? He put the idea away from him with a shivering frown, and rode on gloomily.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

## EMIGRANT BABIES.



deal with. All poor neighbourhoods of large towns have the appearance of being amazingly prolific of them. Wherever narrow lanes and dirty courts are to be found, unkempt, barefooted little bipeds pop about like sandhoppers, and in fine weather one may sometimes almost be tempted to think that their life is not

altogether unenviable. Give them just food enough to keep their queer little bodies and souls together, and while the sun shines they have not a care in the world. A shoal of them will often display an exuberance of animal spirits which is thoroughly contagious, and which, in spite of their grimy skins, their rags and tatters, and their squalid surroundings, may well conceal from the casual observer the utter wretchedness and pollution characteristic of the lives of most of them. There are in London tens of thousands of these children—many of them bright, keen-witted, clever little mortals—whose everyday life it may well make one's heart ache to think of. Bred in "homes" which physically and morally are simply poisonous, subject to every form of want and destitution, and shut in from all the gladdening influences of the natural world, even when in the care of parents and others who are not absolutely vicious, they are to be profoundly commiserated.

With the great mass of them, however, with all those who have any sort of guardianship in a general way, nothing can be done by any direct action. But within this deep stratum of poverty and squalor which underlies the working population of all our large towns, there are innumerable cases in which, from various causes, these unhappy little creatures are turned out

upon the world in an absolutely friendless condition, or are discovered by some City Missionary under circumstances even worse than this.

One little fellow rescued a short time ago, for instance, had been left with a person who failed in business, and turned him adrift upon the world.

"I went about with a few fings for a coster," says this little unfortunate, "and he used to give me fripence and a bit o' grub. When I had no money to get lodgings I used to sleep in a cupboard."

Another was brutally ill-treated by a drunken father, who has been known to strip him, hold him up by his

five years. "Mother dead ; father a tramp ; all three children begging in the streets ; had varicose veins in legs, and sores in feet, from long standing and exposure ; the little child five years old in the habit of swearing very fearfully."

"C. S., aged four. An orphan, found in great poverty and half-starved ; a pitiable little object."

"H. C., aged eight. Parents both bad people ; child found in a state of intoxication."

"E. B., aged ten. Covered with bruises inflicted by a drunken mother. Had slept on Clapham Common several nights, because afraid to go home."



THE CHILDREN'S HOME IN CANADA.

feet, and flog him with a rope's-end. Finally he was turned into the streets in bitterly cold weather, and for three weeks slept in a dog-kennel.

Again, there was the child of a wretched fellow, who at one time of day entered upon a course of training for the ministry, but who abandoned that, and rapidly went down from one stage of degradation to another, till he became a street fiddler, or something of the kind, leaving his family to shift for themselves. This girl was found among gipsies in Epping Forest, where for two years she had distinguished herself by her agility in turning somersaults, among other accomplishments.

Here are a few items from a recent report of a charitable institution :—"M. S., aged eleven. Mother dead ; father more or less always in prison ; treated the children most cruelly when out."

Three sisters, aged respectively eleven, nine, and

"M. W. and J. W. Deserted, with four other children, by both father and mother ; found on a heap of shavings in an empty room, in the winter, nearly dead, and covered with vermin ; had lived by begging and stealing bread ; had considerable difficulty in keeping them alive when first found."

Everybody at all familiar with the courts and alleys of any large town, knows that such a list might be extended quite indefinitely. Poor neighbourhoods teem with such hapless little outcasts, born to be buffeted and beaten about, the sport of every ill wind that blows, and subject to every influence that can possibly tend to deprave and brutalise them. In spite of it all some of them struggle through into decency and respectability of life, but of course the chances are terribly against it. As a rule, unless some friendly hand is stretched out to them, they develop into criminals and

"pariahs," and in their maturer years often signally revenge themselves upon society for the neglect and suffering of their early life.

Friendly hands have never been wanting. There are at all times plenty of warm hearts ready enough to sympathise with known miseries, and especially the miseries of childhood, and plenty of willing hands are ready to do all that may be done to help them; but only those who have made the attempt know what a task it is to take children from the gutter, and in spite of precocious familiarity with vice, in spite of early associations and surroundings, in spite very often of the opposition of dissolute and abandoned connections, to protect and train and teach, until strong enough to turn out and make an honest living in the midst of the very scenes and surroundings from which they have been temporarily withdrawn.

In such a work could anything possibly be more disheartening than the knowledge that when all has been done, and the waif has become a worker, work may yet be wanting, and in spite of good intentions, and a gallant struggle, the sheer inability to live honestly may crush out heart and hope, and the gaol and the gin-palace may after all close a career which it would have been better that hunger, cold, exposure, and brutality should have cut short at the outset?

It is obvious that what is really wanted is the power to take these miserable children right out of all the surroundings and associations of their early life, and to put them in an atmosphere physically and morally purer, and where, as they grow up, they may find scope for honest effort.

It was just this solution of the problem that Miss Rye, some five or six years ago, saw practically illustrated when, wandering in some of the Western States of America, she came upon the track of Mr. Van Meter, a philanthropic American who, at the close of the great war, gathered together from the slums of New York some 2,000 children, mainly those whom that frightful struggle had thrown friendless upon the world. From time to time he had taken out small parties of them to the settlers in the back States, and there found homes for them, thus, as he said, giving them "a fair start in life in the mighty West."

"I have seen the working of all this," says Miss Rye, on her return to England the following year, "I know its dangers, its difficulties, its successes. Is it very wonderful that the idea has crossed my mind a thousand times—why not attempt the same thing for 'the gutter children' of London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool?"

With the enthusiasm of a generous and benevolent nature all aglow with a new impulse, Miss Rye goes on to tell of a land where even to this day a "full quiver" is held to be a blessing, where corn has been burnt for fuel, and where a million men occupy territories larger than the whole of Great Britain. Her work, she says, stands out boldly and brightly before her, and already she is in treaty for a little property near Niagara, on the Canadian side of the Falls; and here, before very long, she establishes the "Western Home." This "little property," which still continues to be the head-

quarters of this lady's operations in Canada, was originally a gaol with a piece of land attached. It was speedily transformed into a convenient and comfortable "Home," and thither, in the autumn of 1869, Miss Rye took over from London seventy little girls—"waifs and strays," in one very important sense at least, though in this case they were all taken from workhouse wards, as she had at that time no means of subjecting her intended emigrants to the preliminary training which, in the case of children taken directly from the streets, was felt to be indispensable.

Subsequently this active benefactress of the poor was enabled to secure a large house in the neighbourhood of Peckham, and here, for a long time past, the homeless and friendless little ones of our highways and byways have found food and shelter, and loving words, and Christian training, eventually (if those who may have a legal claim upon them give consent—not otherwise) being sent on to Niagara, there to await arrangements for their permanent settlement in a new and more promising country. This is the charitable institution to which reference has already been made, and some idea of the class of children dealt with here may be gathered from the quotations made from one of its reports. In the well-clad, scrupulously-clean, happy-looking children to be found within the shelter of this old house, it is difficult indeed to recognise the "pitiable little objects" of the report.

After a training of a few weeks or a few months, as circumstances may determine, they are taken to Canada in parties of from 60 to 150, or sometimes more, and in the first instance are lodged in the central "Homes" established for the purpose. Miss Rye has but the one at Niagara; Miss McPherson—who, with her characteristic energy, promptly followed the lead of Miss Rye, and up to the present time has taken out no less than 2,000 children from her "Home of Industry"—has three: one at Knowlton, in the province of Quebec, and two in Ontario, one of them at Belleville and the other at Galt. Applications for these children are usually made some time before their arrival, and are always, or nearly so, in excess of the number to be distributed. The great majority of the applicants are farmers, to whom, as they say, it is as easy to feed a child as a chicken, and who, in this land of isolated homesteads, scattered population, and scarce labour, look upon almost any addition to their family as an acquisition to be rejoiced over. If the young strangers are old enough to be put to any kind of work, it is usually what the Canadians call doing the "chores"—little odds and ends of work—"filling the wood-boxes, lighting the fires, collecting eggs, feeding the poultry, watering the horses, foddering the cattle, fetching water from the well," and so on. The emigrants do not all, however, find their way to farms. Of 513 children taken out by Miss Rye during 1870 and 1871, farmers had 207, upwards of 100 found homes with merchants or tradesmen, 29 with clergymen, 32 with manufacturers and mill-owners, 19 with medical men, and the rest were distributed among widows and maiden ladies, mechanics, lawyers, schoolmasters, hotel-keepers, and others. A few of the

luckier ones are adopted, and become to all intents and purposes members of happy and thriving families. Others are apprenticed, or are placed out in various kinds of service, on terms which these experienced ladies consider fair and reasonable. At the commencement of this paper we present two of Miss McPherson's rescues from a drunkard's home in London.

These are the general features of the system inaugurated by Miss Rye in 1869, and which, in addition to the vigorous following of Miss McPherson, has already called forth one or two less important movements—one, it is understood, in connection with the Wesleys, and another with the Roman Catholics of London.

The work has also been taken up most energetically in several provincial towns. Liverpool, among others, has its "Sheltering Home for Destitute Children," nearly 400 of whom have in that port been gathered in within the past two years. "They came with the old story of widows' children left to their own devices, while the mother goes forth to toil over the wash-tub or the needle for their daily bread; poor step-children, who are felt to be burdens, and are knocked about and ill-used accordingly, as though to make them run away; drunkards' children, going through the education which will fit them for the reformatory, prison, or

penitentiary, as the case may be; all these were in the ranks of those whom we have learned to call little Arabs, waifs and strays: names lightly and smilingly spoken, yet overlying thoughts too deep for tears." Under the affectionate guardianship of Mrs. Birt, the sister of the lady whose labours in connection with the Spitalfields Home of Industry have been referred to, some 300 children, many of them under eight years of age, have been taken from this Liverpool shelter to Nova Scotia, and there handed over to Colonel Laurie, who is a resident in Halifax, and who, with several benevolent co-operators in various parts of Nova Scotia, carefully distributes them throughout the province.

By various institutions, it is estimated that about 6,000 children have been thus rescued from lives of want and misery, and placed in homes where there is every reason to believe they may be happy and prosperous. They go forth the outcasts of over-crowded cities—familiar, many of them, with the cruellest forms of destitution and suffering—and in a short time they send back letters—volumes of them might be collected—full of prattle about horses, and cows, and hay-fields, and rosy apples, sleigh-rides, and bountiful living, and boasting of their achievements at school, their skill in milking cows and driving teams.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

SPRING.

T COMES not as of old it came :  
 It brings its buds and flowers ;  
 Its greening of the bough's the same,  
 Its tender gleams and showers ;  
 Yet where's the young bright thought,  
 Gleams to the heart it brought ?  
 Sun to the eye it still can bring,  
 Hues to my dulled sight still,  
 But where's the light with which, O Spring,  
 You used my life to fill ?

From meadow-bank, in winding lane,  
 Palely the primrose peers.  
 O primroses of Youth, again  
 Come as in far-off years !  
 The pallid stars I see  
 Were then glad songs to me ;  
 But now I see each sight I sung  
 With heart unmoved and cold.  
 O vanished years when I was young !  
 O dear, dear days of old !

Yet is it years that age the heart ?  
 Ah ! if that I were true  
 To Song, the years would fail to part  
 My heart, sweet Youth, from you.  
 O Fancy, still my thoughts beguile  
 To dream me young a pleasant while !  
 O fabled fount of endless Youth,  
 Thy life, O Song, I drain,  
 And cheating Age, in very truth,  
 I'm young—I'm young again !

W. C. BENNETT.

