

notice," glancing at Grace, who was apathetically looking out of the window. "I will fetch it."

"But tell me first how you all are. How is my friend Bob? he must be a middle-aged man by this time, with perhaps a large family. By-the-by, I am a grandfather."

"Indeed! It doesn't seem so very long since, either."

"Like yesterday sometimes, but sometimes like a dream. But where is Bob now? I should like to see him again."

"Oh, don't you know?—dear Bob—he was always a brave boy, and when the war broke out he was only nineteen, but—he would go—father was a soldier, you know, and—and——"

"I see; dear boy—dear boy."

There was silence a moment.

"And Erny, where is he?"

"He is in New Zealand: quite a prosperous man. His son is coming to England to be educated; and he is to be *my* boy," with delighted pride.

Dr. Henry could have wept; it was too pathetic.

"And how have you all been?" with a glance towards Grace.

"Quite calm of late years, only she will wear the clothes he admired. It is unfortunate, for people laugh at her in the streets. Oh, if they only knew! I will just go and fetch the kettle-holder. I don't think she will notice it; besides, she didn't see it that night."

"Was it you who was here that night, Dr. Henry?" said Winnie, a light suddenly dawning upon her; but what could be said?—nothing.

Agnes left the room, and brought back an old-fashioned work-bag, and opened the kettle-holder quite reverently.

"Unless kettle boiling B, filling tea-pot spoils T." It was Grace's voice, calm and collected. They turned round; she was behind them, looking over their shoulders.

"I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing, Winnie. I couldn't make it out the other day."

"Dear Grace!"—they were almost too much startled to speak.

"Yes," she went on slowly. "Yes, it reminds me—Agnes, your hair is grey."

"I am getting an old woman, dear Grace."

Grace looked at them in sad bewilderment for a moment, then put her hand over her eyes. "Where is James?"

"Dear sister, you shall go to him some day."

"But he will not return to me. I know now. I will not forget again. And, Dr. Henry, you and Agnes are——"

"Very dear friends," he said hastily, taking Agnes's hand.

"But——"

"Yes, dear Grace, we are all happy; we have everything to make us so; and when you are quite well, and I have my dear little Erny, and Winnie gets her art work sold at South Kensington, we shall be the three happiest women in England."

"Really, Robert," said his wife, when he came home that evening, "I am very much annoyed indeed that you should have spent all this time calling upon three stupid old maids, when I wanted you to go with me to dear Lady Wenlock's. I declare it's miserable to be a doctor's wife!"

It sounds bad, but no doubt there is something to be said on Mrs. Henry's side.

THE EMIGRATION OF YOUNG GIRLS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS RYE.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



A CANDIDATE.

AVENUE HOUSE, PECKHAM, "up a dirty lane off the High Street," is by no means so unprepossessing a place as Miss Rye's good-humoured description would suggest. The avenue from which the house possibly took its name has disappeared; but the little domain retains many survivals from the time when it was a rural retreat. In the centre of the long lawn stands a magnificent hawthorn, squat and sturdy; and it has been found possible to save from the builder as much as three acres of kitchen-garden and playground, some of it destined soon to be covered with the new and

urgently-needed buildings which Miss Rye has long set her heart upon. Over the entrance-gate a wooden board informs the world that this is "Miss Rye's Home for Destitute Girls," about which so much has been heard. The house itself is substantial, but unpretending; old-fashioned without being old. As a country villa fifty years ago it was of ample size; for its present purpose it is small indeed. It is easy to perceive that there is here no half-hearted belief in the virtues of fresh air. Every door and window stands open; the rooms are bathed in sunlight, and redolent of the sweeter atmosphere of those three acres of oasis in the desert of bricks and mortar which swells around for miles on every side.

When I paid my visit to Avenue House it was Saturday afternoon, always a half-holiday: and I learned that the girls were in the schoolroom at the end of the grounds, spending a pleasant half-hour with Miss Rye,

who, as may well be supposed, has but little time to spare for such diversions. The administration of three "Homes"—two at Peckham, and one in Canada—and the personal daily care of about a hundred girls, are tasks which leave but little leisure. The schoolroom had obviously been the stable when the house was a "genteel villa residence." It is large, airy, and entirely unadorned, save for a few texts arranged upon the walls—texts far more appropriate to place and circumstances than sometimes happens.

The girls, some fifty of them, stood in a great semicircle singing by way of recreation, and singing expressively, with a good ear for tune and time. All, from the great girls of fifteen or sixteen to mere infants of three or four, were dressed alike, in stout serviceable linsley-wolsey frocks, half covered by great holland aprons. All looked as healthy as dairymaids, with red cheeks and plump round faces instinct with happiness. And these fifty girls, and half a hundred more at the other Peckham Home, needed last year doctoring to the amount of £5 1s. 8d. only!

Fresh air, wholesome food, and equally wholesome work, produce marvellous changes in a few weeks in the ragged dirty children with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, who enter the friendly Peckham Home in a continuous stream. At a table, listening to the singing and enjoying it as much as the children themselves, sat Miss Rye, the organiser of this admirable system of making healthy women, of transmuting the sickly contaminated girls of the London slums into happy wives and mothers. Miss Rye has a tall and stately presence; but the eye is quickly arrested by the powerful, kindly face, in which benevolence is most strongly marked. Much of the success of her work at Peckham is undoubtedly due to her gentle friendly ways with the girls, who "take to" her at once. She speaks with them in a good-humoured motherly fashion which is neither familiar nor patronising. With children of the class from which the inmates of the Home are recruited a little kindness goes a long way.

After half an hour spent in listening to hymns and kindergarten songs—one in particular, which the girls

hugely enjoyed, told how a little boy at school learned his lessons so conscientiously that he soon became "a Professor and an LL.D."—I made a tour of inspection of Avenue House. As a private residence the old-fashioned villa, with its panelled staircase, was no doubt an ample and a comfortable abode; but for its present purpose it is woefully inadequate. Nearly the whole of the upper portion is occupied by dormitories filled with long rows of snowy little beds. Very pleasant

are some of these rooms, with their sweeping views away over the tops of the houses to Denmark Hill. Then there are the working apartments in which the girls are taught needle-work, the large bath-room in which every girl gets, at least, one warm bath each week, and a whole series of wardrobes and linen-rooms. Even the lover of the old-time farmhouse with its spotless dimity bed-curtains, and its dazzling table-cloths, is forced in Miss Rye's store-rooms to avow that he never saw really white linen and napery before. Anything more superlatively white than the counterpanes, table-cloths, and sheets washed by the girls at Avenue House could not be imagined by a steam-laundryman in a beatific vision. Cleanliness is taught very thoroughly indeed at Peckham, and the little maidens take a keen delight in their laundry and scrubbing operations.

This early-implanted love of cleanliness is one reason why Miss Rye's girls are so much appreciated as servants in Canada.

When we had finished our inspection I asked Miss Rye how long she had been engaged in this work, and how many children she had taken to Canada from first to last?

"I have been emigrating women and children for four-and-twenty years; but the work of taking out destitute girls only began in 1869. Previous to that time I emigrated some 300 governesses and working women; and my efforts in that direction are still being continued by the Female Middle Class Emigration Society. During the last seventeen years I have taken about 2,500 girls to Canada, and next week I shall take 109 more from these Homes. Upon my first journey I took out sixty orphan and deserted pauper girls from



MISS RYE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Gagen and Fraser, Toronto.)



BEFORE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. L. Collis, Rye Lane, S.E.)

Liverpool Workhouse, together with ten children picked out of the streets. I housed them in an old gaol which I had bought at Niagara. I ran a verandah round it, let in abundance of light and air, and surrounded it with a large and richly-stocked orchard. I soon found places for nearly all of them, and then I came back to England for more."

I asked Miss Rye why she had selected Canada for her field of operations, seeing that there are so many other British Colonies blessed with far more genial climates, and where the girls would be equally welcome.

"There were three reasons—the close proximity of the Dominion to England, the similarity of the two climates, and the habits of the people. The climate of the Australian colonies is exceedingly enervating, while that of Canada is stern and bracing, and better fitted for growing robust men and women. Then another reason was that the Canadian farmers, in whose houses the girls are exclusively placed, usually marry early, and it often happens that they have no more than one or two children, who are grown up and settled in the world by the time their parents have reached middle age. Thus, they not infrequently feel the need of youthful companionship, and adopt one, and sometimes two, of my girls. Most of them, of course, are indentured as servants; but about fifteen per cent. are adopted and brought up by their foster-parents as though they were their own children."

I turned over a great heap of photographs sent home by Miss Rye's former charges, and the contrast between those who had been adopted in their present position, and their appearance when they first entered

the Peckham Home, was as amazing as that between Cinderella and her haughty, handsome sisters. It was easy to imagine that you were looking at photographs of young ladies who had never known anything but the refinements and elegancies of life. The majority of the photographs were those of intelligent, prosperous-looking young women. Many of them are married, some to young farmers, owning their own 100-acre holdings, and have children of their own.

"But," I asked Miss Rye, "do you never have any trouble with the children? It surely cannot be that, after their childish experiences, every one of these 2,500 girls has turned out well?"

"No, they do not all turn out well, of course, but only some four per cent. are incurably troublesome. We try to lay a religious, self-respecting foundation: and when the girls go out they are protected as much as possible by being sent to farms away from the large towns, and only to the houses of people whose character is above suspicion. I make careful inquiry as to the character of every applicant before I let him have a child, and the cases in which I feel bound to refuse do not number more than two in a hundred. But I do have to refuse a great number of applications because I have not enough girls, just as, I am sorry to say, I am often prevented receiving children who are sorely in need of a Home such as this. As soon as I have got the money which the enlargement of this house will cost, I shall be spared the pain of so many refusals, and I shall be in a position to find healthy occupation and happy homes for a great many more girls."

For the first five years, Miss Rye told me, she took



AFTER.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. L. Collis, Rye Lane, S.E.)

out only pauper children, but when Mr. Sclater-Booth became President of the Poor Law Board, in 1874, he disapproved of Boards of Guardians spending money upon the emigration of the orphan and deserted children in their workhouses; and she then began to emigrate girls picked up in the streets and slums, and gladly handed over by parents who desired nothing better than to be rid of them.

I asked Miss Rye as to the details of the arrangement made with the masters and mistresses of the girls who went out to service. Up to the age of fourteen, I was told, they receive only their clothes, at fifteen they are given 12s. per month in lieu of clothes, and a year or two later they are paid from 16s. to £1 a month according to their qualifications. At eighteen the indentures expire, and the girls can, if they choose, leave their places. As a rule, however, they prefer to remain in the place, where they have almost invariably received great kindness. Miss Rye gave me an amusing instance of the primitive manners and modes of thought of the small Canadian farmers. One of them, who was anxious to adopt a girl, was for some time unable to come to the point, for fear the lady would compel him to leave his foster-child an equal share with his other children of his worldly substance! It is known throughout Canada—and it is well it should

be known in England—that Miss Rye is exceedingly particular regarding the persons with whom the rescued children are placed, and that certain obvious pledges are required from them. The innocent farmer was fearful that a legacy might be one of the conditions of his being allowed to adopt a child.

It is not to be supposed that even beneficial work such as Miss Rye is doing can be accomplished without disappointments and endless little troubles. Much harm is done by the well-intentioned but mistaken benevolence of ladies who seek to rescue young girls from their degrading associations without giving their charges to understand that work is their first duty. At Avenue House and its *succursale* over the way, every girl assists in washing the linen once a week. Some time ago a new-comer who had been taken over from another "Home" was set to this task with her companions, whereupon she became extremely abusive,

struck the matron, and declaimed in the shrill falsetto of injured innocence, "I expected to be made a lady when I came here. What, bring me to a 'ome and expect me to work! Mother always washes for me when I'm at 'ome!" The sickly sentimentalism of ladies who "cannot endure to see those dear little baby hands and arms plunged in the soap-suds," and have to turn away to hide the tears which spring up at the sight, is responsible for many of the difficulties in the path of more practical workers. To teach the girls to

work, to the end that they may in due time be independent of benevolent assistance, is Miss Rye's first concern. Most of the children, when they first enter Avenue House, do not even know how to hold a needle; but, added Miss Rye, "they rapidly learn to become good needlewomen. Then, in addition to washing, scrubbing, and housework, they are taught the three R's, with singing thrown in. The result of their having received a domestic training in early youth is that they speedily become good servants."

Miss Rye spoke enthusiastically of the happy useful lives her girls are able to live in Canada, as the wives of sturdy workers, and the mothers of a generation of Greater Britons, who will need abundance of sinew for the work of developing the wondrous resources of the Dominion. The contrast between the peace and



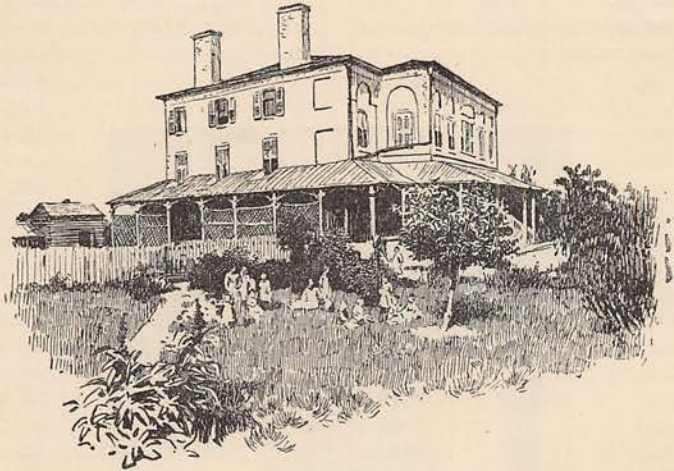
AN ERRAND IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

prosperity which await the industrious among them beyond the ocean, with the deadly fall, or the almost equally deadly struggle, which must be their well-nigh inevitable lot in London slums and garrets, is discreditable enough to our social system; but, as Miss Rye observes, we must begin at the beginning. "Great girls of sixteen or so, who have grown up as my children would have grown up, had they not been rescued in time, cannot earn their own living, because no one has shown them how to do it. Girls are wanted in Canada, and they are not wanted here; and it must surely be good in every way to remove them from influences which must either ruin them, body and soul, or condemn them to toil unceasingly for wages which they call a living, but which I call a dying."

That Miss Rye's heart is in the work to which she has devoted so many years of her life, may be gleaned from the eloquent fact that she has made between

thirty and forty voyages across the Atlantic, to and from the beautiful "Home" at Niagara, with its eight acres of garden and orchard, in a lovely situation within sound of the Falls. A few days after I had this conversation with her, she again undertook the long journey which is now so familiar; and in a few months'

time she will probably be again installed at Peckham, preparing a new detachment of girls—she usually takes out about a hundred at a time—for the life in which happiness and prosperity will take the place of the unspeakable weariness and misery in which their first years were passed.



MISS RYE'S HOME AT NIAGARA.

THE PRESERVING OF WHOLE FRUITS.

BY P. HOWARD DAVIS.



DOUTBLES there are many housewives in the kingdom who during the fruit season have a plethora of fruit, and are at a loss to preserve it in any other way than converting it into jam.

Now, jam tarts are very nice things in their way, but one can soon get tired of them. But a cherry pie at Christmas!—what a mouth-watering thought! I dare say it would sound very odd at some New Year's festivity to hear the hostess ask, "May I offer you some cherry pie? It is made from fresh fruit of our own growing." This, however, is quite a possibility, "provided always" (as the lawyers say) that the directions given herein are implicitly followed.

I regret to inform those who would preserve fruits whole that half-measures will not do; the directions must be carried out in their entirety, or the preserving had better not be commenced.

First for the arbitrary rules, and the hints to guide all operations. The fruit must not be too ripe. It must be sound, and if morning-gathered it will be most likely to produce successful results. The bottles must be rather wide-mouthed, dry, clean, of equal sizes, and of equal substance all over: *i.e.*, the glass must have no thin places in it; a flaw or a crack is

also very undesirable. The corks must be sound, and cut to fit the bottles very tightly—so tightly as to demand to be soaked in sugary water before they can be squeezed into the bottle-necks. A number of bottle-bags will be useful: they save hay, straw, and breakages; old canvas sacking does excellently well, and these bottle-bags can be used again and again to envelop the bottles while boiling.

We now proceed with the hints. Make your own bottle-wax; buy *red* bottle-wax from the oilman (the green wax is poisonous), and to every pound of it add one ounce of beeswax. Put both the articles into an earthenware pipkin over the fire to melt, stir well together, and then after the first boiling it is ready to dip the heads of the bottles into. Tie down the corked bottles with strong twine, and in ginger-beer bottle fashion, before dipping them in the wax. The wash-house boiler, the large stock-pot, or the deepest fish-kettle, will answer equally well for the boiling operation so long as a flat grating is put inside, so that the bottles may stand *quite* perpendicularly. Fill the vessel with enough water to come a little more than half as high as the bottles; then cover the latter with a wet cloth, put on the lid of the boiler or pot, and allow all to commence to heat up to boiling point.

So far, I hope, I am understood. All the foregoing