

cessful immigration agent usually has as a necessary qualification a fairly good knowledge of human nature. One of them said to the writer not long ago, in discussing his methods, "I never spend much time on 'the man of the house' when he comes to talk to me alone; I say to him, 'when may I come and see you and your wife and family at home?' My experience is that if you make a good impression in a family council you make real progress, but if you spend your time converting a married man to the idea of immigrating, ten to one your labor is lost, for he won't have the courage to broach the subject at home, or if he does the 'old woman' and the family, especially the daughters, raise such a storm that all further missionary work in that quarter has to be abandoned for at least a year or two!"

Much of the pathos of immigration centres around those family councils. It is hard to decide to sever the ties that bind; to give up the old home occupied by the family perhaps for generations—the old neighbors, friends and interests. The process of uprooting and transplanting is truly a painful one; but it is undergone by many a family to the great betterment of their prospects in life; and when the momentous decision has at last been reached the Canadian agent again steps in and renders assistance in the way of advice on transportation matters, "what to take," etc., besides offering various little attentions which as a rule are gratefully received at such a time.

Carefully Cared for.

At the port of embarkation the immigrants are seen safely on board ship with their belongings and on reaching port in Canada they are welcomed by Government officials, who direct them and see to their comfort in every possible way.

Comfortable accommodations are maintained by the Government at all distributing points, for the free temporary use of immigrants on their

first arrival, and for a limited period afterwards, while the men are looking for land and deciding where to settle. And so Canada gives no cold or niggardly reception to desirable settlers who seek her shores in response to her invitation. At the same time it is always well to have it understood that we fight shy of criminals and "undesirables" generally. Canada is not a healthy or inviting country for them to come to, and they are gently but firmly turned back, for their own good and ours.

At the Port of Landing.

The summer port of landing for all oversea immigrants is Quebec, and the winter ports are Halifax and St. John. At these places comfortable and commodious buildings are maintained, in which the immigrants spend the waiting time between landing from the ship and entraining for the railroad journey. The women and children have their own quarters and a matron and assistants to attend to them. If there is sickness medical aid and comforts are at hand, and if a contagious disease should develop the patient is promptly isolated and attended to.

The men look after the baggage, the exchange of money, and purchase of provisions, and when all is ready the journey inland by rail is begun, usually in "colonist" cars, which are clean and provided with facilities for cooking, eating, sleeping and spending the day in comparative comfort. To spend a little time in a colonist car and witness the scenes there brings forcibly to one's mind Dickens' observations in *American Notes* on the immigrants he saw travelling in Canada, winding up with these words: "Looking round upon these people, far from home . . . weary with travel . . . and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted over their wants first, then half supplied their own; what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were; how the men