

JUNE.—I have spent three weeks in Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, while waiting for the Board of Commissioners to meet and discuss the affairs of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, concerning which my time at present is devoted. They are members of Government, and seem to be too busy for anything. I called on the Attorney-General, with what effect he himself best knows; it is not worth repeating here. I will only say, neither he nor his partner quite understand the courtesy due to a woman or lady. It cannot be expected of persons who are over-loaded with business, that they shall have leisure sufficient to oversee the arrangements of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, which needs, like any other household, a woman's care to make it perfect.

In my wanderings since the fire of 1877, I boarded some weeks at the Y. W. C. A. home in Boston, a beautiful institution, conducted entirely by ladies. It was a comfortable, happy home, ruled by ladies who were like mothers or friends to all its occupants, and under the supervision of a committee of ladies who visit it every week. It is such arrangements we need to perfect the working of our public institutions, where a woman's care is required as in a home. Men are properly the outside agents, but women should attend to the inner working of any home.

The Tewksbury affair of 1883, stands a disgrace to the New England States, who had so long prided themselves on their many public charitable institutions, and which have, without question, been an honor to her people.

I am sorry to say they are not all perfect, as I learned from the lips of a young man in this hotel, who looked as if he were going home to die. He had been waiting some weeks in the Boston City Hospital, until the warm weather should make his journey less dangerous in his weak state. "If I should live a hundred years, I should never get that hospital off my mind," were his words, as he lay back in his chair looking so sad; "a disagreeable, unkind nurse, a cold ward, and miserable