

so dizzy I can scarcely see what I am doing. I know many of the girls come as learners, getting very little wages indeed, then they leave and their places are taken by other learners."

This simple account of a round of visitation, will give some faint impression of the conditions, almost unbearable, under which great numbers of our population,

here in Toronto exist, for it is existence and nothing more. To work, cook, eat and sleep in the one room is not uncommon. The song of the shirt has not been sung for the last time. It would astonish the knowing ones to learn the number of those who work out a bare subsistence in "poverty, hunger, and dirt."

CHIMES.

By Rose Ferguson.

What means this sudden burst of music pealing,
Each chime to chime replying? Cadence rare!
It thrills my very fibres, rousing feeling
Like chords to music waked by passing air.

In quickening time
And perfect rhyme
The notes now rise, now fall;
Some cause must be,
But not for me
To question facts at all.

Still on they chime, in greater volume rolling
A very weight of music o'er and o'er,
But deep within my heart a faint bell tolling
Foretells a time when joy shall be no more.

Rich and full the sound
That is echoed round,
Till the air with music teems.
Joy has come, and oh,
How the moments go!
Like our fair but fleeting dreams.

Dear heart, they're ceasing! Slower grows
the motion,
But sweeter the vibrations as they fade.
They seem to breathe of even-tide devotion
And light and love that cannot be dismayed.

Rising and falling,
Mem'ries recalling;
Dearer the melody now as it dies.
Always 'tis after
Moments of laughter,
Joy comes most lasting, embalmed with our sighs.