

tering, painting, and the weaving of tweed, serge and flannel, so that practically the whole of the requirements of the institution are met on the premises.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that much may be done to render the feeble-minded self-supporting, under supervision, but, if these cases were thrown upon their own resources, and had to fend for themselves in the world, they would, save, perhaps, in a few exceptional cases, prove utter failures, owing to their lack of moral power to stand alone, and not only become a burden upon the state, but serve to perpetuate the evil which all those who have studied the subject desire to see eradicated.

It gives me, therefore, much pleasure to know that the subject of the segregation of the feeble-minded has been so earnestly taken up by the National Council of Women of Canada, and I cordially wish success to a movement which cannot fail to conduce to the welfare of the nation.

May I say how much I appreciate the kindness of the editor of "The Farmer's Advocate" in finding space for the illustrations of our institution, and, if any further articles appear on this subject, I should much like to receive a copy.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST W. LOCKE,
Supt. and Secretary.

To this letter I would just add a few observations entered in my notebook when visiting this institution:

1. Great merit in every department of manual training; marked interest and pride in achievement, shown by boys and girls alike.
2. Great cleanliness in copy-books, accuracy in imitation, and hardly a blot to be seen.
3. The really artistic decorations of the passages and walls, the work of the inmates.
4. Good results from "the maximum of manual instruction, with the minimum of scholastic work."
5. Carefully tested in several departments of hand-training to discover bent of mind and ability, before the selection of the special industry as a means of self-support.
6. The delight in the new provision for the boys of the Upper Forms, of a locker for his individual belongings.
7. The beneficial working of the good-conduct badges, which are eagerly sought for, the small money rewards which accompany them proving an incentive to perseverance and good behavior.

8. The countenances of the children show content with their surroundings, and trust in the kindness and care of their several teachers. Conspicuous by its absence is that "institution face," which is but too often seen on the poor little waifs and strays of humanity, who, having neither kith nor kin of their own, become the involuntary wards of a nation. To these children, the Training Institution at Starcross is a real home, and the excellent superintendent and his sister the kindest of guardians.

H. A. B.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Toronto Children's Fresh-air Mission.

Dear Miss Farncomb,—We are again preparing for another summer's outing for the children. Last year, through God's goodness, 702 little ones were sent out—this year we trust just as many will be able to go.

We are so grateful to the many friends who, through reading the "Quiet Hour," opened their homes to the little ones.

Some of the children had to be returned on account of homesickness, and just as soon as they reached home, they were anxious to go back to the country again. Poor little children! It is all very new to many of them, and how the delicate ones improve in the two weeks, and how happy and well they all look when they come back—what a blessing it is that so many open their homes and receive these little ones, in His name.

Many donations were received without name or address attached, mentioning that they were readers of "The Farmer's Advocate." We have no way of thanking the friends, nor of sending them a report of the work the following year.

We wish to thank you, Miss Farncomb, for your continued interest in this work; and we trust you will be able to speak to the friends through the "Quiet Hour" again this year. Our report is now in the printer's hands, but we will mail you a copy soon.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE ROBERTS,
21 Scarth Road, Toronto.

A City Tale.

I heard a story the other day, and I've shaped it into a rhyme,
With the simple thoughts that occurred to me as I heard it at the time.
'Tis only a childish incident, but it taught a lesson to me,
And you know the greatest Teacher taught with a baby upon His knee.

It happened, you know, in that dingy part at the eastern end of the town,
Where sickened humanity loses its heart, and nature seems always to frown;
Where the black smuts fall from the chimneys tall,
And the engines of toil never rest,
And it's only in dreams that they think of the beams that shine in the golden west.

'Mid the twilight gloom of an upper room,
Like flowers laid out in a row,
Ere the gardener Death bound them into a wreath for the Bride of the King, you know,
Some children were lying, and tossing, and sighing, and nightly there passed away,
A baby's soul from the world's control, to the regions of endless day.

On one little bed lay an aching head that tossed to and fro on the pillow,
Like a tiny boat on the waves adrift when rocked by an angry billow;
And his shining eyes seemed to peer through the skies, just as lamps on a good ship's breast,
Seem to look, as they shine through the mist and the brine, for a haven of safety and rest.

He was only a wild, neglected child, a waif of the city grim,
Whose mother was dead, the nurses said, and whose father cared nothing for him;
And the pain that he bore, he bore it alone, for no one had taught him to pray,
Though at times in a dream he would say he had seen "a land that was far away."

And they heard him talking, one afternoon (so one of the nurses said),
Of an angel of light who came down in the night, and passed at the foot of the bed;
And his little voice trembled, his little frame shook, as he said in words broken and slow,
"He goes to the other boys' beds every time, but he never comes near little Joe."

"I wonder, suppose if I turn down the clothes, and watch till he comes, by and bye,
And beckon him near, will he come to me here?" and he finished the words with a sigh.
But a smile came over his pale, wan face, at the thought of his fancy born,
And he longed for the night with the feverish might that he'd hitherto longed for the dawn.

The shades of evening deepened fast o'er the city's soot and grime,
Till there boomed over all, from the bell of St. Paul, the old day's funeral chime;
And the new day breaking, the good nurse waking, arose with the twilight gray,
And passed down the room, 'mid the slackening gloom, to the spot where the little boy lay.

And she started, amazed, and then lingering gazed, for a wondrous sight met her view,
Which brought tears to her eyes, as of joy and surprise, as well it might bring them to you:
A little hand reaching in action beseeching, a figure half raised in a bed,
Two little eyes closing as softly reposing, and all of it stiffened and dead.

For the angel of light had come down in the night, and passed up the ward to and fro,
Till the beckoning finger had caused him to linger at the bedside of poor little Joe.
And before he could mutter the prayer he would utter, the small silver cord had been riven,
And the angel had said, as he turned from the bed, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Oh, mighty the teacher, tho' infant the preacher, how clearly he points to the skies,
More than all our fine colleges, systems and "ologies," mystical, learned and wise,
Oh, thank God, when we're weary with doubt and with theory, and scales seem to cover the sight,
Still in tiny wee fingers this simple faith lingers, and baby hands lead us to light.

Oh, 'tis strange how we older ones blunder and fight with the fancies that get in our way;
We bar up the windows while praying for light, draw the curtains while crying for day,
We sorrow and weep, and we stumble and creep, when there's nought between us and the joy,
But the shadows we throw on the path of ourselves,—would a baby do so with a toy?

Oh, you who have asked the Levite's help, who to Jew or to priest have cried;
Our Lord never saw a hand upraised and passed on the other side;



His Majesty King Edward, photographed a few months ago, while shooting over his preserves at Sandringham, accompanied by his corps of attendants, and the dog which has so continually mourned for his late master.