

lem was theirs and demanded that the new government should give it their attention.

We are not dealing with the unmarried parents of these children nor discussing the inequality of censure; but, in passing, we might say that the mother has to endure much—mentally, physically, socially—for the possession of what should be a "priceless treasure." Is not the punishment that comes from within enough, without having to bear the contumely of her "sisters" who in their smug self-righteousness look scornfully upon her humiliation? The severity of the sentence which conventional Christians mete out to her of a single fault may help to preserve the purity of home life, yet, in itself, this severity is responsible for untold anguish, and is the means of hurling many a good girl into a life of degradation and sin.

However, we are more nearly concerned with the fate of the children. You mothers who have felt the loving arms of your darling about your neck and its sweet kisses upon your lips, who have pressed its soft cheek against your breast and tended it carefully day and night, have you ever thought of the plight of these others who are deprived of their full share of love and never know the meaning of the word father? Born into a world where there is no one to welcome them, where even their own mothers are wondering before they are born how best they will be able to get rid of them, what chance have they? Over-ready to yield to alluring advertisements, or to take the advice of unscrupulous people, many of these mothers part with their babies—and incidentally with all the money at their command. In their desperation for concealment, they surely cannot realise that when they give their baby into the care of an "institution" or a "baby-farm," they are, in many cases, virtually signing its death warrant. In spite of laws formed to prevent the evils of baby-farming, who has not read from time to time of the sickening horrors hidden under the roofs of such places? The neglect, the starving, the disease, the slow killing of these little ones are only occasionally brought to public notice when in some glaring case too many deaths per year take place. Recent investigations made in the United States have disclosed a condition of things so overwhelmingly horrible as to be almost unbelievable. In one "institution" there, over eighty out of every hundred received die. Can you imagine the scenes in that place of baby torture? We spare you the details. Words seem so futile. But if those tiny, helpless tots have consciousness, their baby souls must appeal to Heaven to deliver them from so loveless a world as this.

Canada, like the rest of the British Empire, is woefully lacking in legislation for these little innocents, who surely are the least to blame for the position in which they find themselves in society. The whole system of dealing with the matter is wrong, and public opinion will soon be compelling the government to legislate these nameless children into the "rights," of which their parents have deprived them. The time has come when they must be freed from the stigma of bearing the sins of the father.

Several European nations are attempting to deal with this difficult problem. The general idea is to make the child a member of the State with the right to its protection and privileges, the child will be entitled to the name of its father and the latter will be required to support it as if it were legitimate—all of which might easily be adopted by Canada. Other suggestions, farther-reaching than these, are being placed before the public, many of them, of course, being extremely debatable. The main point is that those who are advocating the rights of the nameless child are viewing the subject from an angle different from that of the men who made the laws for men. They are endeavouring to eliminate selfishness—the curse of humanity—which is at the root of the evil and permeates the whole of it.

In the event of the impossibility of the personal super-

vision of the mother, some other mode of adoption should be established than that of "institutions" or "baby-farms." The latter are very often kept by women in the lowest grade of social life, and consequently the children are reared in an atmosphere of degradation. That these places are under local observation, and that the law requires the registration of children received is not enough. We would suggest that the State should have the supervision of the babies, that the State should find homes, Christian homes where they would be assured of a respectable bringing up, that the State should collect the maintenance money from the parents according to arrangement and distribute the required sum of money for the up-keep of the children. In short, they would become the wards of the State. There are many homes of small families where the mother would be glad to take the baby and bring it up with her own, under such conditions. Indeed, there are hundreds of unmarried women who cannot hope to marry, but within whom the maternal instinct is strong, who would welcome the opportunity of making a home for three or four children and bestowing their love upon them.

This is essentially a woman's question. We must banish prejudice and let our own true womanly selves act. For humanity's sake, we appeal to you who may read these lines to let your influence and your power be felt. For the sake of our Christian religion, which has taught us to have a proper regard for the sanctity of human life and to place an inestimable value upon an immortal soul, we appeal to you to heed the cry of the nameless innocents whose case calls loudly for justice.

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#### DONNEGAL.

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With soul black as a cloud,  
And cursing God aloud,  
Fled Donnegal.

Far from haunts of men,  
To wild sequestered glen,  
Sped Donnegal.

Beside an azure lake,  
His burning thirst to slake,  
Knelt Donnegal.

Within that mountain bowl,  
He gazed and saw the soul,  
Of Donnegal.

The outlaw thus betrayed,  
Drank not, but knelt and prayed,  
For Donnegal.

Years later, 'midst the stones,  
Were found the bleached bones,  
Of Donnegal.

His bones alone were there,  
For God had heard the prayer,  
Of Donnegal.

George Hopping.

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