

have over 2,000 children in residence. We are sure that our readers would be interested by a few cursory peeps into the letters of these little folks. The extracts which we here present are "unedited" and unvarnished in any way, simply taken, almost at random, as samples descriptive of the lives which these rescued youngsters lead after they leave our hands. It must be borne in mind that many of such letters will hardly bear grammatical analysis; for we cannot, during their period of residence with us, supply our boys and girls with a *perfect* grounding in English composition. But through their artless and often ill-expressed sentences, runs a sincerity and manifest veracity which guarantee their fidelity to be really photographic.

Most of our young correspondents carry out to Canada with them the traditional formula of English working-class correspondence:—"Hoping this finds you quite well, as it leaves me at present;" but in quite fifty per cent. of our letters, there is the significant addition of "quite well *and happy*."

The following extract is from a letter written by a girl sent out two-and-a-half years ago, and who immediately went into domestic service:—"I am very thankful to you for sending me to Canada. I like this country very much, with its fruits and flowers, and the sweet music of the birds, and there is such a fresh, wholesome air, and so much room everywhere, and plenty of everything that one needs. The past summer has been very pleasant, the thermomater (*sic*) sometimes standing 80 degrees in the shade and above 90 in the sun." (Both boys and girls become quite knowing about the "thermomater" in Canada.) "This winter is pretty cold, and there is good sleighing now. . . . I have been here over two years, and am much taller than when I came here. I have grown seven inches, and am now four feet ten inches. I am learning to sew and knit, and I am learning to cook, wash and iron. I have learned to milk."

Both boys and girls over and over again express their delight with Canadian climate and surroundings. "I like Canadian weather," is a frequent phrase. "I like summer best," says one girl, "though I like to go sleigh-riding and snow-balling." "I am sure," says another girl, "the snow is five or six feet deep, but although it is so cold, the weather agrees with me. I am getting so fat and so tall that if you saw me you would not