

what wages a man would earn working on a farm, and was told, five shillings a day and his board. And one farmer told me that even when paying such wages as this, he was compelled to be content with a very short day's work indeed, as the labourer, if found fault with, simply walked away, knowing that he would be picked up at once on the next or any other farm. Hearing this, and remembering the painful pictures, which had so recently filled the columns of the press, of the Dorsetshire labourer, and others, how *could* one refrain from wishing that something could be done to bridge the Atlantic?—some arrangement come to between the Home and Colonial Governments by which the opening, presented to our starving poor by our Canadian Dominion, should first be thoroughly pointed out to them, and then brought within their reach? The United States never spare time nor money to acquire increase of population; their agents and advertisements crowd our railway stations and wharves, while our own provinces are left to blush unseen. In one port of Canada which I visited, I found that an agent of an American Company resided who boarded every emigrant ship as it arrived, and offered to pay the fare of anyone who chose to go to the United States, and ensure them at once remunerative work. With the offer of this bird in the hand, need I say that many go away