

"the few we have to record in the list of man's wickedness and woman's frailty;" or, in Miss Rye's more homely English, "Had a child by one of the young "Gourleys." Miss Rye and her friend the "legally appointed guardian," lived within an hour's journey of that unhappy girl's place of service.

A girl named Ellen Evans was sent out from Wolverhampton in the year 1870; Miss Rye informed me that she was placed with Mr. David Beattie, Westminster, adding she was "moved within the last month," that is in August 1874. With reference to that child, however, the following letter was addressed to an officer of the Wolverhampton Workhouse, not "last month," but just a year before the time that, according to Miss Rye's statement, the child was removed:—

"Dear Sir,

"London, Ontario, 31 July 1873.

"I now take the liberty to write to you and let you know that a girl, by the name of Ellen Evans, who was brought to this country by Miss Rye, and it is her request that I should tell you she was with a family by the name of Beattie for two and a half years, where she took sore eyes and was blind four months, and only had the doctor once or twice; and getting tired of her place she came to my house, and I repaired her clothes and got her a new situation, and she likes it very well; they have taken her to the doctor, and her eyes are much better; she can see to work in the house, but not to read or sew. She lost the envelopes and address that was given to her, and she cannot tell her age, or where she is from. She wants to know if her father is living, Benjamin Evans, and sends her respects to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Evans. She is a big stout girl, and very civil and quiet. Please answer this soon. Address London, Ontario, C.W., Mrs. Alex. Marr. The doctor says it is scrofula that is in the blood that makes Ellen's eyes sore; he says it will take about 12 months before they are better. I have a large family of my own, and I had pity on her.

"Ellen Marr."

Such is the sort of "supervision" exercised by Miss Rye over these children. When I inquired about this child at "our Western Home," Miss Rye was wholly ignorant of her change of place, or of the miserable condition to which she had been reduced.

Early in the year 1873, I happened to be present at the meeting of the guardians of the Merthyr Tydfil Union, when an application was read from Miss Rye to entrust to her care some children for emigration to Canada. Objections were made by some of the guardians, but, upon the whole, they consented, and, looking to the fact that the system had been approved of by the Local Government Board, I expressed myself in favour of the application being acceded to. Amongst the children sent out upon that occasion was a girl named Mary Ford, whose address was given to me by Miss Rye as with Mrs. Dallas, Wellington-street, Hamilton. Walking up Wellington-street, Hamilton, in quest of Mrs. Dallas's house, I asked a coloured man whom I met if he could direct me to it, and, to assist him in doing so, told him I was looking after a little English child who was there in service. "Oh!" he replied, "I am glad that anybody has come to look after her; I have seen that child flogged worse than a slave; but don't mention me as telling you, for I do all the white-washing of the house." Upon visiting Mrs. Dallas, who, I was informed, kept a boarding-house for young men, she told me that she had been frequently obliged to punish the child severely; that she was a thief and a liar; she stole money and anything else she could lay her hands on; there was no believing a word she said. She further described the way in which the child had been sent to her by train, with a label pinned upon her breast, "as if she was a parcel of goods." More than once, she told me, she was on the point of turning the child out of the house. "Why," I asked, "did you not write to Miss Alloway?" (Miss Rye's assistant). "I did write to her, and she took no notice of my letter." "But Miss Rye is in the country, why did you not write to her?" "I did write to Miss Rye asking her to change the child, but she has taken no notice of my letter." From the time the child was placed in this service no person had been to see her or inquire about her. I may add, that she left the workhouse of the Merthyr Tydfil Union with a very good character. With this child I had a long conversation apart from her mistress. She admitted quite frankly some of the offences with which she was charged; but there was no mistaking her character—that of an affectionate and very impressionable child. It may seem a trivial thing to mention, but when I spoke to her of her former teachers and associates, of whom I knew something, her eyes filled with tears.

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