

like dogs,—basking in the heat of the unwonted fire like brute animals,—the only instinct in their minds higher than those, being a hope that to-morrow may bring the work which they have not yet found? And those terrible pictures of the female wards, of the poor things once fair and country-bred, now hollow-cheeked and starved, hysterical with actual hunger, and whimpering like beaten children, if some unwonted word of kindness falls on their ears? And who shall wonder that the inevitable end of those poor girls, lured up to this Will o'the Wisp city, shall be worse than starvation, worse than death!

Oh! was ever such a ghastly farce played before heaven as our Parliament wasting months of labour and debate over questions of suffrage, and party, when our brothers and sisters, God's own creatures, are dying round us, body and soul, body and soul! In our own Empire in the West, there is need for every one of them, room for every man to earn his living, and every woman to learn what a *home* means: and yet they are kept here to starve.

In the beautiful valley of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia—perhaps the garden of Canada, and rendered classical by Longfellow, as the home of Evangeline, I found the want of labour so great that in some cases farmers had to give up their farms from inability to cultivate them. I asked