

"I have known all misfortune but disgrace," says Jean Inglelow in her story of The Two Margarets, and sad indeed it is to follow the course of misfortune in its career. The happy home coming of the bride wife to her humble cottage, in which she gathered, as time went on, with a prudent hand, such little treasures as fell to her lot. The industrious husband returning to his evening meal with light heart and contentment of mind. Children were there, home is not perfect without them, and they generally bless the door-steps of the poor. Do you see a cloud advancing? Possibly an accident, or a day of soaking rain, which penetrates the not too-resisting clothing of the worker; illness follows. It is hard to keep house when the wage earner is laid up. One thing after another, until the last dark curtain is drawn over the sad scene—the mother and her little ones are homeless now.

It may be that it is the wife that is taken; then who will work and mend for the children; who will make ready the necessary food; who will bring them up in the way that they should go, when she who was so loving and so able is no more? Sorrow like this is not easy to fathom; it has to be felt, to be understood.

It is then that the sheltering doors of the Home opens and endeavours to aid, with such help as it is anxious to give, the sorely needed assistance. It can give food and clothing and many things, but what can supply a mother's love or father's earnest care? Love, affectionate interest in it, is what a little child thrives best upon; it is almost as necessary for it as its daily food; without it the body may be strong and healthy, but what about the development of all those qualities which go to make up the mind?

Happily for themselves, the children as long as they are comfortable and healthy, are blessed with the natural exuberance of childish spirits, and seem to love each other without a thought of grief or loneliness. They enjoy their Kindergarten exercises, following on to contest places with one another in the more advanced classes of the school. How keenly critical they are of each other, when called up to take part in the closing exercises. Wise and firm teachers, how much have you not done to mould the character for after life.

The fuel which feeds such a mill as this is, is money. Nothing can be done without money.

The parents who survive, contribute as they are able, with but few exceptions, and visit their children regularly.

The city takes a paternal interest in its youthful citizens, and helps in supporting them. The Provincial Government also makes a per capita grant, yearly.

Those ladies on the Board who are able to do so, go out with book in hand, and sometimes despondency at heart, to ask for contributions; but it does not do to be heavy hearted; the work is a