

Toronto, among many others, two young women called on him. He found that they had come to this country seven years ago, under his (Dr. Barnardo's) supervision, and, during the whole of their stay in Canada, had been at the same place, in the employ of one of the leading residents of Toronto. The young ladies were neatly dressed and of refined appearance, and, after a long conversation, arose to depart. On leaving, one of the visitors turned to Dr. Barnardo and requested as a favour that he would not tell anyone that they were his *protéges*. The Doctor was much pained and grieved at the request and asked the reason for it. He was told of many cases where angry mistresses had reproached their employees, calling them "gutter children" and other uncomplimentary names. Thus, to avoid being abused and smirched, the girls wished to keep their origins secret. The speaker expressed much righteous indignation that Christians should be so cruelly unjust and made an earnest appeal to those before him that none under their care should be so unjustly reproached.

The abject poor were not all vicious. Thousands in all great cities had a continual struggle for existence, and a slight mischance, such as sickness or misfortune, speedily drove the poor unfortunates to the lowest depths of degradation. At the last session of the House of Commons, it was brought out, on investigation, that 7,000 labourers were rejected at the London dock-yards each morning. Thus it was everywhere. Many were willing to work, but could find none to do. Thousands were hanging on to the lowest rung of the ladder; one slip, one misfortune, and they were plunged into an abyss from which there was no return.

On Monday, September 17th, accompanied by the writer, Dr. Barnardo made an inspection of the Winnipeg Home, which was decorated for the occasion with the flags of nearly all the countries in which our Director's work is carried on, and, as the day was particularly bright and sunny, the grounds of 115 Pacific Avenue were remarkably attractive; while, as is usual in Mr. and Mrs. White's domain, order and neatness prevailed all through the rooms comprising the Winnipeg Institution.

On Tuesday at 8.30 a.m. our distinguished visitor began his trip to the Industrial Farm near Russell, and, through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials, who placed a private car at his disposal, the long journey was per-

formed in great comfort and, after Portage la Prairie was passed, became a kind of moving reception, for at nearly every station, as the train stopped to discharge passengers, mails and express, old *protéges* of Dr. Barnardo made their way hurriedly to Car 25 for the purpose of grasping the hand and receiving a kindly word from the one friend who came to their rescue years ago when they were in dire peril. In some cases wives were brought to the stations to join in the grateful respects tendered, and aside from the fact that all the receptions and interviews were most interesting and satisfactory, the general results from the tour and the evidence gathered as to the advancement of the little groups of delegates from Dr. Barnardo's great Manitoba colony, which now numbers between 2,500 and 3,000 people, were of a nature to cause any worker for the Homes to thank God that he or she had been permitted to have a hand in such a wonderful work of rescue.

At the Farm.

On arrival at Russell station, old boys settled in the neighbourhood were very much in evidence, and the difficulty was not how to get your baggage handled, but to decide into which of the many willing pairs of hands one should place his treasures.

The drive to the Farm commenced, but a short time elapsed before a sight burst upon the view of the Director's party, which brought forth expressions of surprise and pleasure: the old Home in a blaze of brilliant light, for from attic to basement gas, petroleum and wax candles appeared to forget their past differences and joined in helping the boys at the Farm to welcome the Founder of the Institution which is doing so much for them. It is needless to say that Bugler King was at his post in the office porch and sounded the General Salute in fine, clear tones as Dr. Barnardo's carriage passed on