

repeat here that these mines were veritable hot-beds for the spread of the white plague. The coal mines are not the only culture grounds for the dire disease. I may refer you also to the culture beds of the cotton mills of the North and the South, where child labor has been and is much in evidence. But why, you may say, am I talking about my neighbors? Are we as a Province free from the culture beds? As you are aware, I belong to a town which is noted for its woollen industries. It possesses the largest woollen mills of our fair Dominion. I would like to say that our civilization, our christianity, was of that type that we could boast that we are abreast of other people ; other nations, that we are living in a land where there are no culture beds—no culture grounds—for the white plague, in a land where child labor is unknown, and where our neighbors cannot point at us the finger of scorn. My fervent prayer to-day is—would it were so. After all, the churches that we see towering above us, the magnificent works of the architect, after all the efforts of our various leagues with their Christian influences, after all the sermons that are preached and prayers offered up, to say that we are living in a land where child labor exists is to say that a most lamentable condition of affairs exists, and that our neighbors can point at us the finger of scorn, and that we, too, lack much that might strengthen and support the props and bulwarks of a great country. We are much indebted to some of our noted women for some of the greatest reforms the world has ever seen. What was it, I ask, moved the world to the abolition of slavery more than anything else, and made Lincoln free the slaves, if only as a matter of military expediency, if not the writings of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? No one has written more strongly or more pathetically on behalf of growing childhood than Mrs. Browning in "*The Cry of the Children*." I will give you but two lines :

"And they look up with their pale and sunken faces
And their looks were dread to see."

And yet there are those who cannot see that the factory labor of children is slavery. In Greater New York, we are told, some sixty thousand school children go hungry every morning to school. It is needless to say they are unfit for their work. In great London, we are told, the number is vastly greater. In Toronto—well the latest report has not been handed to me. In regard to this matter a prominent weekly paper, published in Toronto, states : "Of the many terrible things in some of our great cities, this is one of the most awful to contemplate." I need not enlarge on this subject. The results are self-evident. Is it any wonder that many systems are vulnerable to attacks of the white plague and other diseases? The work of prevention seems almost insuperable, but it should not be so. If we could but eliminate from the make-up