

that Quebec has one so kindly interested in poor fallen women. Sadly must the Sister City miss the labors and the open home of Capt. and Mrs. Barton.

Extracts from Matron's Journal.

"Aged 24. Sent here by a lady friend of the Home. Had been seduced in the country and came to Montreal. Remained in the Home for some time; her child was sent to the P. I. Home, she herself went to service as general servant, and her mistress is pleased with her.

"On opening my Journal to record the events of another year, I wonder if I shall have again to record many cases such as this, where the mother has no desire to keep her child. It is hard for me to know what to do for the best. I have advised in many ways, and sometimes have erred. None can lay claim to perfection, either in deed or counsel, and it requires a quick perception of the "fitness of things" to bring all to work for good in the end. Some women who went to the Infants' Home have come out to put their children into the nunnery, after nursing them a month or two; others have returned to me to show their misery from taking my advice 'to keep their child.' One servant girl came begging, with a basket on one arm, and the child which I advised her to keep on the other! No one cares to hire a girl with a child, and we can imagine what destitution will drive her to do. They do not say, as Hagar did, 'Thou God seest me,' and their last state is too often worse than the first. Moreover, I have noticed that nearly all these unfortunates show a want of mind, a want of mental balance, so that, in my humble opinion, it is best in such cases that the children should be given to those who are better able to bring them up, as benefits, and not burdens to society."

No. 410.

"Aged 16. A very depraved child, sent here by her brother-in-law and mother. They said 'they had done all they could with her, to no purpose, and were advised to bring her here.' Young as she was, she seemed to have the seared and hardened temperament of a heartless thief. While here she broke open a box belonging to one of the poor girls, stole all her clothing, which she hid among the bushes in the garden, and, when she found she was suspected, broke a hole in the garden fence and got out. Her mother afterwards had her sent to the Reformatory for two years."

No. 411.

"A wandering imbecile, whom I sometimes find sleeping in the porch. Never stays any where longer than a week."

No. 412.

"A colored girl, fallen, came from jail and was sent here by a lady who had done much in trying to reform her. Only remained a week here, and

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