

The Report goes on to show that the philanthropic persons who have interested themselves in the emigrants have not confined themselves to the discovery of their dangers and difficulties, or even to issuing warnings against them, but have actually undertaken and accomplished a good deal of useful work. The Committee testify to the effects of various societies, especially at the port of London, particularly the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the St. Andrew's Waterside Missions. It may be interesting to mention here some of the chief agencies now being employed for the assistance and protection of emigrants.

Chaplains have been appointed at all the ports of departure in the United Kingdom, who arrange services for them before leaving and while on the voyage, and also arrange for their reception and oversight by the Church in their new home. The Episcopal Church in the United States has appointed chaplains at New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, who give such spiritual aid as is possible to arriving emigrants, and see that they are made known to the clergy of the locality when they settle. In some cases, vessels carrying emigrants to America, Australasia, and the Cape, have been provided with chaplains who minister to the passengers during the voyage. These are, of course, more necessary and more commonly provided for the "long-voyage ships to Australia and the Cape."

An excellent feature in these provisions is the appointment of matrons who have charge of girls and young unmarried woman, and look after them during the voyage and on arrival at their destination. Valuable services in this respect have been rendered by the Girls' Friendly Society. It need hardly be added that this kind of work is of the highest necessity and utility, and should in every possible manner be helped forward.

Reference is made to the "Emigrants' Information Office," where books, leaflets, and information may be obtained. This, as we have said, is all very well; but the persons who need these books will seldom read them. If only the clergy could be provided with the information contained in those books, and would convey it to intending emigrants among their parishioners and congregations, it would be rendered far more effectual.

One useful suggestion is offered for the benefit of persons of really good character who are emigrating. Forms of Letters of Commendation for their use have been issued, and the Committee remark that it is most desirable that clergymen should provide themselves with those letters, that they should fill them up, sign them, and direct them to the clergyman or bishop of the district in which the emigrant intends to settle. A great deal of good is effected in this manner. We are informed that a large number of young men of high character have been welcomed in this city by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, who have, in many cases, provided them with a home until they could find employment.

The report concludes by enumerating a series of provisions which it is desirable, in various ways, to make for the protection and assistance of emigrants. They are chiefly in the same line as those already mentioned, and consist more in the development of agencies already in operation, than in the devising of any new methods. The principal suggestions refer to the need of more adequate spiritual ministrations and of homes for emigrants at the ports of departure and arrival, where those needing protection or care may be received.

As to this last provision there can certainly be no room for difference of opinion, although it may be open to question whether such provision should be made by the State or by private organization. We are not aware that any one regards our present arrangements as anything like satisfactory or adequate. Suggestions and attempts have been made to provide better accommodation for the more indigent of the incomers, but it is still far from satisfactory. We believe that it is the duty of the Government to see to this matter. Immigrants of a right kind are of actual value to the country. If we had a consignment of horses or oxen, we should do our best to see that they came to no harm on the way to their work. Political economists tell us that a man is worth more to a country than a horse. Some talented gentleman has computed the exact value to the United States of the thousands who pass over thither from this side. On grounds of political economy, therefore, we should take care of our human property. On grounds of humanity and Christianity we should protect and help our brothers and sisters.

Of the author of "Robert Elsmere" an exchange says: "Though it is generally known that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, it is not so well known that she is by birth an Australian. Her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, now at Oxford, held an educational position in Tasmania, where he married the daughter of Governor Sorell. Two at least of his children were born at Hobart, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward is one. A brother, Theodore, is a schoolmaster in New Zealand, while a sister was married a few years ago to Mr. Leonard Huxley, the son of Professor Huxley."

## MY LOVE.

The light of my eyes—I have seen her,  
For she passed through the meadow at dawn;  
The clover bent low at her coming,  
While the long grass swayed sobbing forlorn.

She was humming a tune as she wandered,  
And up borne on the glad breeze it came,  
The thrush, who was trilling his love lay,  
Nestled low in yon thicket for shame.

Her voice sounded clear as the tinkling  
Of the bells that low echo in spring,  
As the carol of angels celestial,  
As the stars when together they sing.

MINNIE G. FRASER.

## THE NORTH-WEST FARMER.

I PROMISED the readers of THE WEEK an article on "The Bachelor Farmers." On Friday the 5th inst. I was lucky enough to visit a bachelor farmer under the most interesting conditions, yet I cannot find it in my heart to say a word about him until I complete the picture of the North-West married farmer.

On Wednesday the 22nd August, I found myself early in the forenoon behind a fine pair of horses. Besides myself in the trap were a photographer, a merchant, and Mr. Barton the proprietor of the farm whither we were bound. I will not again essay the vain attempt to give your readers an idea of the rapture of our autumn air, the splendour of our skies. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth Field, fought four centuries ago, and the course of the world and of the English and Celtic races since so occupied my thoughts that I fear I was but a dull companion as we spun over the prairie.

After traversing about fifteen miles we reach the "bluff country," and henceforth, until the pretty cottage of Mr. Barton glared amid the dark clumps of trees and bright gold of corn-fields and red and yellow and blue and pink of flowers, our way lay through a beautiful, park-like country, here and there the cottage of the pioneer showing its roof above the bush, sometimes the indication of life and residence being confined to "the smoke that so gracefully curled" in the bright sunlit air.

The cottage and its surroundings is a bit of Staffordshire beauty in the North-West. Everything has the wholesome English air about it. The cottage neat within; in front a hot house; around, a garden containing all sorts of flowers and vegetables, the sun flowers being very tall and splendid. Everything from a pumpkin to a gooseberry is here; from a melon to a currant—tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, radishes, celery, rhubarb, Scotch kail. Mrs. Barton and her daughter—sweet sixteen—received us with pleasant English hospitality, and at dinner, though it was not the roast beef of Old England it was roast beef as fine as ever Old England could boast of, fattened on rich prairie grasses and tender from generous food and balmy unpolluted air. Here were fields of as fine oats and wheat as man would like to see. After dinner we went and saw three horses and a Massey reaper make all that sea of golden oats into stooks, and then we formed a group and were photographed. At four the horses were "put to," and we were in Regina in time for dinner, very much burned—we, not the dinner.

On Saturday, the 29th September, I visited Moosejaw, about forty miles west of Regina. Moosejaw is a beautiful little place. It is on the Moosejaw Creek, and a fine rising ground on the north is balanced by a like elevation on the south, while away to the southwest by west you see the purple outlines of the Dirt Hills. Round Moosejaw, as round Regina, there has not been anything touched by frost this year. I determined to drive north, and my friend, the postmaster, said to me, "you will probably stop at Mrs. — for dinner, and you may as well carry her mail," therewith putting his hand into the lady's box and crying, "There is none." Mr. Dawson, of Toronto, was sitting near me and much he enjoyed the air, indescribably exhilarating, and many a time he exclaimed on the beauty of the country: one farm after another,—bright gold stubble, golden stocks of deeper hue—shone out from the gray green prairie. At last we turn on to the trail going on to a bachelor's farm—and yet it will not give the idea of the bachelor farmer I mean to convey later on. Some fourteen stacks of corn are round the cottage, to the front of which a young Englishman of energy and character comes and welcomes us. His mother, a stately English lady, with the unmistakable stamp of good society, also comes and welcomes us, and the young lady, the only daughter now unmarried, smiles a welcome from the door. "Where's my mail?" I am asked, and I reply, "Here's the only male I could bring out," and the momentary disappointment at getting no letters is lost in the evident pleasure found in extending to us North-West hospitality. Of course the inside of the house shows the presence of ladies, and although the two young men who own the large farm are bachelors, the grace of woman's thoughtfulness and taste is around them. The sons of a banker, these young men came out to farm in the North-West without knowing anything about farming. Yet, owing to energy and pluck, they have kept afloat, and this year they will make a large sum of money. As I write, wheat is being sold at \$1.11 cents a bushel.