

portly folio in which new entries are written almost daily. It was my privilege to meet some Barnardo wives in Canada—well-to-do young ladies, all of them—and, where there were children, it was instructive to note how bright-eyed and prosperously attired was the new generation.

In a word, on all hands I found proof of the success that attends this work of private Imperialism. True, I did not chance upon many Barnardo farmers in Ontario, which was the less to be wondered at because, in previous years, I had chanced upon so many in the Prairie Provinces, where affluence proves the sure reward of industry and a thorough early training. It was, however, easy enough to find Barnardo boys who—thanks to educational opportunities provided by indulgent foster-parents, or to self-imposed attendance at night-schools—had exchanged their agricultural destiny for a professional or commercial career; as also it was easy to find Barnardo girls who, by the same ladders, had climbed from domestic service to positions affording more scope for mental powers. Indeed, Eastern Canada is sprinkled with Barnardoimmigrants who have developed