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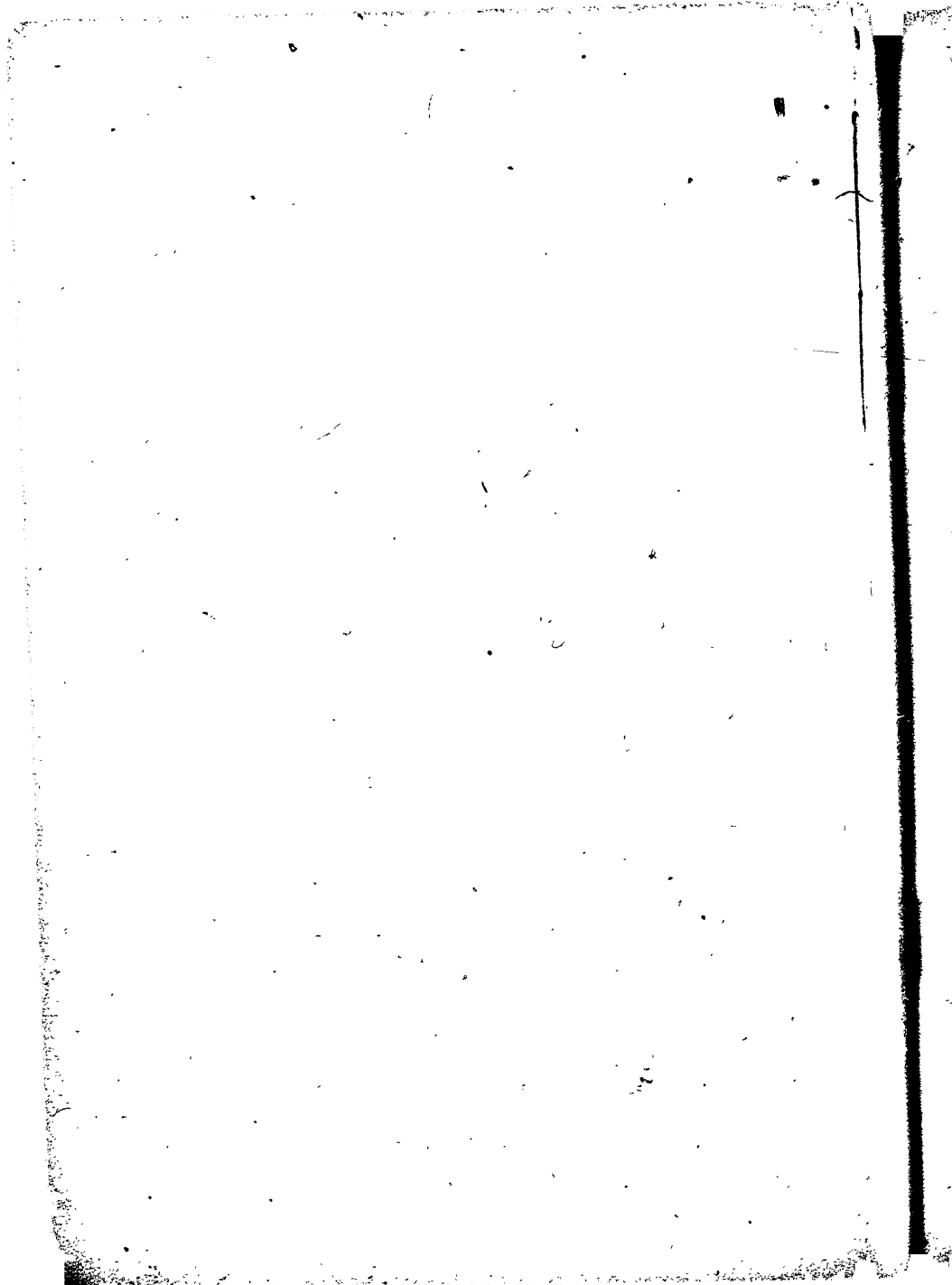
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Our Children
IN
Old Scotland and Nova Scotia.



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Our Children
IN
Old Scotland and Nova Scotia.

BEING A HISTORY OF HER WORK

BY

EMMA M. STIRLING,

THE FOUNDER

OF THE

**Edinburgh and Leith Children's Aid and
Refuge Society.**

FOUNDED 1877.

London:

**JOHN HADDON & CO.,
BOUVERIE HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.**

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PREFACE.

SINCE the year 1886 three little books on "Our Children" have been published and read. Apart from the records of work already done, hints were given of many desirable improvements contemplated in the way of improved accommodation, excellent farm buildings, etc., etc. All these things having been successfully accomplished I am in a position to extend the work. The mill and workshop are in full work daily, giving constant employment to an increasing number of boys. The orchards continue to thrive, and are most productive. The garden of small fruits spoken of in our last issue has done well. The marked success which has attended the introduction of "Our Children" into the hearts and homes of the people of the Maritime Provinces has enabled me to provide for nearly the whole of my original flock, and now I would gladly offer an invitation to friendless and destitute

children to enter my open doors. This means introducing "Our Children" to fresh people in new places, and thus I am led to comply with the request often made to me to give a connected history of the work since its beginning up to the present time, with as many details of my life with and for "Our Children" as may be desirable, without wearing out the patience of my readers.

As the proceeds of the sale of this book will be given to the work, will you, my reader, try to promote this object?

EMMA M. STIRLING.

HILLFOOT FARM,
AYLESFORD,
NOVA SCOTIA.

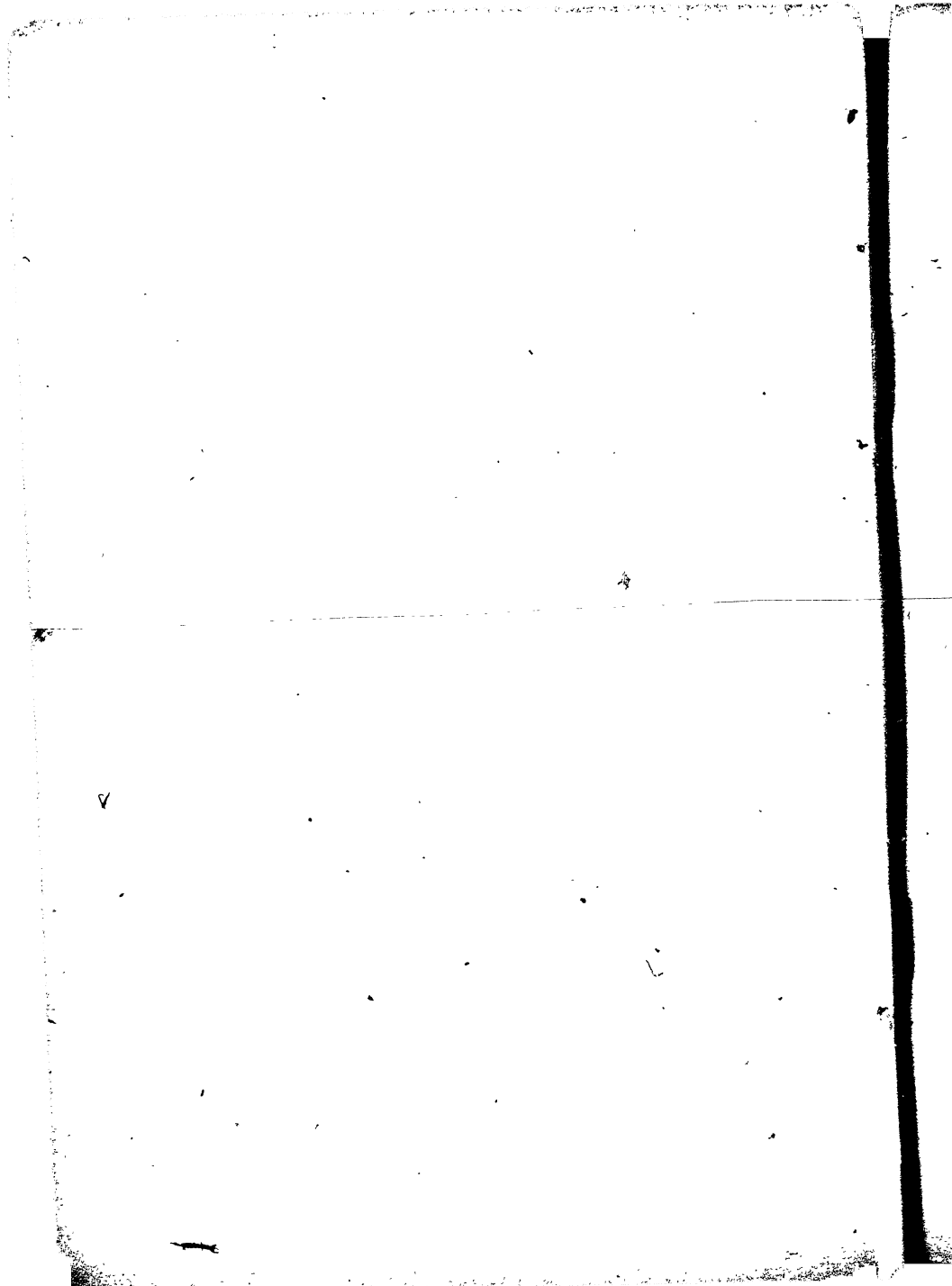
The Cry of the Children.

BUT the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

* * * *

And well may the children weep before you,
They are weary ere they run,
They have never seen the sunshine nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves without the liberty of Christendom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the balm,
Are worn as if with age. Yet unretreivngly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! Let them weep!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



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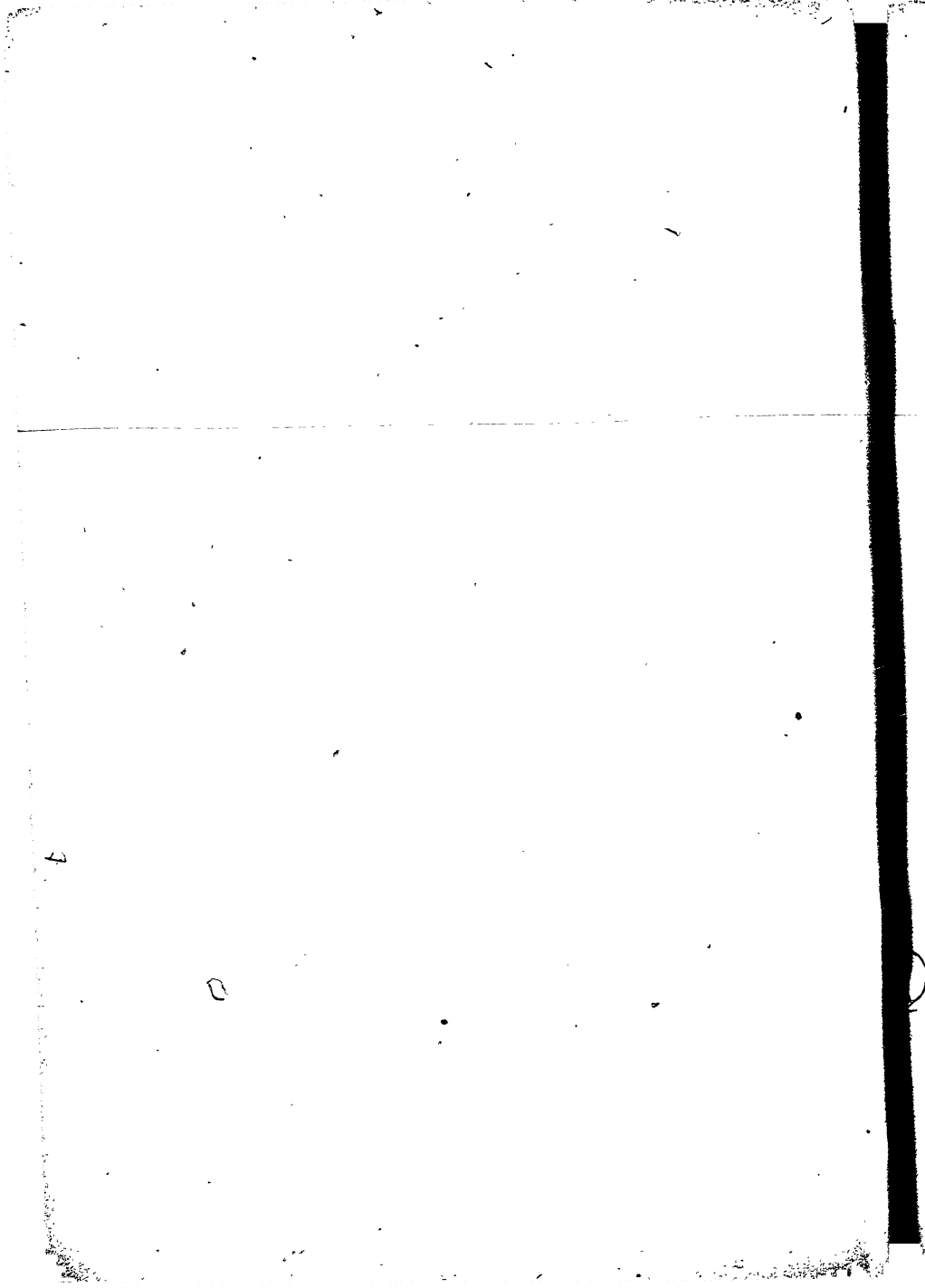
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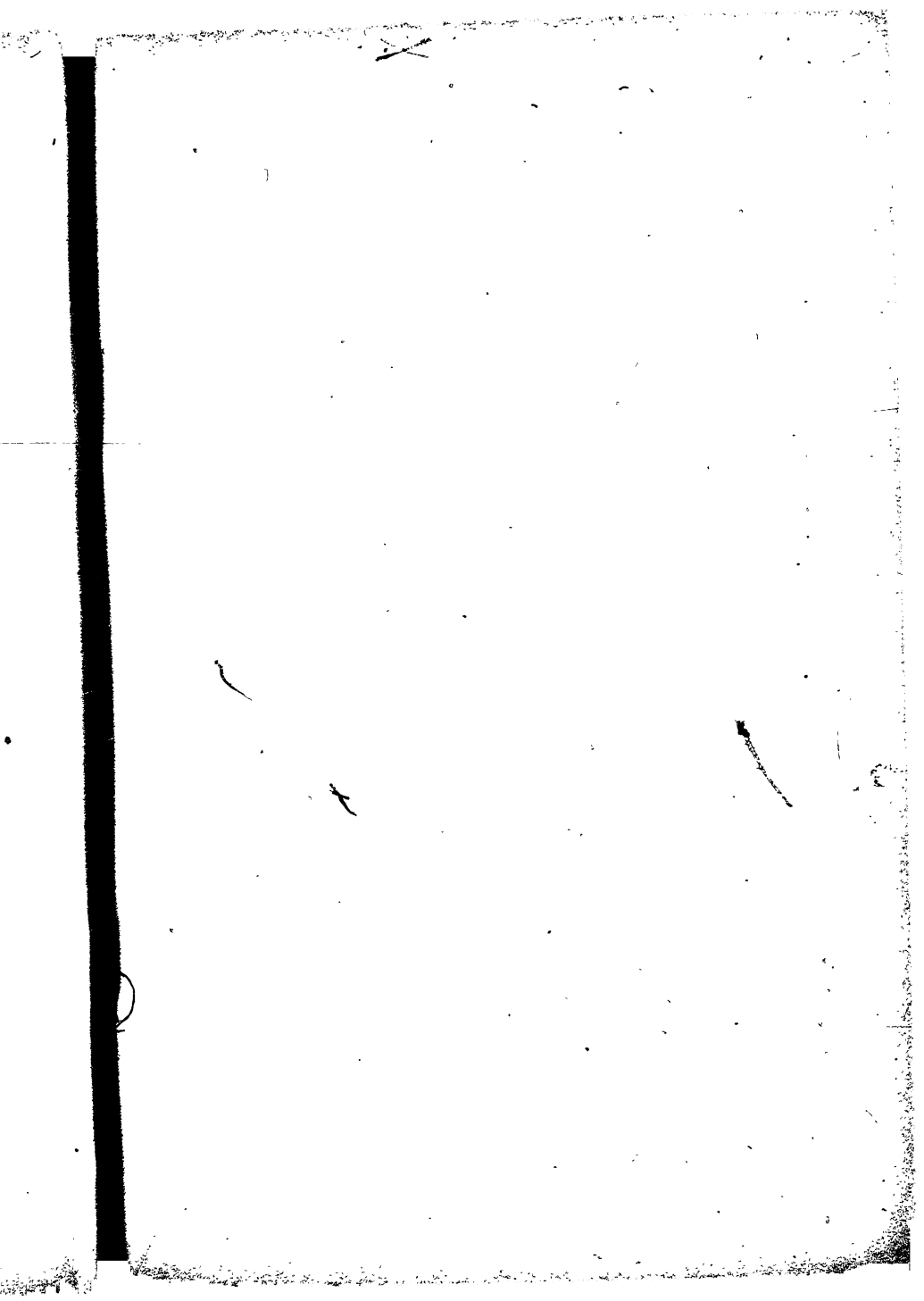
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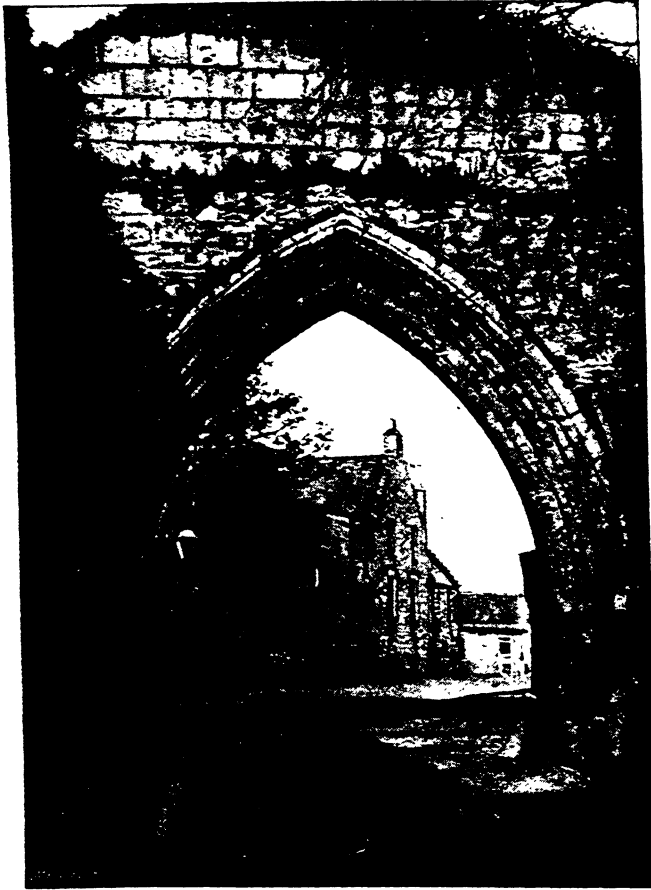
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THE OLD HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

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CHAPTER I.

FISHER CHILDREN AT ST. ANDREWS.

WHEN I was a little girl, my home was in a large old-fashioned house close to the ruins of the Cathedral at St. Andrews (Scotland). It was a picturesque old place, standing in its own courtyard and garden, which were surrounded by high walls. These were our only defence against the inroads of our somewhat troublesome neighbours "the Fishers," whose dilapidated dwellings formed at that time the east end of North Street, except where the line was filled up by our stretch of high walls. From our upper windows I had ample opportunity of observing the doings, and compassionating the misery of swarms of the fisher children, the dilapidation of whose clothing was only rivalled by that of their dwellings. Our chief meeting-place, however, was the open sunny space between our gate and the Cathedral, which was the favourite playground of our troublesome neighbours. Our gate itself was a curiosity, for over it were the Douglas arms—the bleeding heart—and, if it could have spoken, might have told many a tale of all who had come and

gone beneath its arch, since the days of its original possessor, the celebrated Gawaine Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and Dean of St. Andrews, before the Reformation days—whose mother is credited with lack of ambition for her son's education in the following distich :—

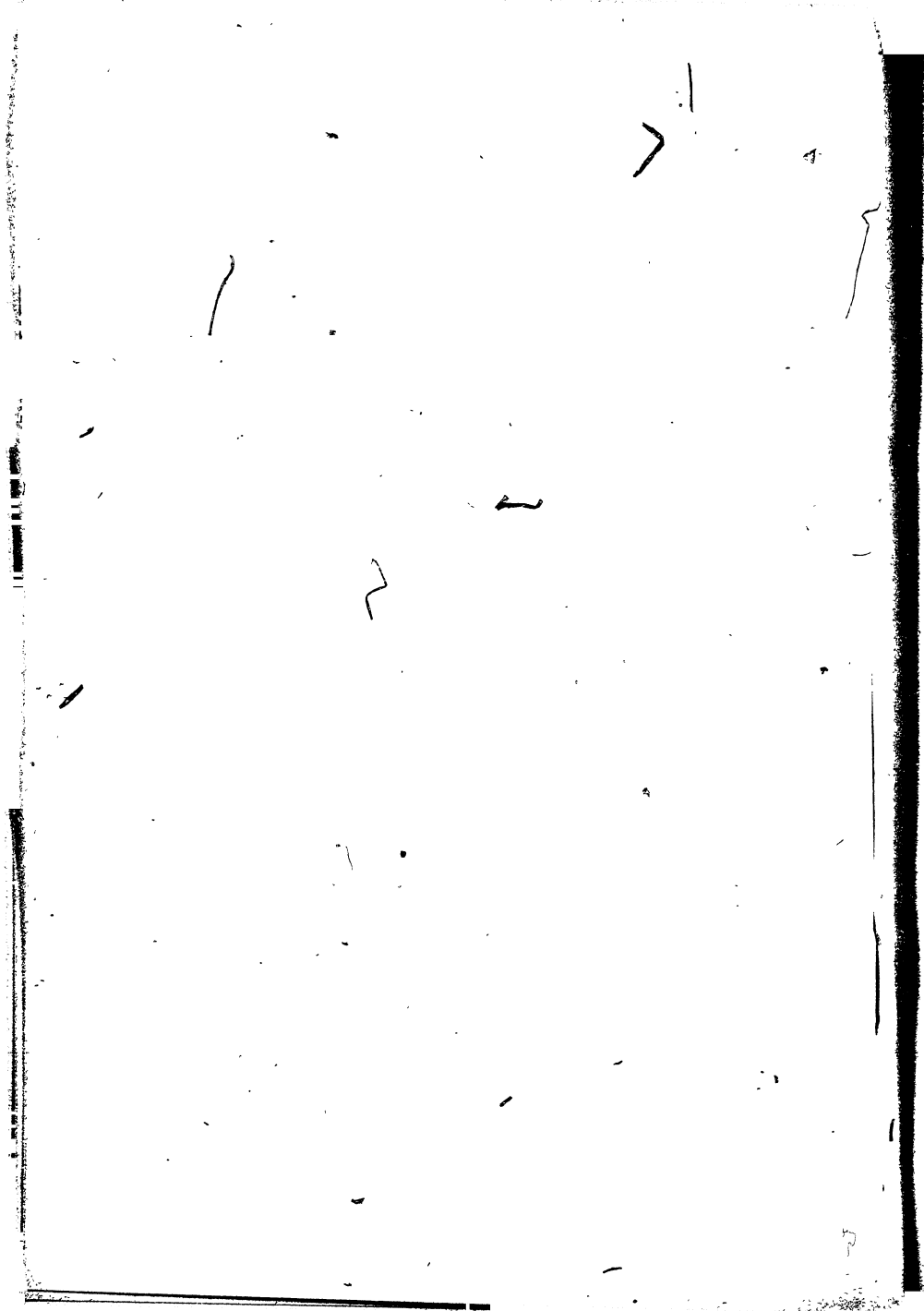
“Thank Heaven, ne'er a son of mine
But Gawaine e'er could pen a line.”

While the fisher children took their noisy pleasure in the open space aforesaid, our favourite playground was within the precincts of the ruined Cathedral, where my brother and I played happily many a summer's day beside an old and highly respected friend, who united in his own person the functions of custodian to the Cathedral, and factotum to my father. So it came to pass that in our baby days our favourite stories were told us by David about the Protestant Martyrs and John Knox, with certain gruesome details which we were enabled to realize more vividly by an occasional visit to the neighbouring Castle, with the window still remaining where Cardinal Beatoun looked out at the spectacle of George Wishart burning in front of the Castle gate, and at which window he himself speedily met with the retribution due. We would then cross the Castle yard, and with fear and trembling look down into “the Bottle,”¹

¹ This vault or dungeon is what is known as an *Oubliette*,



RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.



in which so many victims of ecclesiastical tyranny were immured until death put an end to their sufferings. Who can wonder that I grew up a staunch Protestant?

So matters went on until I was about twelve years old, and one of my brothers, a young soldier, came home from abroad, deeply impressed with the importance of eternal things, who lost no time in speaking to me about my soul, and the need of salvation, and the ingratitude and heartlessness of going on neglecting such a Friend as our Saviour; but I sturdily resisted all such appeals with all the little strength and obstinacy of twelve years old. A short time after this a dear elder sister, thirteen years older than I was, who had been for long in delicate health, was called by the Lord in a very remarkable way, and having found peace in believing Him, naturally at once tried to lead me to Him too, but as it seemed without success. The effort did not last long, for she was summoned to leave earth for heaven just a fortnight after her conversion, and died after a few days' illness, rejoicing in her newly found Saviour, but not before she had spoken many loving and earnest words to me, and induced me to

of which there are few now extant, but in the dark ages it was a common instrument of cruelty. It was of considerable size and very deep, and in shape exactly like a great bottle, with no aperture save the narrow neck, down which the victims were lowered by chains, in all probability never to return to the light of day.

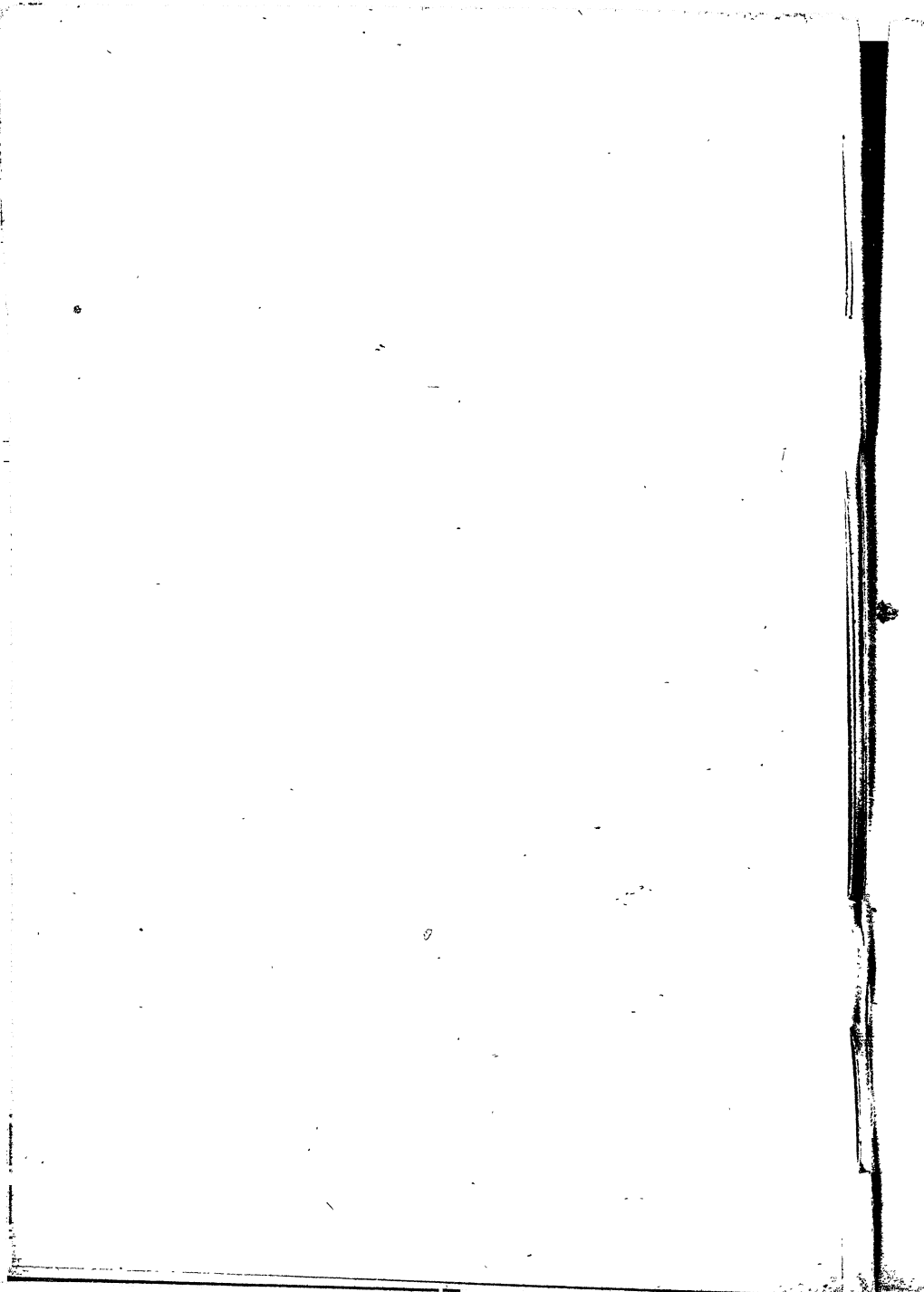
read to her constantly, during her illness, from her little Testament she now found so precious, that she could not do without frequent reference to it. But it was not until the day after her death that I took refuge in the Testament too, and in the 17th chapter of St. John found the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and before the sun set that evening, was rejoicing in Him who thus called me out of darkness into His marvellous light. It is a long time ago now, but He has never failed me since, and I believe soon began to use the child He called then, as a means of helping other children.

As soon as the Lord had thus brought me to Himself, He made me wish to do something for Him, and the people most within my reach were the fisher children in the adjoining street. These now became the object of my life, and to prove the *sincerity* of my interest, I may mention, it overcame my former hatred of plain sewing, and one of my great pleasures was to make what I could, in the way of clothes, for them. When I was old enough to undertake the duties, I was permitted, to my great delight, to become a visitor at the Fishers' School close by, where I worked first as a visitor, and afterwards as hon. sec., for about fourteen years, until disabled by the accident which laid me on the sofa for nearly six years, and from the effects of which I have never entirely recovered.

In 1876 I had gone to live in the neighbourhood of



ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL - 1900 J.V.



Edinburgh, the result of turning a corner in my life, when by my mother's death, my old home had been broken up.

I was somewhat of an invalid, having been, as I said, lamed by an accident six years before, and this, I think, has been the secret of my desire to save young children from like suffering, and possibly of my knowing how to nurse them when in pain. I was a good deal alone in the world, felt my weakness keenly, and often wondered whether I would ever again be of any use. I often asked God to give me something to do for Him. I could not help it. It is so sad to feel of no use.

CHAPTER II.

DAY NURSERY CHILDREN IN EDINBURGH.

IN the autumn of 1876 a friend told me she had been shocked by the fearful stories she had heard of the ill-usage of young children in Edinburgh, some of which she related. The result was that I opened a Day Nursery early in 1877, where mothers who worked out during the day could bring their babies and little children below seven years of age, and by paying a very small sum, leave them to be well taken care of till night.

A few came at first, but by degrees the Nursery increased, and the children grew and thrrove. I could not pay for much help, and had to be practically head nurse myself. For this end I spent the greater part of my days there, only going home to sleep. The work was hard, but most interesting from a missionary point of view, as in living the life and sharing the burden of the very poor, it gave one the opportunity of speaking words for Jesus which at a greater distance are either more apt to remain unsaid,

or are less likely to be listened to. As you may suppose, the demands of so many hungry and often fretful little children were incessant. The daily attendances, when reckoned up at the year's end, numbered by *the thousand*. How well I remember often sitting on a "creepie" (Anglicé, *low stool*) with seven infants round me on the floor, waiting for me to feed them turn about! All our arrangements were of an equally primitive description, which I discovered commended themselves greatly to the hard-working mothers who took advantage of my invitation. It will be seen we made no attempt to pose as a highly drilled institution!

The offer I made in return for 2*d.* a day was a warm house, three meals a day and a piece for those who had teeth to eat with. For the bottle babies I provided the best milk I could get, and an unlimited supply of crusts and drinks of milk for the teething children. Some friends used to shake their heads gently and murmur, "Irregularity." But the proof of the pudding was literally in the eating, and the starving mites grew fat and even rosy. The great difficulty was in the nursing required. Babies will not do unless they are kept cheerful, and I strongly objected to their being left lying in bed for the sake of convenience. But we did our best; and I employed a certain number of motherless girls, who, with good looking after, made very efficient nurses. We had a

good many cradles and swing cots, and I had a wonderful chair, in which I could nurse five little ones at a time. Added to these advantages, we had a large and perfectly safe playground, with good-sized trees in it, and a steep bank to run up and down, which was an endless delight to our children. It was carefully fenced from the street at one side, from our neighbours' gardens on the other and top of the bank, also from the mill dam at the bottom, which was a greater source of anxiety, as this was believed to be more dangerous than the Water of Leith running just below. Many a decent mother has thanked me for this "more than anything. Just to keep the bairns off the street."

I think I loved the old Nursery better than any of the Homes, for I spent so many of the early days of the work there, and learnt so many hard lessons concerning the children of the poor.

This is a cheerful picture, but of course there were very black shadows too, in having to see in so many cases the children suffer for the mother's fault, even to the extent of poor innocent little babies being poisoned by whisky!

I often think what a wonderful result has, by the blessing of God, grown out of the seed planted at the Stockbridge Day Nursery. It is now a big family tree, whose branches have spread beyond the sea, where active and capable young men and maidens are

carving out their own fortunes, and making homes for themselves in the New World, followed in their turn by bright, bonny boys and girls, who were brought as babies in arms, or very little children, just able to toddle in and out after one, like a flock of ducks, whose greatest pleasure was "a dirt pie," and greatest grief to be inadvertently left behind when the rest of the family had adjourned to have dinner in the kitchen. Now they are earning their own living; and it is but fair to them to say I have had no reason to be ashamed of them.

One of my greatest pleasures in looking back to the old nursery days is the recollection of the pleasant and affectionate intercourse with Miss Auld, who was so true and kind a friend to me and our children all through those years of (it must be confessed!) the anxiety and drudgery of Day Nursery work. How she came in all weathers to look after us and see we had all we needed in the way of housekeeping; how she cheered us up by taking the best view of everything, coaxed the bairns with sweeties—I always *said* it made me jealous, but I did not *think* it—how she controlled rebellious and provoking girls, kept up the spirits of the nurse, conducted mothers' meetings once a week, and scolded me roundly for my imprudence in various directions and not taking care of my health! I wish I had her here now, that is all I can say. I had many other kind helpers in the lady

visitors too, but as the object of their being there was to give me time for other things, I saw less of them, though I was most grateful to them all the same.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK FOR VARIOUS CLASSES OF CHILDREN.

A FEW months after I began the Day Nursery work I felt constrained to open a home in the autumn of 1877, as I found so many children who had no home to go to at night, unless the common lodging-house could be called so, and so many others brought by fathers, the mother having died and left the poor things to the care of the even more-to-be-pitied man, who had now to be father and mother and all. Need I say it likewise grew?

At this time, in 1878, I consented to have a board of Directors. When I accepted their co-operation, I kept in my own hands three items:—

- 1st. Provision and amount of food.
- 2nd. Entire control of the servants.
- 3rd. Admission of cases.

This I thought fair and reasonable, as I had undertaken to be responsible for the expenses of the Institution.

Then a terrible class of little sufferers were brought

to me—the inmates of baby farms. These I was enabled to protect efficiently by the help of the police, and many were rescued.

But there was a class even beyond these, more numerous and varied in bitter experience, as well as in age; for when does the drunkard's child, even the half-grown boy or girl, cease to be the victim of its parent's sin?

Many and harrowing were the cases for which my help was asked from all quarters, and in an extraordinary variety of circumstances. Sometimes help was needed only for a limited period; sometimes, until in a year or two, I could put the boy or girl in the way of doing for themselves. More frequently the little ones were left a burden on my hands altogether, until at last I had, for a long time before I left Scotland, 300 children to feed every day, to say nothing of clothing and education; and as all my Home children went to the public schools, the school-fees were a heavy item.

Thus the Home, once started, grew rapidly; first one house was opened, then another, till in 1883 I had Homes for girls and little ones at—

11, Mackenzie Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh;

2, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland, Fife;

For boys, at 1, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland, and 4, Bayton Terrace, Granton, near Edinburgh. Three of these were arranged to accommodate twenty-five children in each, besides two or three older girls

as workers, and we often had to stretch a bit when those pleading for admission could not *wait* in cold, hunger and nakedness till some other had been provided for. At Bayton Terrace we tried to keep to eight boys.

I lived on both sides of the Forth, and my own houses, Merleton, Wardie, and 16, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland, had many occupants, little ones, delicate children, or those requiring special protection from cruelty. I may mention that my servants, except the housekeepers, were all taken from the elder girls who had behaved well enough to deserve such promotion.

At this time I can well remember many a winter's night, when leaving Stockbridge at 8.30, after a hard day's work, when very pressing applications had been made *and sifted* for admission to the Mackenzie Place Home, I had to take two or three of the improved inmates from Stockbridge Home to Wardie with me, in order to leave room in the beds for the perishing little new-comers. Do you blame me? What else could I do? Could I have gone home *to sleep*, and know I had left little children to perish,—the little children whom the Lord Jesus Christ told us all to *receive* in His name?

I was careful *only to admit* children who were either victims of cruelty or really homeless, and without the necessaries of life; though, strange to say, from misfortune (too common at that time of general depression

and want of work, consequent on the commercial crisis) many became destitute, whose parents had been respectable and well-to-do people. *But I never, that I know of, refused* to admit a single destitute or cruelly treated child or young person, though I have refused hundreds of cases of mere convenience!

By 1880 the work had attracted a good deal of public attention and a good deal of criticism; and when the British Association met in Edinburgh, in October of that year, it was made the subject of discussion, introduced by our Chairman, Mr. Colston, which provoked most decided and, it seemed to me, most unjust opposition. I had been previously invited to read a paper on Day Nursery work, and the help and protection necessary for *little and innocent* children, unsuited by their age and lack of even petty crimes for Industrial Schools. I took the opportunity of pleading the cause of little children, whose only crime was their poverty, as earnestly as I could, and was listened to with much sympathy by many people, with amusement by others. At the close of my appeal a gentleman standing in one of the passages asked for leave to join in the discussion, and made a most touching and eloquent speech *in defence* (much to my joy and relief) of the cause of *little innocent* children. That speech, I am certain, turned the tide of public opinion in Edinburgh, and the speaker was J. H. A. Macdonald, Esq., then Sheriff of Perthshire, after-

wards the Lord Advocate, and now Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland.

Here I may remark that in opening all these houses since 1878 I always sought the advice of the directors in every important matter, and when they failed to attend the meetings to which they were regularly summoned, I frequently went to them at other times. Thus, in December, 1884, I added the Shelter from Cruelty, 150, High Street, to the list of houses, the reason for this being, I had found it necessary to receive so many children requiring special protection from cruelty at Merleton, Wardie; and as this was extremely inconvenient to myself and my household, I thought it better to incur the expense of another house somewhere near the Police Office. Besides, it was extremely desirable to have a kind of test-house through which doubtful children could pass on their way to the Home.

At this time there was an idea of some other friends beginning a *new* society for the same end, *i.e.* of Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but finding how fully the Edinburgh and Leith Children's Aid and Refuge (which was the name *now* given to this work) occupied the ground, these friends thought it better to join us and all work together.

In May, 1885, we were greatly cheered and encouraged when the Earl of Aberdeen, who was at that time Lord High Commissioner, did us the honour to

visit the Shelter from Cruelty on his way from the General Assembly, accompanied by the Countess of Aberdeen, the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen, and members of the suite. His lordship, who was patron of the original society, expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements, and especially commended the manners and appearance of the children whom I had brought from the Homes for his inspection. The ladies also were most kind and cordial in their approval and sympathy with the work carried on in the prevention of *cruelty* to children.

That day I received a request from Mr. W. T. Stead to go to London and give evidence concerning what was known as the Leith case (of which further details will be found in chapter v., headed "German Children"), which was desired for the effort then being made to secure the passing of the Criminal Amendment Bill. This I did, and went through a good deal of annoyance in consequence, as did everybody who ventured to meddle with the subject which so agitated the country at that time. I was therefore not sorry that I had previously arranged to go to Canada that summer, and carry on the inquiries, begun in 1882, relative to the emigration of children and the protection to be obtained for them. On this occasion I met with more success, and obtained promises of help of various kinds from various people; and matters having become serious, so far as I was concerned, financially,

I told the directors I must avail myself of the opening, with such children as could not be provided for otherwise. I further said if they (the directors) wished to withdraw from the undertaking, which had so outgrown its original proportions, I could only be obliged to them for what they had done. If they, on the other hand, decided to go on with me, I should be glad of their help. They decided to go on.

In the meantime I took a short lease of the farm at Leadburn Park as an outlet for our older boys, and as a means of employing them profitably, and training them for work in Nova Scotia. There were two houses on the place, one of which was very convenient for younger children in summer.

Thus, in 1886, when I sailed for Nova Scotia, and had closed my two private houses of Merleton, Wardie, and 16, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland, I had *still* eight houses full of children, besides many boarded in the country. Under these circumstances, with 300 children to provide for, I was forced to see what I could do in the new country, unless, indeed, I accepted the alternative of giving up the children, which I *could not do*. You will say, "Did you get no help?" I answer, "Very little in proportion."

The Town Council of Edinburgh and other public bodies gave annual grants, and the public contributed latterly about £500 a year; but, as I said before, it was understood I was responsible for the expenses of

the various branches of the institution, which before I left Edinburgh amounted to at least £8,000. This seems a large sum, but when you consider this paid the expenses for eleven years of so large a work, that at a very moderate computation 3,000 children had passed through my hands, and that about 700 young people had been started in the world, the amount does not seem extravagant. In Nova Scotia I have spent about £2,000 more.

In March, 1886, I accepted the invitation of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to attend (as the representative of the Edinburgh Society) at a meeting held at their Shelter in Harpur Street, where I met Mr. James Grahame, chairman of the Glasgow Society, and others. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh greeted me most warmly, and introduced me to the meeting as "a veteran in the work," having been fighting the children's battle against cruelty since 1877, while, as he was pleased to say, stronger people had only awakened to the necessity in 1884. In the course of the meeting we Scotch representatives urged the necessity for legislation in Scotland, and were advised to ask the help of any parliamentary or official friends on whose support we could rely. I brought the case before the Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, who was the Lord Advocate of Scotland at the time, and he most kindly arranged a meeting in one of the side rooms of the

House of Commons, which was attended by the Hon. Preston Bruce, M.P., Dr. Farquharson, M.P., and some other Scotch members. The Lord Advocate presided. James Grahame, Esq., represented the Glasgow Society, and I attended by special invitation to represent Edinburgh, which I believe was an unusual honour for a woman! Our friends spoke encouragingly; and promised to do all they could, though it was not until 1888 that the law regarding cruelty to children was altered. Praise the Lord!

I am thankful to have thus been the means of laying the foundation and developing in Edinburgh the work which since then, by joining the Glasgow Society, has become the Scottish National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

CHAPTER IV.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY CASES OF RESCUED CHILDREN.

As I have been engaged in another field for the last four years, and labouring for the good of children who *have been* rescued, and whose sorrows and sufferings are therefore things of the past, this chapter must be one of recollection; and I can only tell you cases as they occur to me in order to illustrate the story of the work given me to do between 1877 and 1888, when I left Scotland for Nova Scotia.

1. The first case with which I was called on to deal, and which opened my eyes to the *possibility* of hideous cruelty to infants, was that of a baby of something over a year old, which was brought me fearfully bruised, and had on its throat the distinct marks of a knife. I applied to the police for help, but, I regret to say, the perpetrator was not discovered. I nursed it till it died a short time after its admission.

2. Another was a girl of eight years old, who had jumped out of a window *sixty feet high* to escape from her mother, who was beating her unmercifully, without apparently any reason except drunken fury.

3. Another, a girl of ten years, whose mother had applied to the Home for her admission and had been refused as unnecessary, who thereupon set to work apparently to get rid of her, and with the help of the stepfather hacked her feet and legs with an axe. This case was brought by a policeman. Both these girls have done remarkably well.

4. Three children aged six, four and a half, and two and a half years. The eldest, a girl, the two younger, boys, were found in a dying state from want of food to so frightful an extent that they ate *everything*. The elder children could go to the streets and pick up crumbs of bread and stumps of cabbages, but the younger could not walk, so lay helpless on the straw, which, in course of time, he ate as well as paper and cinders. This I saw him do myself. His hair for a long time was *perfectly white*, like that of an old man. They have all done well.

5. Boy of five years. Was found hanging by his hands out of a high window, in which position he had been forcibly placed by his father in a drunken freak of temper. The child was rescued with some difficulty, and brought to me by his mother, who came home from her work in time to see her child delivered from his awkward predicament, and consequently implored me to keep him. For a long time the effect on his nervous system was evident.

6. A little boy of three years, who had been so

long. shut up in a room alone for hours, with a piece to keep him from starving, that his wits seemed to have become addled.' He never smiled, but moaned and chattered feebly. After being nursed for a good many weeks, he recovered in a great measure; and one of our little girls having taken him under her special protection, he gradually became like the other children, and is now a fine sturdy fellow, decidedly clever.

7. A fine stout child of about two and a half years, whose mother apparently set to work to beat him to death. He was brought by some working women, and the mother sent to prison for sixty days.

8. Another little boy of about the same age, who is nearly blind, his mother having poked his eyes with a stick. One eye is entirely blind, the other nearly so. Otherwise he is a stout and intelligent boy, with mercifully an extremely happy temper.

I could go on with such painful histories, but these will be enough to show what I formerly was called to do, in the way of protecting children from cruelty, before this work was so well understood, or so much the fashion as it is now.

There is another form of cruelty to which I shall refer in the next chapter. I mean the trade in German children, which I am *thankful to have been* the means of stopping in Scotland. But whether foreigners or not, it is by no means the first time that

little girls, mere children, have fled to me for refuge, as they might have done to the old cities which God appointed long ago in Israel ; they have come flushed, panting, terrified, as if the destroyer were at their heels.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in ;
In from the highways and byways,
In from the places of sin.

CHORUS.

Open the door, open the door,
Pray you that grace may be given ;
Open the door for the children,
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Open the door for the children,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Some are so young and so helpless,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children,
Stretch out a welcoming hand ;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Point them to Canaan's land.

CHAPTER V.

GERMAN CHILDREN.

IN 1883 a very strange thing was brought to my knowledge at the Day Nursery. It happened in this way:—

One day, about the end of May, a man called to apply for the admission to the Day Nursery of his motherless child, aged about four years. He said he was a German, and could speak very little English. He gave the name of N——, and said he was a chemist's labourer. The nurse supplied him with the usual certificate. He seemed unwilling to go away, and after a time made her understand he *now* wished a certificate for the *Home*, the existence of which he had discovered since he entered the house. She told him she must ask me for that, which she accordingly did at my next visit. It seemed to me a most necessary case, being, as I was led to believe, that of a little motherless foreigner, who had no other means of being taken care of. In a few days the child was brought, but instead of being four years old, looked

about six or seven. She remained in the Home all summer. N—— visited her frequently, and seemed very anxious about her; in fact, was inclined to be intrusive, and to disregard the hours at which visitors were expected. However, we made all due allowance for his ignorance of our ways, and things went on smoothly enough. All this time I had never met him, though I had several times sent him a message that I should like to talk to him. In August I was away from homé, and received a letter from him, not very coherent, written partly in German, partly in broken English. So far as I could understand it, the point was to beg me to admit *another* German child into the Home, whom he expected shortly to arrive from Germany. I felt provoked at his presuming to bring children from Germany for no apparent reason but to take advantage of the Home. However, as I could not decipher the letter to my own satisfaction, and was to be absent for some weeks, I thought it safer to ask our doctor to go and see him, to find out the truth of the matter, and, *if necessary*, receive the other child. After some correspondence Dr. Notley wrote to me that he could not understand the man; he had changed his address once or twice; that sometimes he said one thing, sometimes another; that the second child had dropped out of the question, and was not coming to Scotland in the meantime; that I had better make a point of

seeing him (the applicant) as soon as possible, adding, he could speak English as well as any one.

On my return to Edinburgh I arranged for N—— to come and see me at the Home. He at once began the conversation by asking me to receive *another* little girl.

I said, "Is this the one you expected in August?"

He replied, "No; that child stopped in London, where she has been put into a Home for German orphans; this, madam, is *another*, a *third* little girl."

Startled out of all caution, I remarked, "How very extraordinary! What do you mean by it? What are you doing with all these children?"

He said, "Oh, madam, it is quite natural; the first is my own child; the second—well, her friends' plans for her are changed; the third, it is still well. I want a companion for my own child, and I prefer a German to a Scotch girl."

I felt it was *not* all well. The man looked odd. I suspected something wrong, but could not tell what. I thought the best thing was to be quiet and let him go on telling me anything he chose; so I made a good listener, and, except by a question now and then, did not interrupt him in a long and circumstantial account of his wife's illness and death, when his little girl was born in a poor neighbourhood close by where we were then sitting. The truth of this I never doubted, and expressed my sympathy.

At last it occurred to me to say, "Who helped you to take care of your little girl after her mother's death till now?"

He said, "She was with my friends in Germany."

I asked, "Why didn't you leave her there? or why don't you send her to them again?"

His English failed; he no longer understood, until at length he informed me his object in getting the third one was to have her as his housekeeper very soon, and by-and-by to make his wife. I felt the only safety for the poor child was to receive her into the Home as quickly as possible.

Accordingly I gave him the certificate required, which he got filled up, and in a few days there arrived from the German boat, a fair, pretty little child of nine years old, who could not speak a word of English, and seemed dreadfully afraid of N—. She was in the Home about a fortnight, when he claimed the privilege of taking her out, as our children were allowed to go to their friends once a week, and arrived at Burntisland with her (where I was staying for a short time). He insisted on my allowing him to send her back to Germany. This I positively refused to do; and having warned him that I should inquire thoroughly into the circumstances, I allowed him to take the child away with him, having promised to take her straight to the Home. No sooner had I done so than I felt miserable, and after a sleepless

night got up in time for the early boat from Burntisland to Granton at 8 a.m.; drove quickly to the Home at Stockbridge, only to hear, as might be expected, there had been no tidings of them. From thence I proceeded to a German pastor in the neighbourhood. From him I learned it was a dreadful business altogether. That this man had had a succession of little girls, each personating his motherless child; that they had come and gone no one knew whither; that unless these children, now in his hands, were to have an awful fate, I must get and keep hold of them by any means, even if I had to get the police to help me. To this I not unnaturally responded, "Then will *you* come and help me?"

"No, he could not do that; he was *afraid*." I could not understand it, and wasted a few moments in coaxing and arguing with him. Finally, he advised me to go to the German Consul, who was *bound* to interfere. This I did, was courteously received, but obtained no sympathy nor any promise of help. Mr. R—— was strongly of opinion I should leave the whole thing alone.

Finding I was obstinate, he decided to tell me all he knew, and taking out a bundle of papers, translated for my benefit what sounded to me like a revelation of the greatest wickedness I had ever heard of. I need not say I left the office more determined than ever to rescue the child.

On returning to the Home, and finding the Nurse too frightened to be capable of helping me very much, I despatched one of the working girls to the "land," or block of houses where N—— lived, and told her to ask the women on the stair if they could help me, charging the girl to bring the child to me at once. E—— was an active, well-grown girl of about seventeen, and set off, nothing loath. When she got to the stair where the wretched abode was, she heard a child crying piteously, and at the top of the stair the sound seemed to come from an empty attic where the poor little thing had been locked in. But there was a broken window opening on the landing; and having satisfied herself that it was A——'s voice, she, E——, persuaded her to climb up on the inside of the wall, while she could help her through the aperture, and by a good jump get free. So that in a very few minutes the little prisoner found her way back to me, having apparently cried till she could cry no more. I thereupon decided to take her to Merelton, Wardie (my own house), believing she would be perfectly safe, and no one dare to molest us there. In this I reckoned without my host. The events of the forenoon I have described took place on Friday; and the Sunday following being the Communion Sabbath, all the grown-up people in my house wished to go to Church. To allow them to do so, a big girl was brought from one of the country Homes to cook the dinner and look

after the little children, of whom there were three or four besides the German child.

I having a very bad headache, could not go to Church, and stayed in bed. After the rest of the party had started, the children came to say their hymns to me for Sunday for a little, and then I believe I fell asleep. I was awakened by a knock at the door. "Please, ma'am, a gentleman wants to see you."

I speculated in vain what gentleman it could be. Visitors are rare in Church hours in Scotland. At length the girl hit on a name not *very unlike N*——. I jumped out of bed in perfect horror, and was told he was downstairs. On opening my bedroom door, I saw to my surprise the man standing at the top of the staircase close to my room door.

"What do you want?" I said. "What are you doing here? I am in my room, and can't be disturbed. You must go downstairs *at once*."

Rather to my surprise, and much to my relief, he obeyed me, but after getting to the bottom seemed to gain determination and proceeded to demand the child. Where was she? Was she in the house? A good deal followed that I did not understand. Again the question, Was she in the house? I did not feel called on to tell him; so contented myself with generalities and civilities,—asked him to be quiet, to see this person and that; above all things to leave the house.

The truth was my real position began to dawn on

me. Here I was in a lonely house with no grown-up person within hearing ; our neighbours had all gone to Church ; what could I do ? I could pray to God, not audibly. I went on speaking quietly to the man, whose threats had now waxed furious. "He would kill us all. He would empty the house. He would either have my life or the child. He could take both. He had brought *this* with him (showing me a stick loaded at the ends), and he would let me feel the weight of it." All this, and a great deal more, accompanied by a perfect torrent of bad language, in English, and apparently in German. I could only stand still at the top of the staircase, and try to remonstrate. I heard my own voice like a millwheel far off ; I was getting very faint, but all the time in my heart I was talking to God, and praying Him not to let that man get the child. I believed her to be in the nursery with the other children, and the door was just at the bottom of the staircase. I prayed Him not to let the little ones open it. This went on for twenty minutes. Why N—— did not give me the knock on the head he said he wanted to, I don't know, except, I suppose, that God did not let him.

At last help came: the children began to come home from church. The first was a little orphan girl who lived in the house, and hearing the man making a noise, and my voice speaking as if in distress, she could not bear it, but rushed past him and got upstairs to me,

and then went for a man a little way off. Then the little boys from the Boys' Home on Granton Road, who in those days always dined with us on Sunday, came in, and when the little messenger brought the neighbour she had gone to seek, and others began to appear from church, our visitor thought, I presume, he had better make off. Then policemen came, and one of these, an old friend in the neighbourhood, insisted upon bringing it to the notice of the authorities at Leith, and for the sake of the children I felt it would be better to have a full inquiry.

In a day or two a man and his wife—Germans—who had been supposed to be respectable, but who turned out to be accomplices, called on me separately and used every argument to dissuade me from this course. The man even again threatened my life, saying, "It is for your own sake, I warn you. You had better think *while you have time*." To which I replied they must do as they liked: I could not make bargains with a man like N——.

I am very thankful I made no compromise, as after a full inquiry through the Foreign Office, involving no doubt much that was painful to me, the Home Office gave instructions that the port of Leith should be watched by the police, so that no children should be allowed to land unless accompanied by their parents or well accredited people in charge of them, and that immediate notice should be given to the

authorities of the arrival of any such; and thus the trade in German children was stopped in Scotland. I was the means of seven children being delivered from this man. I may mention here that no sooner was the Criminal Law Amendment Bill passed than the man N—— was safely lodged in prison for a similar offence, and his accomplices found it convenient to leave Edinburgh, so that the gang was broken up. The following is an extract from a personal letter received from the Procurator Fiscal for the county of Midlothian. Referring to this case, he says :—

EDINBURGH, *Nov. 1st, 1884.*

MY DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

I can see no possible objection to your making reference in your paper to the case of the German children. The result fully justified your interference. And all friends of the movement for the protection of children should be indebted to you for your persevering endeavours to get to the bottom of the business.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT L. STUART.

I had also the great satisfaction of receiving the thanks of the German Government in the accompanying letters from Count Münster, the German Ambassador :—

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY,

LONDON, *March 8th, 1884.*

MADAM,—

In reply to your kind note of February 26th, I beg to state that the question therein contained has received my most careful attention. The report which the Consul-General

has, on my request, just made on this matter, shows that all necessary steps have been taken to prevent, and to cause a thorough inquiry in the matter by the competent authorities in Germany. In thanking you most sincerely for the great interest you take in the fate of these poor German children, I have the honour to be, Madam, very truly yours,

MÜNSTER.

Also from the Imperial German Consul, Leith:—

LEITH, *March 1st, 1884.*

DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

I am directed by Burgomaster Dr. Carl Petersen, the President of the Board of Foreign Affairs at Hamburg, to intimate to you the safe arrival in good health and spirits of the girl A. N—. I am at the same time instructed to express to you the best thanks, and the recognition of the High Senate of Hamburg, of the humane and carefully loving manner in which you have protected a daughter of a subject of that State.

The Imperial German Consul,
ADOLPHE ROBINOW.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMES FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN.

IN a former chapter, when giving an account of the progress of the work, I alluded to the rapid growth of the Homes and the number of houses required.

There were eight altogether, from 1833 to 1888. These were :—

Day Nursery, 10, Mackenzie Place, Edinburgh.
Girls' Home, 11, " " "
" " 2, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland.
" " Leadburn Park.
Boys' Home, Rosebank, Leadburn Park.
" " 1, Craigholm Crescent, Burntisland.
" " 4, Bayton Terrace, Granton Road.
The Shelter from Cruelty, 150, High Street, Edinburgh.

I know that some friends objected to having so many separate houses on the score of expense and in-

creased difficulty in supervision, but, after all, the *Home* is the first necessity of a homeless child, and I am convinced, *a real home*, and therefore *individual attention*, can only be secured where there is a manageable number of children; beyond that it ceases to be a *home* and becomes *merely an institution*, which I believe to be a very different kind of life, and which I have always been most careful to *avoid* for our children.

The Homes, as they existed at the time I write of, may all be described together, as they were all conducted on the same principle—exclusively that of a *family*. Each house was complete in itself, with Treasurer, some friend in the neighbourhood, who was entirely responsible for management of stores, accounts, etc., thus preventing any habit of waste or extravagance, which even in the *best* regulated (large) families is always too ready to creep in, this treasurer at the same time fulfilling the very important duty of seeing that the stores, etc., were used in the best way, and that the children *actually got* all that was intended for them.

I had not the means to build or adapt cottage homes all conveniently close together, and so I just made use of plain, ordinary buildings in suitable situations as I could find them, when the need for a fresh house arose. As to looking after them, no doubt it entailed a great deal of exertion on my part, even

with all the help the treasurers so kindly and willingly gave me.

Next in authority to the Treasurer came the Nurse, whose duty it was to be mother in the Home. I did not encourage the children to *call* her so, for I think anything unreal is a mistake, and many of them who remembered good, gentle mothers of their own could not have failed to resent it. They so often told us touching little stories of how happy and well cared for they were "when my mother was living," and how sadly matters changed when she was taken ill. How, for instance, "Bobbie was a bonnie bairn, with curly hair, and my mother kept him aye clean and bonnie, and syne when she took ill she could na sort him ony mair; and she could na bide to hear him greet: and we tried to do, and we could na; and she was taken away to the hospital, and—and——" The poor little historian at this point would frequently throw itself on my lap in an agony of grief. Some were more composed with a precocious gravity and care of "the baby" that was even sadder. A very troublesome baby of fourteen months was brought to us; he was accompanied by his elder sister of nine, because, as she explained, "he won't go to any one else." When I saw them at Mackenzie Place, I thought they were too delicate to stay there, and took them home with me. Master baby paid me the compliment of being pleased to go to me; and next day when I had him in

my arms, playing with himself in the grass, Maggie stood watching us with great interest, and said in a tone of sorrowful composure, like an elderly woman, "Baby thinks you're my mother; *that's why* he's pleased with you." I said, "When did he see your mother, my dear?" "About a fortnight ago, and *she's died* since;" and poor little Maggie heaved a deep sigh and shook her head.

But I must be done with recollections, as these Homes in Scotland are now a thing of the past, and it is only necessary to refer to them by way of giving a history of the work which would otherwise be incomplete. My views as to the management of Homes for homeless children will doubtless appear hereafter, when I tell you the story of our Homes in Nova Scotia, where the same plan is carried on, and where the chief object is to make the Home *a real home* to each member of it.

Before I leave the recollections of this happy time of work in Scotland, I must mention the boarding out system, which I was obliged to have recourse to in 1884, when house accommodation failed. I was very careful in the selection of those with whom they were placed, and the children were arranged in groups of four or six, so that the friend who acted as treasurer and paid their board monthly, could see exactly how they were attended to, and look after them in every way. I beg to thank those friends in the country, especially Mrs.

Paterson, of Buckrigg Farm, near Beattock, who so efficiently carried on this part of the work, the results of which were, to my mind, extremely satisfactory; and many were the lamentations alike of nurses and children when it proved too expensive to be continued, and our children had to be removed to other quarters, on my winding up my personal connection with the work previous to leaving Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

FLOWER MISSION CHILDREN.

THE heading of this chapter brings before me a different set of children from those I have been telling you about, but of whom I saw a great deal, and by whose kindness I was enabled to do a most pleasant piece of work for many years. They were the Flower Mission Children of Burntisland. I daresay many of them will read this little book, and will like to remember as well as I do, our lovely and fragrant flower mission, the fruit of which will, I doubt not, be seen many days hence. Therefore I shall take the liberty of reminding them of it, and telling strangers of a beautiful work which these children did, and which I never think of without longing that it could return, very much as in winter one thinks of last summer's flowers, and wishing they were with us again. The summer will come, and bring its flowers for those who are here to see them, and I cannot doubt that in the endless summer above, the seed sown by the Flower Mission children will blossom abundantly in the garden of God.

The Burntisland Flower Mission began and grew in the manner following:—

When I used to drive from Wardie to the Day Nursery for my day's work there, very often, for the sake of a little more fresh air, I went round by St. Cuthbert's poorhouse, and each time I passed I felt a greater longing to get inside of that institution, and see if I might be allowed to take with me a little pleasure and comfort to its inmates. I always had a great fancy for visiting in poorhouses, chiefly, I think, because at that time the inmates seemed so cut off from the outside world (I fancy it is better now), so lonely, so in need of the good news of God's love—in fact, of good news of *any* kind, even of human love; and in those cases where being there was most obviously their own doing, still they were the sinners Jesus came to save, and seemed to me more accessible than prosperous sinners outside. For all these reasons I had found my visits acceptable in country poorhouses, and now that my lot was cast near the city, I thought I would try there too. But what excuse could I make? At last it occurred to me that having again become the fortunate possessor of a *garden*, from which I was careful to provide the "Sunday flower" on Saturday, I might take some flowers to the Hospital. It had been our custom all my life in my old home to have this regularly attended to, and I have great belief in the blessing that goes

with a Sunday flower, for I believe in flowers as a direct means of grace. They surely carry the message of God's love to us, and His desire for our happiness and pleasure. He would not have sown them all over the earth, as He has done, if this were not so. Therefore it occurred to me to inquire whether flowers would be acceptable, or *permitted*, in the poorhouse. Finding they would be welcomed *if* there were enough *for all*, in the hospital for instance, so as not to excite jealousy, I speculated as to how I could get so many, and the stipulation seemed almost prohibitory, as the hospital had 250 beds, alas, apparently always full.

I noticed just at this time in some periodical an account of a "Flower Mission" in London. The name was new to me, but it seemed *exactly* the idea I wanted, and I lost no time in writing to the lady whose address was given. I forget her name, and the address of the mission now, but I believe it was the first of the kind in London, the result of which has been the spread of flower missions all over the world. In answer to my inquiry I received a most kind reply, approving highly of my idea, and giving practical information as to how to set about the work, at the same time dwelling much on the necessity for accompanying the flowers by a text from the Word of God, which was most easily conveyed by being written or *printed* (by hand) on a simple bouquet holder, a large number of which could be had for a nominal sum, at the headquarters of the

Mission. In my case it seemed to me they were supplied gratis! It then occurred to me I should be more likely to succeed in obtaining a supply of flowers, if I made known my desires in Burntisland. To those who do not know the neighbourhood of Edinburgh intimately, I may explain that at that time, before the Forth Bridge was built, Burntisland was a place of some importance to the travelling public, being the point to which the ferryboat of the North British Railway conveyed passengers crossing the Forth from Edinburgh to Fife and the North of Scotland. It was a quiet little town, lying close to the Forth, well sheltered by the Fife hills, with lovely woods stretching westward to Aderdour, and the whole country side celebrated for wild flowers.

For some years previously, while I was an invalid, I was much in Burntisland, and had many friends among the children of all classes. With the assistance of twelve of the elder girls it seemed easy to have a very efficient flower mission band. We discovered Mr. Wood (bookseller) was strongly in sympathy with us, and he most kindly agreed to allow the contributions to be brought to his shop on Friday, from 6 to 8 p.m., on condition that each evening two of my young friends who were known as stewardesses should attend to receive them, and pack them in the large tin box provided for that purpose,¹ which was sent across

¹ NOTE.—The duties of the stewardesses did not end here.

the Forth to me early the next morning. I had thus plenty of time to put the finishing touches to our bouquets before taking them to the hospital at the visitors' hours. Our success was complete, and we were also able to supply the old people regularly at Kinghorn Poorhouse, about three miles from Burntisland. The effect was most touching.

The flowers were treasured from one week to another—better still, the texts were kept as a precious possession, and the simple words of love and comfort repeated to me over and over again, reverently and gratefully by quivering lips, which I fear had in the olden time been more familiar with oaths. I was assured by the nurses that the softening of many hearts was not confined to Saturday afternoon, but was very apparent at other times.

One very desolate, gentle old woman, who had always been most grateful for the flowers, and had expressed most earnestly her trust in Jesus, had just passed away at my next visit. I was taken by the nurse to her bedside, and on her breast were laid the withered flowers of last Saturday, and *all* the little texts of weeks before. The nurse whispered, "Give

They undertook to make tea and amuse the children at the happy tea-party with which we wound up the proceedings at the close of each season, after the last Friday of September. We began with primroses! To show the popularity of the Mission, the contributors numbered over 300.

me one for her to-day, ma'am, a *white one*. She *thought so much of them*, and begged to have them buried with her." I believe from what she had told me she knew and loved the Saviour.

The matron told me she had never seen anything have so great an effect in softening roughness, and producing *good humour* in the place. She therefore asked that if I could manage it, I would bring large bunches of common flowers and stick in them a few texts mounted on wire, for the day-rooms in the main house. She was much gratified with the result, and told me she had often seen rough, apparently callous men, irresistibly attracted by the flowers, and reading the texts again and again, who had never appeared to notice anything else in the way of religion. Let us hope that even in their case the promise was fulfilled, that "*My word shall not return unto Me void*, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

And did the children who did this work get no blessing, do you think? I believe they received a great blessing—in better acquaintance with God's word—when they searched for texts most suited to the sick and sorrowful,—in greater enjoyment of their gardens when they gave their flowers to carry a message of hope and comfort to those who needed both sadly, and the blessing which the Lord Jesus Christ promised to all who should give even a cup of

cold water to any needy one, however humble and insignificant, if given in His name. I believe these children, who gave their play-time, sympathy, sweet flowers, and carefully selected texts, got a great blessing in their own souls, as all do who try to make the world better and happier for Jesus' sake. I have told this story of their lovely and successful work in the hope that some other children may be encouraged either to join or to begin a Flower Mission on their own account. Even outside hospitals and workhouses there are many to whom such a gift as a Sunday flower would be most acceptable. And there are many bright little boys and girls, who are often sadly in want of "*something to do*," whose clever fingers and pretty colour-boxes might find pleasant and useful work on wet days in painting borders round bouquet holders, printing texts on the same, and when the rain is over and the sun shines, could gather many sweet flowers to rejoice sad hearts and weary eyes in less cheerful places than have fallen to their own happy lot. Dear young reader, will you try? If you will, I am sure you will find there is great pleasure in being one of the Flower Mission children.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours ;
Enough for medicine, food and toil,
And yet have made no flowers !

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
Laden with sweet and rare perfume
Upspringing day and night ?

Springing amid the meadows fair
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passeth by ?

To whisper to the heart of man,
When faith and hope are dim,
That He who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him !

MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VIII.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

THOUGH Temperance work is not, perhaps, strictly speaking, the work required for our children, still it is practically inseparable from it, and in my experience, directly sprang *out* of it, for my first impulse to become a total abstainer arose from witnessing the sufferings and deprivations of poor little children in the course of my early work at the Day Nursery and Home.

I was *not* at that time a teetotaler; I thought that many good people who were so were mistaken, and pressed a theory too far. I had been used to seeing beer, wine and spirits moderately used, and that by people for whom I had the highest respect, and I did not feel called on to take any other view of the subject. I do not suppose I was singular in this. I fancy most moderate drinkers would tell you precisely the same; *but* I had hitherto seen what may be called the *right side* of the drink question, with no knowledge of the *wrong side*, except, I admit, the recollection of the fishermen at St. Andrews, long ago, when

they had come home from the herring fishing, or for some reason were flush of money, when they too frequently became excited to maniacal frenzy, and used to make it dangerous for quiet folks to pass near their dwellings; but these recollections were of frights long gone by, and which at the time I had accepted as a necessary evil. Therefore, when I began to work at the Day Nursery I was not a teetotaler! A short time, however, sufficed to entirely change my opinion.

It was *impossible* for any moderately humane woman to witness the sights and hear the stories of sin, suffering, and sorrow, which were a considerable part of every-day life there, without feeling horror and disgust at what was only too clearly the *direct cause* of nine-tenths of all the mischief.

As time went on and the Homes increased I had to be about more and more, and thus saw more of the life and temptations of working men, railway servants, dock labourers, sailors and others; and as my work had to be done in all weathers, and at all hours from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m., I had ample opportunities of seeing the effect of cold, wet and discomfort, on the men. What seemed to me the most fruitful source of habits of drinking was the want of proper food, at reasonable hours. This, as so many of them work at great distances from home, seemed unavoidable, as it was no part of the business of the too numerous

public-houses to supply *food*. I therefore thought of trying what a coffee-house at Burntisland would do to meet the want, on the plan of food *versus* drink.

By this time, 1881, the British Public-house Company in Edinburgh had been started, and the Secretary was most kind in giving me all information and assistance, and in helping me to an excellent man as manager. So that, suitable premises having been secured near the pier and railway station, I was in a position to begin work. I took the utmost pains to make the place attractive and pleasing in every way, with plenty of looking-glass, bright pictures, clean marble tables—in summer, flowers, and in winter, plenty of fire and gas. I also provided what seemed much valued—*wash-basin* and clean towels, a plentiful supply of the daily papers, *Shipping Gazette*, etc., and from the kindness of friends a good stock of second-hand magazines. The bookshelf was a prominent feature, and to this I added, for the sake of the boys and lads whom we induced to come in the evening, the *Boys' Own Paper*, *Animal World*, etc., and some sets of dominoes, draughts, and other quiet games. *Cards and gambling of any kind* were strictly forbidden. I am sorry to say it required some firmness to carry out this rule. We also had as much music as possible in the way of accordions, flutes, etc., and found a musical box very useful in attracting customers.

You will say I have left out the *food* question. I

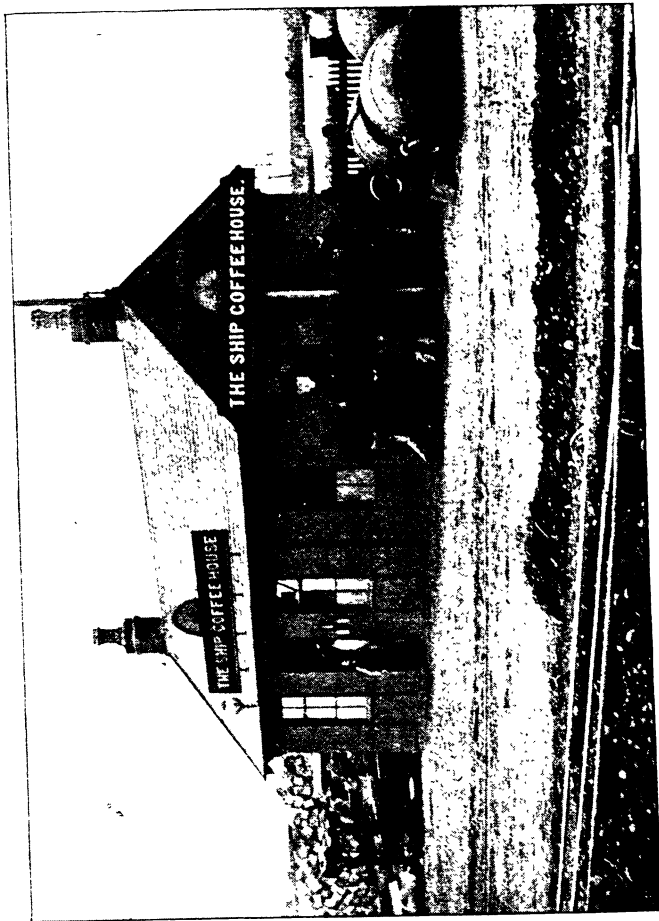
wished to tell you first how I tried to fight the public-house with its own weapons. As John Wesley said, "I don't see why the devil should have *all* the pretty tunes," and I fail to see why the drink-shop should be brighter and more attractive than the "*public-house without the drink!*"

One of our customers said to me one day, when he and some others had been admiring the arrangements, "Eh, mem, I think ye wad gie us *anything* but the *ae* thing, and that is—WHUSKEY! and I'm sure we're muckle obleeged till ye!"

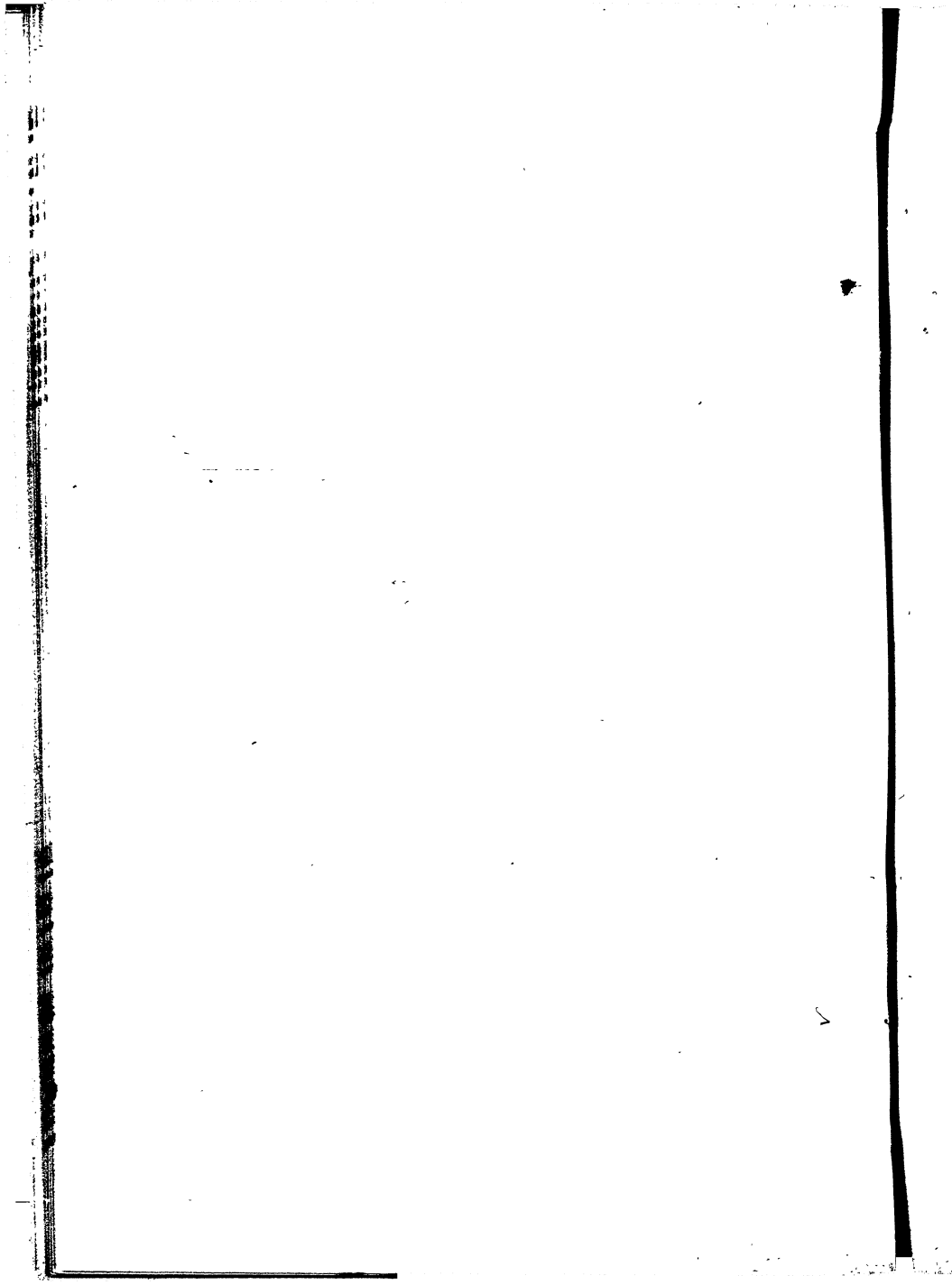
So they were, I am sure; but remember the coffee-house was in *no way* a charity. The people paid for what they had, and I was very careful to avoid any idea of the kind, which would certainly not be acceptable in Scotland. At the same time our prices were not exorbitant, as will be seen from the fact that a man could have three excellent meals a day for 1s. This was managed on the plan of the British Public-house Company aforesaid, and cheapness achieved by means of the large quantity required. We called it a *coffee-house*, but provided a great deal more than tea and coffee, viz.—soup, cold beef, ham, eggs, bread and rolls, butter, some cakes and pastry, and plum-duff for the sailors. For these I took a great deal of pains to provide *fresh* meat, but found to my surprise and disappointment there was no demand! Thus the Ship Coffee-house was launched at Burntisland in July, 1881.

Finding it likely to succeed, I ventured to try a *coffee-barrow* on Granton Pier, with a view to possibly starting another Ship Coffee-house there ; and finding our earnings justify the effort, I applied to the Duke of Buccleuch for ground on which to erect a wooden building, which was opened in December, 1881, exactly on the plan of the other, and which, since I left Scotland, has been most successfully carried on by a friend in the neighbourhood. The same manager is still there, who began with the coffee-barrow in 1881, Mr. Joseph Gloag. The Burntisland house I disposed of to a suitable purchaser, on condition it should be worked on strictly Temperance principles.

I may mention that in one year the earnings at Burntisland were £600, and at Granton, £500. Since then I hear that the Burntisland house has gradually lapsed, and finally been given up. I fear any such effort requires the active supervision of some one on the spot who is really in earnest in the work. I afterwards opened a third Ship Coffee-house at Kinghorn, at a time when the ship-yard was in full work, and several hundreds of men employed, whose habits and condition certainly seemed to require it very much ; but it never prospered so well as the others, and after two years of work I gave it up. There was a fourth house, which was successful while required, at the Binn End shale work, near Burntisland, which I helped the manager of the works to arrange and carry on chiefly



THE COFFEE-HOUSE, GRANTON PIER, 1881.



at the expense of the Company ; but after the village was built for the men to live near their work, this was not found to be necessary, but did well for the time.

The routine business of the coffee-houses was managed on the same plan as the Homes, by having a treasurer for each, who ordered and kept account of the stores, and balanced the sheet of supplies and sales every week.

The Temperance tent was (and still is) a most helpful adjunct, when fairs, games, or any other large gathering were held ; to say nothing of supplying Temperance refreshments to the cricket players on Saturday afternoons. Altogether, I am told that at this date the good effect of the coffee-houses is visible in the neighbourhoods in which they were planted eleven years ago.

APPENDIX TO PART I.

*Extracts from "Occasional Paper," dated November, 1889,
of the Scottish National Society for Prevention of
Cruelty to Children. Established 1884.*

JAMES GRAHAME, Esq., chairman of the Glasgow Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, giving an account of its origin in 1884, and after noticing the formation in Liverpool of the first Society called by that name in Great Britain, says :—

In another part of this publication there is given an account of the origin of the Children's Aid and Refuge Society, which is now merged in the Scottish National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, but which was then a private enterprise of Miss Emma M. Stirling, who deserves the utmost credit as the disinterested and self-devoted pioneer of the great movement for the protection and rescue of children in the East of Scotland.

Here is the account of the Children's Aid and Refuge referred to, signed by Mr. Colston, chairman :—

This Institution was established for the protection of young people.

It existed several years before there was any project put forth to form societies in our large cities and towns for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It was practically in its own way *subversing the very purpose* for which these larger organizations have been called into existence. The opening by Miss Emma M. Stirling of a small Crèche or Day Nursery was the *first* inception of the scheme.

Then follows a description of the Day Nursery, which it is needless to repeat. Mr. Colston continues :—

The Home was partly supported by public benevolence, but chiefly by the liberality of Miss Stirling, who generously made up the deficiency of each year out of her own private means. Having requested the aid and co-operation of a few leading citizens to act as a committee of advice in the benevolent work to which she had dedicated herself, it soon became obvious that there were many sad cases of cruelty towards children that the general public knew little about, and for which the state of the law did not afford any sufficient remedy.

Miss Stirling's active exertions in the work of rescuing and befriending neglected children are now well known to the community. It is not requisite to dilate upon these further than to say that her efforts, under the committee of advice who were associated with her, had, as their effect, in a large measure, the work of prevention of cruelty to children as now understood.

Then follows an account of the German children already described in Chapter V. :—

“ Since that time, as Mr. Henderson, the Chief of Police, and other official gentlemen in the city can testify, a number of cases of gross cruelty have been brought to light through means of the Aid and Refuge, and have been reported to the Police, with the result that the offenders were punished.

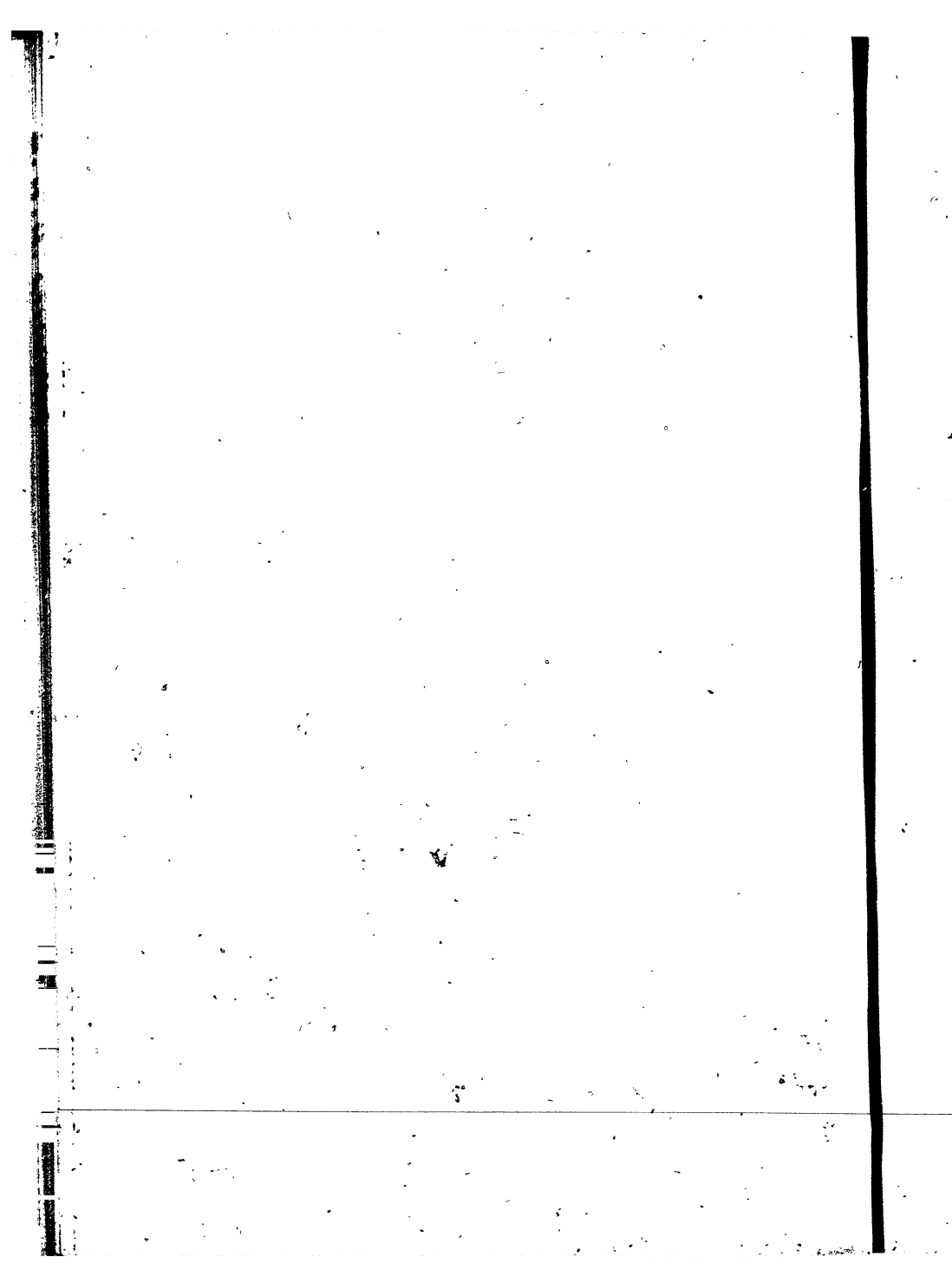
The Shelter from Cruelty was opened in 1884 by Miss Stirling and those gentlemen who had by this time become associated with her in the management. It is situated at a convenient distance from the chief police office. During the same year a Society was formed in the city, called "The Edinburgh Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children." It was, however, soon found by its promoters that the work was being so well done by the Children's Aid and Refuge that there was *no need* for the new organization. It therefore became amalgamated with this institution.

In 1886 Miss Stirling thought it to be her duty to transfer her field of usefulness to across the sea to Aylesford, Nova Scotia, where she is still proving herself the friend of little children by devoting her time, attention, and private fortune to their benefit.

(Signed) JAMES COLSTON.

PART II.
OUR CHILDREN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

4.



CHAPTER IX.

HOW THEY GOT THERE.

As I told you in a former chapter, I had come to the conclusion, in 1885, something must be done to feed and provide for the ever-increasing numbers of our children, and went again to Canada to see what could be done for them there.

As I could not make up my mind to resign them to the hands of strangers for the selection of their future homes, I preferred going with them and buying a farm, where I could make a home for the little ones, and headquarters for those who had already been placed; for it would obviously be worse than useless to send boys and girls across the sea, without a home within reach of them, with their own people there to look after their interests, and to hear constantly how they are getting on. One great trouble to us all in this was, that it divided the work and divided the workers, and in great measure broke up what had been for so many years a happy and useful Home party in Scotland. Still, for the sake of our children, we will do a great deal. I felt it was for the best to go and transfer my efforts to the new farm, where I

could feed the little ones at a cheaper rate than in Scotland. I told the directors eighteen months before this was the only way I could see of continuing the work, and left it to them whether they would continue to co-operate with me or not. As I said before, they decided to do so. Some of my most active workers joined the party, which was divided into two sections. I may mention that complete lists of children were formally submitted to the directors before starting.

In the end of May, 1836, I sailed with twenty-five children and sufficient helpers to take care of them, leaving the rest to follow when we were ready to receive them.

It is said, "He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about"; and so it was with us. We set out, not knowing *exactly* where we should find a home, but trusting in the same God who has led us and fed us all these years, and He has not disappointed us.

Kind friends in Edinburgh asked us to breakfast the morning we started for Liverpool, and wished us God speed. After breakfast they sang with us the grand old words beginning:—

"God is our Refuge and our Strength,
In straits a present aid,
Therefore, although the hills remove,
We will not be afraid;"

and read the ninety-first Psalm, the *Traveller's Psalm*, as some one has called it; and ever since, if anxious or perplexed on land or sea, we seem to hear the words again, so that we have been kept from ever being afraid. It seemed very hard to leave so many kind friends that morning. It seemed as if they were sorry to have us go; but still for "our children" what cannot one do? And the necessity was the same as it was in the olden time to Jacob's sons, when they heard there was corn in Egypt. Wae's me, there seemed to be little bread in Scotland, especially for "our children"; and so, when we had heard the last "good-bye" and "God bless you" on the railway platform, and had seen the last friendly face at the carriage window, we could only feel thankful that so many would think of and pray for us and our little ones, and would carry on the work of caring for our children while we were far away doing what we could.

But we did not leave all our friends in Edinburgh, for at Liverpool a dear friend and constant helper suddenly appeared, to the great delight of our children (who had not expected to see her); and as Liverpool was to them a "far-awa-place," almost beyond human ken, her appearance on the stair of our resting-place seemed little short of supernatural; "no *a'thegither* canny!" but the reality soon proved itself in the embodied spirit, full of kindness and help, and

an immense stock of sweeties. Our children were soon all put to bed. The older folks had still various arrangements which kept us busy till late.

The next morning saw us early up and away to the Alexandra Dock, where all went smooth, and very soon we found ourselves on board the big ship *Caspian*. Our children attracted a good deal of attention, with their Scotch tongues, neat cloaks, and bright fisherman's caps, which I devised as a means of keeping them in sight; for when we saw the red knitted cap, we knew the little head inside must belong to one of "our children." Remember, so many were under eight years old, four below four years. I took the very little ones with us, for I knew those to follow would have enough to do without such a heavy handful. The youngest of the party, a fat, good-natured baby of two years, seemed to enjoy the whole thing as well as any one.

Everything comes to an end; so does even waiting in dock for a ship to sail. At last all is ready; our last friend says good-bye; we say good-bye too, the children give a cheer for her; some of us feel a little as if we could cry; ropes, chains, etc., seem to make a little more noise, and we are off!

There is plenty to do to look after our children. The matron and girls are busy doing everything; I relapse into uselessness, feel ashamed of doing nothing, but I can't help it; I am a shocking sailor. It is said

somewhere, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." I often think that that is a good thing; for if they could, the waters of the Atlantic would certainly quench mine for our children. As it is, and there is no other way to Nova Scotia, I do my best. The others are very kind to me, and do all they can for me; it is not much, and their efforts are better bestowed on our children, who are *extremely* ill to begin with, and then, with the fickleness of youth, become lively and active, and used to the ship as if they were old sailors. They come and see me in detachments; by-and-by I am able to be dragged on deck, and we have great times; mercifully, the rest of our party are excellent sailors. The passengers are very kind to the children, and like to hear them sing: so they had a frequent resource in singing their Scotch songs and school rhymes, as well as the hymns of which they are so fond. Of all this I knew nothing for many days, but on Sunday we had a lovely day, and I was able to be at service in the morning. We had a children's service in the afternoon, and I was asked to let them stay up a little to sing hymns with all on board in the evening, which they enjoyed extremely.

Next day we began to see ice, and then our progress became slow, owing to the fog being more dense than usual.

On Wednesday we reached St. John's, Newfound-

land. We did not go ashore, but enjoyed the warm afternoon on deck, when the sun had broken through the fog, and shone brilliantly on the rocky cliffs of St. John's harbour and some of the vessels of the squadron lying there.

It was a pretty sight, and land is pleasant after being ten days at sea. In the evening some friends came on board to see us.

They said they had the greatest sympathy with the work, and wished to shake hands with me and wish me God speed, and would have liked to see our children. One said, "If he had known of our coming, he would have had us all come to his house." As it was, our children were in bed, and I did not wish to disturb them, a bad night being no joke. I was very grateful to the visitors, however, and felt it was a good omen, and an indication of the welcome we were to receive later on.

I must tell you about the icebergs. Fancy! we saw seventeen the day we left St. John's, from the deck at one time. They are most wonderful, like masses of statuary,—figures of lions, bears, obelisks, sphinxes—one exactly like Ben Nevis, others fluted with pillars, like pictures I have seen of Staffa and the Giants' Causeway, one or two like a Swiss scene—a snowy mountain in the background, and on its side and beneath on the plain, villages with gable roofs, churches and snow-sprinkled pine trees glistening all

over with prismatic colours. It was difficult to realize that the visionary houses were built by no human hand, or that from the tapering church spires no Sabbath bell had ever rung. One fancied the spirits of the air had helped John Frost to represent what they had seen and admired on the earth.

But with all the pleasures of the voyage, I was truly thankful when we all got safely off the ship, for our children had such a merry time dancing about on deck, with skipping ropes and games, that I felt a little nervous that one or two might skip overboard! We saw several whales, and whenever they were visible, the excitement was overpowering. Not that there was any real cause for anxiety about the little ones, as the sailors and everybody were so careful of them, and both the ship's company and passengers extremely kind to them. Many were the words of counsel and encouragement, as well as gifts of fruit and goodies which found their way to our children's quarter. But still I felt we had much cause for thankfulness when we all landed safely at Halifax early on the 5th June, and went into temporary quarters until I could arrange our future plans.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT THEY DID ON LANDING THERE.

IN beginning the story of our life in Nova Scotia, I may say once for all that when I say "*I*," and speak thus in the first person singular, *I hereby include our children*, as my life was now more than ever identical with theirs. I was now *alone* with them, to work for them, to shelter and take care of them, to protect their interests in every way—in short, to live and die for them. As I told friends and the public before leaving Scotland, "I had given them all I had, and now I had nothing *more* to give *except myself*, to go to Nova Scotia, and do my best for them there."

This, God knows, I have done. By day and night, in winter and summer, in health and sickness, our children and I have been inseparable.

It is also fair to everybody to state that the directors, to whom reference has been made in former chapters, had nothing to do with the Home in Nova Scotia, except to send children to it as I was willing to receive them. After settling the party in Halifax, I went in search of our future home, and in a few

days saw what I thought extremely suitable for the purpose. I had been guided by the advice of Dr. Lawson, Secretary of Agriculture for Nova Scotia, as to the points to attend to in choosing a farm; and the value of his assistance has become more and more apparent as time has gone on.¹ So much for the general choice. When it came to the "short leet" I had the benefit of practical help from Mr. Herbert Skier and Mr. Leander Eaton, both well known as excellent practical farmers in the province: to these and all the other friends who helped us in many ways, my best thanks are due.

Before we could move to the farm, however, we had a time of waiting and trial in Halifax, owing to the severe illness of one of my boys, who was seized with enteric fever, and had to be nursed in a separate house from the other children. At last, after several anxious weeks, it pleased God to restore him sufficiently to be removed to the country, where he speedily picked up health and strength, and became again the rosy active boy he was in Scotland. For this blessing we were indebted, humanly speaking, to the unremitting care and attention of Drs. Farrell and Cogswell, as well as those friends who helped us by

¹ A letter from Dr. Lawson will be found in another chapter, giving his opinion of our success, and the farm as it is at the present date—1892.

sitting up with him. I take this opportunity of thanking them all.

In July we were joined by my friend, Mr. H——, and he began the work of the farm just at the busiest time of year, when *hay* was the crop in hand.

As soon as my boy was able to rejoin the other children, I went to the farm, to see about enlarging the house, and adapting the place generally to our requirements.

Now I must try and describe Hillfoot Farm as I found it in 1886. It lies in the Annapolis Valley, about one hundred miles from Halifax, in what is known as the Garden of Nova Scotia, sheltered by the North Mountain, as it is called, though there is nothing like a mountain about it, no rugged steeps, or uncultivated moorland—a green swelling range of hills, with here and there a brook, and here and there a wood. Spruce and hemlock trees are abundant, but there is also a variety of “hard wood,” as beech, birch, maple, ash and oak are called. There are also plenty of “willows by the water-courses”; some of them are very fine trees, many have been planted by the French when Nova Scotia was called Acadia. In many places the pasture on the hillside is broken up by the plough, and excellent crops of potatoes and oats are growing on it. Turnips at that time were more scarce; but we have raised them largely, and they seem to be coming more into fashion. Lower

down in the valley more Indian corn and squash are to be seen, and quantities of hay.

All over the valley, whether on hill or in valley, the apples grow as natural fruit; of course the orchards consist of trees grafted with fine kinds, and the effect is beautiful, whether in the early summer, when the blossom is on the trees, or later on in the season, when from the beginning of August till the end of October, it is the principal industry to gather and pack for sale the wealth of the orchards, bending with their weight of splendid fruit, of all colours, so that at a little distance no leaves are very apparent, and you only see a tree, red, crimson, golden russet, bright green, pink and yellow—in short, all colours except blue.

I think our farm is one of the prettiest in this pretty neighbourhood, lying as it does on the sunny side of the mountain; the house is shaded by some large willow trees, in all probability planted by the French.

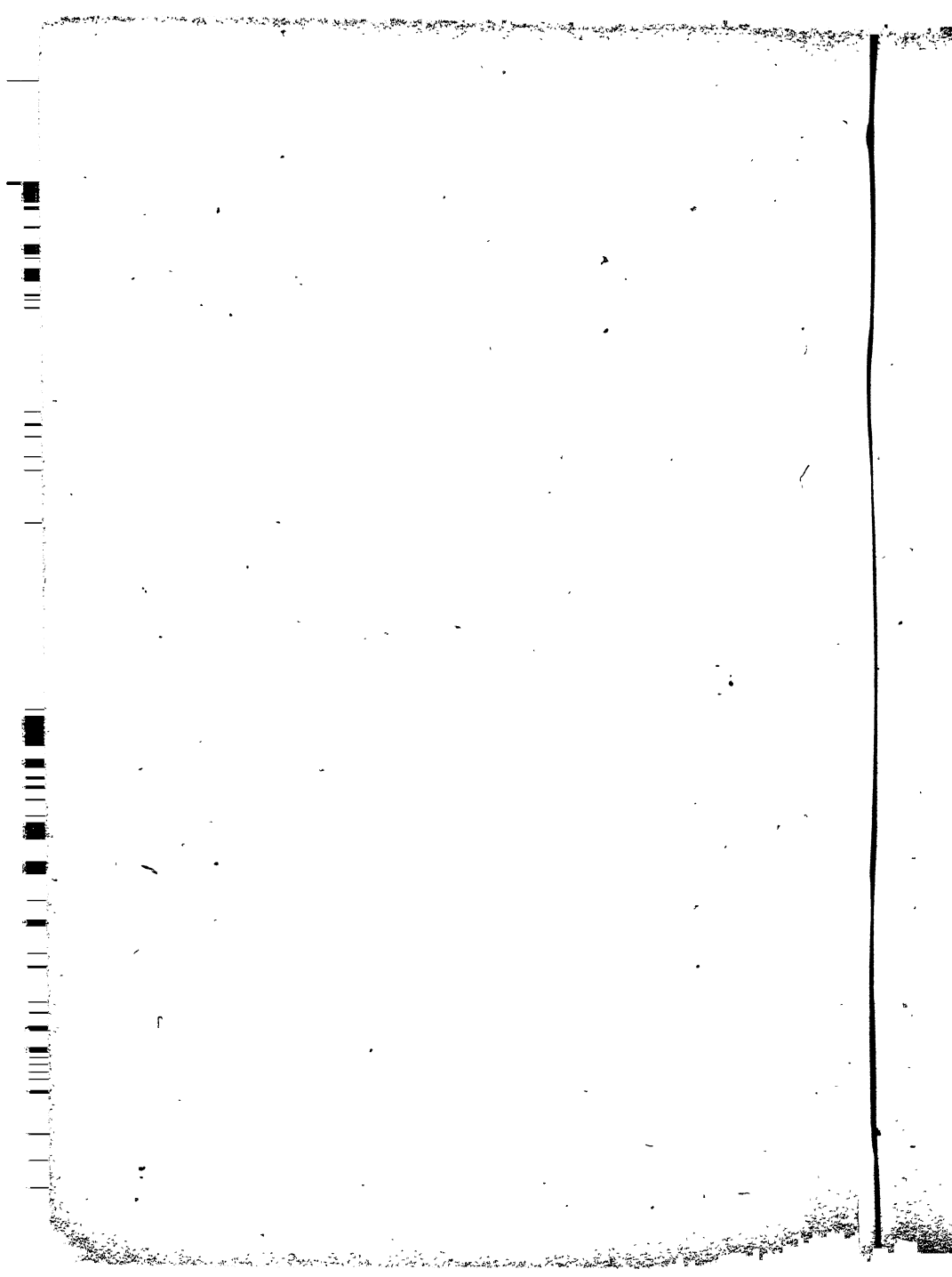
The orchards lie behind it, and on the tableland at the foot of the mountain there is an excellent situation to be in time filled up with fruit trees, which will bring the orchards into one. It is well sheltered by the rising ground to the west. In front of the house is a fine meadow of fifty acres, fairly well cleared, but with the stones left in heaps of various sizes, which we shall find use for by-and-by. The rest of the

tillage land and pasture extends to 210 acres, well sheltered by the "Woodlot" or natural forest, and dotted here and there with clumps of spruce and deciduous trees, and any quantity of apples. There are also large quantities of wild raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries; so we are at no loss for jam. By-and-by we shall cultivate small fruit as well as orchard produce.

There are lovely views in every direction. Two miles off is the village of Aylesford, with its pretty houses, railway station, post office, and three churches. The house was a small, old-fashioned farm-house, 30 x 40 feet, with small L (or wing) for kitchen and woodshed, and one-and-a-half storeys high, the lower flat divided into a wonderful number of tiny rooms, with two staircases, so narrow and steep that it was to me a marvel how any person of ordinary proportions ever succeeded in getting up or down. I however managed to get to the top, and found myself in what is called in Nova Scotia an "unfinished chamber," that is, an attic merely partitioned with rough boards, with no plaster, but with windows, and in warm weather quite fit to sleep in. The roof slopes down nearly to the floor. I was strongly reminded of mice, and heard one half had been used as a granary. It was evident that much must be done before the accommodation could be made in any degree sufficient for our large family. I therefore, as soon as possible, rented two



THE BIG HOUSE (WEST VIEW), 1888, MISS STIRLING'S HOMES, HILLOOT FARM, ALLSFORD, NOVA SCOTIA.



cottages in the neighbourhood, one a quarter of a mile to the east, the other half-way to Aylesford, so that we had no lack of bedrooms, and used to meet at the farm in time for breakfast. The house there being speedily in the hands of workmen, we lived chiefly outside! The alterations had begun actively two or three weeks before I brought the children from Halifax. The first thing I did was to knock down almost all the partitions in the house. There is only one room left now as it was then, or nearly so, always known as the parlour. When the rest of the space was cleared, it gave us a good-sized hall and staircase in the middle, the parlour aforesaid to the west, and to the east a larger room, divided from the hall by folding doors, which, when finished, was in those days the living-room of the family. At the time I am writing of it was *not* finished, had not even windows in it, but the weather was fine, and we were not easily discouraged. The parlour was the only room we had. In it we had our meals, at least for the grown-up people. The children, fortunately, were content with the greater freedom of the porch. When the table was cleared of food it was speedily replaced by sewing, clothes to be ironed, letters to be written, apples to be pared, and a host of odd jobs too numerous to mention—all had to be done in that wonderful room. No wonder I have a liking for it—for the sake of that busy struggling season. At this time I did all the

driving of express waggon necessary, having no one else to do it. The first day I was in Aylesford, after the children came, I drove fourteen hours—from 5.30 a.m. till 8.30 p.m., with very short intervals for breakfast, dinner, and tea—in order to get our goods from the station and the actual necessaries of life that we could not do without.

Then the next thing was to add a storey to the house, and I was told the easiest way was to *raise the roof bodily*, and build chambers in between. No sooner was this begun than I found it would be better for the sick boy to sleep on the premises. So, with my maid, I elected to stay with him.

I must say I felt a little nervous when, in the course of the afternoon, I looked up and saw the roof *under which we were to sleep* raised on blocks about nine feet above its original position, like an umbrella. However, I was told there was no danger, and in the belief of this we slept like tops! I have since been thankful the nights were calm.

All this time our children were leaving us and going to new homes, where they received a warm welcome, and gave great satisfaction. In September the second party arrived—thirty-six. I went to meet them in Halifax, and when we reached Aylesford the whole neighbourhood assembled at the railway station to bid us welcome, and brought their "teams," or waggons, to help us to carry the party and their baggage home;

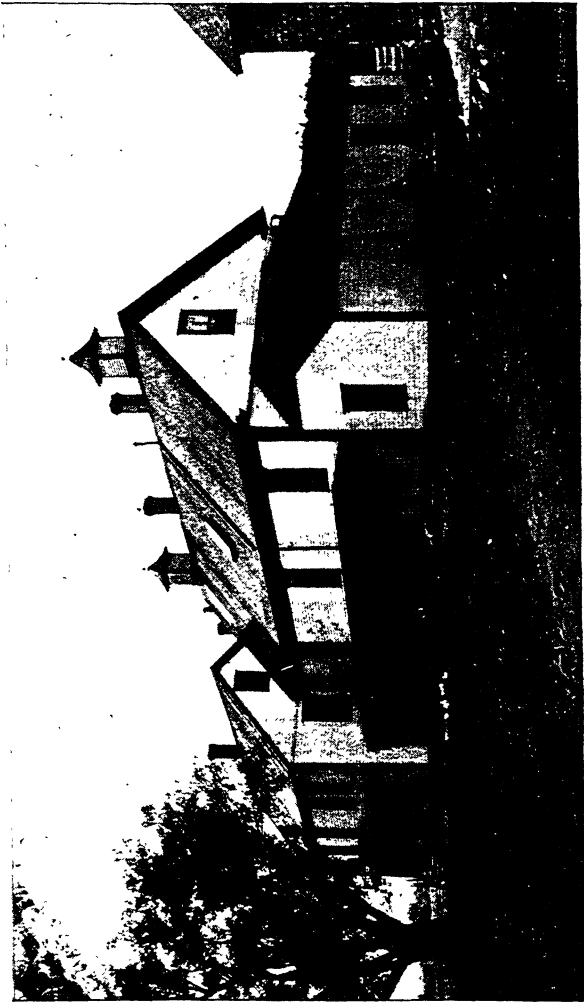
and as they kindly thought I should be less comfortable at our unfinished house, from the influx of so many of our children, they had arranged that I should visit each of the neighbours in turn until my rooms were supposed to be fit to be occupied ; and I must say their evident sympathy with, and pleasure in, the welfare of our children was very comforting and reassuring.

I remained at the farm till November, when I received very urgent requests from Scotland to go home, so that I gave up the idea of staying the winter. I sailed in the s.s. *Carthaginian* from Halifax on the 8th November, returning in April, 1887.

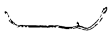
CHAPTER XI.

WHAT WE DID IN 1887-8.

IN the last chapter I told you of the work we had to begin on our arrival at Hillfoot Farm, of enlarging and adapting the farmhouse to the wants of its new and numerous tenants. I left all in order as far as I could for completing the new wing (or L as it is called in Nova Scotia) to the east of the old house, and which was to contain kitchen, laundry, nursery, store-room, bath-rooms downstairs; and upstairs, six good large bedrooms, and over that the boys' attics. This part of the building was framed, roofed and finished outside before I left, but inside much had to be done, and the inconvenience was considerable. However, with good fires, and happily a mild winter, no one seemed to suffer from it. Our children grew and thrived. They were in great request, and went to homes as quickly as the necessary inquiries could be made, which, according to my plan, takes some little time. But in the spring so many had gone that there was room for



THE BIG HOUSE (EAST VIEW), 1883. MISS STIRLING'S HOMES, HILLFOOT FARM, AYLESFORD, NOVA SCOTIA.



another large party, and I went out in April with fifty-six children.

As my friend Mr. H—— proposed joining a relative in British Columbia, I took with me as farmer Mr. James Peggie, who had been in my service in Scotland for many years; and on our arrival we set to work in earnest to complete the main building, and to make an efficient set of stone drains in order to carry off the surface water, which at some seasons rushes down the mountain with considerable force. Besides doing this, we re-laid the pipes which conduct the water to the house from the springs on the mountain, and then proceeded to fence the orchards and pasture. This, with the necessary work of crops and caring for the stock already on hand, was as much as we could undertake that season, and we felt it better to leave other improvements until we had completed those begun. I forgot to mention what has been of great profit, and that is an arrangement for collecting the soapsuds from the laundry, and applying it to the crops by means of a water cart.

But all this time, to my great annoyance, the front side of the house, with only the road between, was still disfigured by the old barns, stables, etc., which had to be left until we could do better. Early that fall we laid out a fruit garden to the west of the house, with strawberries and raspberries; the black and red currants and gooseberries we brought from Scotland

next year—and this has been most productive—so that in October, 1887, I again returned to Scotland, leaving the party at the Home wonderfully more comfortable than any of us had been on our arrival, but still in want of more accommodation, and many comforts and conveniences which I proposed to add as opportunity served. At this time I determined to wind up my personal responsibility with regard to the Homes in Scotland, and to transfer my efforts to forwarding the interests of our children in Nova Scotia. My time in Scotland that winter was mainly occupied in carrying this out, and arranging for the final exodus of such workers as had decided to accompany our children to New Scotland.

In this I was much aided by Mr. James Peggie, who had returned to Scotland with me in October, 1887, and in March following sailed with a party of boys and girls, who were accompanied by Mrs. Hill, matron in one of the Girls' Homes. To accommodate the boys I had again to rent a house close by. I followed in April, having now no home of my own in Scotland. As may be supposed, this was a very trying time for me, both as regards the history of the work, in leaving the Homes in Scotland, where I had worked so long, and been the means of rescuing so many children from cruelty, to be carried on by others—and trying, too, as regarded my own personal feeling. Remember, I was literally *leaving all*—my own home,

and its comforts, country, friends and kindred. I was going away for at least three years, to fight a hand-to-hand battle with poverty and hard work, heavily weighted with a number of young and helpless children. Surely no one can doubt *the love for them* which induced me to do this! I thank the God of all mercies that I have been successful in providing for so many.

I cannot leave this stage in my journey without thanking my dear friend Miss Hope Johnstone for her great kindness and hospitality to me during my last fortnight at that time in Scotland, which I spent with her at her beautiful place, Marchbankwood, and there regained sufficient strength to enable me to undertake the voyage, worn out as I was by the work, care, and anxiety consequent on such an undertaking. I believe, but for this timely rest and tender nursing, I would not have been able either for the voyage or the work which lay before me on my landing; and I shall be grateful all my life. In May another party of children were sent by the directors in charge of Mrs. Vass and Mrs. James Peggie. This party had been joined by several children from Miss Croall's Home for Destitute Children, in Stirling.

Having now mustered our party, we lost no time in using the fine weather to complete the house accommodation required for a permanent colony. In the meantime I rented a commodious farmhouse close

by for the new-comers. That summer, 1888, we actually built and adapted three houses; one is the north wing to the main house, which was required to give schoolroom, summer kitchen, and store-rooms, large enough for our winter supplies; for as we eat wholesale (as to numbers), I have to buy wholesale, and flour and meal by the car-load. In this north wing there are three nice bedrooms; one is known as the "Prophet's Chamber," or "Hole in the Wall," like Elisha was made welcome to long ago, just enough to hold a bed, a table, a chair, and a *lamp*—we don't use candlesticks! This is, as its name implies, set apart for the ministers who come by turns to preach to us once in four weeks, and thus we have service every Sunday evening. At a quarter to seven the big bell (now promoted to a cupola on the top of the house) rings a cheery summons, and we all assemble, with the many neighbours, who gather often to the number of one hundred, to worship God in the school-room, and hear the message the minister has to tell us.

He has probably driven a long way to deliver it, for country circuits in these parts are very extensive. A large number of young men attend these meetings, and come a long way to do so. They are now most orderly, and certainly listen with great attention to the truths of the Gospel, the *free Gospel*, the Good News of the Love of God, and salvation now by the

Lord Jesus Christ offered *freely* to ALL. Our watchword is "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." This is every Sunday evening affectionately pressed upon all, though no doubt from various points of view—for we try not to make the meeting tiresome or formal, but THE MESSAGE is always given; and that the people are impressed is shown by the regularity and interest with which they attend the meetings. Our children lead the singing, and all join heartily.

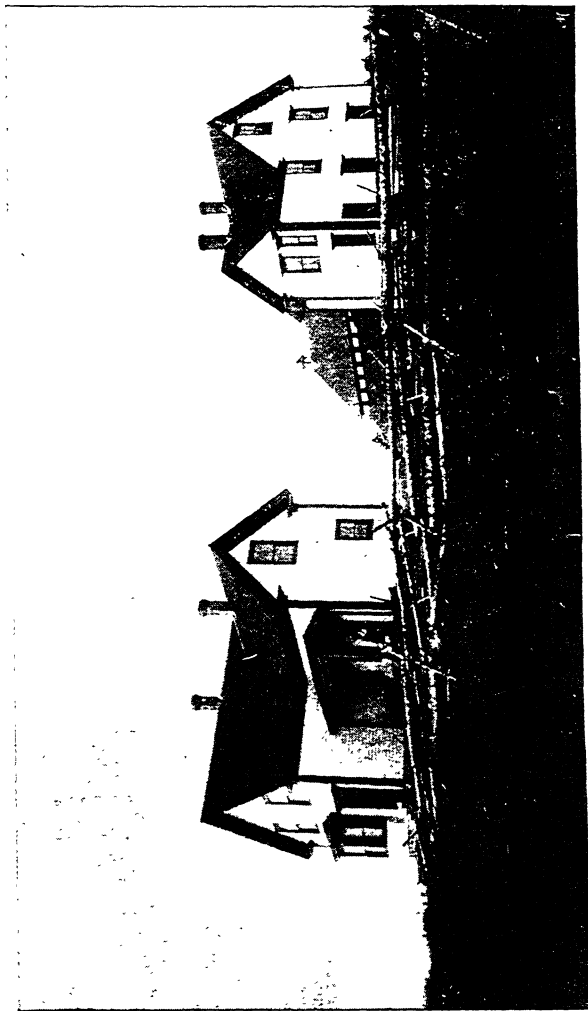
Before we had the schoolroom these meetings were held in the dining-room and hall thrown together by folding doors; but now, having larger accommodation and a separate entrance, we can invite and provide for many more.

I ought to add that the Sunday evening service is very often turned into a Temperance meeting—but this will come under the head of Temperance Work—in another chapter. As to public worship, we are three miles from the village churches, but still we go in considerable numbers. All walk who can do so, and those who cannot, drive, or take it in turn to stay at home. We are perfectly unsectarian, and are helped and referred to alike by ministers of all Protestant denominations—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist or Baptist. Every Sunday we have regular Sunday school with the old-fashioned concomitant of "Sunday sweeties" and reward tickets, which are

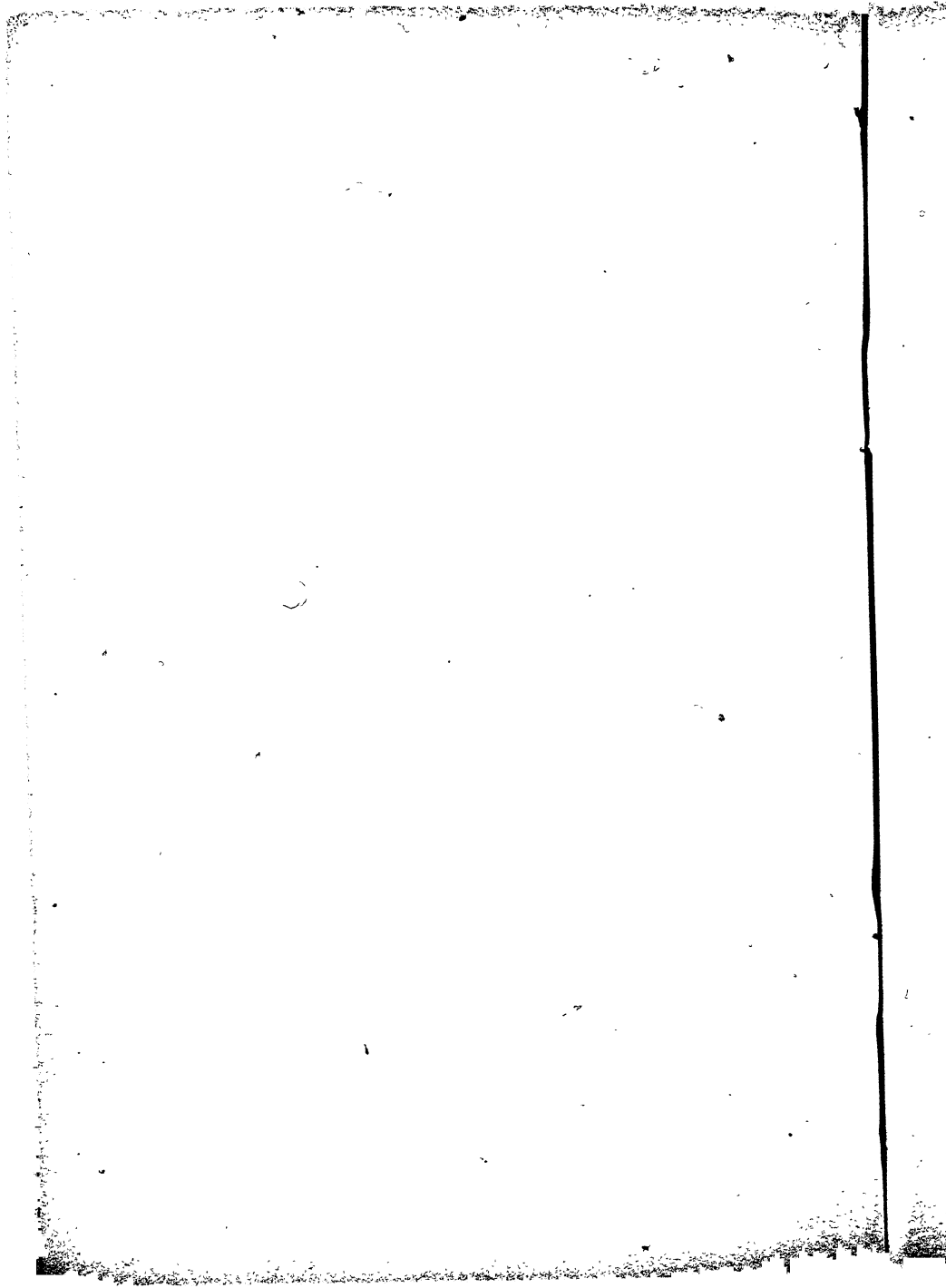
preserved carefully and pasted into a book for each child as a remembrance of "Sundays at Home." We have also plenty of singing all through the Sabbath Day. So much for our north wing and its uses.

Besides this wing we built, that summer of 1888, a new and pretty house for our farmer, Mr. James Peggie, in a convenient situation near the proposed site of the New Barn. Close to it is the Boys' House, which, though we did not build, we finished and adapted. This is a wonderful country for easily changing everything, even the situation of buildings; houses, barns, and churches move along the road contentedly, and take up new quarters apparently without suffering in the process; so our boys' house walked or *rolled* up the road nearly half a mile, and there it is as comfortable as possible—a good two-storey dwelling; and there live our working lads and boys above ten years, with their housekeeper. So much for buildings completed.

In honour of this crisis in our history as settlers, I took the opportunity of expressing my gratitude to all those friends who had so kindly welcomed and helped us on our arrival, by having a great "house warming" at Christmas, our acquaintance being large and districts scattered. I felt the utter hopelessness of *sending out invitations*; so the various clergymen within reach kindly announced the Sunday before Christmas that



THE FARMER'S HOUSE.
THE BOY'S HOUSE, 1888.
MISS STIRLING'S HOMES, HILLFOOT FARM, AYLESFORD, NOVA SCOTIA.



“ Miss Stirling would be at Home on the 4th January, from 4 to 8 p.m., and would be glad to see any friends of our children who would like to visit her at that time.”

The invitation was accepted, if not from “ Dan to Beersheba,” at least from a radius of over eight miles. The result was a gathering of 800 people!

But we were ready for them! All hands in all the houses had been busy baking cakes and preparing other good things, and the men and boys had done their share in decorating the rooms. I threw open the whole lower part of the house, brought down all our pictures (including many views of Scotland, in which our friends were much interested) to the servants' hall and corridor.

The schoolroom was lined with the beautiful cards of object lessons, which were given to us before leaving Scotland by the Granton Public School, and which were *greatly* admired. We had as much music as possible. The musical boxes, and “ *Bunny's* performance ” gave great satisfaction. *Bunny* is a wonderful mechanical rabbit, who is one of the most valued possessions of our children, who does wonders!! There was a Christmas tree in the schoolroom, from which the visitors bought little things for the benefit of our children. We had fortunately provided plenty of tea, cake and fruit in the dining-room. Our more intimate friends were *most* kind in

attending to and entertaining the guests, and helping the cause generally. And at 8 o'clock precisely the assembly broke up, declaring they had enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

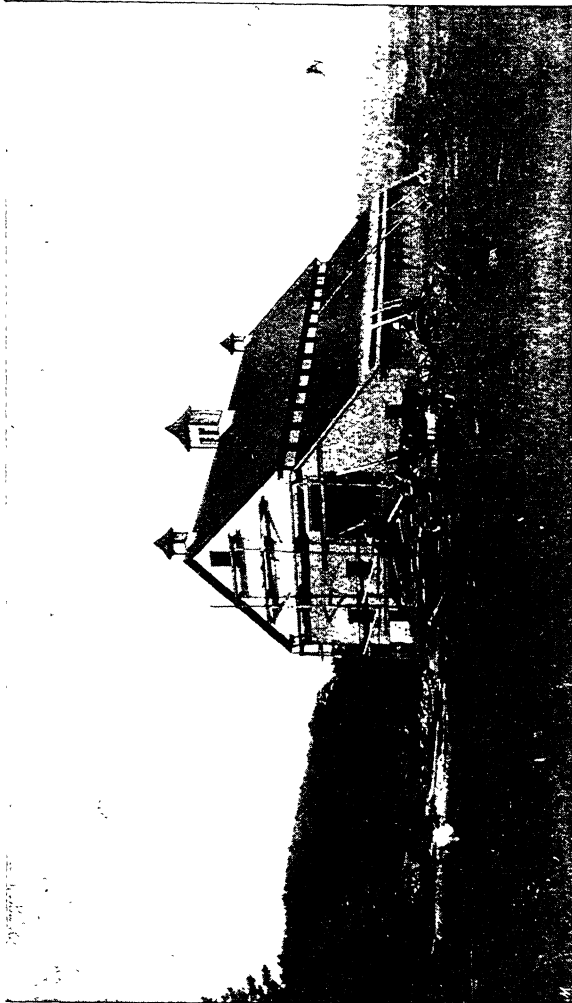
CHAPTER XII.

VARIOUS EVENTS IN 1889-90.

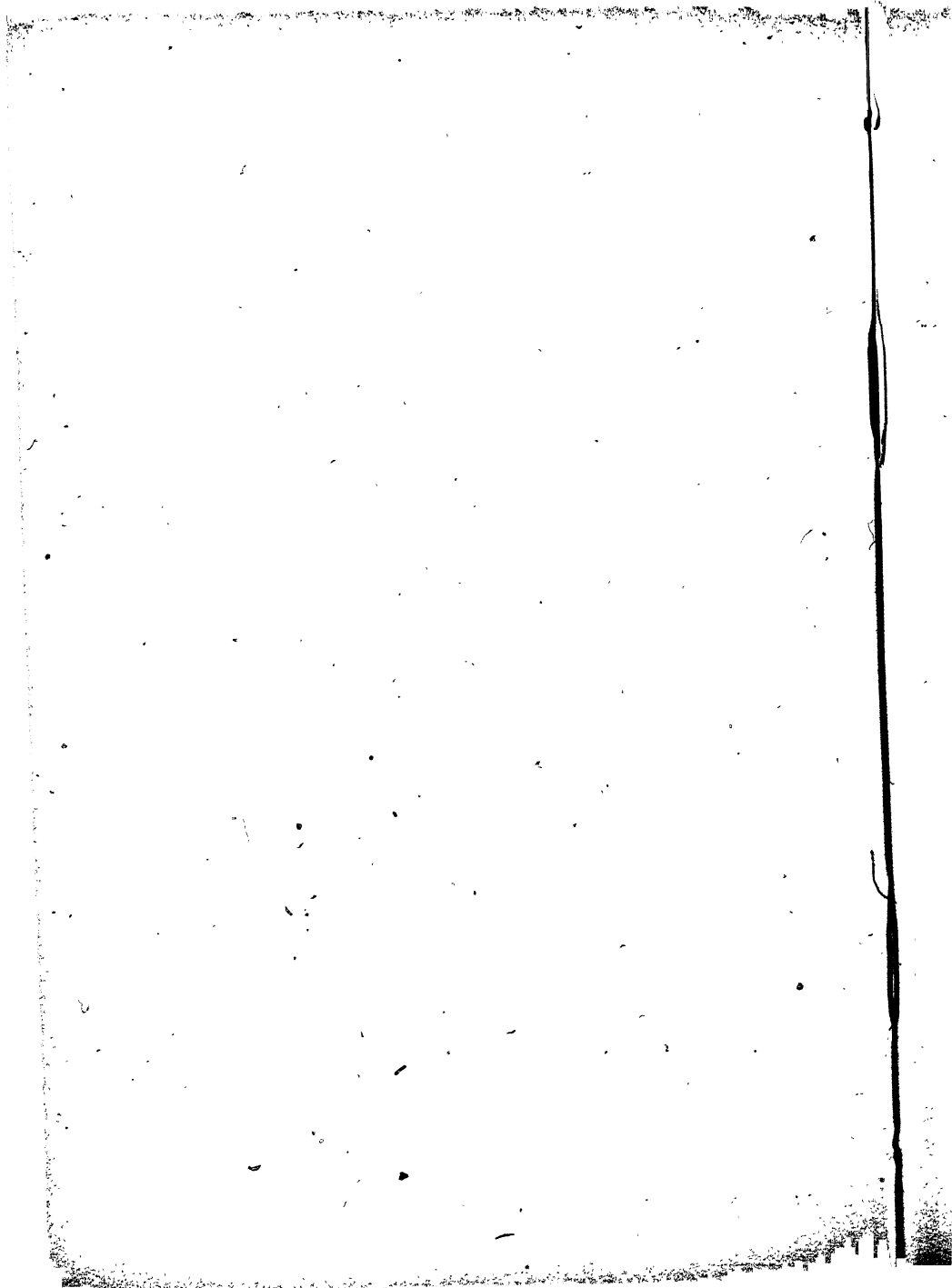
At the close of the last year I had bought, to great advantage, a wood lot of fifty acres, with a view to building the new barn; and after the Christmas holidays the men and big boys set to work to chop timber for it. This they did so energetically that while some of our neighbours were lamenting they could hardly get cordwood out of the woods, by the spring we had it nearly all down in the yard, ready for the portable saw-mill which I intended to hire; but finding the terms so high and time required so uncertain, I decided it would be cheaper to buy one and continue sawing on my own account.

My share of preparing for the new barn was drawing the complete plan of it and arranging dimensions of timber required with the master carpenter who had undertaken to frame it, Mr. Collins, so as to give the exact size of every stick required to the sawyer when the mill began work the first week of June. That this was somewhat of an undertaking

you will understand, when I tell you the barn is one hundred feet by sixty, and *everything* (except piggery and sheep house added next year) is under one roof—stabling for six horses, including excellent loose box, stalls and boxes for over thirty head of cattle, coach-house, into which we drive in bad weather, and harness-room above, granary, silo, root cellar, and large space for farm implements; besides, of course, large storage for hay and straw on the second storey. The improved plan in Nova Scotia is to drive into the barn floor at one end and out at the other, after unloading the hay and grain by a patent fork worked by a horse, which saves time enormously; but it is some work to build these driveways of stone. I planned the barn to use as much stone as possible, as we had more than we wanted on the place in the shape of old stone fences, neglected heaps, etc., which have now all (or very nearly so) been put out of sight in good stone drains, cement floors, and roads to barn and mill. There was also a great deal of good building stone used for the barn basement, nine feet high and sixteen inches thick, which I preferred to the *cellar* plan usual in Nova Scotia, as I do not see the good of keeping the manure underneath the stables, and thus converting a good barn into an unsavoury manure shed. I am glad to see my ideas on this subject lately advocated by some of the leading farming journals in Canada. The stables, cowhouse, and piggery are kept *perfectly*



THE BARN IN COURSE OF BUILDING, 1880, HILLFOOT FARM AYLESFORD, NOVA SCOTIA.



dry by the water from the stalls being run into a tank outside and pumped into the water-cart at the proper season for the crops. The only defect in our barn site is the lack of a sufficient water-supply. That I have remedied by three large tanks, one at each end of the barn proper, and one in the boiler house of the piggery. They are eight feet by ten, to ten feet by twelve, and eight feet deep, built solidly and cemented so as to be thoroughly watertight, and into these *all* the water from the immense roofs is led. It is perfectly clean soft water, having no smoke within reach, and has been amply sufficient for our large stock of animals, with the advantage of *never freezing*.

The stables, cowhouses and piggery, as well as sheephouses, are thoroughly lighted, and ventilated by small boxes on the roof, just above the stalls, and on the apex of each building are two large cupolas for the same purpose. In the glass turret in the middle of the barn roof I intend *some time* to make a little room, when we are rich enough in timber to make a staircase up to it! The view would be really splendid. I must do Mr. Smith, mason, the justice to say he made a good job of the basement, and the fine granite blocks split and hauled off our fields make grand corner stones, and certainly the farm generally has *much* benefited by the stones being thus put to good use.

Mr. George Macgregor has also great credit by the woodwork of the building, of which he was foreman. The wood required for barn alone was 115,000 feet of lumber, and this our men and boys, with very little help, cut, hauled, and sawed, since January, in time to have the barn finished by October, 1889. Of course, to collect so much stone and timber I had to get extra working oxen, and employ a few labourers for the summer, besides the carpenters required. When the frame was to be raised, we invited twenty-five neighbours to come and give us a day's work. Twenty-five more came and offered their services; this, with ten men of our own, made sixty for dinner in the schoolroom that wonderful day, and I was truly thankful when it was all raised (like a great skeleton on some old-world animal, against the sky) without any accident! Still more thankful when all those who had worked at the building met at a cheerful supper in the same place on the occasion of its completion, when K. Sutherland, Esq., Windsor and Annapolis Railway, took the chair, and Mr. Robert Graves came to meet us.

Our next year's (1890) experiences of building the piggery and sheep-house were so similar, on a smaller scale, that I will not trouble you with them, except to remark that, as an illustration of how "every little helps," it was wonderful to see how much even *very little* ones of six or seven years old helped the building

by picking up little stones for the stone drains and cement floors. I was often amused to see half of them running after the ox-cart which was to collect the stones, and the other half carrying them inside the building to the masons. I must say the patience and good nature of these men towards our children was beyond all praise—in fact, they spoilt them dreadfully, as I often lamented to them—but in vain! Any way, the children were very happy.

There was another successful effort of a different kind carried through in 1889, which is, I believe, likely to be of use to many besides our children—I mean the passing, in the House of Assembly, New Brunswick, “An Act in Addition to and Amendment of Chapter 70 of the Consolidated Statutes of Minors and Apprentices”—which was introduced by the Hon. D. L. Hannington, and received the cordial support of Sir John Allen, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, and Hon. A. G. Blair, Attorney-General, New Brunswick.

The object of the Act is to provide more efficiently for the protection of emigrant and other poor children in New Brunswick, as has been for some years the statute in Nova Scotia. The need of such an Act was felt in the one case of difficulty about our children in New Brunswick, on which occasion I received the utmost help and sympathy from the authorities.

The following letter from the Hon. D. L. Hannington

will show the estimation in which my work for our children is held in New Brunswick :—

DORCHESTER, N.B., *Jan. 26th*, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

I am very sorry to learn that your health has not been so good as usual, and that you intend removing for a time from our sister province, but trust that any temporary change in your arrangements will not hinder that most laudable and charitable work you have been engaged in among us.

The children whom you have settled in these provinces, and who have been under your kind consideration and supervision, will no doubt generally be successful, and prove a blessing, we trust, to themselves, as also to the communities in which they live. They promise to be good citizens, and their comfort and success are undoubtedly due to your untiring care and generous liberality.

It affords me great satisfaction to know that at your suggestion I had the honour to introduce into the Legislature of this province the Bill (now law) passed in 1889, which provides suitable guarantees for the proper care, control and protection of those children whom yourself and others are bringing from "home" to become residents among us. The good conduct of those in our province taking these little strangers into their homes, has, I am glad to know, been such, that the provisions of the Act have not yet had to be enforced against them. We trust it may continue.

In the one case of difficulty in 1888, when you took the children back, your conduct elicited from the Chief Justice, Sir John Allen, the expression of his high esteem and appreciation of yourself in your good work; and when the Bill came before the Legislature, the statement of the work, and charity of yourself especially (and other of your co-workers),

in the interest of the unfortunate and suffering, won the *unanimous support of our Legislature to your desired legislation*. I sent you a copy of the Act when passed. Hoping that your health may soon be quite restored, wishing you rest and happiness during your stay at home, I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Yours very sincerely,

D. L. HANNINGTON, M.P.P.

I wish I could speak only of joy and success in 1889-90, but in many respects these were years of peculiar trial. In April, 1889, there came the greatest sorrow we have had at the Hillfoot Farm, in the sudden illness and death of my dear boy R. H——, aged fourteen (he came to me at eight years old), who, from getting wet and heedlessly neglecting to change his damp clothes, caught rheumatic fever, and after an acute illness of three weeks, passed away early in May. When he was first taken ill I went over to nurse him at the Boys' House, and watched him two nights there; but finding this too fatiguing, and the arrangements of necessity less suitable for sickness, I had him carried over in his bed by four men, who were most tender and careful in the transit, from which he did not seem to suffer. I put him in one of the visitor's rooms to ensure quiet, and nursed him night and day, with the help of our best nurses, but at the end of a fortnight the doctor told me there was imminent danger. I could hardly realize that he would die. Among the

many hundreds who had passed through the Homes, and whom I had nursed in all kinds of illness, I had never lost a child above two years old, and I could not *expect* it. But I thought, *if* the doctor was right, it was cruel not to tell R—— how near he *might* be to his journey's end. I hardly knew how to begin, but in the evening, when as usual I helped him to pray at bedtime like the little ones, I mustered courage to say,—

“My dear, the doctor thinks you are *very ill*; he thinks you may not get better. *I think you will, dear*; but *if not*, if the doctor is right, and that *the message* has come for you to go, are you ready, my darling?” “Yes,” said R—— very low. I said, “You love Jesus, don't you, R——? You would not be afraid to go to Him?” I had risen from my knees and bent over him. I am afraid I was crying.

The boy looked up in my face with such a bright sweet smile, and said in a steady and wonderfully strong voice, “Yes, I love Jesus; I have known Him a long, long time, and I'm not a bit afraid to go home to Him now.” Then he drew my head down to him and kissed me, saying, “Don't mind, ma'am.”

He liked very much to have us sing to him in a low tone; the hymn he liked best was that one of Sankey's, “O land of rest, for thee I sigh,” and often asked for it. And in about a week R—— was gathered home. The grief of the whole colony was most touching,

especially the boys. His companions wept bitterly as we laid him to rest in the peaceful burying-ground at the Methodist Church, where the trees have been cleared away to give room for the white church and its peaceful God's acre.

We had a short but impressive funeral service in the schoolroom, and all the women and girls, as well as men and boys, went to the grave. Truly the feeling manifested on this occasion proves how true it is that "the Lord setteth the solitary in families."

There were other trials in these years, of which I will speak in another chapter. But in 1890 a great help was given to me by my cousin J. H.— coming to stay with me, and, finding the life suit him, stayed all winter, and in spring purchased the adjoining farm, so that we have now 650 acres to look after, which is a great field for our boys.

O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by
And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS—We'll work, we'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home!

To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.

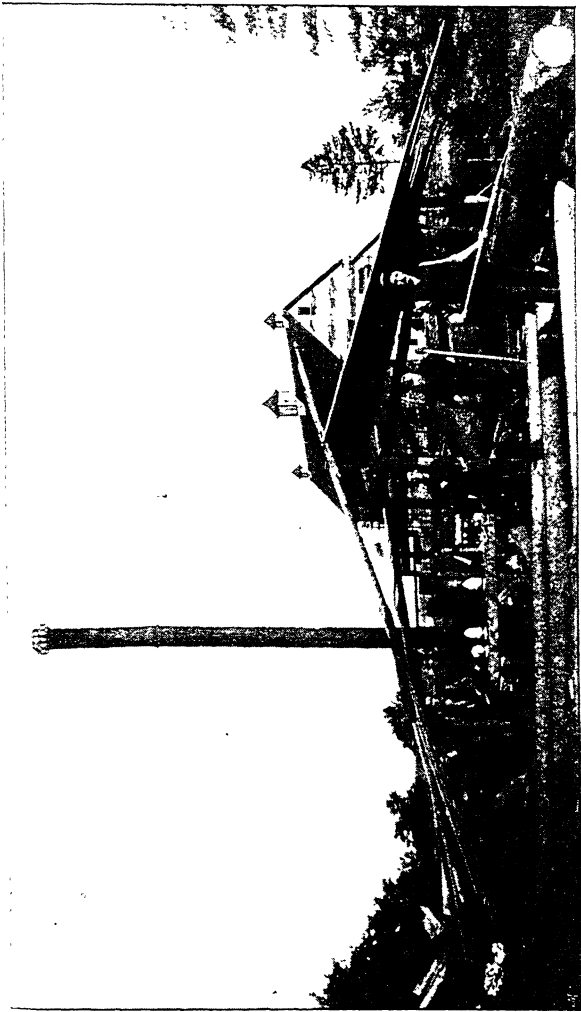
I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam,
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

CHAPTER XIII.

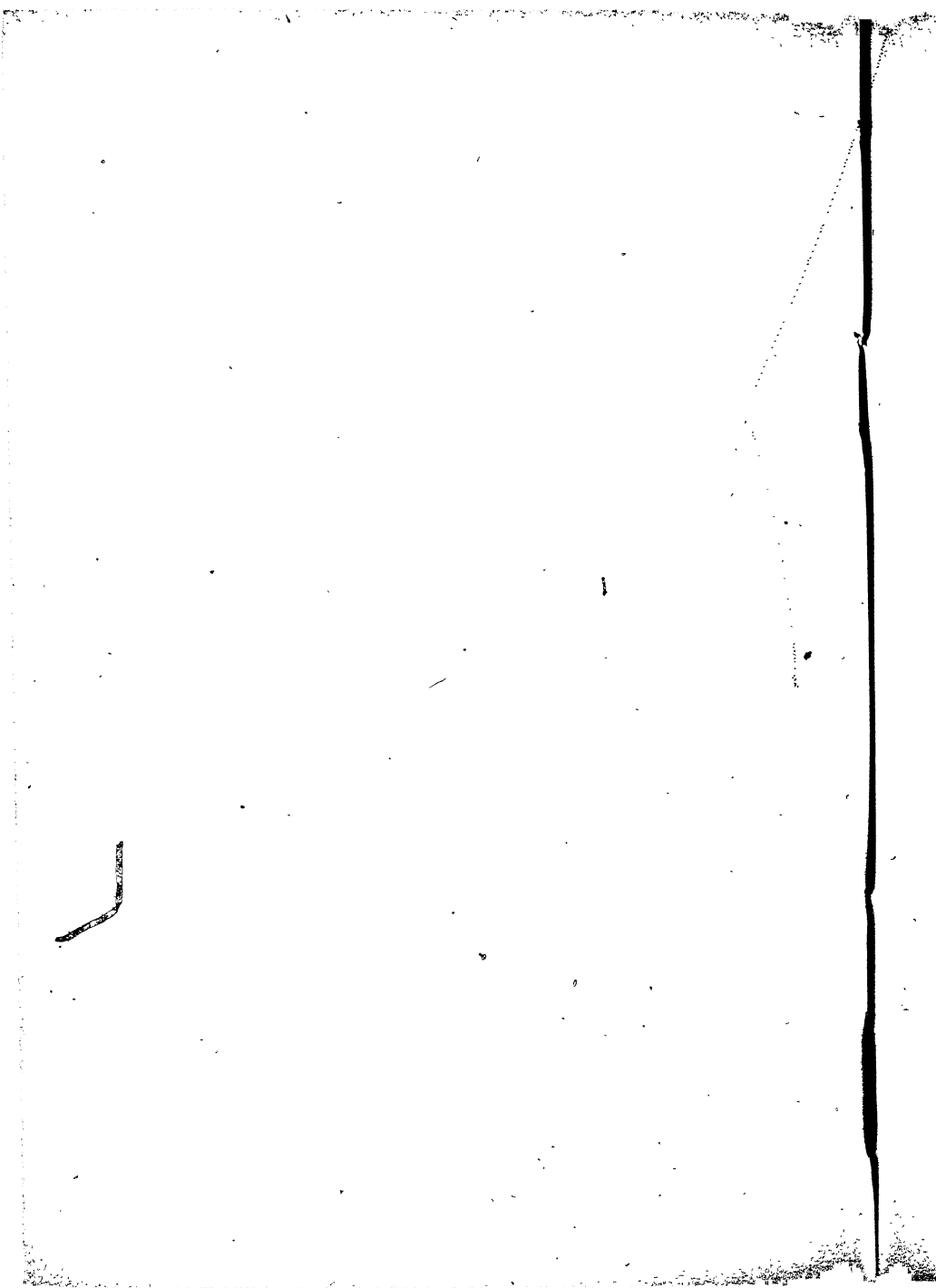
OUR MILL AND WORKSHOPS.

IN my last chapter, in giving an account of preparations to build the barn, I mentioned I had found it better to *buy* instead of hiring a saw-mill, and to continue sawing on my own account. This proved a most successful venture. After sawing the lumber (Anglicé *timbers* and *boards*) for the buildings, we had plenty of work to do for our neighbours at a fairly remunerative price, and as I added a grist mill, which could be worked by the engine by simply adjusting a different belt, we were never a day idle, as the harvest begins almost directly after the season for sawing lumber is over. Grist is brought in the whole winter, so that *the toll*, or portion left as payment, goes a long way towards feeding our cattle. It makes the Hill-foot Farm a busy place, for there is always some order on hand at the mill, and in winter it is a curious sight to see, as soon as snow comes, the great logs being "hailed" along the road to the mill on ox-sleds. Sometimes horses are used, and the men, generally with long beards, in their (to Scotch eyes) strange

winter costume—fur caps which cover their ears, long coats with leather band round the waist, high boots or larrigans, which are moccasins of undressed leather, big enough to hold *several* pairs of stockings, and mittens. Altogether, they look more like pictures one has seen of Cossacks than anything else. For the last few years we have had comparatively little snow, and when it comes, every man and boy, horse and ox, is busy getting cord wood (fuel) out of the woods and swamps, and hauling logs to the mills, so that the roads are alive with sleds of every description, taking advantage of the smooth snow making transit easy. At the old mill we saw most of them pass near the house. I say the *old* mill, for, alas! last year our beautiful mill and convenient building over it, including the joiner's shop, was burnt to the ground, in the middle of a summer's night, in a *most* mysterious way. We could not account for it, and there seemed reason to fear some unfair play, but we do not know, and so cannot say anything about it; but the loss has been *very* great, about \$3,000 (£600 sterling). I felt that it would be better to re-build it in another situation, as the wonder was how the other buildings had escaped the slightest damage. But this time it is placed beyond all risk to them, and now the mill is thoroughly insured. I was advised to replace it, as it is a very profitable adjunct, and we had established quite a small lumber trade. Will any friends help me



OUR PORTABLE SAW MILL, HULLFOOT FARM, AYLESFORD, NOVA SCOTIA.



to pay for what is an excellent method of training and providing employment for a number of boys, as this and the carpenter's shop always must be? Besides sawing lumber and grinding grist, we have a shingle mill, the proceeds of which are in constant demand, and pay well. Shingles are a sort of wooden slate used to cover roofs and walls. The engine also cuts all the firewood used in the houses, which is all excellent training for the boys. Everything connected with the management of wood is valuable to them in Nova Scotia.

This summer (1892) we must build a house for the sawyer close to the mill. Of course, having the wood and machinery of our own enables us to do this at less cost, but I do hope friends who have *any* money to spare will help those who help themselves as really we and our children do.

The joiner's shop is never idle. In it we make all sorts of things, from ox-yokes and Dutch racks (a kind of rough farm waggon) to strawberry boxes, which the very little boys make on winter afternoons, and which sell well in the berry season. Besides these articles we make nice furniture for the houses as required—tables, benches, cupboards, varnished and otherwise, washing-stands, clothes screens, etc., etc., and do all the jobbing carpenter work required in most country houses. This is an item to consider, as we are now quite a small village. Friends who

wish to save and train destitute boys and lads of good character, from ten to fifteen or sixteen years, could not, I believe, have a better opening and school for them than our farm and workshops. This, I think, is borne out by their success when they leave us.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR CHILDREN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN the last number of "Our Children" I gave an account of their life at home at Hillfoot Farm, so that it may be somewhat tedious to repeat; but still, for the sake of new friends, it may be well to give a few details, and I shall then leave other friends, who have frequently visited us, to give their own account of the Home and our doings there.

In summer we have to make the most of our time. The workers in the house and out of it, rise at 5 a.m., as the men and boys must have their breakfast at 6.30, after doing the morning chores. The breakfast for the various classes in the big house goes on till 8.30. Prayers in the schoolroom at 9, when the children settle to lessons and the women and girls go to the forenoon's work. I am then ready to meet them, and make a round of visits to kitchen, laundry, school-room, nursery, and bedrooms, not forgetting the *poultry-house*. I forgot to say our latest improvement was to make a beautiful one out of the old stable and

coach-house, which provides ample accommodation for our turkeys, geese, ducks and hens.

We then all go on with our work, and I write letters till 12. Then usually when school is over, and the men and boys are coming in to dinner—at 12 till 1—somebody or other wants me most of the time till 1. The children dine at 12.30, the rest of the family at 1 o'clock.

At 2 we all settle to the afternoon's work. The children usually go to play in the "*little woods*," a pretty, shady nook across the ravine behind the barn, with somebody looking after them, or pick berries to make jam for them later on.

There are immense quantities of wild strawberries, rasps, and blackberries on the farms, and down on the Caribou Bog, as it is called, about four miles off, any amount of blueberries. Every year we have one or two picnics to go and gather these. Of course only those big enough to pick well and steadily go, to say nothing of the risk of infants being lost on the wide-spreading bog, which extends for miles. I need not say these ploys are a great delight.

Few people of *any* age will be found doing nothing round the doors, as I have great faith in Dr. Watts' statement as to the ingenuity of somebody with a bad name providing employment for idle hands, and I never find it fail when the hands and heads are so left empty. *Play is most desirable.* Idleness is destruc-

tion. All boys of eight or nine get something to do with the men, in farm work or the workshop, even bringing in kindlings and firewood. The women and girls have enough to do to cook, bake, clean house, wash, iron, and sew for such a party. Yet we have plenty of music and recreation too. Tea at 6, prayers at 8.30, supper at 9; and I expect everybody to go to bed at 10, except on Saturday nights, when a general and extensive *tubbing* takes place.

In winter the hours are the same, except that no one rises till 6 o'clock, and of course the children must be occupied and amused *indoors* instead of *out*. They make strawberry boxes in the afternoon, when the material is to be had, which is not until February or March, our most inclement weather. And they (when there were more boys of ten and twelve years than could be employed in the barn) used to make toy furniture, boxes, etc. When our party increases, this will be revived. At other times, in bad weather, they have what we call a "play school," when the boys as well as the girls knit, draw, etc., and are allowed to *talk quietly* at the same time. There is also a collection of toys, which are given out on these occasions, and returned to the teacher when play school is over, about 4.30. Some of the bigger ones have learned to make common scrapbooks for the little ones, by cutting out pictures, *advertisements* chiefly! and pasting them on strong brown paper,

stitched together. I save every *mite* of a picture or coloured paper for this purpose.

In fine winter weather, when there is hard frost and snow, their "sleds" are a great joy and delight, as our slopes are capital for "coasting." The big boys are very kind to them in making these, and each has one. The fun seems to consist in the child throwing himself on his stomach on this arrangement, which forthwith, and without the *slightest warning* (it seems to me), shoots like lightning down the nearest hill, the performer uttering shrieks of rapture, and dancing like a wild Indian when he reaches the bottom. I cannot help feeling nervous, and don't like to look at them while this is in progress; but they never seem to get hurt; and with a lot of boys, really, if they are happy and *not in mischief*, I can but be happy too. And it evidently agrees with them, for a more sturdy, active, merry, independent set of little fellows you seldom see. And although they have all good appetites (bless them!), and *will* wear out their clothes, and *will* outgrow their boots with fearful rapidity, they are very good children. This is the almost invariable testimony I receive from those who have taken them, as well as the character they bear in the neighbourhood of the Home.

I have finished the description of our winter's life when I have again alluded to our Friday evening merry-making in the schoolroom, which is begun

every year at Hallow-e'en and continued till March, when all in the houses are invited at 6.30. The little ones stay up till 8.30 to enjoy it, and big and little dance reels and country dances, play games and sing songs to their hearts' content. There is a general preparation in the way of "tidying" for the occasion; and at the close we take care to have ready some sweeties, cakes, or "jelly-pieces," and disperse at 9 o'clock, very happy. I make a point of keeping up this custom, as we have a long dull winter, and I think it positively very bad for children and young people to be kept without reasonable amusement and variety.

At Christmas we have great doings. The Christmas shopping is a great event, and conducted with the utmost caution and secrecy—consists of gifts for everybody in the houses, *not all* painfully useful! but toys, goodies, pretty things, and a great many useful things too. I find this institution will have to be continued, as about July requests and *suggestions* are made by the smaller members as to what they think "Santa Claus" should bring them "AT CHRISTMAS." I used to fill their stockings, but having stayed up one Christmas morning until 1 a.m. for this purpose, and having carried it out successfully (as I thought), was interrupted at the close by a perfect chorus of congratulation. I never did it again! My sleep is too precious to be wasted on *such very* wideawake people!

To return to Christmas Eve. In the course of the day the boys have followed up a thorough house-cleaning, which has been going on for nearly a week, by bringing evergreens, and the house is decorated before evening, and the Christmas tree decorated and filled with its nice things in the schoolroom. When all is ready, about 7 p.m., *everybody*, old and young, in the various houses, every man, woman, and child on the place, assemble in the drawing-room, and I read the Christmas reading which we have read together for so many years—Isaiah ix. 1-9 and St. Luke ii. 1-20—sing the Christmas hymn, "Once in royal David's city," and pray. Then we all go down to the schoolroom, and admire and benefit by the Christmas tree, which is amusement enough till 9 o'clock, when, very happy and rather sleepy, most of the assembly want to go to bed, and get ready for to-morrow, with its "Merry Christmas," all good wishes all round, Christmas cards, and—Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding. Those who have left us are not forgotten, as I send every one of them a Christmas card, with loving greeting, and receive a pile of such in reply or anticipation.

This completes my story of our children's life at home. My friend, Mrs. Gee, will now give her account of it, and after her, Dr. Lawson and other friends will give their opinion of our children and their surroundings at home—at Hillfoot Farm.

METHODIST PARSONAGE, MIDDLETON,
ANNAPOLIS CO., NOVA SCOTIA,

Feb. 4th, 1892

Passing the world-famed land of "Evangeline," and entering the Annapolis Valley by the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, we have often heard travellers inquiring about the picturesque group of buildings nestling at the foot of the North Mountain, in the vicinity of Aylesford. A few times we have felt glad to have the chance of giving full information; more frequently, however, we have been obliged to sit and hear meagre and incorrect details given about the history, past and present, of "Miss Stirling's Homes," Hill-foot Farm.

As the honoured founder and supporter is about to extend the work by giving a hearty invitation to destitute children—amongst fresh people in fresh places—perhaps a few words from a disinterested and constant visitor may be received with interest.

At this point in the history of the work a *summary* will be given by the founder herself, so that no statistics need be repeated here. It is rather of the *home element* in these Homes of which we would now speak.

Since the commencement of the work in this country from two to three hundred children have been received into the homes of the people, the great majority of them giving satisfaction and *doing well* in the truest sense of the term. Again and again persons having these children have spoken to us of the constant proofs given by them of their love for Miss Stirling, and the happy recollections of their home with her; others say "marvellous," "wonderful." Still others ask, "Whence this strong bond of union?" Perhaps the secret can only be discovered and understood by those who are often in their midst. It is not found in the literal "giving food to the hungry," or "clothing to the naked," though we would to God that *all children EVERYWHERE* could have this

literal work done for them. Alas, alas! even this week we read of *Hundreds* going to school in the city of London "without breakfast, and no prospect of dinner or tea!"

Soon after our arrival on the Aylesford circuit three and a half years ago, we were shown over the buildings by the founder. The most striking thing to us was, not the noble arrangements for the bodily comfort of the children, but *her own manner of dealing with the children*. Now a fat rosy boy, then a happy-looking girl—scarce able to speak plainly—would appear from all corners, and with a pull at her dress exclaim, "Tirling! Tirling!" but the *look* in the *baby eyes*—who could portray it?—of fullest confidence and entreaty, for what the human heart, old or young, everywhere craves, the soft touch of a loving hand on the cheek, the hug, the kiss!—all this *these children* got ere they were sent off to their play.

Millions in other days have given thanks to God for that precious narrative which tells of *Christ and the children*. Millions more will yet give thanks for it. If the children brought to Him then had needed bread or clothing, we believe those disciples would have tried to supply them willingly. But oh, that *further action* on the part of Christ our example—*that folding to the heart!* What pen can tell of *all* it means to the human soul? How the world yearns for more of it to-day! This is the element permeating the lives of these children of whom we write; it is shown in everything that goes to make up life to them, in the way they are taught the commandments of God, in the observance of all Christian festival seasons, down to the care of a sore toe or finger.

This is the element into which other children are now invited, to enter and partake. Within and without the gospel "law of kindness" reigns; the large stock of animals and fowls, as well as the wild birds, come in for their full share of love. If the venerable "Father Chirpie" and noble

"Uncle Toby" of *Dicky Bird* fame, presiding over their thousands upon thousands of captains, officers, and members, could spare time to visit the leafy shades of Hillfoot Farm, they would be very much delighted.

Some of the most precious memories of our stay on the Aylesford circuit are in connection with our intimacy at their Homes—watching the effect of good food and tender care upon the delicate boy or fragile girl, until all have become alike rosy and strong, saying "Good-night" to them snugly tucked up in their warm beds, when *all* with folded hands and closed eyes would say, "God bless all the little children in the world." Reading God's truth with them, and kneeling for prayer in the morning, sharing in their games, etc., etc.

Not much more than a dozen years ago we supplied daisies and buttercups to children in cities, who had never seen a daisy growing, never been in green fields, knowing nothing of murmuring brooks or of singing birds, as they abound around Hillfoot Farm. Much, much has been done since then in the way of trips to the country for a day or more. Still there is so much to be done, and we can never, never forget these suffering children as we gaze upon the luxurious abundance of flowers and fruit in these favoured provinces. We close with a prayer that God may direct His people to send of His most needy little ones to where "there is bread enough and to spare," until the doors now opened unto *Christ Himself* by one of His followers, shall all be filled.

Remaining the attached and devoted friend of "Our Children,"

MRS. (REV.) JOHN GEE.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
6th February, 1892.

In September last I accompanied my friend, the Rev. Dean Ellis, Rector of Sackville, on a visit to Miss Stirling's

"Home for Children," at Aylesford, in this province. We spent part of two days there, enjoying the hospitality of Miss Stirling and her cousin. We visited every part of the establishment, the school and play-rooms, work and mending rooms, washing and drying rooms, dairy, pantries, kitchen dormitories, and the large room used for worship and social meetings, which neighbours as well as the servants and children attend. The school-room was visited while the teacher was engaged in her work, and Mr. Ellis spent an hour in drawing out from the children the results of the useful instruction in reading and arithmetic which they were receiving. We conversed freely with the servants, male and female, while they were engaged in their several employments, and found them to be industrious and intelligent, all working together under Miss Stirling's judicious direction in perfect harmony, with a sincere desire to do the best they could for the little ones committed to their care. The children were well and happy; they spoke affectionately to and of each other, and showed a confidence in Miss Stirling's love for them that any mother might envy.

The "Home" occupies "Hillfoot Farm"; the buildings are pleasantly situated on level ground facing the main road, and are sheltered behind by a hill range a few hundred feet high, the farm stretching up the hill, which is mostly wooded, and serves for pasturage. The level fields of the farm showed successful cultivation, the grain and root crops being in fine condition. The main building, the "Home" proper, is a commodious villa, shaded in front by old willows that were probably planted by the Acadians while Nova Scotia was a French colony, and there is an old apple orchard in rear. There are separate dwellings at some little distance off for the farm servants. The farm barn is substantial, commodious, and complete, one of the best in this country, and there is a separate piggery, commodious and well planned. Early in

the morning (before breakfast) I found several of the boys at work in the barn, feeding the cows and doing other ordinary light work, in which they took evident interest; some I met on a pathway bringing in firewood or kindling, and others were engaged in a workshop near by. They were too young to do much effective "work," but were obtaining their early lessons in industry, and showed cheerful signs of emulation in trying to be useful.

I was much pleased with what I saw on the occasion of our visit, a comfortable and happy Christian home, where young children were being carefully brought up to habits of industry, and of regularity in the performance of daily duties, and educated for their prospective sphere in life, so as to become useful, independent, and self-respecting members of society.

GEORGE LAWSON.

Professor of Chemistry in the University, and Secretary for Agriculture of Nova Scotia Government.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,

15th June, 1891.

MY DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

Will you allow me to convey to you my best thanks for the great pleasure and profit I derived from my recent visit to your farm at Aylesford, and your large and very comfortable Home for children there. I regret very much that you were not at home, but I nevertheless embraced the opportunity to carefully go over your delightfully situated Home and well-cultivated farm, and was surprised beyond expression to find that in so comparatively short a time you have brought your farm to so high a state of cultivation by many improved methods of agriculture, as is not, I believe, attained elsewhere in this province.

The little ones, both boys and girls, all looked so healthy, happy, bright, and generally well kept, that I could not help

thinking what a great change for good has been made in their lives. There is every prospect that each will grow up to be a useful member of our Canadian society. I am glad that your work is already bearing good fruit, as those placed by you in homes in different parts of the country show, I am informed, the results of their training under your good care, and by their conduct testify to the good work you are accomplishing.

I wish for you many years of continued usefulness in your arduous, but nevertheless grand work, and trust that each year you will have greater rewards for your labours in the direction you have chosen for yourself.

Again thanking you for the pleasure and privilege I enjoyed,

I remain, yours faithfully,

WALLACE McDONALD.

Barclay Webster, Esq., M.P.P. for Kings Co.,
N.S., writes :—

KENTVILLE,

Feb. 6th, 1892.

DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

During my visits to Hillfoot Farm I had an opportunity of seeing how the children there under your charge were looked after and cared for. And I have much pleasure in testifying that in my opinion the well-being of the children was carefully regarded and seemed the first consideration of all there. The schoolroom was under the charge of an efficient teacher and the children appeared happy, contented, well dressed, and cleanly.

Yours sincerely,

B. WEBSTER, M.P.P.

George Whitman, Esq., M.P.P. for Annapolis Co.,
N.S., writes :—

ROUND HILL, ANNAPOLIS, N.S.,

6th Feb., 1892.

DEAR MADAM,—

On visiting Hillfoot Farm in Aylesford, King's County, found the buildings and grounds admirably suited for a school of agriculture for children. The variety of soil is well adapted to mixed farming, and gives employment to young as well as old—to the young in the care of small fruit, poultry, etc.

The farm is protected from the cold north wind by the range of mountain along the south of the Bay of Fundy, and from the buildings you have a fine view of the valley.

On visiting the schoolroom found the children comfortably situated and being taught by an efficient and painstaking teacher, and looked as though they would make themselves useful in the work for which they were being trained.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. WHITMAN, M.P.P.

MISS EMMA M. STIRLING,

Hillfoot Farm,

Aylesford,

King's Co.

Rev. A. S. Tuttle, Berwick, N.S., supernumerary minister Methodist Church, writes:—

Having resided in the vicinity of Miss Stirling's Home for Children, at Hillfoot Farm, Aylesford, N.S., since it was founded, and having had every opportunity of observing its managements, I am fully persuaded there is no institution of the kind where more ample provision is made for the physical comfort and religious training of the young, and where better facilities are afforded for acquiring all the elementary branches of education. The greatest care is taken to secure the best homes for the children, and in this Miss Stirling has been remarkably successful, as well as most particular and

indefatigable in seeing that the conditions *made in their interest* are carried out by those who adopt them or *receive them in charge*.

There is much additional that I could say, but it is probably not required.

(Signed)

A. S. TUTTLE.

Rev. George Steel, 104, Broad Street, St. John,
N.B., writes:—

ST. JOHN, N.B.,

Feb. 6th, 1892.

DEAR MISS STIRLING,—

During my residence in the province of Prince Edward Island, I had great satisfaction in placing several children, who had been under your training, in suitable homes. After their adoption into those homes I visited them from time to time, and made careful inquiry about their characters. In addition to this I visited several other children, who had received the benefit of training in your institution. From all that I have both seen and heard I am most thoroughly convinced that the training you give them is admirably fitted to make good Christian men and women of those who are fortunate enough to be placed under your care. The children compare favourably in educational ability with the other children of the province. And they are also trained in habits of neatness, obedience, and reverence. Happy are the children that come under such influences. Your work is deserving of all confidence and support. May it continue to prosper!

Yours fraternally,

GEORGE STEEL,

Methodist Minister.

I receive from all quarters good accounts of our children. No doubt they are not all alike, and none of them are perfection, but they are a very well-conducted and promising set of young people, and, I must do them the justice to say, have in the vast majority of cases done what they can to do me credit and repay the care and pains bestowed upon them. A great many have risen to positions of trust, as well as usefulness, and are a testimony known and read of all men to the good results of the work for our children at Home and Abroad.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST TWO YEARS.

IN Chapter XII. I brought the history of our work and experiences at Hillfoot Farm down to the close of 1890.

Since then there is a good deal of interest to record, but it will not be tedious.

There is nothing very new as *to details* of work done for our children at home and abroad ; but the work itself has gone on with unabated vigour. Last June we were joined by a party of children from Miss Croall's Home, at Stirling, and except one little boy, whom I found it better to keep at home for a time, all these are now in good homes and giving satisfaction.

Each year more boys and girls have been placed in suitable homes, and thus enabled to do for themselves, while leaving room for new-comers, and I rejoice to be able *still* to say that the reports of them which I receive from all directions are *most* encouraging. At Home all goes on as usual. I have reason to be thankful the Home element remains unbroken, and the Home feeling among those who have gone from us

seems as strong as ever, judging from the piles of letters, photos, Christmas cards, and other tokens of goodwill which come from our children abroad.

I have already told of the serious calamity in the destruction of the mill last year, and its rebuilding. It is now at work as busily as ever, and employs more hands.

As to the farm work, we have done much to improve the stock of cattle and sheep, since there has been suitable accommodation for them in the new buildings. We have now a fine herd of registered Ayrshire cattle, and the flock of sheep has been also much improved. By dint of constant care and pains, we hope by-and-by it will be one of the best in the province. I must not forget the Berkshire pigs, which live in what is known as *Piggy's Palace* (which excited the admiration of Dr. Lawson), and where each family has a parlour and bedroom! one pen for eating, the other for sleeping, with access to "Piggy's playground," a large sunny yard where the manure from the barn is taken, and where the pigs occupy themselves usefully in turning it over. This part of the farm is a great amusement to visitors; and as it is light, airy, and perfectly clean, there is nothing objectionable, as is too often the case where piggies are less well attended to.

We have, since 1890, planted three orchards—one of 300 trees on my cousin's new farm, in a very fine

situation ; one of pears, peaches, plums, and cherry trees, immediately in front of the big house (where the old barns used to stand), and which, as the ground slopes gently to the south, and is sheltered by the house to the north, bids fair to do well. The third is on the tableland behind, and stretching west of the big house mentioned in my description of the farm when I bought it. We shall only be able to fill part of this ground this year, as the space is large ; but it is a good piece of work to have on hand, as preparing the ground can be carried on at intervals when there is not much else to do—though that is but *seldom*, we find !

In order to explain one great subject of interest and increased anxiety during these years, I must go back in our history to 1886, and tell you that no sooner were we located here than my troubles began in another direction. A man of notoriously bad character had brought his three children to my care in 1882, and deserted them immediately after. When he applied for their admission, he stated he had been a Roman Catholic, but was tired of the neglect and tyranny of the priests, and desired to have them brought up as Protestants. As I have said, he deserted them immediately. In the course of four years he only once asked after them, and during the same period sent £1 17s. towards their maintenance. But in 1886, finding that two of the children had been sent

by the directors to Nova Scotia in the course of that year, he consulted a priest, who recommended him to a Roman Catholic agent, by whom he was advised to apply for them. The directors then requested me to bring them home, which I did at once, but, knowing what the fate of the children would be, I was naturally unwilling to give them up if it could be avoided; and as the father did not make any further attempt to obtain them, the former application to the directors was allowed to drop. After waiting five months, I sent them out again, and with them the third child, who had not been in the Homes since 1884, but had been supported at my private expense in the country, and in due course they were provided for.

After eighteen months a lawsuit was instituted, which has been alike troublesome and expensive.

The decision in my favour recently given by the Court in Nova Scotia in the above case has been a great relief to me. The inconvenience and outlay have been very considerable; but, as I was advised to carry it on in the interests of poor children as well as of the Protestant cause, the risk seemed unavoidable.

I cannot leave this subject without thanking my cousin J. H.— for his help and kindness to me all through this trying time.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT WE HOPE TO DO.

THIS is an important chapter, but one contained in few words.

I have told the story of my life's work for destitute children in the hope that many friends will be inclined to help me to carry it on, and so permanently help to save many more.

I have established the Home in Nova Scotia in the hope that it will be a *real home* to numbers of poor children who have no other, and that it will be a safe starting-point for many boys and girls in a new country, where they have the opportunity offered to them of rising in the world, as well as a home to which they can come at any time for counsel or refuge in time of trouble—to say nothing of the place where their success will always be most heartily rejoiced in by all the folks at home !

We have all laboured to make the farm and workshops an efficient training school for lads of good character, from whence they quickly obtain good situations, and therefore hope that *many* will take advan-

tage of it. We hope that the same habits of industry, faithfulness, and kindness learned in the house will help to fit many girls for being the good household helpers who are so ardently desired and warmly welcomed on this side of the Atlantic. And I earnestly hope that this work will increase yet more and more, and that our children and their descendants will long be known as a seed whom the Lord has blessed in the maritime provinces, not to mention the States, where some of our young men and women are prospering abundantly. I trust that long after my work for children is over, they will be known as heads of godly, righteous, and sober families.

I hope that God's people will consider the case of many poor children who are orphans, or worse, by reason of the cruelty of their parents. No doubt *all* are not suitable cases for emigration, but many are. Competent judges say the need is as great as ever in our large cities, yea, even all over the country. I, for one, dare not contradict them.

Much has been done, but *much* yet remains, and therefore I desire to open the doors of these Homes at Hillfoot Farm, N.S., as wide as possible to every destitute child.

READER, WILL YOU NOT HELP ME?

For this I cry to God day and night, for this I have given my life, and I know that in this work the

Lord has blessed me ; so I hope by His help still to save many, body and soul, to bring sunshine and hope into many a poor child's life, and to lead the active steps of many young men and maidens into safe and pleasant paths. Truly, "we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." Truly has the word been verified in our experience : "The lame shall take the prey." So we go on from day to day, hoping, praying, "in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

CHAPTER XVII.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

THIS has been a most helpful and blessed adjunct to the work for our children. We have been enabled at Hillfoot Farm to maintain a united and steady protest against drink in all its forms.

It will be obvious that this is the only safety where so many young people are concerned. In it we have received cordial sympathy and support from the public generally.

The Sunday evening service has very often been used to spread the cause of Temperance by the exhortations and warnings given, and it has not unfrequently been actually a Temperance meeting, at the close of which considerable numbers of people have signed the pledge against drink, tobacco, and swearing, and the good results of this are known to all.

Soon after I went to Hillfoot Farm I was asked to form a branch in Aylesford of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. I did not at first see my way

to it as a stranger, but when, two years after, the request was again preferred, I could not refuse. The members asked me to become president, to which I agreed, on condition that I should be excused if hindered by causes over which I had no control. To this they agreed, and have been most forbearing, and we have quite a flourishing though small Union. I have thus been privileged to take part in Temperance work in other places, and to give addresses, invited by the W. C. T. Unions in various towns in the province. Also to take literature of a *good kind*, Temperance and otherwise, to the lumber camps, of which there are several every winter, near Lake George, and twenty miles from Hillfoot Farm. A large number of men are employed in these camps all winter, being thus cut off from home comfort and amusement, and are most thankful for the reading supplied. One winter I collected *two hundred-weight* of books and papers, which, as you may suppose, supplied many. I never enjoyed anything more than driving over the snow across the valley, up the South Mountain, and across the frozen lake, to the heart of the forest, where the lumber camps were. It took a short winter's day, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., but we received a warm welcome and a good dinner in the camp, and returned feeling we had carried what would give pleasure and profit to many through the long winter nights. Will any friends help this work by sending

any second-hand magazines or books they may have by them ?

Last November I was much honoured by being sent, at the request of Miss Willard, as the delegate from Nova Scotia to the World's Convention of the W.C.T.U., held in Boston, which can never be forgotten by any who witnessed it, and the words spoken there by many of God's servants must surely bear fruit for many days to come.

With this I close. I have told my tale, as I have been asked, of the history of my life-work for our children.

EMMA M. STIRLING.

June, 1892.

APPENDIX.

DONATIONS and subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by—

Messrs. Morgan & Scott, office of *Christian*, 12, Paternoster Buildings, London.

The Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Messrs. Henry L. Fell & Bros., 303, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, U.S.

Friends wishing to apply for the admission of a child from England to these Homes will please communicate with Rev. James Paterson, Minister of Belgrave Presbyterian Church, Kent House, Wandsworth Common, London, who will also receive and acknowledge contributions of money or clothing.

Any friend desiring information, or wishing to help the work, is invited to apply to Mrs. Arbuthnot, Hon. Sec. Women's Protestant Union, Plaw-hatch, East Grinstead.

Any friend wishing to apply for the admission of a child from Scotland to these Homes will please communicate with Miss Croall, The Children's Home, Stirling, N.B.

Contributions of money and clothing will be received and acknowledged by Miss Auld, 62, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, and Miss B. Thomson, St. Leonards, Wardie, by Edinburgh, who, on receipt of a post-card, will send for parcels, and from time to time forward them to Nova Scotia. These ladies will be happy to supply information in regard to the emigration of children to Nova Scotia.

Contributions received since the last number of "Our Children" appeared in 1889:—

1889.

EDINBURGH.

- April 8. Mrs. Murray, 13, Hatton Place, 13 boys' shirts, 6 petticoats, 2 overalls, 2 pairs stockings.
 Miss Kinnear, 17, Lyndoch Place, and friends, 30 articles clothing.
 Miss B. Thomson, 1 dozen pairs felt shoes.
 Per Miss Steven, The Shelter, 150, High Street, 1 dozen knitted petticoats.
 Dorcas Meeting, per Mrs. Murray, 13, Hatton Place, 3 large parcels clothing.
 Grange F. Ch. Work Party, per Mrs. Nixon, 4 dresses, 10 pianofores, 6 petticoats, etc.
 Ditto, per Mrs. Cameron, 16, Strathearn Road, large parcel of clothing.
 Miss Jersey, 1 chemise.
 Per Miss Auld, 62, Northumberland Street—
 Mrs. Ramsay, 5, Charlotte Square, £1.
 Juvenile Missionary Society, £1.
 Children of Mrs. Jordan Douglas, Barremount, £1.

1889.

EDINBURGH.

- Mrs. Walter, St. Andrews, 10s.
 Miss Dickson, Saxe Coburg Place, 10s.
 Mrs. Bryson, clothing.
 Mrs. Adington, dresses.
 Miss Dickson, Saxe Coburg Place, 20 yards
 tweed.
 Drumbarrow Sewing Class, per Miss P. Bairns-
 father, large parcel of clothing and bed quilts.
- May. J. C. Durward, Esq., Whinfield, Galashiels, £2.
- June. Mrs. Creeke, several large parcels of clothing.
- July. Miss Byres, Ellon, £1.
- Aug. Mrs. Byres and Miss Fiddes, £4.
 Corstorphine F. Ch. Sunday School, £2 5s.
- Nov. Mrs. Waldie, Trinity Road, £4.
 Miss Dickson, Saxe Coburg Place, 10s.
- Dec. Miss Thomson, St. Leonard's, Wardie, £2.
 Miss B. Thomson, from Granton Coffee House, £10.
 Miss Auld, 62, Northumberland Street, quantity of
 clothing.
 Messrs. Hodge, South Bridge, large quantity dress
 materials.
 Miss Anderson and friends, dolls.
 Misses Thomson, St. Leonard's, Wardie, dolls and
 Christmas goods.
 Miss Armstrong, knitted cuffs.
 B. Arder, 5s.

1890.

- Feb. 4. Miss Robertson, 28, Albany Street, £1.
 7. Family at Earnock, 10s.
 13. Miss Davidson, 5s.
 20. Miss M. Robertson, 10s.
- April 12. Samuel Dickson, Esq., 12, Castle Terrace, Edin-
 burgh, £20.
 14. Per Miss Auld, £3 10s.

1890.

- Sept. 5. Mrs. and Miss Byres, Ellon, £2.
 Oct. 15. Miss Dickson, Saxe Coburg Place, 10s.
 Nov. 20. Mr. Kay, per Rev. D. Taylor, 6s.

1891.

- Mrs. Nixon's Work Party, clothing.
 Mrs. Watson, Stanmore Lodge, parcel of clothing.
 Miss Jane Robertson, Earnock, parcel of clothing.
 Miss Leishman, Linton Manse, parcel of clothing.
 Anon., from Alloa, 7 dozen pairs of stockings.
 Mrs. Stirling, Muiravonside House, Linlithgow,
 1 dozen pairs stockings.
- Jan. 1. Miss Thomson, St. Leonard's, Wardie, £2.
 Miss B. Thomson, " " £1.
- Feb. 7. Mrs. Murray, 13, Hatton Place, 10s.
 Mrs. Russell, Kenly Green, St. Andrews, 10s.
- Mar. 18. Mrs. Byres, Ellon, £12 10s.
- May. Mrs. Watson, Stanmore Villa, 12 petticoats, 5 pairs
 stockings.
 Mrs. Russell, Kenly Green, clothing.

1892.

- Jan. Miss B. Thomson, 1 frock, 2 shirts, 2 pinafores,
 2 pairs stays.
- April 6. Mrs. Fremantle (don.), Hill House, Wimbledon, 10s.
 23. Mrs. Byres, Ashlea, Ellon, Aberdeenshire, £1.
 Miss Byres, " " " £1.
 Miss M. Robertson, 160, Union Street, Aberdeen,
 £1.
 Miss Fiddes, 154, Union Street, Aberdeen, £5.
- May 4. Mr. Thomas Marr, 57, Ingram Street, Glasgow,
 £5.
 Mrs. Miles, Mount Park Manse, Biggar, box of
 hats and large bale of clothing.

1892.

- May 4. Also from friends in Biggar—
 Mrs. Robb, 5s.
 Mr. Paul, £1.
 Mrs. Mitchell, 10s.
 Mrs. Kay, £1.
 Mrs. Ovens, 2s. 6d.
 Mrs. Kello, 5s.
- May 12. Captain and Mrs. Stirling, 11, Harold Road,
 Upper Norwood, £5.
25. The Grange (Edin.) F. Ch. Work Party, per Mrs.
 Nixon and Mrs. Cameron, 16, Strathearn
 Road, large parcel clothing.
 Mrs. Watson, 11, Hatton Place, large parcel
 clothing.
 Mrs. Murray, 13, Hatton Place, large parcel
 clothing.
- June. Mrs. Watson, 11, Hatton Place (Edin.), 10s.
 Miss Auld, 62, Northumberland Street (Edin.), £1.
 A. B. D., being a contribution from Toronto and
 Scotland, \$5.
 Miss Jessie Ramsay, 24, Blackwood Crescent
 (Edin.), Christmas gift for a special case for
 three years, 15s.

To the above, and all those friends too numerous
 to mention, who have helped me in so many ways,
 I offer my most sincere and grateful thanks.

EMMA M. STIRLING.

June, 1892.

