

Our Midsummer Contingent

WE have once again beaten a record in the annals of emigration work when with our last party Dr. Barnardo sent out the largest contingent of juvenile colonists that has ever been despatched in a body from the shores of the Old Country. Our total was 397, 279 males and 118 females. We confess to being somewhat disappointed at getting so near without quite reaching the 400 total, but with 397 boys and girls on hand we had very little time to lament over the three that were not. The question of transport seemed at first likely to be one of no little perplexity. We were booked for the *Dominion* to sail from Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal on the 17th of July, and the Editor, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, left Montreal on the 20th June in the same steamer with full expectations of returning by her with the party. Man proposes, etc., and on the eastward voyage we improved the occasion to discuss and mentally arrange the space we were to occupy, the location of gangways, partitions, washing accommodation, sanitary appliances, and so forth, and had every thing beautifully cut and dried by the time of our arrival in Liverpool. The first news that reached us when the gangway was run out at the landing stage in Liverpool was the startling intelligence that the *Dominion* had been chartered by the Imperial Government for the conveyance of troops from South Africa, and that all our plans and arrangements had been knocked on the head. The Editor turned from his informant to Mrs. Davis with the remark, "Here's a nice business, Mrs. Davis; the ship's chartered for South Africa." Mrs. Davis attached a rather different significance to the observation, and exclaiming "surely they'll let us get off first," made a rush for the gangway. We hastened to assure Mrs. Davis that there was no fear of her being carried away bodily to Cape Town, and that the difficulty was not one of getting

off but of getting on again. We knew there was the alternative of the Boston service of the Dominion Line, but there were difficulties in regard to space, questions of rates to be adjusted, regulations of the Steamship Conference to be overcome, possible obstacles in the way of landing at a United States port on account of the restrictive American immigration laws, and many other considerations that were involved in so novel a departure. We urged the Dominion Line managers to fit up specially one of their large cargo steamers and send us to Quebec, but this involved such heavy expenditure to the Company in piercing side lights, flooring decks, lighting and heating, providing new sanitary appliances, boats, fire-extinguishing appliances, cooking apparatus, etc., in addition to the ordinary fittings, that it was dismissed as impracticable, and ultimately we were instructed by Dr. Barnardo to book the party by the 11,000 ton twin-screw steamer *New England*, leaving Liverpool for Boston on Thursday, July 17th. In the interval, the process of recruiting and selection of the party, the weeding out of doubtful or unsuitable candidates, the various inspections for various purposes, the outfitting and photographing went on as usual, clashing rather awkwardly, we fear, for those responsible with the preparations for Founder's Fete on the 12th July, on which occasion the entire party paraded with great effect before the large audience that included H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenburg, Lord Brassey, the President of the Institution, and many other distinguished personages. Relatives of various sorts and conditions were much in evidence during the days preceding our departure, many of them decent folk, glad and grateful to know that their boy was to have a good chance in life in the new country, others in aggressive mood, raising objections, generally foolish and groundless, to the emigration of their young kinsmen. The number of children struck off the

list on account of relative objections is always a bitterness of soul to us. We must, of course, recognize and admit the humanity and justice of respecting in such a matter the wish of a boy's next of kin, but at the same time when we recall how much brighter the prospects are in Canada than in England, and realize how the objection of some woman who probably imagines that Canada is peopled by cannibals who are likely to have a hot roast off her darling for dinner and finish him up cold for supper, or is under the impression that people who attempt to cross the Atlantic are generally drowned, or that the natives of Canada carry tomahawks as part of their every-day equipment and have a fashion of taking the scalps of newcomers, is effectual to close the door in a boy's face to a career of prosperity and independence, the frequency of such objections is aggravating, not to say exasperating. We don't know how Miss Code got on at Ilford, but at Stepney when we saw an original list of 360 dwindle to considerably under 300, and at last to 279, and most of the rejected boys otherwise eligible and of good promise, we could have said for them, "Save me from my friends!"

The farewell service took place in the chapel at the Boys' Home on the evening of Tuesday the 15th, when Dr. Barnardo himself spoke long and earnestly to the lads, reminding them of the relationship in which he stood to them as taking the place of earthly father and mother, of the hopes and expectations with which he was sending them out to the new country, of what their conduct must be if they were to succeed, of the special temptations against which they must guard and the Saviour in Whom he would have them trust. The service was most impressive, and, we doubt not, will retain a lasting hold in the minds and hearts of many of the little company who were present and heard from the Doctor what, for most of them, were the last words he would ever address to them. Nothing out of the common routine marked our departure on the morning of July 17th. We

have become familiar with the excellent arrangements in every detail of the Great Western Railway, organized by our good friend, Mr. Nicholl, of the General Superintendent's Department. Familiarity in this case, however, by no means breeds contempt, but only increases our appreciation for the punctuality, the forethought, the care, the completeness of all these arrangements. The omnibuses and other conveyances were on hand in good time and in ample numbers to convey the whole party comfortably to Paddington Station, and on the long corridor train there was good accommodation for everybody. The entraining of the party was accomplished without hitch or trouble, and when all had taken their places, Dr. Barnardo arrived to take final leave of the party that he was unable to accompany, as we had hoped, as far as Liverpool. An exciting, not to say thrilling, incident occurred as we were leaving Paddington Station. Mr. Gelling had been deputed to station himself at the signal box at the extreme end of the platform for the purpose of taking a snapshot of the train as it passed round the curve leaving the terminus, and the engine driver was instructed to stop for a minute to pick him up. The driver misunderstood the order, and we were suddenly conscious of the apparition of Mr. Gelling, flanked by the ample proportions of Mr. Nicholl, in hot pursuit of the train. All efforts to call the driver's attention proved ineffectual, and speed was gradually increasing. The pace became severe, but Mr. Gelling was making the running, and, minus his hat but valiantly clutching his camera, was soon panting by the footboard. Ultimately we hauled him aboard, we almost forget whether by the hair of his head, the heels of his boots, the seat of his unmentionables, or all three, but next time he means to try some other point of vantage from which to exercise his art. We were favoured in the weather, a day of bright sunshine giving cheerfulness to our departure, and the band and the able leadership of Mr. Davis, enhanced the proceeding. Leaving London at ten sharp, we travelled at 242 miles an hour

Fiddington to Birkenhead in a trifle under five hours, passing on the way some of the loveliest and most picturesque of English and Welsh scenery. On arriving at Birkenhead the tender was in readiness to take us across the Mersey, and we were soon alongside the *New England*, looking very imposing and immense as she towered above us in her moorings at the Prince's Landing Stage. The Board of Trade medical examination took place as we passed on board, and in view of our being destined for an American port, everyone was subjected to a more than usually close and careful scrutiny at the hands of Dr. Hill. The United States immigration authorities have just now got trichoma on the brain, and while thousands of indigent and uncleanly Jewish and Polish refugees and other undesirables may land with impunity and pour themselves by thousands into the lowest quarters of the large American cities, the landing of a mild case of this not very formidable scalp affection is apparently considered disastrous to the welfare and valetude of the Republic. Our boys and girls, happily, exhibited no case of trichoma or anything worse on their persons than five hours' accumulation of dust and dirt, which they have an annoying fashion of rubbing into their eyes, and other receptacles, so as to make the most of every black particle, and we passed with credit and were allowed to take possession of our quarters forthwith. The girls and Mrs. Davis were very comfortably berthed at the after end, with plenty of seating space, good sleeping rooms, excellent sanitary appliances, and well shut off by themselves from all other passengers or crew. The boys at the forward were scarcely so well off and were decidedly crowded. We had to do a good deal of "doubling up" in the berths, and with insufficient table space we had the tiresome experience of double sittings. The Labour House lads, twenty three in number, had a compartment entirely to themselves, an arrangement that for obvious reasons we find desirable and always insist upon. Here we may say of these

Labour House lads that we have never brought over a contingent from that Institution that has given us less trouble or amongst whom the general conduct and behaviour on board have been more thoroughly and uniformly satisfactory. We generally look for a little difficulty in this quarter, but on the present occasion we had never the smallest reason to complain, and we must be permitted to offer Mr. Davidson, the present Superintendent of the Labour House, our very hearty congratulations upon the results of his training as we were able to judge from the contingent on the *New England*. The ship left the landing stage for sea at 4.30 p.m., after embarking a large number of saloon passengers, almost all Americans and chiefly from Boston and the New England States. The large party of young emigrants on board was naturally the subject of much interest to the other passengers. Reticence in seeking information is not a characteristic of our American cousins, and morning, noon and night during the voyage we were answering the same series of questions: "What are these children?" "Where do they come from?" "Where are they going to?" "Who pays for this business?" "Why doesn't the Government support these charities?" and so on and so on. We heard of our being on one occasion the object of a long and fierce smoking-room debate, a violently anti-English Irish-American instancing the party as a proof of the general corruption and wickedness of all things English, when four hundred friendless children were being sent out to be supported by America; the other side contending that the party of healthy, bright, well-trained boys and girls was the highest possible testimony to the greatness of England, when an Institution supported entirely by private benevolence could train, equip, and send out such a party to supply her colonies with the best possible material for their development. We don't suppose the Irishman was convinced or silenced; it's not in the nature of the breed; but his ridiculous assertions were doubtless effectually disposed of.

At Queenstown on the Friday

morning, a further contingent of passengers was picked up, and we left for Boston a very full ship. The days that followed passed quickly, and were very full and very anxious days for those responsible for the party. To gain some knowledge of three hundred boys in the space of six days, and commit to paper some little description of each one with notes of his parentage, birth-place, educational progress, wishes in regard to his future career, etc., is no light task; and when there is added to this the necessity for keeping constant supervision over such a multitude of restless young mortals, with endless facilities for mischief around them, and opportunities for getting into danger, the duty of presiding at a succession of meals (we pronounced a blessing on food twelve different times a day and conducted four services), watching over the sick, treating a host of minor ailments, conducting parades and inspections, superintending washing, and maintaining general order and discipline, it may be imagined that we felt our hands at times more than full. The writer flatters himself, however, that he knows his work fairly well by this time or if he doesn't he ought to and the routine of one voyage is pretty much like another. With our young travellers early to bed and early to rise is the rule and practice at sea, although with their elders the amount of clerical work we have to get through during the voyage makes the latter part of the maxim the only one practicable. When the seasickness is over, that for the first day or two almost exclusively employs the time, thoughts, and expectorative energies of the party, the time passes very pleasantly for the boys and girls. The greater part of each day is spent on deck in play of various kinds, and if they are not mentally and morally, like the busy bee, improving each shining hour, they are, at any rate, laying in stores of health and vigour that must serve them in good stead in the future.

It would be impossible to speak too highly of the kindness, courtesy and attention shown us on the *New England*. Captain James is a model shipmaster, of a big, Atlantic type, a

strict disciplinarian, active and energetic in looking after the welfare of his ship and her passengers, always at his post, genial in his manner, deservedly popular among the travelling public, and every inch of him a British sailor. In the Chief Officer, Mr. Owen, we had a kind and ready friend, always willing to plan or carry out any little arrangement that would facilitate our comfort or convenience; and with the other officers nothing that we had occasion to ask for was ever a trouble. We could not attempt to do justice to the numberless little kindnesses and forethought for our comfort of Mr. Bragg, the Chief Steward, who is emphatically the right man in the right place, while, last but not least, we were most fortunate in having once again the services of our faithful ally and henchman, Thomas Nuttall, who in the capacity of extra Second Steward was specially detailed to look after the party. What we should have done without Tom on this last voyage is more than we care to contemplate or surmise, and our present exercise of mind is to devise some arrangement whereby, without hindering our valued friend's advancement in the service for which he is so well qualified and standing in the way of his well earned promotion, we can yet retain his services with our parties and still have him as our right hand man, which he has been on so many and various occasions.

As a rule, we have very little serious illness among our young voyagers, and up to the last voyage there had been but one fatality in the twenty years of Dr. Barnardo's Emigration Work and among the thousands whom he has sent across. The *New England's* journey, however, proved a melancholy exception to our general good fortune. On the second day out from Liverpool we discovered to our horror and dismay a case of diphtheria among the younger boys, the victim of the disease being William H. Hartley, aged ten. The patient was immediately removed to the ship's hospital and placed under the care of the doctor who had first to test his most arduous and unalloyed in his attendance

From day to day the little sufferer was watched and cared for with every possible attention, and at one time there seemed a decided improvement in the throat and a rally of general strength. Unfortunately, however, this improvement was not maintained, and at 2.05 a.m. on Wednesday little Willie breathed his last and the voyage of life was over for him and ended, as we fully believe, on the shores of that land where they hunger no more neither thirst any more, where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. It was necessary that the burial should take place almost immediately, and it was decided, after discussion with Captain James, that the service should be held at daybreak. The unusually early summons from their berths caused no little surprise among the boys; but soon all were seated in their places, when, amidst a profound silence, we conveyed to them the sad intelligence of what had taken place and the purpose for which they were assembled at that hour. We then proceeded to conduct the grand old Church of England burial service, that seemed never more appropriate in its note of triumphant assurance of life beyond the grave, and of glorious and certain hope of the resurrection to immortality through Him Whose power has burst the gates of death. At the conclusion of the earlier part of the service we gathered with a few of the bigger boys at the ship's side, where we were joined by Captain James, several of the officers, and a considerable number of the crew, and with the usual commendatory prayers, the remains, that had been prepared in the usual way and wrapped in the Union Jack, were laid to rest in their grave of waters until the day when the sea shall give up its dead. The engines were stopped as we committed to the deep all that was mortal of our little friend, and the service was concluded just as the first rays of the morning sun shone above the expanse of waters. The two days that remained of the voyage were a most anxious time for us. On the morning of the funeral of little Willie we had several other suspicious cases, and we hardly conceived

it possible that there would be no spread of the disease among so large a number and crowded into so small a space. Nevertheless, in spite of all our forebodings, there was no second case of diphtheria. The cases in which there were slight feverish symptoms or relaxation of the throat entirely recovered, and when we anchored at the quarantine station in Boston harbour, on the morning of Friday, July 25th, we were able to show a clean bill of health and everyone in condition to pass the doctor. As far as the girls were concerned, we much doubt if the same doctor in all his extended experience ever passed a more healthy, sturdy, bonny looking lot of children. There had scarcely been a drooping one amongst them since the second day of the voyage, and, thanks to Mrs. Davis' watchful care and unflinching vigilance and the good food and fine air of the sea, the girl section of our party was in the very pink of condition. The voyage had not done so much for the boys, but they looked well on the whole and were arrayed for landing in their best clothes. The function of changing had been performed in the small hours, and was a big job that we rather dreaded beginning and were thankful to be over with. To pass up nearly 300 trunks from the hold, to get them arranged about the deck and uncorded, to attach each box to its rightful owner, to drive into each small brain exactly what was to be done so that clean under-clothing and new suits may be put on and the garments that are disrobed packed into the box they belong to and not into someone else's or left on the deck, is a formidable undertaking and one involving huge exercise of lung power. We record with thanksgiving that the material and construction of the boxes stood the test of moving, opening and shutting with much more satisfactory results than on previous occasions, and we should imagine that quite two out of five came through the ordeal without the locks breaking, hinges collapsing or the lids hopelessly parting company with the boxes. Often, however, when worried, hunked and driven, we have heard all round and about the familiar chorus.

"this lock's broke, "this lid's come off," "these hinges is bust," we have wished no good to the person or persons who can manufacture and expose for sale articles of such quality—we are careful not to add buy, our high esteem and affection for the purchaser bidding us refrain from comments upon that side of the transaction. However, the cords are sound and strong (a very cheap line of rope is one of the tribulations still in reserve for us), and there were plenty of willing hands to help in the task of lashing up, so that everyone's goods and chattels were kept together. The smart and tidy appearance of the boys fully repaid us for our labour, and we were by no means ashamed of the party as we approached Boston, where we knew we should be the centre of a good deal of interest and attention.

Our arrival day was a very eventful one, and its one sad incident will always remain impressed in our memory. We had been up all night, and at both ends of the ship everything was in readiness bright and early for the debarkation of the party. Provisions for the railway journey and stores that had been in use during the voyage were packed up, lists of destinations made out for the railroad officials so that they might begin at once the business of making out tickets, the small contingent for the Winnipeg Home selected as well as the little boys for boarding out and those to be placed in situations. There were a few to be dropped off east of Toronto, but the bulk of the party would proceed in the first place to the Toronto Home. We realized that minutes would be precious when we once reached the wharf, and all our arrangements were made as far as possible so that no time might be lost in getting away. About eight o'clock the ship reached the wharf, Captain James navigating her beautifully into her berth so that she would scarcely have smashed an egg against the pier. The gangways were quickly run out, and we were soon introduced to the United States Superintendent of Immigration, Colonel Billings, and to various members of his staff, the representatives of the Boston & Maine Railway and others. The genial presence of Mr. Struthers was

one of the first that we recognized on the wharf, and very delighted we were to see him and to have good news of all at home and of the progress of events generally in our Canadian world. It was decided that the boys and girls should remain on board for a time until the bulk of the passengers had landed and cleared off, so that they might not be in everybody's way in the buildings while the other people were getting their luggage examined and passing the usual inspections. This arrangement commended itself to us at the time, but while saving us the risk of boys getting into mischief on shore, it left them exposed to the danger of the open hatches on board by which the baggage was being rapidly hauled up and discharged. These hatches were protected as far as possible, but not sufficiently to prevent a terrible disaster. A hatch had been partly opened, although several of the boards had been left down for the sake of preventing danger to the boys who were clustered round on the deck. A sling of baggage coming up at a high speed swerved from the perpendicular and catching the beam upon which these boards rested, lifted beam and boards from their position and tumbled them into the hold, taking with them the little lad, Edward George Adderley, who had been kneeling on one of the planks apparently in no danger whatever. We ourselves were attending Colonel Billings at the time in his inspection of the girls, when we were summoned by the ghastly tidings of a boy having fallen down the hold. It took us but a few moments to reach his side at the bottom of the ship and to see at once that the injuries were fatal although life was not extinct. The city ambulance, summoned by telephone, was on hand in an incredibly short time, and the injured boy having been drawn up carefully on a stretcher, was taken off to the Relief Station of the City Hospital near at hand. A little later on we called to see and take leave of him when he was just alive, but death momentarily overtook the base of the skull being fractured besides other injuries. We cannot attempt to describe the grief and consternation that the

catastrophe caused amongst us, following as it did the previous death. It comes to us even yet more like a nightmare than an actual event in our experience. A considerable sensation was naturally created among the large number of people who were assembled on the wharf, and half a dozen newspaper reporters were soon taking down all we could tell them of the circumstances. The greatest kindness and sympathy were everywhere expressed, and the representatives of the Dominion Line, especially the Passenger Manager, Mr. Farley, were ready and willing to do anything and everything for us. Little Edward succumbed, as was expected, within a few hours. The funeral took place on the Sunday from the Sailors' Home, and was attended by above 200 men of the ship's company of the *New England*. In America, common-sense and public opinion, without the aid of any Burial Reform Association, have, happily, transformed the ghastly hideousness of the trappings of woe that revolt taste and decency at an English interment. It is not thought a necessary mark of respect to the departed to hire an array, large or small according to the means and desire for ostentation of the survivors, of bottle nosed stablemen to stand or stagger about in greasy chimney pot hats with huge bands of crape in the character of "mutes," and plumes and palls are no longer considered appropriate symbols of bereavement. The body of little Edward Adderley was lain to its rest in a simple oak coffin, drawn to the cemetery in a white hearse and carried to the grave by the four quartermasters of the *New England*. The Flower Mission of Boston contributed a beautiful wreath, and the coffin was tastily covered with flowers symbolical of the sweetness and fragrance of the life to which the grave is but the portal.

To resume our narrative of the journey with the party: Our young colonists took leave of the *New England* and set foot for the first time on American soil at about 2.30 in the afternoon. We were bustled for some time after to the checking of the baggage—a long, tedious process that has its advantages over the simple "label

ling" of the English railway system, but has also its drawbacks, as one realizes when nearly four hundred pieces of baggage have to be checked to different points and by many different routes. For nearly three hours we were shouting and booking down names of boys and girls, stations, routes and check numbers, and long before we had finished the Boston & Maine baggagemen were, it might be uncharitable to say, cursing our arrival but, we doubt not, thanking Providence that the advent of such a party is not a daily incident of the port. At last it was over, baggage all loaded in the baggage car, provisions stowed in the cars, the last stray pieces hunted up and checked, a big wallet of tickets handed over to us and receipted for, the last of the newspaper reporters supplied with information, telegrams sent off to various people and places announcing our arrival, and we were ready to fall in for the train. Officials of various sorts and degrees had gathered from all quarters to render us assistance, in evident expectation that the entraining of the party would be like the impennig of a troop of young colts, and were visibly astonished when at the words of command the girls first, and following them the boys in order of size, marched in column to the platform and, forming in single file, took their places from one end to the other of the long train without the slightest degree of confusion or disturbance. The party filled nine of the large Boston & Maine cars and made up a "very pretty train." Leaving Boston at six in the evening, a meal was the first item on the programme. For the sight of a man who knows his work and goes at it with heart, soul and strength commend us to the spectacle of our friend, Tom, serving out the wherewithal to satisfy the appetites of a train-load of hungry youngsters. One barrel after another disgorges its contents, and the empties are thrown out into the ditch, tins of corned meat are opened in the very twinkling of an eye, a cutting board is improvised, one boy is cutting open the "cobs," another putting them in a sheet preliminary to carrying them round, a third filling a box with the

slices of meat, a fourth opening a fresh barrel of bread, the whole process goes on with incredible despatch, and at the end, when everybody is served and satisfied, we treat ourselves to a quiet and very welcome cup of tea with the water that our spirit lamp, after many alarms and hair-breadth escapes, owing to the jolting and oscillation of the train, has contrived at last to bring to the boil. Before night came on and the children curled up to sleep, we collected into the two rear cars the boys for the North-West who would separate from us in Montreal early in the morning, and very soon after the young people settled down to their slumbers tired out with the excitement of the day, and the writer and Mr. Struthers had time for a quiet yarn and—we may as well confess it; we all have our failings and weaknesses—a smoke. Five o'clock in the morning found us in Montreal, when we took leave of Mr. Struthers with the twenty-three big lads for the Farm Home and the forty for the Winnipeg Branch, and were met by our good friend, Mr. Griffith, who had come to assist us in the distribution of the party east of Toronto. Mr. Miller, the Stationmaster of the Windsor Street terminus, was on hand to receive us, as we doubt not he would be on hand to receive the Archangel, Gabriel, if the seraph were to descend from heaven upon Windsor Street with or without shout and blast of trumpet, and would only be exercised as to whether the angelic visitor should be sent out "special" or could be attached to the first "regular." We are very conscious in our secret souls that Mr. Miller regards us as growlers and grumblers of the worst kind, and we are aware that we have oftentimes made his life a burden by our kicking against his holding us for a regular train when we considered we should have been forwarded as a special, or demanding to be put on an express when the exigencies of traffic would have made it preferable to send us crawling up the road in the rear of a freight, or by clamouring for more water in the cars or for extra space on a train that he considered already heavily weighted, but, none the less we hold Mr. Miller in the very

highest esteem, and regard him as one of those hard working, conscientious, absolutely reliable men who are the mainstay and going power of all great enterprises in the railway world and every other sphere of human activity, and who meet difficulties and accomplish results for which others often get the credit. We are always glad to see Mr. Miller, and hope we always shall see him as long as it is our fate or fortune to escort parties over the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the last occasion, doubtless to Mr. Miller's relief and satisfaction, we had no cause for complaint or protest, and we left Montreal and entered upon the last stage of our journey in good humour and at peace with all men. By arrangement made beforehand, we dropped about a score of boys at way stations or junction points on the way up to Toronto, Mr. Griffith leaving us at Smith's Falls with a party of ten for the Brockville Branch. Peterborough was reached at four in the afternoon, where we delivered over the 111 girls safe and sound to the care and custody of the ladies from "Hazel Brae," who were waiting to receive them. We are afraid no one bethought themselves at the time to congratulate Mrs. Davis (we must admit that we ourselves, instead of offering any such civilities, invited her to employ herself during the rest of the journey in wiping the faces of small boys with a wet towel so that they might pass through the streets of Toronto somewhat less begrimed with smoke and coal dust and showing less visibly the effect of their twenty-four hours' abstinence from soap and water), but we are pleased to express—and we are sure we may speak in the matter for Dr. Barnardo himself—our very high and cordial appreciation of Mrs. Davis' indefatigable and devoted services. No one could work more faithfully or untiringly, and if there are many who could "show off" better and put a good deal more gloss and polish on their activities, there is no one who could watch over a number of girls during a long journey by sea and land more zealously, more efficiently or more conscientiously than Mrs. Davis. We reached Toronto at 6.30 p.m., and added by a terrific train

der steam. The wagons and omnibuses of the Canadian Transfer Company were on hand to convey the party to the Home, and half an hour later the journey was over. We could have wished that our premises on Farley Avenue could have been stretched for the occasion to three or four times their cubic measurement, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that it was "only for one day," and there was good standing room for everybody and a shake-down, of a sort, for the night. The boys could, at any rate, enjoy a good wash, after which we were not long in stowing them away into their rather close sleeping quarters and leaving ourselves free for the work preliminary to the distribution. The next day, Sunday, was not exactly a day of rest, but we had service in the yard at 10.30, when Mrs. Owen gave the address and in the evening we had our usual little farewell talk with those whom we were to take leave of in the morning. We gave them as a parting word the grand message that came of old to inspire a great heart on the threshold of a mighty and arduous enterprise, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest," and we believe that the knowledge and assurance of God's presence as their strength and support and ever present help in every time of need and temptation will have given fresh hope and confidence and resolution to many of those who listened so attentively to us. From the service in the dining hall the word was immediately "Fall in for bed," and as soon as all were settled in, we were off to the station to check baggage and get the tickets for the morning. Mr. Davis was busy till the sun was well nigh up in making out and sorting cards of direction, and everything was ready by the time for the departure in the morning of the first contingent. We left the Home in three divisions for the different trains, the first at 6.15, the second at 7.25, the third at 8. It was

nip and tuck to get all off in good time, and a Monday morning in July is a busy season at the Union Station: but no one was left behind or got astray, and early in the afternoon when the 1.45 train had taken off the last of the little boarders, we were conscious of a sense of our task being over and began to welcome the thoughts of a little sleep that we had been able to indulge in only in the most meagre and fragmentary fashion during the five previous days and nights. We are thankful to record further that everyone reached his destination safely, and no harm or mishap befell any of our young travellers after their leaving us. Employers and foster-parents have generally expressed their satisfaction and pleasure with the boys selected for them, and the lads of our last party—and, as far as we know, the girls also—have entered upon life in Canada under happy and favourable auspices. It remains only for us to bear our grateful testimony to the really excellent conduct and behaviour that prevailed amongst both boys and girls, young and old, during the time that the party was under our charge, from the time of their leaving London till we said good bye to them on their leaving for their destinations. There was plenty of fun, plenty of noise, plenty of good spirits, but order and quiet at the proper times. We found always strict obedience, cleanliness, readiness and willingness among the older boys to help whenever required. We had no case of insubordination, we not once heard a bad word or indecent expression during the whole of the trip, not a single complaint was made to us either on board ship or elsewhere, and our boys and girls from first to last conducted and behaved themselves in a manner that was in the highest degree creditable to the training they have received and to those under whose influence they have been living. May God bless each and all of them in the new land, and make them a blessing in the homes to which they have gone and amongst those with whom they have to do!

ALFRED B. OWEN.