

a year Florence wrote to me often, then her letters became less frequent, and knowing her as I did, I read between the lines something else beside household cares. She was not the same Florence, her life was crushed, but I knew not why.

"Three years ago I visited by old home. Shortly after my arrival I was asked to go to see Florence, but not to mention to her my impression of her home life. She was dying with heart trouble, they said. One beautiful morning I called. In answer to my rap a feeble voice bade me enter. Well, Hugh, I could scarcely believe that the frail figure propped among the pillows was the girl I had known.

"She seemed glad to see me, and talked cheerfully for a time. Then she grew silent, and seemed to be in a reverie. I thought perhaps I was tiring her, and rose to go. She put out a wasted hand as if to detain me, and said:

"Don't go, Brad. I haven't seen you for so long, and, Brad, I want to ask you if you remember the morning you told me that George was drinking?" I told her I did.

"O, Brad," she cried, "why didn't I investigate the matter instead of taking George's word for it? Nobody knows what I've suffered, and all for lack of a little common-sense. I've lived with him for thirty years because I thought it was my duty, and only God in heaven knows what I've suffered. And, Oh, Brad, my beautiful children. I had six, and I am going to tell you their history.

"My oldest son is a prosperous physician in Pittsburgh, a credit to the family name; my married daughter, next to him, is as fine a woman as ever lived. But, oh, the rest—the pain I have endured through them. One boy, the brightest of all, died in the insane asylum, a victim of drink; the youngest was killed in a drunken brawl, and his twin sister, God only knows where she is—somewhere in the clutches of sin in Chicago.

"I still have my baby girl, sixteen years old. What kind of woman she will make remains to be seen. Recently George has taken a peculiar dislike to her, and whenever he is drinking, declares he will kill her. I have kept her away from home as much as possible, but I am afraid he will take her life, and add one more blot to his wretched life, and fill to overflowing my cup of sorrow."

"I had never in my life pitied anyone so much as I pitied the playmate

of my childhood days. I said to her:

"Florence, what can I do to help you? Couldn't I take your daughter west with me? I have no children, and I would love to have her for your sake."

"Bradford, you are, as you always were, my best friend. If you will take my little Florence. I can never thank you enough. Don't let her disgrace the family further, but make a Christian of her."

"A week later the feeble light flickered out, and Florence was at rest. We laid her in the little family cemetery, and then I started home, bringing Florence Barrow with me. That was two years ago. I have learned to love her as my own daughter. I have spared neither time nor expense on her education, and now to find that she is afflicted with so terrible a thing as delirium tremens—Oh, it stabs me to the heart! And, Hugh, the worst of it is that she cannot help it. All through her life she must be thus afflicted. Oh, my God! If the man who drinks were the only one to suffer!

Bradford Gage walked slowly home, wondering what the future of this unfortunate girl would be; wondering if medical aid, education, or anything else could ever burst the iron bands of heredity.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A Chinese student, a graduate of Harvard, was discussing matters with a Canadian friend, who asked him what wise addition he could suggest to the laws of Canada. The Chinese student at once suggested that they should legalise the killing of new-born infants, as was done by China, and when asked what possible benefit such an abomination would be to Canada, replied: "I do not say that it would be any benefit. But will you tell me how it can be more abominable than your present habit of murdering unborn life? Lately your Canada wished to make a wise law regulating marriages, but this was opposed, one man saying that eugenic marriages would be no advantage in lessening the number of defectives born, because so many of these were born of normal parents. I should have added, but of parents that were not allowed to destroy the new-born babe they felt they could not afford to raise properly, so they tried to kill it before birth, often succeeding, but

often only robbing the unwanted babe of mentality instead of life.

"Listen, and I will speak seriously. In China there is reason for this sinful murder of infants. One-fourth of the population of the world is packed in China, a country of 1,340,000 square miles, compared with the 3,750,000 square miles of Canada, with only eight million people. In no country is the land tilled so carefully as in China; in no country does the ground support so many; but if a community feel they must set bounds to the increase of their population, they destroy some of their new-born female infants. But in Canada you kill male and female alike before they are born, and all the while you are demanding people from overseas to help fill your vacant lands. I confess that of all the puzzling things on earth to-day, I am most puzzled by this killing of unborn life in Canada and the United States—both countries that want more people.

"You pension brave men who have dared death to uphold your country's honour on the battlefield. Why not pension every woman of approved health and intelligence, of your own blood, who bears long months of weariness, and at last faces death, to add another soul to your population? If the working women of your race—the wives of your working men—knew that the State gave them, say, a hundred dollars yearly for every child they bore and reared, I do not think you would have so many small families among your own people, and certainly not the unwanted child, drugged into a defective before it was born. I have often thought that there is a real yellow peril threatening you, taking yellow to mean 'the yellow streak of cowardice,' that shows itself in the blood of a nation getting ready to decay. My friend, the country whose own women are afraid to bear children will soon have only men who will shirk the responsibilities of governing—they will be too afraid of what they know not, to have the wisdom needed by a ruling race, and Canada shall be divided, a spoil among the hungry foreigners who are pouring into her lands. 'Blood for blood, and life for life,' it is written, and does not Canada fear that the ghosts of the unborn children she kills to-day will strangle her hopes of greatness to-morrow?"

This is the word from a man of a nation that is very old, to Canada, a nation that is in her beginning.—"Woman's Century."