



FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

WE believe our girls will hail with great pleasure the accompanying picture of their friend, Dr. Barnardo. Different girls have written asking for it. Annie Morrish, for instance, says: "I see by one of the girl's

letters in the paper that a picture of Dr. Barnardo was on the first page of a back number; now I think it ought to be put in again for the sake of those who were not taking the paper, but who would have taken it if they had only known there was such a paper. Don't you think so yourself?"

Yes, Annie, indeed, we do; for we feel very strongly ourselves that we like to remember old friends.

Annie Marks says: "Why does not Mr. Owen put the doctor's picture in *Ups and Downs*? But perhaps it will be in the next month's nook?" Ah, Annie! Did you ever hear those lines:

"Full many a shot at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

But then, in this case, we believe the archer did mean it to find a mark, only we do not half believe she expected it to take effect so quickly.

It is very pleasant to look on the face of our friend again, even in a picture; is it not? And as we look on the well-remembered features, how many a memory it calls up of the old times in England; of the village home; of early childhood. Yes, it is pleasant even to look on a picture; but what do you think Leila Bentall says? "Does Dr. Barnardo ever talk of coming to Canada any more? I often think that I would like to see him." Well, Leila, shall we send a letter to him and ask him? or, better still, we will tell you what we can do: we will send our little paper over the sea, and we will address it to Dr. Barnardo, and we will mark it "private," and we will send it

"Sailing, sailing."

as

"Our good ship speeds away
White sails, white sails,
Ghitter in the golden light;
White sails, white sails,
Dancing over the waters bright."

And if the doctor does not take the hint, it won't be our fault, and it won't be yours; whose will it be?

In inserting extracts from letters from the three girls, Amy Hodge, Adelaide Hutchings, and Annie Marks, we are glad to put in accompanying portraits as well. Some of their old friends will be glad to look on their faces.

"I think it is a very nice idea about *Ups and Downs*, and it will be just lovely to hear all about the girls and boys, it is a great deal of encouragement to us girls who have been out. I had a very nice Christmas. I quite enjoyed myself. I had some very nice presents

given to me, and everyone is so kind to me. It does not seem that I have been here just two years, the time has gone so fast, but it always does if anyone is happy and contented in herself. I like being there so much. Mrs. S. said the other day that she did not know what she would do without me. She told Gertrude so, and she said she was very pleased with me. Miss L. wants to take me up to Toronto with her, but Mrs. S. said that it would never do for her to run away with me at all, for she said she wants someone to take care of her. I like being out here so much now. I do not get homesick much now, but I still miss Miss Loveys. I had a letter from her the other day. --ANNIE MARKS."

"My letter is very short, but still better than nothing. I have been in my place for eight years, and like it very much. It just seems like home to me. I like Canada very much indeed. When I first came out I never thought I should get along in Canada, but I soon got used to it. I am just delighted at the prospect of your new paper, called *Ups and Downs*. It is so nice to hear from the boys and girls once in a while. I enclose 25 cents, hoping the subscribers for this nice paper will be many. I am very pleased to hear of Dr. Barnardo's recovery, and hope he may be spared for many years to come --AMY HODGES a 'Rose Cottage' girl."

"I had a magazine sent to me called *Ups and Downs*. It was very nice, but it had not anything about



DR. BARNARDO.

girls or Hazelbrae. It was the November number, and then I got another sent, the January number. I never saw a paper I liked so well. . . . I think I am going along nicely now. I am pretty busy sometimes. I milk two cows night and morning, and get up about 7 o'clock, or a little before some mornings. The folks are all very nice here. I will be here three years soon. I dare say the girls all had a jolly and happy Christmas and New Year's Day. I know I always had when I was in the Home. --ADELAIDE HUTCHINGS."

As our "enterprise" is yet young, we thought our readers would be interested to see what some of the girls think about the paper; and so, this month, have given a sample of some of the letters we have received. The welcome our little paper has received from the girls encourages us exceedingly. You know we are not publishing *all* we have received. Emily Manning, for instance, has written a very cheering letter, speaking most kindly of the paper generally, and specially mentioning the help the "Monthly Text" and the talk on it has been; for this we are also thankful.

We believe ourselves that this paper is going to bind us all closer together, and make us realize all the more that we are *friends*; but we do feel that, don't we? "Union is strength," and so just let us be all united in heart and mind, and let us "Love one another."

We think *Ups and Downs* and Christmas have been the means of bringing us letters lately of girls who might not otherwise have been writing, and we are glad to receive them. For, "Should and acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind." Oh, no! we will grasp hands together still for the sake of

"AULD LANG SYNE."

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Sometimes we are so busy, and I am afraid sometimes so much taken up with our little interests and pleasures here, we would seem to lose some of the beautiful comforting thoughts of the Bible that should make us so happy. It is something like this. Long years ago, now,

I remember one day being out walking with a lady who was very fond of talking, and she was talking with a will just then. But as we were walking along together I happened at that time to be very much impressed with the beauty around us. I think it was a specially lovely sky, and every now and then I had to break in the conversation and draw her attention to it. "Yes, beautiful;" she would say in a most unconcerned manner, and evidently not taking it in at all; and then would still go on with her conversation. It makes one think of the words:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Do you see what I mean? Now, do not let us be so much taken up with our own little affairs as not to see the beauty, and not to enjoy the comfort of God's wonderful thoughts in His Holy Book. Let us now give a little time to think of these most beautiful of all beautiful words: "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

We all crave love. Here is love, full, free, undeserved and faithful; and love from One, Who, in order to win us, gave up His own *life* for our sakes.

We want to be loved personally, not just in a crowd, and these words tell us He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*. As the hymn says:

"Thou art as much His care, as if beside,
Nor heart nor angel lived, in heaven or earth."

Is there anyone feeling a little bit lonely, or a little bit sad? Drink in these precious words and enjoy them to the full and rest in them.

Such thoughts will not make us dreamy but they will serve as the very best inspiration for a life yielded up to serve the Saviour, for is not *love* the strongest motive power that can be? "The love of Christ *constraineth* us."

Can there be any heart that does not think much about it at all? Let me tell you a story. The celebrated preacher, Edward Irving, once went to visit a dying boy. He just put his hand on his head, and said, "God loves you." "God loves me;" repeated the boy, and dying as he was, he said the words over again, so that the people in the house heard him. "God loves me! God loves me!" The love of God won the heart of that boy; shall it not win ours?

B. Codes