

parations are begun forthwith. We are introduced to Bothering Biddy, Sinful Susan, Polly, Sally and Jane—fictitious names, obviously, and initiated into the secrets of the plot. How the affair passed off we have already learned; but this is how Nora's account of it ends—a practical way of showing appreciation of their mistress' kindness:

Half-past ten found Polly mopping the floor and Susan finishing the dishes. At half-past eleven both girls were in bed, laughing.

"Haven't we had fine fun?" said Polly; "and we didn't make much noise. Really, I didn't think she would let us have such fun."

"Polly, let us see how much work we can do to-morrow, to thank Mrs. Jones for our nice evening."

And with this good resolution in their minds both girls fell asleep.

Bessie Tickner, who says she has been "seventeen years out from the dear Village House," describes "A Red Letter Day" she had in Boston. She now lives at Jamaica Plains near Boston, where, she declares, she has a good home and a kind mistress. She was accompanied to Boston by the daughter of her mistress, who told her "about all the places and big buildings, and what each place was, and what it was for." A school for blind children, a playground for poor children that reminded her of Ilford, a gate that recalled a similar one in England, known as "The Kissing Gate," and the wonderful subway through which the car passed, were some of the sights she mentions. She speaks affectionately of Mr.

Godfrey, and of her concern for the health of "our dear old friend and father, Dr. Barnardo, and concludes by urging the girls to show how glad they are that the Doctor has been restored to health by sending in what they can to the Girls' Donation Fund.

Nellie Marshall has spent the Summer on Toronto Island, and boasts of having gained six and one-half pounds in weight "inside of two months," which she attributes to the good fare, bathing, and other out-door exercises which she enjoyed at Toronto's most popular Summer resort.

From Jane Lingard we have received for publication a long poem, written by the late Mrs. Sootheran, and regarded by Jane as her "dying mistress' last words" to her. The verses are entitled "A Life's Lesson; or, Thy Will be Done," and our correspondent wishes the poem to be read by all the girls, as she is sure it will be helpful to them. She herself says: "They are words of comfort to me. I think over them often, and I am now learning them off by heart," and advises our readers to do the same. Unfortunately we cannot afford them the opportunity for this privilege, as the composition is too long for publication within the limited space at our command. The verses show a devout mind and some skill in versification. With a little necessary revision and the space to spare, this would be a welcome contribution; but, as things are, it must unavoidably remain among the many good compositions that are crowded out.

When I was a little girl,
I used to sit by the fire,
And listen to the old folks
Tell me of the good and true.

Then I was a little girl,
And I was full of pride,
I thought I was the best of all,
God was good to me and kind.
Sate through trials, trials, trials,
Will bring light to the world.

—G. W. H.