

Mary Henderson, the eldest, has been nearly the whole of the time with two branches of the same family, Mrs. M. H. Webster, of Mariposa, and Mr. S. D. Webster, of Glandine. A little change was made in between, but Mary has returned to her old place, feeling that there she has a good home and kind friends.

Bertha Jordan has a very good record. She lived for nearly two years with the family of a Presbyterian minister, where there were twin babies, and a lot of little folks who were all fond of Bertha, and she has been nearly three years in her present place, where she is respected and valued by her master and mistress. She is a regular attendant at Sunday school, a member of the church, and active in the Christian Endeavor Society. Shall I tell you the secret of this success? Bertha has learned that the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and her service is "as to the Lord and not to men."

Mary Hannah Smith. We wish we could give the photo of the sisters, Ruth as well as Hannah, for we look upon Ruth as one of our *very good girls*. She is still in the place to which she went in '92. The two girls are in different branches of the same family. Of Mary Hannah, our Visitor's Diary says: "Heard a good report of Hannah, she is perfectly contented, and now that there is a little baby, she is more interested than ever. Her mistress says she is clean and neat in her work, and very trustworthy with the baby." We publish elsewhere a letter from Mary.

Now a word to those who have sent photos which have not yet appeared in UPS AND DOWNS. Do not be disappointed. I was almost going to say jealous, but have a little patience. We must not use up all our good things at once, or what is to become of the future. We get more sent to us than our editor will allow us to put in, because you see they add to the cost considerably. But we are not unmindful of those who are kept back, and if you continue to have a good record, you may look forward to the hope of seeing yourself in our magazine some day.

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OUR MOTTO FOR 1897.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 1, 2.

Most of you, we hope, have a card with these words, hanging in some conspicuous position about the house—on the walls of your own bedroom probably; and we hope, too, that they often catch your eye, that you read them, and that they help you to keep down quick, irritable words and impatient thoughts that will come sometimes, and that they throw a little ray of sunshine and hope along the "race" that looks so tiring and dull before us at times. (By the way, if any of you have put this motto card carefully aside, lest it should get soiled, bring it out now. The second half of the year has just begun, and pin it up in some place where you can often and easily read it.) Turn up also your January number of UPS AND DOWNS, and read again the opening chapter on "Our Girls" page there.

Perhaps some of you started the year with high hopes and ambitions, meaning to do great things before its close, but the great opportunities have not come yet, and half the year has gone by just in the old routine, milking, cleaning, baking—baking cleaning, milking; till you get tired and sometimes out of patience. Well, but remember girls, the great secret of a happy, useful life lies in just doing the little everyday things *well*, and "the best we can." And do not forget the close of the motto "Looking unto Jesus." Ah, there is the remedy for discouragement, impatience, loneliness, and other things that take the brightness out of our life.

With Christ by our side, knowing our longings, helping through all difficulties, and promising us victory over temptations here, a "well done" and a crown of life at the close, surely we should take courage and start afresh to "run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus."

The following extract from a book called "Glimpses Through Life's Windows," by J. R. Miller, D.D., may serve to illustrate this:

"In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, as described by a writer, one sees the interior of a convent kitchen; but, doing the work there, are, not mortals in odd dresses, but beautiful white-winged angels. One serenely puts the kettle on the fire to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the dresser reaching up for plates, and there is a little cherub running about and getting in the way, trying to help. All are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining is the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans, and pots pots, and only think of the angels and how very natural and beautiful kitchen work is, just what the angels would do, of course, if called upon to do it.

"The picture is very suggestive. It shows us, for one thing, the dignity of all duty, even of the humblest drudgery. The angels are not ashamed to be seen doing it. It is the motive and the aim that alone can consecrate anything we do, and the doing of God's will is always splendid work, though it be but washing dishes or cleaning a room. The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. So the humblest duty is a bit of God's will, and shines with heavenly radiance. This ought to be an inspiration to those who live in lowly places and can do only common task-work. Do it all well and as God's will, and no great man's brilliant deeds will shine more brightly than your little things in God's sight."

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IN MEMORIAM.

We have to record this month the death of one of our children, around whose little life a very touching interest clings. Some years ago, a lady, Mrs. Strachan, living in Brussels, whose home had become childless by the death of a dear little niece, corresponded with Dr. Barnardo about adopting one of his little ones. A baby, Winnie Parker, only a year old, was selected, and since that time Mrs. Strachan paid for the support of the child, with the hope of some day being able to take her to her own home in Canada. Little Winnie was brought over in '94, and Mrs. Strachan took her at once into her home and heart, and from that time the child has been lovingly cared for, and made as happy as a child could be. She was a frail little thing, affectionate and good, and soon became devoted to Mrs. Strachan. In notes of a visit in May, '96, we read: "The child is a favourite wherever she goes, because of her good nature, good tempered disposition."

In Feb. '97: "She is a good, obedient child, never naughty, goes regularly to school, and compares very well with other children."

In June Mrs. Strachan wrote to us:

"Dear little Winnie is very poorly, she is just tired and cannot play; there is no place so nice as Auntie's knee. She is lying sleeping on the lounge now. She sleeps a great deal. There is no disease, but we see that she is going down, and that she is weaker every day. She eats so little, I can see her going as the snow melts away in the spring. The tears will come to my eyes as I look at the wee little girl lying asleep, and feel that she will never again run and play like she used to. I know that it is

better for her, that she will miss a great deal of pain and sorrow, and will be much better off if she goes to Jesus now. I need not tell you she has all the care and love I can give her. So many little feet come up our stairs to ask, 'How is Winnie to-day?' and little friends bring her so many flowers. Her little schoolmates are very kind."

This letter was soon followed by another telling us of the end:

"Our dear little Winnie has gone to her rest. She passed away to be with Jesus the 23rd of June, one week in heaven. I miss my little girl so much, and think of her so often, but I would not wish her back again, she will miss so much sorrow and pain. Often we used to talk about going to heaven, and she always said, 'I want to when you go,' or 'We will both go together.' I never thought then she was to go so soon.

"She had grippe last winter, and since then she had not been so well. The great trouble was she never was hungry, and she could not eat enough to keep her strength up.

"She was up every day till the last. She suffered more from distress in breathing than anything else. The last few weeks she liked to be with me best, not wanting often to see any of her schoolmates. Every person was so kind to Winnie. It was touching to see the little girls when they came to see her for the last time bringing their white flowers. Barbara sobbed as if her heart would break. I cannot write any more."

While we grieve for Mrs. Strachan's loss, we can but be thankful that she was able to put such brightness into this little life, and that through her Christian love Winnie's last days were peaceful and happy. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

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PICNIC TO IDYL WYLD, 23RD JULY, 1897.

While I was staying at Hazel Brae for a little visit, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe kindly arranged to take all the girls in the house for a day's picnic. We started at nine from the wharf, and sailed on the "North Star," which is a very nice boat. We enjoyed the trip over the water very much. There were not many other people on board, and we arrived at Idyl Wyld a little after one.

We all had a good dinner the first thing when we landed, and while we were taking dinner a very nice old gentleman came up and spoke to us all, and told us a story about a little black girl being buried alive, and a man digging her up, and now this same girl is a missionary out in Africa, which was quite a wonderful ending to such a strange story. After the gentleman had finished we all sang "Jesus loves me," and he joined in and sang very nicely for such an old gentleman, for he told us his age—he was almost ninety years old. After we finished dinner we went and had swings, and saw quite a lot of nice scenery. The little ones were paddling quite a long time, and they enjoyed it so much, and got some very nice shells and pebbles. While on the beach some of us saw a big black snake, a very nasty thing to turn up in the midst of our fun.

We left on the boat about 4 o'clock, and shortly after starting a storm came on, so all the girls went down stairs for shelter, and we had some very nice singing. We all enjoyed our cakes and tarts so much, and we had lots of sweets too, we all got so hungry.

Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe were so kind to us, and we all had such a lovely time, that we are quite ready to start on another picnic. We landed at Peterborough about half-past eight, and all the girls were ready for bed by that time,