

her little brother to a big building with a lot of policemen and important-looking men standing about, and being asked a great many questions by a solemn-looking man who wrote down the answers in a big book, and of her hearing something about an inquest, and a verdict and death by starvation. And she could remember more clearly than anything else being taken to see her mother, lying so still and cold, and white and thin, but so peaceful, as if she was resting quietly after the years of pain and struggle. And then came five years at the Village Home at Ilford that were very happy ones for her, as her Cottage Mother, although an austere old maid of the Plymouth Sister species, was at bottom a true-hearted, kindly soul who loved her little charges and sought prayerfully and conscientiously to do her duty by them.

When it was settled that she should come to Canada, Gertie was almost broken-hearted at leaving the Village and her Cottage Mother, and although the home-sick feeling soon passed away after she went to live with the Morgans, she had always felt a very real affection for the Village and its associations. On the voyage out Mr. Owen had made a good deal of her, and she knew Mrs. Owen well and had been often at her house in Toronto. She had always welcomed Miss Gibbs when she came each year to see her, and altogether she had felt until now quite happy in being a "Home girl," and never in the least inclined to disown it. Of course, she knew that some people did not like the Home girls and boys, and that very horrid things were written about them in the papers; but Mr. Morgan would always speak with indignation and disgust of these newspaper attacks, and Mrs. Morgan had resigned her position on the board of one of the large Toronto Institutions because of some disparaging remarks upon Barnardo children that had been made at a meeting, although not till she had given the

assembled ladies her mind upon the iniquity of their insulting and trying to injure a body of young people whose only offence was that they had been poor and orphaned. But now, under the altered circumstances of her engagement, these things came back to Gertie in a new and painful light. Would Walter, if he knew her history, imagine that she was diseased and degenerate, and all the other nasty things that she had heard ascribed to the Home girls and boys, and that had provoked Mr. Morgan's righteous indignation? Could he think the same of her if he was told that she was "one of those Barnardo girls?" The conflict of feeling was very great, but Gertie had not heard in vain of that great loving, tender Friend and Elder Brother who knows and understands all about the trials and perplexities of His children and is the Burden-Bearer for every heavy-laden soul. One night, when the thoughts of what she would have to explain to Walter had been more than usually tormenting her, she shut herself up in her room and there on her knees poured forth the whole story into the sympathizing ear of the Friend she knew and trusted, and the answer was borne in upon her heart, clear and true, bidding her to be of good courage, act honestly and leave the rest to God. Gertie rose from her knees strengthened and comforted, and with her mind resolutely made up that at the first opportunity she would unburden her mind to Walter and do what she now felt sure was her duty, regardless of consequences. It was a hard struggle, and Gertie was no heroine, but just a simple-hearted little girl who had learned to love Jesus Christ and to follow His bidding. Walter was to call for her the following evening at half-past seven and to take her to a concert at the Massey Hall. They would be sure to walk home together afterwards, and then, when they were alone, she would make a clear breast to him of the great secret that, to poor little Gertie, had by this