

We have the greatest pleasure in publishing the following letter from one of our Toronto girls, of whom we can conscientiously say that she is one of the best, and of whom we believe that in the "daily round and common task" she is walking faithfully "in His steps."

27 CALLENDAR STREET, PARKDALE,
February 15th, 1901.

DEAR GIRLS,—As I have never written to the UPS AND DOWNS, I thought I would try and write a short one. I came out to Canada in the year 1897, in the September party. My first place was out on a farm, and I shall never forget the good times I used to have there. But I took sick and had to leave; but I am in a good place now. I have been here since August, 1899. There is just one little boy, but he is just full of mischief; he runs all over the place, and he is just beginning to talk. I think the weather we are having now is just fine. I do love to hear the sleigh-bells going, it makes it seem so much brighter.

Last Summer we were away for six weeks, and I did have a fine time. I had to look after baby, and we almost lived out of doors.

I think those of us who live in Toronto ought to feel very thankful for the kind friend we have in Mrs. Owen, and the pleasant Sundays we may spend there. I was there last Sunday, and I did enjoy myself real well. You can't help it, and for awhile, at least, all our silly and trifling troubles are forgotten. I think most of the girls were at the Christmas party, and we were all very sorry that Mrs. Owen was so sick, but we are glad she is better now. But I am sure we all left feeling somewhat brighter, and encouraged to press forward.

Dear girls, I think if we all tried to do our best, we should and would be far happier than we are. We are all too ready to get cross at any little thing that comes

up; at least, I know I have to try hard to overcome such feelings sometimes. But even if we do fail, we can try again.

I can wash and iron nicely now and I can bake just a few things. My mistress has promised to learn me if I stay with her.

And now, girls, I will say good-bye for this time, as you will be tired of reading such a letter. I will write a few verses at the end, which I hope we may all feel are true. I remain, yours truly,

BESSIE KITTON.

I ALWAYS GO TO JESUS.

I always go to Jesus
When troubled or distressed;
I always find a refuge
Upon His loving breast.
I tell Him all my trials,
I tell Him all my grief,
And while my lips are speaking
He gives my heart relief.

When full of dread foreboding,
And flowing o'er with tears,
He calms away my sorrow
And hushes all my fears.
He comprehends my weakness,
The peril I am in,
And He supplies the armour
I need to conquer sin.

When those are cold and faithless
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new,
I turn to Him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end;
I always find in Jesus
A never-failing Friend.

I always go to Jesus;
No matter when or where
I seek His gracious presence,
I'm sure to find Him there.
In times of joy and sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me.

No cloth is too fine for moth to devour.—*Proverb.*

No greater promisers than those who have nothing to give.—*Proverb.*

No bees, no honey; no work, no money; no gains without pains.—*Proverb.*

No bird ever flew so high but it had to come to the ground for food.—*Dutch Proverb.*

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.—*Seneca.*

No girl who is well bred, kind and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners or of heart.—*Ruskin.*