

rejoicing that he had passed through such a severe illness so quickly and is astonishing everyone by his wonderful recovery. I must now close my letter to a close. From your friend,
FLORENCE ATKINSON.

Alice Weeks, who seemed to be threatened with deafness, writes very cheerfully:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—This is the first time I have written to you, so I will tell you all I can. I am very happy here, and have a very good mistress. I am pleased to be able to tell you that my hearing is better, although not quite restored. I saw a paragraph in UPS AND DOWNS about Maud Adams, and was pleased to see how well she is getting on. She used to be in my cottage. I received the Motto and Scripture Union Card, and was very pleased with them. I go to the Methodist church when I can hear well enough, and other times my mistress and I read our Bibles at home. I wonder if there are any Clement girls left now. Little Florrie Vallins was the only one when I left. If she is still there, please give her my love. I like living on a farm very much; after living in the city all my life things here seem very strange. When I first saw little chicks I nearly went crazy over them, and I always used to be peeping at them and calling them "such dear little things." I have a little pet lamb too, which I feed with milk every day. He lives out in a field with three calves, and when he sees me coming he runs as fast as he can, and that is fast. Sometimes he gives me a good butt; still I do not mind this. Please give my love to the ladies. I do not think I have any more to tell this time. I remain, yours truly,
ALICE WEEKS.

Jane Boulthwood tells us of her happy life and pleasant home. She seems quite pleased with Canada, and says:

I thank Dr. Barnardo for taking me into his home. I cannot thank him enough for it. We are building a barn and have lots of men here, so my mistress and I are very busy. Your friend,
JANE BOULTWOOD.

Florence Atkinson has sent us her photograph with the following letter. Her picture is a pleasant one, but it would not make a good copy, so we

shall not be able to give our readers the benefit of it, which we regret very much, for Florence is a good girl and likely to be a credit to us.

DEAR MADAM, -I am just writing a few lines to you, as I thought you would be expecting a letter from me. I received UPS AND DOWNS. I always have to skip over the principal parts and look at the letters directly it comes. I saw a letter from Dorothy Altria and Maria Urquhart. Dorothy mentioned everyone's name that was living in our boarding-out place except mine. I also saw Mary Hutchinson's picture. She came to Canada at the same time that I did. I will tell you that I have in my garden a whole lot of sunflowers, so many I hardly know what to do with them, and some sweetwilliams and several other things. I had also a little chicken, and my master named it the dancing master because it always used to dance before it would eat; but something happened to it. The cat and dog are always running after me, so they call them mine. I have a white lawn dress trimmed with embroidery. My mistress made it for me and tucked it and made it very nice, and my hat is trimmed with white chiffon and flowers. I hope it will be fine so that I may wear it. I must close now with love. One of your many girls, F. MARY ATKINSON.

Emily Crouch writes about her summer joys, which we hope will interest her many friends.

MY DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, -I have been losing my teeth this spring, which shows I am getting quite an old woman. I have had a good time this summer. We had a strawberry festival at Mrs. Dawson's. It was very nice. Lots of people came. We all had our tea first, then we had singing and some ladies spoke nice pieces. There were some lovely vases of flowers on the tables, four big ones for eating off and others to cut the cake and hold the baskets. I had my picture taken up at the school. My mistress and Mrs. B— took it. All the children were taken. We have had some fearful storms here. There have been lots of trees rooted up and barns blown off the stone-work. We got off pretty safely; only a little water in our cellar. We have lots of poultry and a dear wee colt and a cat and kitten. I go to church and Sunday school and get a paper every Sunday and a library book. Your loving,

EMILY CROUCH.