

—never so satisfied as when he took her on his knee; she reserved for him her sweetest smiles.

Another little girl you sent me this summer is taken by a lady who has long had a warm interest in our Home, and holds a weekly gathering of friends to work for it.

Katie has indeed an excellent home; occasionally she comes to see me, and this she calls "going to Canada." I was shown this evening the beautifully made dress for winter, dark grey trimmed with cardinal red, the cradle enlarged, and heard of the many little treats in store. On Saturday she and her "cousin" are invited to a children's working party and tea in the evening. Oh what a contrast between one taken into a family and hundreds herded in a workhouse!

The two finest of this summer's children were Billy and Boyd Steward, four and two years old. Tho' in the Home so short a time, Billy found his way into all hearts, so intelligent and boyish, and yet so loving and easily managed.

He attached himself greatly to me, and for hours would play beside me, with his whip and top, in our temporary wooden "shanty," occasionally bringing his little brother to share his pleasures. One day a letter came from the Georgian Bay, telling me of homes for little ones on its shores. I started with several, among them my pets, at 5 a.m. one morning, and reached our destination the evening of the day following.

How good the children were—Billy winning golden opinions on the route, and getting very deep down into my own heart. And when Mr. and Mrs. E. appeared doubtful "as to whether they could do their duty to the child," I confess I rather encouraged their hesitancy, so that I might bring Billy back again to the Home, and have him as my own special pet thro' the winter. But Scotch caution is "slow and sure." In the evening Mrs. E.

came saying "she and her husband thought with God's blessing they would take the boy as their own," and I reluctantly resigned him to their care.

Visiting him after two days had passed, I found a great difference in the childless home, the dog and cat were at a discount, and Willie "monarch of all he surveyed." I brought him a little toy, and was amused to hear Mr. E. say, "Here Willie, bring it to your *ma*, and he will fix it for you. Go and ask *ma* for a piece of string." The night turning out wet they pressed me to stay with them, which I did, and asked for Willie to be with me. I overheard the wife ask her husband "what he would do without his little boy in his arms that night." It being an entirely Scotch settlement, the broad Scotch of the children was thoroughly appreciated. Little Boyd found a home within half a mile of his brother. A widow and two daughters took him to fill the void left by a sister's death the year before. So the little oak chair was brought down from the attic, and the cradle would have come too, had he been rather smaller. "Might they change his name to Robert, they would like to call him after their lost father?"

I left him quite at home, singing sweetly,

"Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own."

These five living photographs of Christ's jewels, one already a gathered gem, the others I trust yet "to shine in their beauty," will give some faint idea of the joyous work Christ has entrusted us to do for Him.

May you and your fellow helpers have grace and constancy given "to hold the plough," knowing "in due time we shall reap if we faint not."—
Yours in the Master's Service

ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH.