

UPS AND DOWNS

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

WE have again to ask for the congratulations of our readers upon the safe arrival in Canada of one more detachment of young immigrants. The party this time was a mixed one, comprising 101 girls and 156 boys, and we venture to assert of them that from the arrival of the *Mayflower* until to-day no finer body of young people has ever crossed the Western Ocean. We do not know whether it is that the "type" is improving or whether the training of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is accomplishing brighter results than in past days, but certain it is—we say it with all due respect to their predecessors—that the boys and girls of our last two parties, in general appearance and physique, have been unrivalled by any that have gone before them. We said of our April party, that it was the finest party Dr. Barnardo had ever sent out, but we are afraid they must take a "back seat" to the present party. Perhaps we hardly ought to say this, as comparisons are odious, but we must say that it would have been very hard to find a healthier, brighter-looking, better favoured body of children than those who set foot in Canada on the 8th of August.

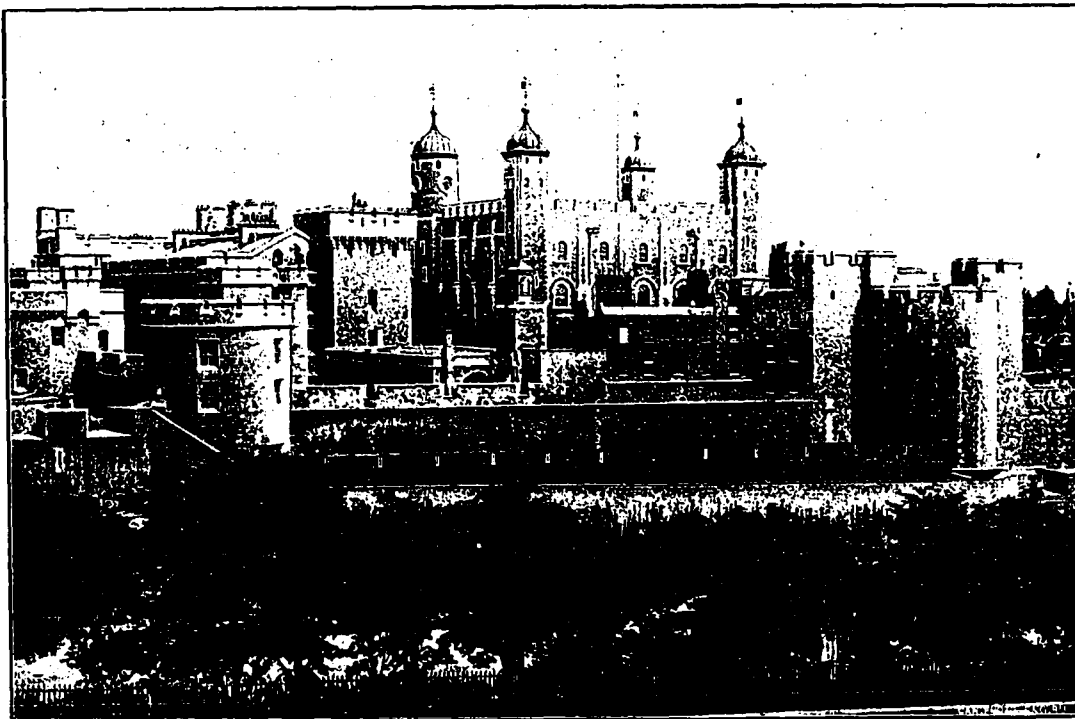
good wishes for those who were going forth to make a home and a future for themselves in the New World.

Dr Barnardo was, of course, the principal speaker, and there were those in the audience, the present writer among the number, who have heard Dr. Barnardo on many scores of occasions, but thought they had never before heard him speak with so much feeling, power, or more entirely carry his audience with him in sympathy with his work. It was a very interesting and very delightful little meeting throughout, and one that will have left its impression upon many hearts.

blew and we pulled out of St. Pancras station. Dr. Barnardo travelled with us, looking as well that morning and in as good spirits as we have seen him for years. Judging by appearances, the serious illness of last year seems to have passed off without leaving any ill effects. And as far as looks go, he seems to have taken a "fresh lease" and rejuvenated himself in the process. There are people at home who see a great deal of him, who shake their heads ominously; but let me say for the comfort of his boys and girls in Canada, that I studied the Doctor pretty carefully during our five hours' journey from London to Liverpool, and came

to the conclusion that we are not going to lose him yet awhile. This will be a bit of good news, that I am thankful from the bottom of my heart to be able to send, and all who read it will join in the hope and prayer that my impressions may be correct, and that He who has raised up the Doctor for the great work he has accomplished, may spare him for many years to come, to see the fruits of his labours and to gather in a yet richer harvest of rescued lives.

Our journey from London to Liverpool, by the Midland Railway, took us through some of the richest districts of the Midland Counties; pastures where they can



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Our readers will be almost tired of hearing of voyages across the Atlantic, so we must not make a long story of it; but everyone will be interested in hearing somewhat of how we fared. The preliminaries for our departure were much as usual: the medical examination, as strict and searching as ever, if not more so; the outfitting, a formidable undertaking for those concerned; the vaccination; the photographing; and the farewell meeting at Exeter Hall. The latter took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 28th, two days before we sailed. That staunch friend of the Homes, Mr. James Rankin, M.P., took the chair, and expressed in his speech his warm sympathy with the work of emigration generally, and his

On Thursday morning we were on the wing bright and early. The girls had the worst of it, as they had the ten-mile drive from Ilford to St. Pancras, and we don't know what time they had to be up and about, but we venture to assert that the good ladies at the Village Home wouldn't like to start off a party for Canada every day or two. The two detachments, boys and girls, arrived at St. Pancras together, and were soon stowed away in the special train of saloon carriages that was to take us to Liverpool. All sorts of people we knew were assembled on the platform to take a last farewell of us, and of course we were escorted by the band. 10.15 was the hour fixed for our departure, and punctual to the minute the guard's whistle

"feed," which means fatten for the butcher, a bullock and two sheep to the acre, between March and October; and arable land where 45 bushels of wheat to the acre and 80 bushels of oats is no very uncommon crop. This year, although the English farmers have suffered considerably from want of rain and some districts are looking a good deal burnt up, there is a magnificent wheat crop and the cattle in the fields looked well, and there seemed plenty of keep about.

Our special train made fine running, and at 3.15 we were in the Central Station at Liverpool. Here omnibuses were waiting to convey the party to the landing stage, and in a very short time we had taken possession of