

Gibbs has returned from a trip to Port Hope, Pontypool, Oshawa, Markham and Lindsay.

We had a pleasant visit from Mary McGrady at Thanksgiving, and were glad to renew acquaintance with her. Mary has changed very much since we saw her last. We think again of the words,

"May glides onward into June,"
as we see how a few years cause such a change.

The annual Christmas tree is likely again to become a reality to the little ones of the Home.

Mrs. Haultain, whose name is familiar to the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*, has made a present of a dozen dolls to the Home, which we expect will appear on the looked-for tree, and Miss Quinn writes of her dressing and sending in some more. She says in her letter: "I shall never forget my Christmases at Hazel Brae. They are among the pleasant recollections of my life."

We think the little ones will agree with *St. Nicholas*:

"The dainty willow with pussies gray,
The birch with bark so white,
The apple tree with its blossoms sweet,
And the fruit so red and bright.
But the one I love the best of all
Blossoms and bears fruit together:
It is sure to be filled at this time of the year,
Whatever may be the weather.

Oh what a sight is this wonder-
ful tree,
With its gifts that sparkle and
hide!
Other trees may be good, but
there's none for me
Like the beautiful merry
Christmas tree
With its branches spreading
wide—
The merry, beautiful, spark-
ling tree
That blossoms at Christmas-
tide."

By the way, *St. Nicholas* gives a lovely little story of a snowed-up party in the train on Christmas Day, and a little boy named Jamie, who was in great trouble over his trying circumstances, and burst out with 'Mama said I should have a Christmas; an' gramma's got a tree, an' I want a Christmas.'

Then it tells how a young lady of the party, who was one of those people who try to make others happy, got an evergreen cut down from outside, and covered it with cookies, gingerbread, and various other attractions, till the little fellow *did* have his Christmas!

Shall we, this Christmas, instead of thinking how to make *ourselves* happy, try to make others happy, and so follow the example of this young girl?

This month, as it is a special number for the season of the year, we are presenting our readers with two groups of girls, among which, we are sure, many will recognize the features of friends. It will be noticed that they are divided according to the years when they came to Canada. All in one group belong to the eighties, and in the other to the nineties. As their faces, so their histories are varied. We believe all are thoroughly respectable girls, and, we trust, trying to do their best in that corner of the world where they are placed.

B. Code

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

"Mother, I do love you," said dear little five-year-old Jackie, and so he does love his mother—and little Jackie was taught the way to show his love was by being good.

Now, our girls would wish to show their love for the old Homes in England and "the Doctor," and his work by practical proof, and so we want at the opening of the year to remind them of the Girls' Donation Fund. Some have come to Canada since we wrote about this before, but we think they can stand being reminded of it, so we make it plain again for the sake of the new arrivals.

The Girls' Donation Fund is set on foot to enable every girl to have the privilege each year of sending one dollar to help on Dr. Barnardo's good work in England among the boys and girls—although the contributions are not limited to this amount—and we have on different occasions received more. We like to have the fund completed by May 1st, and the sooner donations are sent in the better, for "he gives twice who gives quickly," and also it is well to "strike when the iron is hot."

There should be no need to urge the girls to respond to this call heartily, but we believe, while there are those who have given generously, there are many more who could do so and who,

We have to acknowledge the following donations for the Girls' Fund:

Beatrice Thomas.....	\$2 00
Maud Saunders.....	1 00
Alice Shaw.....	25
Ellen Hammond.....	1 00
Winifred Damon.....	10
Eliza Cogley.....	10

YOUNG HELPERS.

In England there is a Society of young people, who band themselves together to help on Dr. Barnardo's work among the young, and this has suggested our heading for these remarks. In Canada we are quite sure that Dr. Barnardo's own girls can most effectually help on his work by their individual good characters and conduct, as the following facts will show, for "facts are stubborn things."

On November 11th Keziah Smart left the Home for her place with Mr. George Baggs, Thistle town, and about a week later we received a letter from a neighbour of his as follows:

"Being in need of a girl, and seeing the girl Keziah Smart that you sent up to Mr. Baggs (my nearest neighbour), I write to inquire if you can send me one."

We were glad to fill his application, and duly despatched Mary Heslop, one of our late arrivals.

Also a lady who has seen Florrie Hodges, wrote and applied to us for a similar little girl, and we have just sent one off to her.

We are also given to understand that it was through the reputation of Daisy Biggs, a lady in the same neighbourhood decided to seek a girl from this Home. Mary O'Leary was sent, and her mistress writes:

"Mary arrived to us safe and well. She seems a nice child, and if she does as well as she has since coming two days ago, she will be quite a comfort."

GOOD ADVICE.

Young folks who are making a start in life, need to realize that the people who are willing to do just what is wanted are scarce, consequently always in demand. The mistake made by the lad in the following incident is dangerously common:

A gentleman who owned a farm told a friend that he needed a boy to work about his place. The friend expressed a wish that he would soon find one. In a few days the gentleman went to his friend and said: "I have just got a boy, and I hope he will be a good one." About a week later he was asked how his boy was getting on. He replied: "I haven't any boy."

"Why," said the friend, "you told me last week that you had one."

"I thought I had one, but I found I was mistaken. When I told him to do anything he would say, 'Haden't I better do it this way?' instead of doing it the way I told him; or when he was doing one thing and I told him to do another, he would reply, 'Haden't I better finish this first?' "I want a boy," said the gentle-



perhaps, may have neglected it hitherto, perhaps more from want of thought than anything else. We should not like, when we send up the fund next year, for the Doctor to feel the amount was not worthy of the number of girls he had sent out to this country. Some of us remember his letter last year, which, while he acknowledged with pleasure what *had been* done, pointed out what *might* be done. So, girls, send in according to your means. Despatch your offerings to Miss Code, Peterborough, and they will be forwarded to Dr. Barnardo in due time.

Let those who can only give a little send as well as those who can afford a larger amount. Whilst some time ago we gladly acknowledged five dollars from Susan Waltshaw who is now quite a young woman, and ten dollars from Mary Sewell, also an elder girl, we are very pleased to notice this month two donations of ten cents each from two little girls, Annie Cogley, aged 12, and Winifred Damon, who is 11 years old.

There are many ways in these days of raising money for good purposes, but we think it is far the most satisfactory to receive the free-will offering of grateful hearts, and we shall hope for an enthusiastic response.