

Old Country. I came across the ocean thirteen years ago now in August, and came to Mrs. Parry in September, and have been here ever since. They have a dear little boy three years old, and the sweetest baby girl ten months old. They seem very near to me, and I love them dearly. My brother, George, lived her with me nine years; but he has been in Manitoba three years farming for himself, and I am lonely without him. I was greatly grieved and disappointed when the young man I was about to marry in a few months was called home to Heaven, for I am sure he is there. He was a good Christian boy, and was prepared to go. The Lord knows what is best for us. That is nearly two years ago now, and my brother is all I have left to cling to now. I can hardly bear the thought of him so far away, but he wanted to go and thought he could do better there than here. I hope some day we shall all meet where partings are no more. I read a letter from Mr. Godfrey in the December number of UPS AND DOWNS. It pleased me very much to read it and see the picture of him. I should very much have liked to see him when he was in Canada. Goodbye, from one of your girls,

CAROLINE BURCH.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I now write to thank you for sending me the UPS AND DOWNS and to tell you how I am getting on. I had a very happy birthday. I will tell you how many presents I had given to me. My mistress gave me a splendid apron, Miss Dorothy, the youngest daughter, gave me a pretty pin and a nice thick book and a lovely plant in full bloom. Miss Vulliamy gave me a lovely English dictionary and reckoner, and Mrs. Marshall gave me a nice book called "John Halifax," and wished me to go and work for her when she is old and to spend my holidays with her. I have the kindest and best of mistresses. Just think, I have not been scolded *once* in all the six months I have been here. I have one fault, that is my memory; but I am beating it slowly but surely. I please her in every way, especially in the cooking. I am very fond of *that*, and also of flowers, of which there are plenty. I do wish you could see me now. My dear mistress leaves me and trusts me. If ever there is a happy feeling it is to feel you are trusted. My mistress will also have a good report to give when some one comes to visit me. I am quite a different girl. Her daughters are all so kind to me. Is it not lovely to have peace after so much war, and that the King is getting better. We should be in a sad fix if we lost him. With the exception of a few warm days June here was so cold and terribly wet; July is enough to roast a person. I am as happy as I can be. I just love being in Canada; it is a first rate country. I do not want to go back to England; it would seem so dull after this freedom. I hope you are all in good health at Hazel Brad. I remain, yours respectfully,

LIZZIE COLE.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am very sorry I did not answer your letter before this. I thank you for giving me such a lovely picture.

There are no men here. There is just Grandpa, Mother, Della and myself, so I have quite a nice time of it. I call Mrs. S. my mother, as she is so good to me, and just like a mother, and I have not one myself. Dear Miss Loveday, Mother told me to tell you that I am improving, but sometimes I make mistakes; but then I try and do better afterwards. I am learning to do a lot of housework. Mother said I can bake lovely cakes. I made one on Saturday. I made a radish bed in the spring and looked after it all myself, and now we are using them, and Mother says they are the loveliest radishes she ever did see; some of them are as big as crab-apples. I help to do quite a lot in the garden, such as picking potato bugs and picking fruit. I was picking gooseberries to-day, and I have them pretty nearly all picked. Dear Miss Loveday, I am going to Toronto in August on a little visit, which I will enjoy. I have been here ever since I came to Canada, and that is two years. I came out in June, 1900. I take the UPS AND DOWNS. I like them very much. Will you please tell me when my subscription runs out, so that I can subscribe for it again? I am going berry-picking this summer. Would it be too much trouble for you to send me these two girls' addresses, as they were my chums and I would like to write to them? Their names are Daisy Kibble and Annie Finerman. If not, will you send them to me, and if it is, do not bother. I would very much like to have them. I have a brother out here with me. He is at Marathon P.O. I am going to do up the fruit this year. I see Beatrice Woodford and Lizzie Wetherley nearly every day. Everybody says I am growing tall. I hope Dr. Barnardo is in good health. I got the picture book which was sent to me for Christmas. It was called *Bubbles*. I liked it very much. I made a wrapper all myself this spring and knit enough lace for a whole suit of underwear. I am, yours truly,

AMY DAVIS.

Florence Sanson writes very tenderly about the death of a dear little girl in her employer's family whom she evidently loved most dearly:

I will now write a few lines on a different subject. I hope I am not taking up too much time, but I thought I would say a few words about myself. I came out to Canada in the year 1895, and this is my first place. I have been here six years this August, and I think I have done well. I am going to try and stay as long as I can, if all things go well. I am sorry I am not taking UPS AND DOWNS this year. I feel so lonely without it. I do not forget the dear Home and I hope our dear Doctor is quite well at present, as I have not heard much about him. I was very sorry I did not get down to more delights in Toronto and enjoy Mrs. Owen's Hospitality, but I shut down with Mr. Thompson to see the Exhibition, and this year I am going to try and pay the visit if I can get someone to take me there. I am sure you will all very soon be hearing about our noble King, and I know all my world.