

The Way to Win

IN introducing this record of twelve years' faithful effort to win success, it need only be said that it is an account of a lad's experiences in Canada which is both interesting and instructive to those who would emulate a good example set forth in precept and practice. The writer is a shrewd, industrious, Christian young man, and one who will surely continue as he began until perseverance places him in an independent position, as it has already brought him into prosperity. Here is an object lesson which our boys will do well to lay to heart, and being led by so trusty a guide, they will not go far astray.

During the time I was in the Home at Stepney—about five months—I would often turn over in my mind the question, What would be the best calling for me to pursue in order to win success in life? I could not appreciate the thought of learning a trade; I felt that I would like a more independent calling. One day, while in the school-room, Mr. Turner, the head master, said he would like to pick out some of the lads to go to Canada, and asked those who would like to go to put up their hands. I at once came to the conclusion to go to Canada, and no objections being made, I was counted as one of the party.

The next two or three weeks was a series of medical examinations, vaccinations and general preparation for our new experience. On the afternoon of the 27th of March we changed our uniform for civilian clothes, and that evening we marched to Paddington Station, headed by the Stepney band, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We stopped on our way at the Exeter Hall, where a luncheon was provided for us, after which a few of the gentlemen present gave us very appropriate addresses, including Dr. Barnardo, who gave us a very encouraging address and wished us God-speed. We then sang "God be with You till We Meet Again." We gave three cheers for Dr. Barnardo and then proceeded to the station, where we boarded the train for Liverpool, which we reached in the morning. At the docks we embarked on the Allan Line Steamship, *Parisian*, where we had breakfast. About noon we steamed out of the wharf.

I seemed to enjoy the water very much until I began to experience a feeling as if I was going to turn inside out. I never felt so downright sick before. However, I got over the sea-sickness and came up on deck the fourth day pretty well dug out; but after I got filled up again, I enjoyed the voyage immensely, and we reached Portland in safety, and every one of us as sound as a bell. We took the train from there, and in three days more reached Toronto. It was about midnight of April 9th when we marched into 214 Farley Avenue. We had supper and slept there about four hours. After breakfast, Mr. Owen and Mr. Slater put us on different trains for the four points of the compass, and some of us between them.

It was the tenth day of April, 1890, when I stepped off the train at the flag-station of Varney. It was a wet day, and the roads were very muddy, and there was no one there to meet me, and altogether everything looked very discouraging. But I thought that the way to win was to look on the bright side of things. About that time two farmers came along in a wagon, who gave me a ride to Mr. D——'s, where I was received very kindly. After supper I went to bed, for I was fatigued after my long journey. I awoke the next morning very much refreshed and ready for my new experience. The sun was shining in all its glory, revealing a beautiful contrast