



OUR MOTTO FOR 1897.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—*Heb. 12:1, 2.*

OUR motto for the year is practical, for indeed our every day, work-a-day lives are practical. Most of us have already found out that life is not made up

of sunshine and flowers, although these pleasant things do come in sometimes, and we well remember once listening to the prayer of a blind Moravian minister, when he gave thanks for the "wild flowers of joy" scattered all along our paths.

Nevertheless there also comes into our mind a little couplet which may find its echo in some heart, and which runs thus: "I slept, and dreamt that life was beauty; I woke, and found that life was duty." Therefore, as to most of us life brings its duties, we have chosen these words bidding us run our race—and since our lives are made up of days, each day's race—with patience.

In another part of the Bible we read: "Ye have need of patience." A lady once addressed a Mothers' Meeting from these words, and we can believe they were apt enough in this connection; none but mothers, perhaps, fully know how sorely the patience may be tried—in the day time, possibly by difficult children, or one hundred domestic annoyances, and perhaps at night by the restless, ailing baby. However, just now we are not talking to mothers but to girls.

We are all running our race on life's great race-course, and we want to do it well. First of all, if we look at the text we shall see that we have to lay aside some things—"every weight" and "sin." Now we know very well if a man is running a race he will not carry a heavy weight in his hand, because, of course, it would only hinder him; so we want to find out what hinders us from running our race in life well, and, having found it out, to lay it aside. What is it, then? Some bad companions? Some unwise friendship? Some foolish reading which gives us wrong ideas of life, and makes us discontented? Or is it some sin, a bad temper, or evil speaking, or an unsubdued spirit? Whatever it is, let us be ready to lay it aside, if it is a hindrance in running the race well.

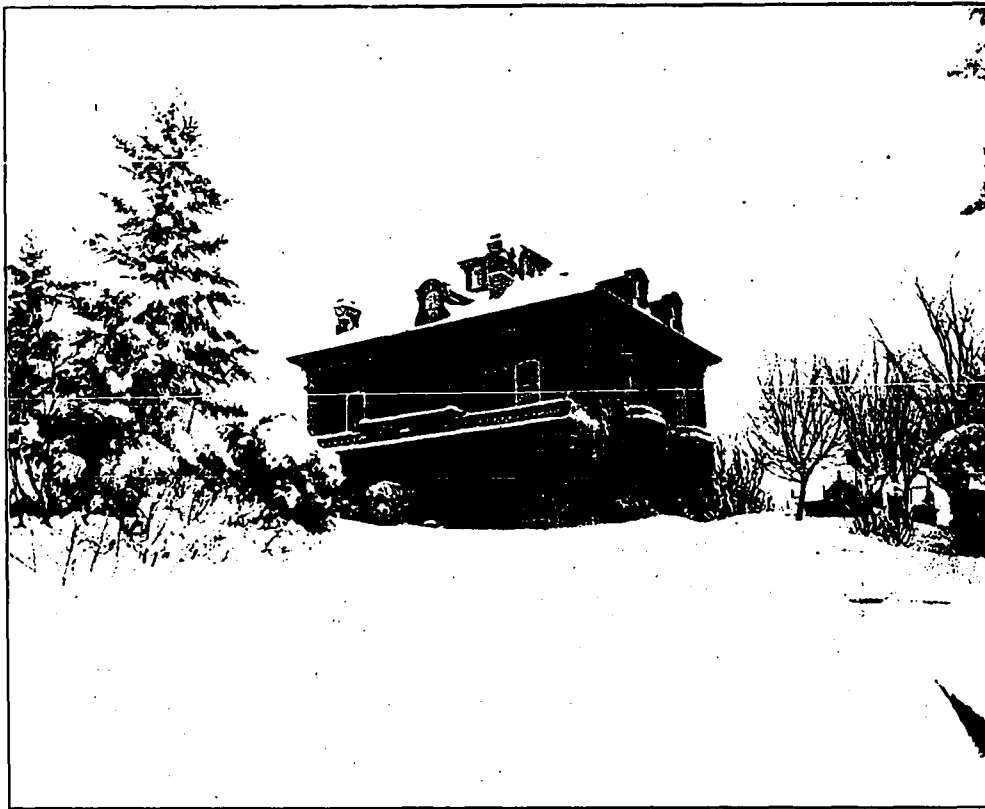
And then comes in the *patience*. Oh let patience be our watchword this coming year! Patience, when everything seems going wrong;

patience, when perhaps the children seem a little provoking, or when things are said that we do not just like; patience, when work is new and seems difficult, or when life seems rather hum-drum; patience, to "wait till the clouds roll by"; and let us always remember that probably we may often try the patience of others, so we in our turn should try to show patience.

We have been talking in a very matter-of-fact way, because, as we have already said, our every-day lives are practical; but just as into the homeliest dwellings the glorious sunshine may enter illumining its walls and bringing a thought of heaven's glory, or from outside its casement the sweet pink rose may peep in and diffuse a lovely fragrance, so into these work-a-day lives of ours we would welcome the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, and therefore we are glad to think of these words which tell us to be

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Oh! Life is but a poor thing after all—a hard weary struggle for existence, without His love to help and cheer, and His presence to



HAZEL BRAE IN WINTER GARB.

strengthen. While working, then, keep Him ever in view; let the soul turn true to Him as the needle to the Polar Star; keep the heart in touch with Him in running the race, and follow Him as your great Example, Who ever kept in view "the joy that was set before Him." But is there a heart that has never yet given one look to Him? Never yet looked to the world's Saviour with confiding trust? At this Christmas time, when all Christendom is pealing out its chimes in commemoration of a Saviour who came to live and die for our sins in this world—God forbid that any of us should forget, should neglect Him!

Therefore, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

HAZEL BRAE NOTES.

LOOKING BACK.

We have before presented some of our readers with a picture of Hazel Brae, but it was some time ago now and in its summer dress, so that we do not think it will be altogether out of place to have the Girls' Home in winter garb, especially as a number of our readers will be

long to last year's arrivals, and therefore have not seen the other picture.

On looking back on the past year we feel we must offer a note of praise and gratitude to the Giver of all good.

When we think of the numbers of young lives that have been within these walls, it is a matter of great thankfulness that, although there have been reminders of the fleeting nature of life, through one and another being called away, still we have been preserved from harm, infectious disease, and dangers of all sorts.

There have, of course, been anxieties, for where there are living hearts and souls to deal with, and not "bales of goods," such must be expected and experienced. A parent will know something of the anxieties attendant on watching a small family of three or four children, each with its individual disposition. What, then, about a family of hundreds of girls and children?

We have welcomed two parties to Canada, one of one hundred in August, and another company of eighty-three in October, and most of these are now launched out on life's ocean.

We have lost our valued Superintendent,

Miss Woodgate, who, as already announced, has returned to her home in England, and we have welcomed in her place Mrs. Metcalfe, who by this time, we hope, feels quite at home among us.

We also have to mention, what will be news to some of our girls, that Miss Elvin who, for more than six years has been an active worker at Hazel Brae, left the Home on December 3, on which day she was married to Mr. W. J. Green, of Peterborough, and has started with him for the far west, as British Columbia is to be her future home.

The friends of Alice Rogers will be interested to hear of her. She still keeps about the same, and never leaves her bed, but we are thankful to say is patient and contented. Just lately she has had a most useful and suitable present from a kind lady friend, Mrs. H. S. Greenwood, of this town, who

often calls to see her. The gift is a bed rest, so that Alice can have her meals in bed neatly set out on this nice little table, covered with a white cloth. We think some of her particular friends would be pleased if they could look in and have a peep at her. Perhaps some of them would write her a nice Christmas or New Year's letter. If God has given us health, should we not think of those who are weak and suffering?

Alice has received a nice letter from Miss Woodgate from her home in England, telling of improved health, and evidently enjoying the seaside; telling of her walks on the cliffs overlooking the ocean, or watching the waves as they break on the sands, often bringing with them lovely seaweeds, white, brown or pink.

Mrs. Brown returned to England in November by Dominion Line steamship *Vancouver*.

Some kind friends have been remembering the Home lately. Mrs. John F. Mears, of Cambridge, until then unknown to us, most kindly sent a donation of \$10.

Miss Loveday has been visiting in Woodstock, Ingersoll, and other places; and Miss