

Sarah Speller is a more recent arrival, having come out in 1894, but her record, so far, has been a very good one. She is nursemaid in the family of Mr. A. Pirie, of Dundas, and her mistress speaks highly of her;—says she is patient, willing and reliable with the children; and, in a



letter received only the other day, says, "I always feel I can trust Sarah." We wish every mistress could say that of every one of our girls. Sarah is looking forward to a happy time at Grimsby Park this summer with her little charges. Of course she has had her difficulties, as all of you have, but she has not run away from them but met them bravely, and, we hope, has learned to overcome them.

Some of you may remember Sarah's sister, Frances Speller. I believe that she, too, has been more than two years in her place in England and is to receive a prize at the Albert Hall meeting this year.

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"If thou wilt return, . . . return unto Me."—Jer. iv., 1.

WHAT word "return" seems a good deal on my mind just now, and partly, perhaps, through reading a most charming little book, published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled "Probable Sons." Can any one guess what it means? "The probable son" was the name given by a little girl, in her childish language, to the well-known character of Bible lore, the prodigal son, and this book most sweetly tells how little Milly, who went to live with a thoroughly worldly bachelor uncle, who once had loved God, but now had forgotten Him, was God's little messenger to bring this man back to Himself. Here is a specimen of some conversation between Milly and her uncle:

He says, "And supposing if God would not receive you; supposing you had stayed away so long, and had refused to listen to His voice when he called, and then when you did want to come back, you felt it would be too late, what would you do then?" Milly smiled.

"Why, uncle, it would never be too late for God, would it?" And then her thoughts, turning to the game-keeper, who had a "wandering boy," she added: "Maxwell said he would be glad to see Tommy if he came back in the middle of the night, and God would never turn one of His prodigal sons away. He loves them so that He sent Jesus to die for them. He would never say he couldn't have them back again."

I am wondering if sometimes we may not get into the way of forgetting God? perhaps not doing anything exactly very wrong in the eyes of others, but just going our own way and just forgetting Him.

If we are quite honest with our own hearts, we must say, "Yes, I did love Him better once. I did think more about Him once in the old days; these things seem to have grown faded and dim now."

Here, then, is the message: "If thou wilt return, . . . saith the Lord, return unto Me."

ACROSS THE SEA.

CUCKOO! cuckoo!" so sounds out the joyous cry of the bird on the spring or early summer air, and with what pleasure we "listen to the note of old by-gone day." As the poet says:

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still! longed for, never seen."

But where am I? Can I be dreaming? for Canada is a long, long way off from the home of the cuckoo, and it hardly seems likely our feathered friend has stretched out his wings to take such a journey across the sea! No, not likely, indeed, but we think of a certain proverb which says: "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." This then is the solution of the mystery. Since last writing for UPS AND DOWNS I have crossed the ocean and come to visit the old country, and so thought perhaps "our girls" would like a few lines from there.

We started from Montreal by the Dominion Line steamship *Vancouver*, an old and favourite friend now, as it is the third time we have crossed on her; we like the ship and we like the captain and we like the officials. First of all there was the sail down the St. Lawrence and we had time enough to get off at Quebec, the historical city of Canada, and see something of its objects of interest. What magnificent views there are to be sure! and how interesting up there on the "Plains of Abraham" to see the spot where the great Wolfe yielded up his life. Then we were in a most courteous manner shown over the citadel, and after thoroughly enjoying our sight-seeing returned to the boat. After that we stopped at Rimouski, where we welcomed the arrival of the mail and received a letter saying that the May number of UPS AND DOWNS was being forwarded to that place. We never received it, however, so can only try to rejoice in thinking that perhaps some of the "Rimouskians" are being edified by our choice literature.

Then away across the waters of the deep Atlantic! Such a calm and splendid voyage as it was! We were a little detained by ice-burys, but cold as it felt while in their neighbourhood these fairy-like castles were a lovely sight to gaze upon. The sea birds—"wild sea birds"—hovered around and then the spout of a whale would rise above the watery expanse. Bye and bye we neared the coasts of Ireland, the "Emerald Isle," and lovely her shore looked with the fresh, green foliage and golden covered bushes, probably the yellow gorse and an old green-covered ruin showing up as we passed.

So at last, through the goodness of One "whose arm hath bound the restless wave," we landed at Liverpool safely without any misadventure, and yet one pitiful little story connected with our voyage has to be told. The death angel had visited our ship and taken away a little child. The little one was ailing from the time of coming on board and passed away at last and was buried in the early morning, the service being performed by a clergyman, a passenger on the ship, and the little form, enfolded in the "Union Jack," was committed to its watery bed. But some day we know that even "the sea shall give up its dead."

And now for England and friends here, for many will want to hear about this.

First of all, we saw our honoured friend, Dr. Barnardo, at Stepney. What a wonderful man he is to be sure!—so busy, with such multitudes

nous and great things depending on him, and yet grasping withal the smallest details—ready enough to talk about his work in Canada; and it was interesting to notice, on a shelf at hand, the photograph of two of his Canadian girls, but we must not mention names and then any girl can imagine it is her's, you know. "The doctor" looks well. May God spare his valuable life for years and years! Afterwards we visited Miss Stent, who does not at all forget Canada and the girls there, and then, lastly, came a visit to

THE VILLAGE HOME.

It was not just the best weather to see the village to advantage, for it happened to be a "rainy day" at which we must not murmur for there has been a great spell of fine weather lately. Still the village is always pretty on a summer's day, and it would almost seem always improving, for we had to be shown over that most imposing building, now in process—the new school house. What a boon it will be to teachers and taught when completed. We went into the old school rooms still in use, and had a talk with Miss Fargie, who at the same time managed to keep a watchful eye on her young flock; and we visited Miss Loveys, at Cairns House, and Miss Moss, at Mickieham Cottage, the latter kindly giving us a very acceptable cup of tea, and of course in each house "our girls" were the subject of conversation.

No doubt soon the "village" will be a very busy scene preparing for the annual meeting at the Albert Hall, on June 24th. We hope to be present on that occasion and of course must send over an account of it for our little magazine, and we suppose the month of July will find us wending our way back to "our girls" in Canada. Meanwhile, God bless them all.

JOTTINGS FROM ENGLAND.

Nursemaids in London are wearing white dresses and black bonnets; that is quite "the thing." London is rather a trying city for white, as the smuts are somewhat numerous, but there is no doubt it looks very nice.

The pink horse-chestnut and white horse-chestnut are in bloom now, and the lilac, wisteria, and golden laburnum, as well as the pink and white may. The fields are yellow with the golden cups, and the hedges are just as pretty as ever.

A young French-Canadian doctor, a fellow passenger on the *Vancouver*, also on the L. and N. W. R. to London, was very much struck by the fact that there did not seem to be a spot of land in England uncultivated! This same gentlemen compared the carriage of an English railway train to a hen-coop!

But after all our "hen-coops" are not doing badly. Just wait at a station for a little time, and see how swiftly the train dashes through! With what marvellous speed it goes! This strikes one very much after being out of England for a time.

It is required now that all dogs when out in public should be muzzled. One cannot help having a feeling of pity for the poor animals going about with cages before their faces! Good, bad, or indifferent dogs—all must suffer alike—the innocent as well as the guilty. "Give a dog a bad name"! One might almost write or learn a parable.

B. Code