

UPS AND DOWNS.

(Continued from page 2 of Cover.)

me good-morning. I saw him to-day, and he told me that he had bought his daughter some of the songs I had named to him, and she was very grateful to Mrs. Hudson and to me for the message sent by her father. He says, in his blunt way, that it has done them both good. So, you see, one need not go out of England to be a missionary. Every day since I knew anything of God's love, I have felt compelled to make it known to those whom I meet, as opportunity offers."

The gardener's son was now an inmate of Mrs. Hudson's house, and contributed greatly to the recovery of Frank who, as he got stronger, loved to use my arm in walks round the garden, or in visiting a few cottages scattered about in the village near his home. He got quite well, and his mother, failing in health, put him in my care, and provided us, during the summer months, with a covered van, a house upon wheels, and in this way we went about—he preaching (and he can preach!) and I singing "the songs my mother taught me," as we call them. We can always get a hearing, sometimes in the homes of the poor, sometimes by the roadside, often outside wayside public-houses, and always where there are children. I will tell you what a little girl said to me a few days ago: "Oh, Mr. Lambert, when you come to sing, father is so happy—he says he wishes he had had a mother like yours." "Why?" I asked her. "She taught you such very beautiful songs. When mother sings 'O Rest in the Lord,' grandfather says all the swear goes out of him," said the child. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," and Frank and I have found this to be true, as we travel the country singing His gospel in "the songs my mother taught me." M. B. GERDS.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THEIR VALUE.

CONTRIBUTED BY NORAH LINDSAY.

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.
St. John 15, verse 14.

Do we ever think of the word friend in its true light? We all have our friends; are they the friends in our joy and sorrow? or do they forget us in trouble? I am going to give my view of a friend: I think a friendship a most sacred thing. I think, in the first place, we should ask Christ to choose our friends for us. Some may think it a small thing to ask; but no, it is not. My motto for November is, there is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance, or insult Him by taking it in our own hands. We would not think it an insult, but it really is, for to ask His guidance and then to take our own way, would indeed be an insult to our Saviour. Surely He who says the hairs of our heads are all numbered, will not think it too small a matter to choose our friends for us; then let us ask Him and believe He will also let us have, I mean, try to have our friends true and pure. I was away this summer for a holiday, the first in six years, and I can truly say that Providence chose a friend for me. I will tell you the kind of a friend she is. Every one who knows her loves her; she is first kind, sweet, loving and gentle, and I hope our friendship may be pure and lasting as was the friendship of Him who was the friend of Mary and Martha. We cannot value too highly true friendship. I think it one of the most sacred things in this world, and by asking the guidance of our Saviour, and believing He will choose our friends for us if we but let Him, He will also give us Himself for a friend. No earthly friend is like Him; there are times when we cannot have even our best earthly friends near us; then we have indeed a rich friend if we have our Saviour as our best friend. Again I would say, How many of us young people refuse to listen to the advice of an old person? Ah! if we would only stop to think of how many a sorrow and heart-burning they would love to save us, if we would only listen to them and follow their advice; they have gone through much experience, and how many an old friend would love to save us from sorrow. Oh, let us always

listen to and try to follow the advice of an old friend. . . Again I would say, Do we ever think of the words of our Saviour, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Just let us think. The Lord Himself says we are His friends; we poor sinful children may be his friends; it does indeed sound great, yet it is true as it is great. But notice, Christ always gives us a part to do to show us how much He wants us to work with Him. Here He says, to be His friends, we must keep His commandments. We sometimes think to obey Him a hard thing to do, but we make a mistake; it is not His command that is hard, but it is hard to give up sin. I have found it always to be the hardest to yield my will up to His, but now I have found it to be easier to give up my will than to have it, for to have it always would be the loss of a Friend that is dearer than a brother. Let us try to be true to our friends, whether they be young or old, and never let us listen to any one who might try to say an unkind word of our friends; but above all earthly friends, let us value our best and truest of all friends, who said, "Ye are My friends, if ye do what I command you." If we think of these words, I am sure we will try to do and keep His commands. I do hope that some one, if only one, who may read this, may try to think of the text, and, as I have written from experience of my own, I am sure there are many who will agree with me that they have found the same.

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh how He loves.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP—THE VALUE OF THEM.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. WATSON.

First, what is a friend? Think seriously before answering this question. There are different grades of friends. First, what is called the outer circle, those we simply meet as acquaintances.

Then comes another grade, those with whom we come in closer touch, and so on until we come to those that are nearest in kin, and for whom we would die if need be to show our fidelity.

There have been many such friendships in the world's history, and some will live forever, pointing man to a higher and nobler conception of life, its possibilities and responsibilities.

We should cherish the friends we have, and cultivate friendship among those with whom we come in daily contact. We should be true, unselfish, and self-sacrificing; then when trouble and disappointments come, we will have a friend to whom we can look for help.

I once heard a young lady remark, that she could count all the friends she had (outside of her own family) on the fingers of one hand; while I would not like to say that, still I think that a great many of our so-called friends are nothing more than mere acquaintances.

God gave the title of friend to Abraham after He had tried him, and we are friends of His if we love and serve Him truly.

We shall be glad to supply copies of the undermentioned standard works of poetry and prose to any of our boys or girls at the rate of six volumes for 25 cents, this being the cost of the "Penny Volumes," after paying carriage across the ocean, customs duty, and postage from Toronto. Remittances may be made in stamps. Letters should be addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

PENNY POETS.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."
Scott's "Marmion."
Burns' Poems (selections).
Longfellow's "Evangeline," etc.
Milton's "Paradise Lost," Part I.
" " " " Part II.
Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
Pope's "Essay on Man."
Tom Hood's Poems, Grave and Gay.
Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
Some Ingoldsby Legends.

Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."
Poems of Wordsworth, Part I.

" Cowper.
" Dryden.
" Wordsworth, Part II.
" Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook.
" Gray and Goldsmith.
" Longfellow, Part II.

PENNY POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

"She," by Rider Haggard.
"Little Em'ly" (from David Copperfield, by Chas. Dickens).
"Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace.
"It is Never Too Late To Mend," by Chas. Reade.
"Mary Burton," by Mrs. Gaskell.
"The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton.
"Jean Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
"Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.
"Charles O'Malley," by Charles Lever.
"Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott.
"Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
"Helen's Babies."
"Aldersyde," by Annie S. Swan.
Lord Macaulay's History of England, from earliest times to 1660.

TOPICS.

For Jan.	{	"An Account of How One Christmas Day Was Spent,"	AND
		"The Christmas Greeting of a Barnardo Boy in Canada to His Old Friends in the Old Home in the Old Land."	
For Feb.	{	"A description of some part of the Ottawa Valley,"	OR
		"What I did on Christmas Day,"	OR
		"My opinion of winter and winter sports in Canada."	

NOTE.—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR JANUARY MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 10TH, THOSE ON TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY NOT LATER THAN JANUARY 20TH.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

Write on one side of the paper only.
Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together.
A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words (for January not more than 250). It need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

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