

said, laughingly, "I have similar cause for complaint, and object very much to hearing this institute spoken of as an 'asylum.'"

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Here was a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, for years prominent in public affairs, and incapable of the slightest wilful injustice to any fellow creature, unconsciously giving the impression that a boy who never had any connection with the Home, and who had become afflicted with blindness, had been brought to Canada by Dr. Barnardo.

How readily, then, must the thousands of less thoughtful, less generously endowed, acquire the habit of regarding every young immigrant as a "Barnardo boy."

Let us add that the Director of the Institute informed us that he had come in contact with very many Barnardo boys—the genuine article—during his sixteen years in Canada, and in the whole of that time he only knew of one who became a failure. That one he saw in charge of a police officer, but even then, could he have done so, he would have taken the lad under his own care, for he felt sure the boy was deserving of sympathy and not really bad. We need hardly say we were particularly pleased to hear this tribute paid to Dr. Barnardo's boys by a gentleman of such wide and varied experience.

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During the month we had the pleasure of a brief visit from Mr. Struthers, who was on his way east to meet Mr. Owen and the party, among whom are a number of Labour House youths, whose first year's experience of Canadian agricultural life will be on the Industrial Farm at Russell. Mr. Struthers' visits are always a source of pleasure. He brings with him a fund of anecdote and a store of information relating to the great West that fill the listener with something of his own intense enthusiasm for the Province of endless prairie.

With Our Friends



ALL the portraits appearing in this issue are of boys visited on our trip around Peterborough and neighbouring counties, an account of which we gave last month.

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We thought we had seen the hard side of a "visitor's" life, but being overturned into a snow drift, to which we referred last month, as a personal experience, is only the mildest form of excitement compared with that which Mr. Griffith must have undergone more recently, when he and his driver together with horse and cutter, went through the ice into the chilly waters beneath. We leave our friends to imagine what were the sensations of all concerned. Fortunately no permanent injury was done; one of our patrons living not far from the spot kindly sheltered and otherwise provided for Mr. Griffith and the driver during the process of drying.

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The marriage bells have been kept busy of late by our friends. The three latest to join the noble army of Benedicts are: Robert Woodward, Antoine Arnold, and James Horton. The first named holds a most responsible position as station agent on a leading Canadian line. Antoine, the irrepressible enthusiast in all that pertains to Dr. Barnardo's Institutions, has carved his way, if not to fortune, to a very comfortable state of affairs in the back country of Muskoka. James has also gathered to himself not a few tokens of moderate prosperity by a career of steady industry extending over ten years. To each of the three we proffer our heartiest congratulations, and devoutly hope that the great Dispenser of blessings will enrich

them in all things, but most of all in that trust and faith in Him which are greater than any worldly wealth.

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Here is a little sermon of a practical character for those who will be completing their engagements in a few days, and some of whom may wish to dispose of a part of their earnings "as they like." Sending \$14 for deposit in the bank, Herbert Panting, a young man of 22, writes:

"I am very sorry that I gave you so much bother when I first put the money in the bank, but you spoke the truth when you said I would grow wiser as I grew older."

Doubtless were Mr. Owen filling this page he would stop short at this point of Herbert's letter, but, as it is the pen of another that is busy, and Mr. Owen is far away on the Atlantic, the end shall not be yet. Panting's point of view is that of one "looking back," and he speaks with the conviction born of experience. He proceeds:

"... and from all I have seen of you and heard of you, I have come to consider you as the best and kindest of friends to us boys. ... It is eight years since I saw you, and I am longing to see you again, as I remember how kind you were to me when I nearly fainted on board the ship, and you always seemed to take an interest in me."



JOSEPH ROGERS

"Is doing well; is married and the proud father of two babies."

We hear of great activity, of a decided boom in fact, in the neighbourhood of Dryden, Rainy River district, in which locality Charles H. Phillips, of the second party of '88, has recently taken up his abode. He says in a letter just to hand:

"I write to let your readers know how I like it at Dryden. It is as fine a place as a man can get to ... If a man was to ask me to go East again I would say 'Fo, sir.' This is the best place for a man's health, as well as for to make money. I have been here for nearly three weeks, and I have got along well. I have been all over the country on snow-shoes looking for gold mines and we found five; the man I was with took them up ... I am going to look for a farm north of here. There are fifty or sixty houses going up in the spring, so that does not look bad, does it? The lake is a fine sight and there is a fine fishing pond right at the town which is on the river; it will be fine in town next summer. If there are some of the lads that are thinking of going West in the spring or summer, I would say come, for the West is the place for young men to make money and what is more, we have good health and get a good home for himself"

Charles has caught the spirit of enthusiasm with a vengeance, and we sincerely trust that he may be able to carry out his promising plans to a successful issue.

We hear from Alfred W. Archer, 14 (July, '95), of regular attendance at school, where he is in the "senior fourth;" of frequent rides on a favourite horse named "Gypsy;" of attendance at church and Sunday school, and great interest in the Y. P. S. C. E., which Alfred has recently joined as an active member; and—here Alfred waxes eloquent—of an extremely kind master and mistress, whom our young friend calls "dad" and "mother." Though only 14, Alfred feels it is incumbent upon him to support the Homes, and sends a dollar, for which thoughtful act we tender him our sincere thanks. Alfred is an earnest lad, striving to do well in all things, and surrounded by good influences. The promise is bright; may he, by God's blessing, fulfil it to the utmost.

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We have the greatest possible pleasure in publishing the first really long letter we have received from Alfred Tidmarsh, 14, one of the "three chums" of South Monaghan.

I am writing to tell you how I am getting along and how I like my place. I am getting along first-class, and I think I have learned quite a little about farming. I like my work, and I try my best to learn all I can. I have nice people to live with and a nice home, and I mean to try to keep it. It is not such a busy time now, but the busy time will soon be here. First the spring work comes, tilling the ground and sowing the seed. Then the haying comes, and when it is all done the peas are ready for us, and then all the other grain is ready for us. After the drawing in is all done, then fall ploughing comes and fall wheat sowing. By the time it is finished the roots are just ready for us. Then the winter is here again and we are glad. I am fond of reading the UPS AND DOWNS. There is always some boys' pictures in it I that know. I think it is a very interesting paper. I saw Dr. Barnardo's photo in it; and in the *Christian Herald* also; and all about the good work he was doing, and he ought to be praised indeed, and all the boys and girls ought to thank him. I thank him very much for all the work and kindness he has done, and I hope that all the boys will try to do all they can to help to keep his good work up.

There is no doubt about it, Alfred is giving his whole heart to his work, and he will, we are sure, make a most successful farmer some day.

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We received a visit during the month from Charlie Folley (April, '91), who last April completed a five years' engagement with Mr. Trim, of Downview. He continued, however, in Mr. Trim's employ, and has just made another year's contract with that gentleman. Charles is a short, stout, healthy looking lad, and his career in Canada has been of a most satisfactory character.

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On the same day we also received a visit from Henry Domville, who was on his way to Winnipeg. Henry has been out eight years and has done well. If he likes the country he intends taking up land in the North-West and settling there. Henry was the first of half-a-dozen who bade us good-bye before starting for the Prairie Province, the others being Fred Smith, George and William Cain, Tom P. Smith and William Hayward. All these boys have established splendid reputations in Ontario, and we have every confidence in their future being one of success.

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William Curnick, who has been out nearly 11 years, and is comfortably settled at Iroquois, is anxious to bring out his brother from England, and writes asking if Mr. Owen will allow him to accompany the next party, William paying the fare.

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We hear from Fred Hildyard (Mar., '87) at Elm Valley, Manitoba, of a recent attack of the all too prevalent grippie, from which, however, he has recovered and is looking forward to a good season's work and an abundant harvest.