

cars and children driving them. I then went to the Y.M.C.A. tent and heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Hall. Then I went to the Floral hall and saw such beautiful plants and flowers and ferns. Then I went into the Natural History building. There I saw beautiful mineral stones and many other kinds of stones. I saw fishes and birds of all descriptions, and turtles, snakes, lizards and many other things too plentiful to mention."

JOTTINGS FROM VISITS.

Miss Gibbs has lately visited our two young friends Florrie and Alice Francis, whose pictures are before us, and brings good accounts of



them. Both mistresses seem to be satisfied with their girls. They are rather recent arrivals in Canada, belonging to the '95 party.

During the same trip Miss Gibbs visited altogether sixty girls. We subjoin a few notes about some of them:

Alice Kelly ('95)—No complaints at all as to Alice's character; and in her work she improves, and is happy and contented.

Ellen Whalen (August, '96)—All seems satisfactory here.

Daisy Pereira ('95), aged thirteen—A good, truthful little girl, in a family where she is kindly treated, and Daisy in good health, and, naturally, happy too.

Nellie Smith ('79)—Going on well; all seems satisfactory.

Ethel and Lizzie Andrews ('95), aged eleven and twelve—Two little sisters, living one and a half miles from each other and able to see each other often. Both in good homes on farms, and both doing well.

Bessie Brand ('92)—Full of desire to continue her studies so as eventually to become a school teacher. We hope the way is being opened for this; and as we believe Bessie has an aptitude for "school lore," we should congratulate her on it.

Sarah Summers ('95)—Has just moved to where she seems to be the "right girl in the right place."

Isabella Sewell (August, '96), aged twelve—Living in a clergyman's family, one of her chief duties being to care for the baby. She is in a nice home, and gets on well.

LETTERS FROM THREE LITTLE ONES.

Maggie Fitzgerald, aged twelve, writes from a new home to which she has just gone and where she seems happily placed. She writes of her mistress' kindness and also says:

"I have a nice bed and a bedroom all to myself. . . . We have a great big dog called Doc, and it will shake hands."

Martha Harwood, aged nine, and Mary McCormack, aged eleven, both living in the same house, also write about their home. Martha says:

"I like my home very much. We have ten cows, we have some sheep, some hens and some pigs. We have money for picking berries for ma. Ma is very kind to me, and the girls and boys are all very kind to me. I am very pleased to see Annie Lillywhite's photo

in UPS AND DOWNS. We have a big dog and a big cat. We have a little playhouse in the woods. We sometimes dress our dolls."

From Mary McCormack we hear:

"I like my home very much. We have lots of apples, we have seventeen little turkeys and I have to find them first thing in the morning, that is my first work. I was very pleased to read Muriel Courtney's letter in UPS AND DOWNS. The people who I live with are very kind to me. . . . We have some little rabbits, we have a big dog and a big cat."

We must not despise the day of small things; our younger readers, we are sure, will be pleased to hear of their little friends.

FLITTING FROM THE NEST.

Lately we have had brought before our notice two of our *elder* girls anxious to find their own places. One of them wrote us a very sensible, calmly-worded letter on the subject, at the same time showing us that she did not wish to break off from the "old home." If a girl is steady and reliable, we could not think it unreasonable that at a certain age she should feel that she would like to "stand on her own feet," but we are glad when it is done in the courteous, pleasant spirit that was shown in this letter. It makes all the difference in the world *how* a thing is done.

"There is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world."

This is Mary Hurn's picture. Mary came out to Canada in October, 1892, and went the same month to the place in which she has lived ever since. Mary is a member of the household of the Archbishop of Ontario, her mistress having been, before her marriage, Miss Ada Leigh, whose name was well known in England as having started a home for English girls in Paris.



Mary McGrady writes about good influences and faithfulness to our friends—two important things to bear in mind.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psalm 141: 3.

(Written for Ups and Downs.)

How appropriate to our topic, is the prayer of the Psalmist David; the words are so simple that the youngest of our readers understand their meaning, and yet what a depth there is in them. Surely if this great and good man found it necessary to pray such a prayer, ought we not also to make it the daily prayer of our lives, and endeavour to live, so that not only our lips should be governed by God, but our whole being be under His control and guidance?

If our thoughts are pure, then our words also will be pure, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

How easy it seems for some of us to say the unkind word, to speak unkindly of others, or answer back in an angry tone when reproved for some wrong-doing, or perhaps we hear something that has been said of us, which was not said in as kind a way as it might have been, and we are led to say things which we wish afterward had never been said; and when we remember that our hasty words cannot be recalled, how necessary it is that we govern our tongues in this respect.

Speaking of hasty words brings to my mind two verses of a hymn which we often sang together in the old Home:

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

What great things have been accomplished by a kind word. It seems such a little thing to do, just to speak a gentle word; any of us can do this, and yet in doing this we may be the means of good to others.

Speak gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart;
How oft they fall as manna fell,
On some nigh fainting heart.

We cannot tell the value of our words. How careful we ought to be, then, to keep from saying those things which are hurtful to ourselves and may do injury to others. Just think of it: you can never stop the progress of a bad word which you uttered, carelessly perhaps; it will go on, and on, spreading evil on every hand. But a good word, it is like sunshine: it scatters blessings wherever it goes. Let us love pure words, clean words, loving words. And don't forget "that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

EMILY MANNING.

A VISIT TO SHELBURNE.

BY MARY CRISP.

You may be sure how eagerly I awaited the day when I should start for my holidays to my brother's home. At last the day came, and I was up in the morning early and had every thing packed ready to take with me, and myself all ready to start. I said good-bye to all and away I went. There was just the car I wanted coming towards me. I made a sign for the car to stop and I got in, and the car went on its way again right down to the Union Station, stopping at the different standpoints on its way there. I was enjoying the ride very much; it was an open car and when it goes quickly the breeze is just lovely. The car goes right through the Union Station now; it is so nice. All you have to do is just to go right through the waiting room to the train. The eight o'clock train was the one I was going on and it gave a loud whistle and came rushing through the station, and the people that awaited this train picked up their parcels and valises and hustled into the train. My brother was with me at the station, and came into the train with me until it began to start, and then he bid good-bye and alighted from the train, and then went away to his duties, and I was on my way to Shelburne. The ride was a long one and a pleasant one; we passed the Horse Shoe Mountains that we hear so much about. After a long time Shelburne Station came in sight and the train stopped. I got off and found my friends there awaiting me. We were so glad to see each other. My little niece was there: such a dear little girl, only ten months old, with fair hair and blue eyes, and so bonny and bright. Time passed on very pleasantly indeed. We went to see all the friendly neighbours, who I thought were very kind and entertaining. There are some very nice residences with beautiful grounds; most of them belong to doctors. We were all through the Town Hall, into the different departments and examined the fire-reels and everything. We went to see the Wind Mill and the Electric Machinery and a number of other things, I think Shelburne is a very pretty place indeed.

BOOKS AND READING.

[Written for a Christian Endeavour Meeting.]

Books are wonderful in the influence they exert over the reader, in the impressions they leave, and the inspiration they give to noble lives and lofty principles. Of course, I speak only of good books; we are not discussing bad ones to-night. As our topic is "Books and Reading, and How to Get Good from Them," I have chosen only the first part, as there are others to take part in the meeting. There is only one safe course to pursue with reference to bad books and literature of all kinds which is corrupt, that is to give it a wide berth. If you and I have any around let us do as did the early Christians, make a bonfire of it, be it ever so valuable in dollars or cents; it is better burned than left around to corrupt a possible reader. Perhaps all the other articles of edu-