

merry Christmas and a happy New Year! This is a pleasant picture to contemplate, and it is one that is presented to us in the case of Samuel Snow (April, '90), Samuel M. Ling (March, '93) and George Hearn (April, '94). The two latter are members of the household of Mr. A. Taylor, of Carlingford, who had kindly extended an invitation to Samuel Snow to spend a few days at Christmas with his friends. It was under Mr. Taylor's care that Snow gained his first experience of farming in Canada. Each of the three letters tells of a successful year and speaks hopefully of the future. Snow, who is 20, says:—

"You will be expecting car-loads of letters at this time of the year, as we are such a large family. I am in good health. . . . I sent my bank book with a check for \$80 to be deposited to my account on Saturday. . . . I would like very much to take a trip to England to see my birth-place. but it would run away with a pile of my money and my pile is not a car load yet and it is better lying where it is, I think. . . . Samuel Ling and George Hearn are both at the same table writing to you, so I suppose I need not say anything about them, except that both are, I think, prospering."

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Samuel Ling, who is 18, says:—

"It is with great pleasure I write my Christmas letter to you, hoping you and all at the Home are well. I enclose as my annual subscription to the Home \$1, which has been kindly given to me by Mr Taylor for the purpose. I am glad to say I am in good health at present, also Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. . . . I received a photo from England of my brother in his uniform as a policeman. . . . I also received a money order for two shillings; I think myself lucky. . . . I like to hear, through UPS AND DOWNS, how the boys are getting along throughout the Dominion."

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Geo. Hearn, the last of the trio, who is 16, writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am in good health. . . . I enclose one dollar as my subscription to the Home, which was kindly given me by Mr. Taylor. I think UPS AND DOWNS is getting better every month."

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From John T. Wastell (March, '93) we hear:

"I am getting along first-rate. I am in the best of health and strong. . . . This is my second year with Mr. Johnston. We have a farm containing 100 acres. . . . The new house we built last summer is a nice one. It is on the top of a big hill, and we have a good view of the village of Drayton. We have a good crop of hay and grain, and threshed 1,700 bushels in ten hours. . . . I attend Church and Sunday-school regularly. . . . I was glad to find some of my chums in UPS AND DOWNS—Harry Offord, Samuel Relf, Walter Brown, Harold T. Courtney, and Percy; we were all chums in the Grove Road Home."

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Herbert J. Williamson is a little fellow of 12 who has been in Canada since March, '93. He is learning farming under the guidance of Mr. Christopher C. Barker, of Paris Station. Mr. Barker is the owner of one of the finest farms in Ontario, and Herbert sends us a very well-written, interesting account of his surroundings:—

"We have a very 'slick' way of doing things around here. In the first place, we have 21 head of cattle in one long row; we can feed them in five minutes by means of a truck which runs in front of them. We have the cattle standing with their heads to the west, leaving a space of about five yards for the truck to run. On the other side are five box-stalls, which we have for the sick ones when any get sick and for calves. We have two at present in them. On the north-west corner is the turnip cellar, which is full at present."

"Next comes a box-stall, and on the south of it the harness-room; next east of it the horse-stable, which will

hold six horses. It is the finest I ever saw, with cedar-block floor, and the finest finished off of any I have seen. Next comes the drive shed; it is about 30 feet square; further south is where we keep the buggies and cutters. Next comes the work-shop, which contains the farm implements and where we do the carpenter work. The pig-pen, which is a place by itself, has a cement floor, and the hen-house is near it. This is about the best I can give you. You must come down and see it, and then you will get a better idea than I can explain to you."

"I must tell you that I am getting along first-rate. I had a pair of skates given me last winter. . . . And I must tell you I had a good silver hunting watch given to me a few weeks ago, and I am very proud of it."

Herbert's lot has fallen in pleasant places. We congratulate him upon his gifts; they are a token of the good opinion of those around him.

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"I got the medal, and I was very pleased with it and so was Mr. Harris. I thank Dr. Barnardo for it. It will help me along."

Thus writes Charles Fuller (July, '92) from Ballymote, Ont., where he is steadily hewing his way,—whether to fortune, time alone will



tell. But we can at least, judging by the past four years, look forward to a very bright and prosperous future for Charles, whose portrait we have the greatest satisfaction in publishing

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"I like the place and I get treated kindly,"

says Albert Henry Beak, one of our boys of last year's party, who has found a home with Benjamin Biddis, one of our old friends now farming on his own account at Woodstock.

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Wm. Kenney, who came out in April, 1891, some months since went to Chicago at the solicitation of a friend, hoping to find employment in that city. He unfortunately realized when too late that these large crowded cities are the very worst places to which young men, either skilled mechanics or unskilled labourers, can go to seek employment. But, being there, William decided to stay, and joined a regiment of the U. S. cavalry. While we may regret that one of our boys has deemed it necessary to change his allegiance from the old flag to that of a foreign country, we must not forget that, in spite of recent stormy signs, the English and the Americans are practically one people, and we are very sure that William will as faithfully perform his duty under the Stars and Stripes as he would under the Union Jack. In a recent letter he writes:

"As you said, I am much interested in the details of the dispute between the two powers, but I don't think it will amount to anything more than a tongue thrashing. I would not like to have to fight my own native country, but I am sorry to say, if it comes to that, I would have to do my duty. I have eight months in, and I have two years and four months to serve yet, and when I get discharged, if all goes well, I will return to my native country and help my parents in their old days."

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William Luff (June, '90) writes from Zimmerman:—

"I like the place, for it seems like home. . . . I got a good book for a prize at Christmas from the Sunday School."

Frederick Floyd has been over ten years in Canada, which have been well spent in steady devotion to duty. Frederick, now 26 years of



age, is as firm in his affection for the Home as of yore, and writes from Beaconsfield:

"I had no idea that the paper would prove to be such a good one. I am sure every boy ought to be proud of it. For my part, I am more proud than ever that I belong to Dr. Barnardo's large family."

I was much pleased to hear of Dr. Barnardo's recovery. It seems like one of God's mercies to bring him safely through such a serious illness. . . . I can never repay the good he has done me, but I will endeavour to my utmost to keep up the good name of the Home."

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"This is my first letter to you, and when I write again I hope to be a better writer. I am well and very glad of my new home. I do not think anyone could be kinder to us than Mr. and Mrs. McLaren are."

The "first letter" is very creditable in every way to John Mills, who came out last year, and is 10 years of age.

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Robert T. Reid (November, '94), who is at Baltimore, Ont., informs us that "I am going to school after the New Year."

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"I have been here six months now, and my employer has never said a cross word to me. I guess I will put my year in and get my \$100."

This is the wise conclusion arrived at by Robert C. Pattie, who came to Canada nine years ago, and is now working at Walter's Falls.

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"I like living in Canada very much," writes John Moulden, who has had four years' experience on which to base his opinion.

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We are in receipt of a very bright, cheerful letter from Arthur Woodgate, who came out in April, 1886.



Arthur has proved himself to be a steady, industrious worker, having been for eight years in one situation, which he leaves the first of April next, in order to take another where he will receive the higher wages to which his experience now entitles him. He will

still remain, however, in the same locality—Craigvale—where he is held in high esteem. Arthur, who is now 22, writes:

"I thank Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen, and all connected with the Home, for the interest they have taken in me. . . . I am looking forward to try and save as much as I can for a few years yet, so that I shall be able some day to buy a home for myself."