



Ada Barker, aged 18, whose likeness we here give, and who came out in October, '92, passed away to her eternal rest on Monday, January 20th. Ada was to all appearance a particularly healthy, strong-looking girl, but she seems to have taken cold, and in a short time developed pneumonia, which was the cause of her death. It is with truly thankful hearts we look back on Ada's life, during the few years she was in Canada. She was a good girl, faithful and valued in her work, and loved in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Humphries, of Hastings, with whom she lived from her first entering into service in Canada till the day of her death. More than that we have every reason to trust that Ada had committed the keeping of her soul to her blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that she now has "an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

We feel deeply the kindness and interest of the Rev. D. A. Thomson, Presbyterian minister at Hastings, whose Church our young friend attended, and also of Mr. Adam Humphries, her master, who was as one mourning for his own child; both these two gentlemen came from Hastings to Peterborough to attend the funeral, for all that was mortal of Ada had been brought home to Peterborough to be laid to rest in Little Lake Cemetery. Mr. Thomson conducted an impressive and hallowed funeral service at Hazel Brae amongst our assembled children, and also a short one at the grave. Strange to say, just two days before Ada passed away, the aged grandfather, in the home where she was living, had suddenly met with death through an accident in the same house, so that there was, indeed, a sad household during those days.

Pondering over these events, these words came from the lips of Mr. Humphries' little child: "Well," she said, "Grandpa's gone to heaven, and Ada has gone to heaven; perhaps they are talking to each other;" and we, thinking over her words, feel it is but little we know of what those are doing who have passed on before, but one or two things we do know; first, that "in His presence is fullness of joy," and, then, that "there the weary are at rest."

To all, even to the young and healthy, there is once more the call, "Be ye therefore ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

This is a letter from Ruth Smith, who came out in Oct., '92, and went the same month to her present place in Perth. We are thankful to believe she is seeking to serve a higher than any earthly master. She has the privilege of living with a family which numbers two bright lights yielded up to Foreign Mission work in China, and are now called to their reward; and, under the roof of the Manse at Perth, Ruth has, no doubt, learned many a lesson, and is now a member of the Church, of which her master, Rev. A. H. Scott, is pastor. For such homes we thank God, and also do we trust our girl is worthy of it. May she be kept faithful.

"I received the sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS, and also the one for January, and I think the girls' page a splendid idea. I like it very much, and I am sure all the girls will, for there is a great deal of encouragement on the girls' page, and also on the other pages, and the letters bring us into closer relationship one with another as brothers and sisters. I think it very kind of Mr. Owen to let the girls have a share in his paper. He has given it a

very good title too, or there are many 'ups and downs' in our lives, are there not? I have now been in Canada three years, and about three months. I like living in this country very much, indeed. The people with whom I am living are very kind to me, and I am glad I can say they are true Christian people.

"I enjoy the accounts of the boys; they seem to be getting on very nicely, and hope they will continue. I am looking forward to hearing from some of the girls through this paper, and hope our page will be a great success and succeed and increase day by day. I was very sorry to hear that Dr. Barnardo has been so ill and sincerely hope he is better and stronger than ever again.

"And now, dear girls, let us all begin anew, with more courage, and take each day as it comes; with our united prayers for each other, let us put hand in hand and help on this work, and we will soon see it prosper. We do not know what good we can do, only in writing a letter, but let us try to encourage and help one another as much as possible."

We have already given extracts from Emily Manning's letters so that in presenting her portrait we feel that it will not be quite that of a stranger, even to those of the girls who have never seen her. Emily was one of our early arrivals in Canada, and is now living in a minister's family at Bradford, where, we are thankful to think, she is much valued as a thoroughly conscientious, Christian girl.

In running a race, it has been said, so much depends on what kind of a start is made. Dorothy Black, the writer of the following letter, only came out to Canada last September, and is living on a farm near Campbellford. If these words are true, she bids fair to run well:—

"I will tell you what my work is. I have the dishes to wash up, and help a little with the washing. Just to bring me on I help to cook; I know how to make a good many different kind of cakes. We have just finished making the butter. I get up about six in the morning, and I go to bed about eight. When I get up in the morning, I cook Grandfather's porridge and lay the table for breakfast; and then, after I finish up my dishes, I clean the lamps. I have a good bit to do to keep me going. Yesterday my mistress went out to the village, and when she came back in the evening I had all the table ready for tea, and I did a lot of ironing before she came home. I have finished all the ironing pretty nearly. I am very happy here. I thank you very much for getting me such a nice place. Our woods just look beautiful, covered with snow. It looks so pretty when the sun is shining. I like being in Canada very much; it is better than I thought it was. My mistress says I am coming on very nicely. She has shown me how to make apple sauce and puddings. I am just watching my mistress eagerly how to bake bread; I nearly know how to do it. I do not know how to milk cows yet; my mistress has shown me twice,—I just know a little."

HOW CAN WE SPEND OUR SPARE TIME PROFITABLY?

DEAR READERS,—Together, we are going to have a short talk about spare time.

First, how much spare time have we? I think we can safely say that we all have at least two hours a day, or forty-three thousand six hundred and eighty (43,680) minutes in a year to ourselves, and a number, whose duties are not so numerous, have much more. The question is, How do we spend this time? Do we make up

our minds to make the most of it, or do we idle it away without accomplishing anything? If so, let us try by all means to remedy the failure at once.

In what way, or by what means, can we spend this time profitably? Well, the most of us can settle this question ourselves. Perhaps there is some accomplishment or talent that our Maker has provided us with which needs to be brought to the surface, and right into our everyday lives, before it will be of any use to us or the world around us. Some of us are particularly fond of books. If so, encourage that fondness; but above all let us guard ourselves, and always stop to think, is this book fit to read, and can I derive any benefit from it?

Have some work always on hand for your spare time, and by making use of this accomplishment, you will find it useful at some time—perhaps when heavier work must be laid aside.

Others again, have a taste for needle-work, artistic or otherwise. I would say again, cultivate that taste.

A short time ago I heard a friend speak of a young man who had met with an accident by which he could not earn a living outside of his own home. The man, who was very plucky and brave, had some one come in and teach him needle-work every day until he was proficient in the art. Now he has all the ordered needle-work and fine embroidery he can manage to do, and he does it as well as, and better than, many of the fairer sex. This incident teaches us not to be daunted by circumstances. If our dearest or highest ambition fails, strike out boldly and try something else.

We have spoken of a number of ways by which we can profit ourselves. Now let us look on the other side. How can we help others? But first, let me add, unselfishness is a virtue we should all strive to possess. Some of us are situated in places where there are children. In how many different ways can we help them, and thus win their love and respect? We can often help a neighbour that is ill, or in trouble. Some may say "there is nothing I can do to help." But do you know that the sight of a happy, smiling face, a face beaming with pure, earnest joy, will bring relief to many a weary, troubled heart when words fail to soothe or cheer. Thus, by rightly employing our time, we are building a noble character of industry and intelligence. We may never see the result of our work, but the Father Who seeth all things will reward accordingly. May we consecrate our time to Him who gave His life for us

EVA C. SHERWOOD.

Rose Smythe will have been in her present place on a farm at Baltimore ten years on the 18th of this month. So she is another of those girls, like Annie Cook, who are not given to change, and who, no doubt, are all the happier and better respected on that account. We observe in one of Miss Loveday's past reports of Rose, after visiting her some time ago, she says. "Rose is still with Miss Burgess, and hopes she will be able to stay a long time, and says no other home will ever be as good to her."

We agree with Rose here, and it is our impression that if a girl settles in this way, she throws herself more heartily into the interests of the family and neighborhood and Church, feels herself one with those around and being well-known, and one of the members of the little circle to which she belongs, is all the more anxious to keep up her good name and reputation. We observe in a later report, Miss Loveday says of Rose, that "She is still quite at home, and very happy with Miss Burgess."

