

Armitie.	Cyril.	Ilex.	Primrose.
Babies.	Daisy.	Ivy.	Pussy.
Bath.	Eton.	Jessamine.	Rose.
Beehive.	Forget-me-Not.	Joicy.	Salem.
Billiter.	Hahnemann.	Lily.	Sir James Tyler.
Burwell Prk.	Halifax.	May.	St. Helena.
Cairns.	Hawthorn.	Mayflower.	Sweet Briar.
Cambridge	Heartsease.	Mickleham.	Syndal.
Clapham.	Heater.	Myrtle.	Trefoil.
Clarellan.	Honeysuckle.	Oxford.	Violet.
Clement.	Hope.	Peace.	Wild Thyme.
Craven.	Hyacinth.	Pink Clover.	Woodbine.
Curling.			

Mossford Lodge, the Governor's House, the Laundry House, the Children's Church, and the Schools complete the record of the Institutional buildings. "Cairns Memorial Cottage" is the largest and most ornamental dwelling in the Village, and occupies the most conspicuous site. It is further distinguished by a clock tower visible



JESSIE BIDDIS.

from every house in the little community. This edifice was designed and erected in memory of the first President of the Homes, the late Lord Chancellor Cairns. I have elsewhere (see "Extensions at Ilford," pp. 66-70) noted the facts that the new *Children's Church* was dedicated in April, 1894; that *Mossford Lodge* with its grounds have been acquired, and that the much-needed new *Schools* are now in process of erection."

Since this report was written the new school building has been completed, and soon we are hoping to present our readers with a picture of the same.

WORD FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

[The following letter from Miss Loveday has been forwarded by Miss Code just as we go to press.—ED.]

MOSSFORD LODGE,

April 12th, 1896.

DEAR MISS CODE,—You will be glad to hear that I have arrived safely in England after a very pleasant voyage. I made my way direct to the Home, and at Ilford station had the good fortune to meet Dr. Barnardo, just then on his way to town, and received from him a hearty greeting and warm welcome. My thoughts have often been with you all on Hazelbrae and our girls in Canada. Perhaps some of them who are readers of *UPS AND DOWNS* will be interested in hearing something of the voyage and of England in the spring, etc.

The *Laurentian* is comparatively a small vessel and carries but few passengers, but we had in addition about 360 head of cattle and 42 horses. Fortunately we had a smooth passage, and the poor things did not appear to feel any ill effects either from sea sickness or from their confinement in close quarters. They seemed to be well fed and looked after, and we were told they got fat and were all landed in good condition with the exception of one ox, which died on the way and was hoisted over board. This created quite a little interest and made a break in the monotony of the daily routine.

We left Halifax on Saturday afternoon and were soon well out to sea and away from sight of land. On Monday several icebergs were seen, an exceedingly pretty sight, especially when touched by the rays of a bright afternoon's sun. Later in the afternoon we came upon a vast expanse of "field ice," and for more than an hour four good ships slowly forced its way—with much crushing and

crunching—amongst immense blocks of ice closely packed and frozen almost into one solid mass. The phosphorescence added greatly to the beauty of this—bright little sparks of light were seen here and there, looking like glow-worms or fire-flies amongst this white weird stretch of ice and snow. Before night came on, however, we were again in clear open water and able to make good speed. The days were bright and sunny, and though the vessel rolled and pitched quite enough to make one remember with some discomfort that it was *sea* and not land, there was no real storm or gale, and most passengers were on deck every day, apparently enjoying a good time. We had no service on Sunday, but I did not forget my little ones in Muskoka and others who had promised to think of me then and "pray for you" as one of them added, and very much did I appreciate the knowledge that from both sides of the ocean loving thoughts and prayers circled around and followed us on our way. Merville was reached early on Monday morning and Liverpool about 11 o'clock the same evening.

It was a real treat to see once more the green fields and hedges of the old land after the months of snow one had left behind—and the flowers! Though the weather is so far cold and dull, with keen east winds, daffodils



MR. AND MRS. S. R. BUSH.

and primroses abound; the woods are white with anemones and all vegetation is full of promise for the coming summer.

Our Village Home at Ilford is as pretty as ever, and it is pleasant to see it again in all its spring freshness and to renew acquaintances with very dear friends there.

But I must stop now. Perhaps later on I will write you more about that, and the work and the girls on this side.

With loving thoughts of you all,

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

J. LOVEDAY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Alice Rogers,

"CALLED HOME"

ON

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1897.

Aged 16.

HE call came to Alice at about two o'clock in the afternoon of Good Friday, that day which commemorates our Saviour's wonderful and, we may say, awful passage through the gates of death, and just at that time of day when on that most memorable of all occasions the earth was

veiled in mysterious darkness. It was a call which ushered her into light, into pure ineffable brightness, the exceeding brightness of the Saviour's presence, purchased for her through that very same death in that dark hour on Calvary's Cross. We cannot do better than express in the words of a well-known hymn, what we would indeed believe to be most applicable to her—

For me, Lord Jesus Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me.

Our readers know that for a long time Alice Rogers has been lying on her bed of sickness, waiting for the Home call. She was taken worse on Monday, the 12th, and gradually sank till the end came, an end that our patient sufferer was indeed longing for, and we are thankful for the assurance that it was an end for which she was prepared.

The very morning of her death she tried to join in singing the words of her favourite hymn, "Jesus keep me near the Cross;" and soon afterwards, pointing upwards with her finger, said: "I'm going up there, tell Carrie I'm going Home," alluding to her little friend Carrie Tuck. The preceding evening, when Mrs. Metcalfe was kissing her, she said, "Have a little prayer," and added her "Amen" to it.

"Poor girlie," said one, "she seems suffering," and with an effort she said, "I'm a rich girl," this being repeated afterwards to some one who was present, who spoke of her as being "rich in the love of Jesus." Alice assented most heartily to this remark. "You're trusting in Jesus, aren't you Alice?" Mrs. Metcalfe asked. "I couldn't do without Him," was the reply.

One day during the week before, seeing a funeral from the window, she said, "Perhaps mine will be the next, but you know it will only be my body, I shan't be there."

And what about those of us who are left; is there not another voice speaking to us to-day, and telling us to seek those things that are above? to seek that Saviour in whose arms our young sister now rests, so that after we leave this world the gates of glory shall open to receive us?

There was a little service held at the Home conducted by Rev. W. Young, when the girls all assembled and together sang that hymn, already alluded to, that Alice loved,

"Jesus keep me near the Cross,"

and after listening to the Scriptures and a short address, and kneeling in prayer together, the body was conveyed to Little Lake Cemetery, where at the grave another service was held, and there committed to its resting place.

A lovely wreath of white flowers contributed by the friends at the Home was placed on the coffin, and also some beautiful arum lilies, sent by St. John's Mission Band, the President of which, Mrs. Greenwood, has been a most kind and faithful visitor to Alice.

"I've His gude word o' promise
That, some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace
"His banished" hame will bring:
Wi' een and wi' hert
Rinnin owre we shall see
"The King in His beauty,"
In oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony
An' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me,
Nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid hath made me white,
And His han' shall dry my e'e
When He brings me hame at last
To my ain countrie."