

grave by Mrs. C. and Mr. C. Loveday.

Mary was a good, honest girl, and her loss is felt by her employers, and especially by their little children, who were greatly distressed that Mary could not return to them.

It is a cause of thankfulness to know that her short time in Canada was a happy one. She had a good home, a kind and helpful mistress, and was not worked beyond her strength.

Surely this sudden call should speak loudly to her companions, reminding them that "In the midst of life we are in death." Dear girls, if a like call came to you, would it find you trusting in Jesus as your Saviour, and therefore *not afraid*?

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### The Postman's Knock.

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The following letters will, we feel sure, be read with interest. We wish more of our girls would write and tell of their summer outings, picnics and excursions.

The writer of the following, Emily Baker, was for some time *boarded out* in Muskoka, and is now in a very nice home in Dundas. On a recent visit, her mistress said she "could not have a better little girl to look after her children; she had been well-trained at her foster-home and was getting on nicely."

DEAR MISS L—,—I now take pleasure in writing to you to tell you that I am back from the Beach after three months' long holidays. I am going to tell you what I did there.

In the mornings, Dorothy—that is the baby—Willie and I would go to the lake shore and pick up shells, or go paddling in the water or sit in the boat and watch the fish, and in the afternoon we go in swimming and stay in a long time and have lots of fun. Once we took little Dorothy in with us, and had great fun then. Then in the evening we go out rowing, or for a walk on the lake shore, or up to the pier, and see the steamers come in from Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton.

Once a very big storm came up on a Sunday afternoon. The wind swept every thing before it. It blew tents into the lake, blew down flags, and there were five men nearly drowned in the bay. They were out rowing, and they saw the steam com-

ing up, and one of the men lost his ear, and the storm came on and tipped the boat over, and they were in the water nearly two hours before help came, and they were nearly gone.

Since Dorothy was down at the Beach she has learned to walk, and she can almost talk, and she is only one year and two months old, and she is a dear little darling. She has her cot in my bedroom, and in the morning when she wakes up, she crawls into my bed and stays there until it is time to get up. Everybody was surprised to see her walking when we came back from the Beach.

My master and mistress are very good to me. I think I must now close. Give my love to all the girls and ladies of the Home. I always look in UPS AND DOWNS to see if there are any reports of the girls who came out in 1894.



Mary F. Hilder.

Mrs. P. went to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and when she came home she brought us all home a present. Mine was a gold pin, with a large pearl in the shape of a bell attached to it. I think I must close, hoping all the girls are well.

Yours truly,

EMILY BAKER.

The letter from a little girl Dorothy, D. is a ten years old one of our late arrivals, and this is her first letter to her master when all around is new and full of wonder. So far the time seems to have fallen to her in pleasant places. We think that her hopes are well.