

My 'boss' works 225 acres of arable land, and has 40 acres of fall wheat in, which is looking very well this spring, and we have hopes of an abundant harvest. I read in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS of how A. Acland has started a special fund for the old Home, called the 'Diamond Jubilee Fund,' which, I hope, that every Barnardo boy will give something, more or less, towards the support of 'our brothers and sisters,' and to help the 'father' to carry on the God-like work in which he is now engaged. I, myself, will send \$2 for the Diamond Jubilee Gift, and also 25 cents for next year's UPS AND DOWNS; and I would like you to send me six numbers of Penny Popular Fictions, which I will name below. You will find enclosed my bank-book, so that you can take it out of my account, which, I hope by next April to greatly add to—my three years' wages."

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FROM THE OLD HOME.

SCHOOL, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY,
23rd April, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Your usual batch of UPS AND DOWNS to hand.

We are just settling down after the Easter holidays. Several of the boys have been in the country for a few days, visiting their foster parents, with whom they used to live as boarders. Many of the boys keep up these pleasant relationships by correspondence. You have some in Canada now, who, no doubt, look back affectionately on the time when they were "boarded out" here in England.

Our cricket teams are pulling themselves together for the summer. The footballs that have survived their winter kicks are stowed away, and the play-yard will soon become lively with flying practice balls—made of cork and rags for safety. Most of the members of the chief teams of last season have left the Home for situations.

Murray, Cheesman, and Reed from the bootmakers; Seal, Barnes, Crampton, Wigg, Robertson, Peters, carpenters; Wadup, Cousins, Wells, tailors; Scanes, Hurd, tinsmiths; Dash, matmakers; Bush, Harvey, wheelwrights; Court, blacksmiths; Williams, harnessmakers; Sanderson and Pudney Clark, brushmakers; Huxter, photographers. So you see that vacancies will have to be filled.

I have received several letters lately from your Canadian readers, some making kind references to our evening school here. We shall wind up our winter session next Friday, with the usual nut scramble.

Our last concert was a "farewell" to the Canada party. Dr. Barnardo presided, and gave a most pleasant filip to the proceedings.

The String Band did well as usual, and the Doctor cheered their hearts by praising the effective way in which they did their work.

Two of the principal soloists in the choir suffered from colds, and they lacked the wisdom that Mr. Sims Reeves used to show. They came on in spite of it, with more pluck than discretion. They had heard that the late Mr. Spurgeon used to drink a highly seasoned broth when his voice threatened to collapse; so they dosed themselves with a hot decoction of cayenne, and rubbed their throats with a pungently odorous lotion, and turned up on the singing platform in a highly ineffectual condition; and sang as flat as pancakes. But the meeting, on the whole, was entertaining. The boys were jolly and gave the Canada party a most hearty "send off."

Your readers who hail from Leopold House will be sorry to hear that Mr. and Miss Armitage are leaving the Old Home. They felt it their duty to offer themselves as helpers in the anti-slavery work at Zanzibar, East Africa. Those who know Mr. and Miss Armitage best feel that the work here will lose by their departure.

I saw a photograph of the Leopold House staff a day or two ago, and was told that it was taken for reproduction in UPS AND DOWNS. Your readers will possibly have a chance of seeing the faces of old friends.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

I. P. MANUELL.

A TALE OF HER "MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN" STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON.

From 'The Young Helpers' League Magazine.

LITTLE MARY'S COT.



Everybody knows, it is one of the aspirations of the Y. H. L. that each of its Habitations and Lodges should supply the annual sum necessary to support one of the Cots in Her Majesty's Hospital. Already seventeen of these Cots are thus supported, and more are ready for our Companions to think of. But there are *some* of these Cots that the Y. H. L. cannot have the opportunity of working for! *Love has already appropriated them.* One of these has an interesting little story attached to it.

For many years before the Y. H. L. was established, we received regularly from a little girl in South America gifts sent for the benefit of our Girls' Homes, and which were always accompanied with the very kindest and most affectionate of messages. You know that Christian people from all over the world send us gifts continually for our Waifs; but this little donor lived so far away, she sent so regularly, and she sent such pleasant messages, that we became quite interested in her letters. Well, these letters continued to come, until one day we received news that our little friend was looking forward with great delight to the prospect of seeing Ilford with her own eyes, for her father and mother were on the eve of bringing her to England. It was a long journey, and for many weeks we heard nothing further.

Meanwhile, the day of our Annual Meeting came round, and shortly after that great event was over, we learned that among the large crowd of friends who had been present at the Meeting were two whose eyes were dimmed with tears during most of the proceedings. Alas! Little Mary had taken a longer journey than from South America to England! Her father and mother had duly reached London; but *they came alone.* Little Mary had left them for "the land that is very far off" a few days before the vessel sailed. For her sake the sorrowing parents attended our Meeting, and at the thought of her, the tears rushed unbidden as they saw the Village girls of whom their little daughter had so often talked.

Later on they visited Ilford, and in memory of their loved one they sought out every *Mary* in all the cottages, and spoke to them lovingly, and gave each of them a bright memorial shilling. Was not that nice? And so the memory of Mary wove closer and ever closer the ties of sympathy which bound the bereaved father and mother to our work. They visited our Village Home again, then the Stepney Home, and of course the Hospital. The little patients awoke their deepest interest, and finally a plan began to develop itself which we at last learned of with unspeakable thankfulness. What do you think it was? Why, that one of our Cots should be called THE LITTLE MARY COT, and that in memory of the Young Helper whom we had never seen some poor invalid or little ailing cripple should, year in and year out, receive in this Cot all the loving care and tendance which we could render. So one day we were made glad by a gift of £40 for the purchase and first year's maintainance of a cot in the name of seven members of Little Mary's family. Every year since then the Hospital has never been allowed to forget Little Mary, quite apart from the inscription over the Cot which bears her name: for on the day that would have been her birthday a beautiful Christmas treat is provided for all the inmates of the Hospital. If you want to know something about the last treat so provided, please turn to "Grandfather's Tales" in this

number, and read what our aged friend has written about Mrs. Miller's Christmas doings among our patients.

And that is why the Young Helpers' League cannot hope to support every one of the Cots in our infirmary. The dear child who loved our work because she loved her Lord, and who was called in her early youth to be with Him for ever, has left behind her this great love-gift for the sick and ailing little waifs.

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"BE CONTENT."

One of our girls in a letter sent such sensible words, on contentment, that we are reproducing them for the benefit of the others, for "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man,"—and we venture to say of girl to girl. This is what she says:

"I made up my mind that I would consecrate my life to the Master, humble though it be, but I think by performing my duties not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but doing the will of God from the heart, I say, I think I honour Him just as much as those in higher positions in life. I have come to the conclusion that life is too short to be giving way to discontented feelings, wishing I was this and that. I have decided to do my best where I am. I think it is all the more to a person's credit if they do the thing well, they like the least."

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The following is extracted from a letter recently to hand from Mrs. Mason, Port



Sydney, guardian of Edward Gray, one of the party of very little men who came out in 1895:

"I can't speak too highly of my little boy, Ted. With proper training he is the making of a very good man, and will be an honour to the country of his adoption. He is bright and intelligent, and very observant of everything. As regards his studies he is getting along very well."

This is warm praise for a little man only six years old. How Edward is physically we will let his portrait tell.

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The following cheerful, well written letter tells how it fares with our young friend Henry V. Walker, 13, who came out with the first party of last year:

"I like to write you a few words once in a while. I went to school last winter every day when the weather was favourable and I liked it first rate, but I see that school teaching is done quite another way than in England. . . . We had very cold weather sometimes, and plenty of snow, but now spring work has commenced in the vineyards and fields and my master says I have to help on the farm. I like farming better than anything else; we go and put in the wheat; and work in the vineyard; and we have to work lots of barley and oats and corn and to plant 12 acres of potatoes."