

out in the fields. I think I have a very nice place. I don't know where I could get a better one, but I don't know how I would have got to Canada but for Dr. Barnardo."

Arthur's letter shows him to be a happy, contented lad, trying to do his best. He has an excellent home with good, kind people. A recent report describes him as "a nice little fellow, quite manly in manner."

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We are glad to report our old friend William Hickford (June, '86) doing very well in Chicago. We have had considerable correspondence recently with William regarding his young brother, Albert, who came out in July, '95, and to whom, now the opportunity presents itself, William has offered a home. Our friend's career for the last ten years affords us ample testimony of his fitness to assume the roll of protector to a young lad, and we consider Albert is very fortunate in possessing an elder brother of such excellent parts. In the course of our correspondence with William we mentioned that there was still a balance lying to his credit in the bank. This was a surprise to William, who very kindly donated the amount to the Home.

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Writing from Coboconk in the middle of the month, Frederick Chapman, also of the June, '86 party, gives us some very interesting news. He tells us he has had ups and downs in life since he wrote us last. He then proceeds to give an account of himself, which makes us think our friend has been one of the lucky ones who have the "ups" without the "downs."

"I thought I would like a home of my own."

An excellent idea which was well carried out, for Fred proceeds:

"I bought a farm and got married."

At this point we tender Frederick our very hearty congratulations. It is a serious responsibility for a young man to marry with "little to start on"; but, given pluck, perseverance and sound health, and the little soon becomes something bigger. This is the case with our friend, who found it pretty hard work

"scratching away to pay for the farm, but I think I have succeeded fairly well. I have built a very good frame house, and I have it and the farm nearly paid for. I have not got much stock yet, but I intend to have more soon. I feel very thankful to Dr. Barnardo for the good he has done me, for having sent me out here where one has such splendid chances to get along. I feel I can hardly repay him enough, although I have not been as liberal in sending my subscription for the support of the grand work as I should have been, but as I am getting a firm footing now I will make up for what I have lacked. My affection is as warm as ever for the old Home and all connected with it."

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The following "unsolicited testimony" has just reached us. The writer of the letter is the guardian of 12-year-old Harry Renshaw, who came out in June, '93:

"SIR,—I have seen UPS AND DOWNS and read some paragraphs regarding some of your boys. There is not one of the boys the paper refers to that can compare with Harry Renshaw. My neighbours say he is a credit to me. I am acquainted with a number of boys, and there is none can stand by Harry for being warmly clothed, or well fed and for good manners. I am proud of him."

"Yours respectfully,

"(MRS.) SAMUEL SPENCER."

We are very glad indeed to receive such an excellent account of Harry, who, we trust, fully appreciates the care that is bestowed upon his welfare by his kind friend.

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We also hear of two other little men, Charles Millward and A. M. Endicott, living at Port Sydney, that they

"are well, go to school regularly, and can compare

favourably with the best of the boys in our neighbourhood."

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The following extract is from a letter received from Mr. Nelson Robins, and relates to Charles J. Ash of the Spring party of '94:

"Charles is willing to learn. He is a smart boy, and I have no fault to find with him in any way. He is good to mind and willing to do anything we tell him. He goes to Sunday School every Sunday and says his verses, and I think he will get the first prize this year. He is well and rugged and as fat as a little pig"

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Fred Smoothy, whose portrait we herewith present to our readers, is a lad of much promise. He came out in November, '95, and very shortly after his arrival he entered the employ of Col. Leys of London. After a month's trial, that gentleman sent a very encouraging account of Fred, and the several subsequent "visitor's reports" on file in the office show that our friend still holds the good opinion of his employer and



family, by whom he "is much liked." He is very fortunate in having secured such an excellent home. His duties are light, consisting for the main part in feeding the pheasants and poultry, and other work of similar character.

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We have on record many instances of considerable success attained only by dint of sheer pertinacity of purpose, and in face of difficulties many and formidable; but we know of no braver or more determined fight being waged by a Barnardo boy than that in which one of our Christmas callers has been engaged for several years. We refer to Frederick A. Edwards, an "old boy" of '84, who worked on a farm until 1891, when he was 21; and during that term, he informed us, *he never read a book*. We mention this fact to show with what patient industry our friend must have followed the course he laid out for himself when, at 21, he subjected himself to a very thorough heart-searching. To study and equip himself for service in the ministry: this was his ambition. At first the struggle was almost too much for our friend; he felt that the energies which had been allowed to lie dormant so long would never be quickened into sufficient activity for the accomplishment of his purpose. At times

he felt he must abandon his project. "The goal seemed such a long, long way off. I felt I could never reach it." He went on, however, and though frequently cast down, he persevered until first one stage was successfully passed, and then another; and now, after several years of arduous study, our friend is preparing himself for a final course at one of the universities. He has already matriculated, and we feel confident that he will come through the trying ordeals of the next three years with flying colors. He will then be deemed educationally qualified to take his place in the Methodist ministry. Of his fitness for this responsible position in other respects; of his high moral character, or the steadfastness of his faith; there can be little doubt in the minds of those who have come in contact and conversed with our friend. He has already worked hard for the Master, and as a class leader and local preacher it has been his privilege to sow seed which, under God's guidance, may produce an abundant harvest.

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William J. Dinwoody sends us a very interesting letter from Bethany, in which he tells us a great deal about his master's farm, stock and the last season's crop.

"... We have 200 acres of land, 8 horses, 21 head of cattle, 20 sheep, 10 pigs, and over 100 hens. Our stables are very warm. The early crops are good this year. We have had 300 bushels of wheat, 350 bushels of rye, and 900 bushels of white oats, 800 bushels of barley, 100 bushels of white peas, 20 bushels of blue peas, and a few bushels of black oats. We have had seven cows milking this summer and we sent 30,000 pounds of milk to the cheese factory. ... Potatoes were a poor crop this year. We had six loads, and one hundred loads of turnips. We live four miles from the village and three from the church. ... I am four feet nine inches in height and I weigh eighty-seven pounds. I will soon be a year here and I am getting along fine. I send you a dollar for the Homes."

Our readers will agree with us that a boy of four feet nine who takes such an intelligent interest in his work and surroundings as is evinced in our young friend's letter, will make a most successful farmer by the time he has added another foot to his stature.

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We have a very interesting letter from our friend, Henry J. Cummings, who came out with our second party of last year. He tells of the strangeness of his surroundings at first, which has now passed away, leaving him contented, happy and much interested in his work. Henry also asks us to accept for the Home a post-office order for two shillings, which was recently sent to him by an aunt in England. We thank our little friend very heartily for his kindly remembrance of the need of others, and we congratulate him upon the good report of him which comes to hand from his employer.

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Henry Percy Peabody, 14 (June, '93), also sends us an interesting account of his work, from which we gather that Henry exercises a jealous watchfulness over his master's poultry yard. We also hear of Christmas festivities, which appear to have been very much to our friend's liking—and no wonder; for turkey, plum pudding, candies, nuts and presents seem to have figured very largely therein.

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Our readers will notice that in "Manitoba Farm Notes," Mr. Struthers refers to a visit east by Henry Pettitt, and alludes to the possibility of this old friend returning to Manitoba with two tickets and sundry trunks and parcels of the kind favoured by the gentler sex when travelling. On his way down Mr. Pettitt called at the Home, and we had a very pleasant hour's chat with him on matters Manitoban—and matters matrimonial. On this latter topic Pettitt was far more reserved than