

Agnes also sends us this:

A THOUGHT FOR DR. BARNARDO'S HOME.

Good service, and true friendship  
For the Home, are tied together,  
And if you never break that knot,  
We shall be Friends forever.

Annie P. Ware, after expressing her approval of UPS AND DOWNS, says:

"How nice it is for us to have our dear friend Dr. Barnardo's photo in it!—the one who had taken such great care of us girls and boys. I think it would be nice if some of us girls could give a little money every year to help the Home. Don't you? I am going to give \$1.00 for a start, and I must now say I am getting along splendidly; I am trying to do my best and by God's help I hope to continue doing so.

"This is a very short letter, but I will try to have a longer one next time."

ANNIE WARE (Honeysuckle Girl).

We have written to Annie telling her we will with her permission use her dollar for the Girls' Donation Fund. Annie has told us to take the dollar out of her bank money. If any girl would prefer this being done to sending it just send a line to say so.

#### OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"When I fall, I shall arise."

"If you've forgotten to be good and taken up with sinning,  
Begin again, begin again, all life is but beginning."

Do you see that poor child down there on the ground, crying and sobbing as if his little heart would break, as he wipes away the tears from his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, and refuses to be comforted. "What is the matter my little friend? What is it all about?" "Oh, I've fallen down, I've fallen down; what shall I do?" "Why, my little chap, get up to be sure; stand on your feet again and step out." Our little friend would not get up for a long time; he felt so sorry for himself he could do nothing but cry, and he thought if he did get up he would only fall down again; but at last, after much coaxing and persuading, he got up and started off, with a caution from his unknown friend to beware of slippery places in future.

I wonder are any of us to-day just like that child? Are there any like him, who thought they were firm of foot, and who did not *know* they were walking in slippery places? And so before ever they knew down they fell! Before ever they knew, the good resolutions have broken down; they have failed just where they were anxious to be strong; they have been foolish when they wanted to be wise; they have done wrong when they wanted to do right, and, like our little example, they just feel inclined to *stay down*. They have lost heart; they think it is no good for *them* to try any more.

Dear heart, it is you I want this month to remind, lovingly and earnestly, of our text, "When I fall I shall arise." Oh, rise up; take fresh heart, gather yourself together again. Let what has happened warn you to beware of slippery places; but, oh, do not lose heart. Think of Peter, who fell down so far that he denied his Master, and that with cursing and swearing, but who, though he wept bitterly over it at first, got up again and was *stronger than before*.

Thank God for that example and take courage again. Think of another whom we read of in Luke xv, who wandered far, far away from the Father's house, but not from the Father's heart, and got up again. Remember, too, that there is One in heaven, who "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds;" and of whom it is written, "The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down."

"So when we hear life's evening bell, so soft, yet so surprising,

It's chimes shall tell, he sometimes fell, yet he was always rising."

#### SATURDAY AT HAZELBRAE.

It is a very usual custom now for people to set apart a day on which to receive their friends, and although we do not pretend to any such arrangement as that, we think it must almost look as if Saturday were our receiving day. On that day, and indeed other days in the week, in the summer, farmers and their wives drive up to the door in their buggies, and in the winter the sound of the bells ringing out on the air proclaims the advent of similar friends, with their cutters and sleighs, and we often have the pleasure of shaking hands with old clients, and hearing how our girls are faring, or entering into conversation with new applicants. But what is very pleasant is that we also have calls from our girls, those who come occasionally to look up their old friends. For instance, one Saturday lately, we had a visit from Emma Court, who is living with a minister in South Monaghan, and who is so well liked in her neighborhood that she is also wanted to go back in a former place. As to Emma's appearance, and its neat and quiet style, we leave our readers to form their own conclusion, when we tell them that a friend meeting her on the grounds that morning took her for a lady calling to apply for a girl.

We made the same curious mistake ourselves one day, when another girl called, and after we entered the room were preparing to carry on some of the usual conversation passing between ourselves and applicants for girls, when we found she was a girl herself! Scarcely stranger, after all, is this than the mistake of a lady, the mistress of one of our older girls, who, speaking of girls from the Home, said, "I would not have one of them round my house," little dreaming that she had in her employment all the time one of these very Home girls, and whom she appears to have liked well.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all honour lies."

But we have wandered away from our Saturday. On this same day we had a call from Bella Lewis—"Little Bella," we almost said, but she is not so little now; she seems so bright and happy and contented in her home that altogether her visit was like a sunbeam amongst us.

Mary Spurling, who came out last September, called on this same Saturday. Mary was looking so well that we think, without a doubt, Canadian air and country life agree with her. Miss Gibbs, who had visited Mary some time before, found that both mistress and girl were mutually satisfied.

Then, lastly, we had a visit from Annie Trewin, one of our elder girls, who likes to look in occasionally to save the trouble of a visitor calling on her. We think Annie puts the matter very sensibly; we do not wonder that when a girl gets her age and can take care of herself, she realizes that the stated visit from the Home is no longer the necessity it was in earlier days; but we do rejoice to see she keeps up this feeling of friendship. We think it would be very sad if it were otherwise. Finally, *we like* to see our old friends.

A girl, writing about our paper, says, "I think I would like to hear about some of the bad girls, as well as the good ones." Ah, no, Mary; we do not think that would answer. If we understand aright a girl's heart, or, indeed, the heart of boy, girl, man or woman, we do not think it would help them to be any better to proclaim their failings in public; it might

more likely have the opposite effect. On the other hand, we have already had proof of the good examples of girls having a good effect. One girl, for instance, who had read the letter in January from "A Wild Thyme Girl," writes most touchingly about how she has been moved by these words: "It is yours to make or mar your lives, yours to win a good name."

And another tells how she had been stirred up to desire to reach after something higher. Besides, when we insert these sketches of the histories of some of our girls, are they not a sort of "honourable mention?"

*B. Code.*

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On January 20th, owing to the kindness of Mr. T. Fitzgerald (whose livery is well known in Peterborough), our little ones had a splendid sleigh-ride. They made quite a tour of the neighborhood, and we think right heartily enjoyed their first outing in Canada.

"Hurrah for the sleigh-bells! here we go

Away o'er the white and drifting snow."

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We are glad to see our girls *do* appreciate good literature. Emma Sharp writes:

"I read the piece written by Miss Armstrong, and I hope she will write more. I think it is just lovely, and I am so fond of reading."

We think that is high and genuine praise. Emma is not the only one who has expressed her pleasure, and we hope, indeed, that Miss Templeton-Armstrong will continue to favour our girls with her good, helpful writings.

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Charlotte Summers has written us a letter expressing great pleasure in UPS AND DOWNS, and hers is not the only one we have received since our last issue, only we have given so many last month we want our readers to have a little change this time. Charlotte says too: "I like Canada very much, but I still love dear old England, and Dr. Barnardo and the Queen." That's right, Charlotte! And may you prove a worthy daughter of them all!

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The friends of little Isabel Jones will be interested to hear that she left Hazelbrae on Feb. 8th, to go into a minister's home, and, we hope, to be adopted into his family. He is very anxious to have a good little girl, so very carefully we thought the matter over and recommended little Bella to him, because we believe she is a good little girl. Miss Pearse says she is never naughty! Bella goes with our best and most loving wishes.

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We have received from two girls, Emily Manning and Sarah Jakins, a very pleasing expression of their recognition of UPS AND DOWNS. We would have published their communication, but some things are *too* nice for *everybody* to see. We thank these two girls very heartily and are encouraged by what they have written.

We have received some communications from girls which we are holding over for future use in UPS AND DOWNS. Many thanks for them.