



"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"—
This was the free and the joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

THE month of October has been not the brightest as to weather—dull, gray skies, and raw, penetrating cold, and finally quite a heavy fall of snow on the night of the 17th, which, no doubt, surprised many as they opened their eyes next morning and saw the earth enveloped in her white mantle. Well, at any rate, having had our "squaw winter" in October, we must look for November to bring her proverbial Canadian Indian summer, and perhaps we may yet be sitting out of doors again and rejoicing in the soft, balmy air.

Hazel Brae has had changes and its "great events of history" during the past month.

First of all, there is the arrival of another party of girls from the "Old Country" to record. Our former party was welcomed under the burning heat of the sun on one of the hottest days of the month of August, but to greet this last detachment, Nature was clad in her bridal white, for the already mentioned snow had fallen the night before and was still on the ground.

A special arrangement was kindly made by the Grand Trunk Railway to bring the party up to the Home gates; and on the morning of the 18th the girls all filed up the grounds accompanied by Mr. Owen and Mrs. Brown, who had brought them across the Atlantic under their care.

They were of different ages from eighteen to eight, and now many are out in their new homes, commencing life for themselves. Wednesday, the 21st, was our great "fitting day," for on that day twenty-three started out from Hazel Brae. Some had previously gone and others are still following. We are giving a list of the names of the new arrivals, which we are sure will be of interest to our readers.

Most of the girls had to succumb to the inevitable sea-sickness on the way out, but though they encountered storm at the beginning, they had a fair voyage on the whole, on their old friend the *Scotsman*.

We next have to mention the departure of our superintendent, Miss Woodgate. After more than six years of faithful, close work amongst the girls, Miss Woodgate, whose health for some time has not been very good, decided to return to her native land; and on October 15th, left Peterboro to take her passage to England by the fine new Dominion Line steamer, *The Canada*. We have heard from her since from Quebec and also from near Rimouski. She writes:

"You will have heard that we met the steamship *Scotsman* about noon and distinctly recognized the block of red-hooded girls and heard their salute. Some one near me remarked that the 'English only could raise such a cheer.' Did they recognize my response to the same? My love to them all. I pray that all the dear children may indeed have come to Canada for good."

We are sure Miss Woodgate will continue to feel a deep interest in the girls in Canada. We think our girls will be very pleased to have a lasting remembrance in the form of the accompanying picture this month.

Next in order comes the arrival at Hazel Brae of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe, from England, the latter to fill Miss Woodgate's place, and we would indeed wish her every blessing and success in her work here. Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe are by no means strangers in Dr. Barnardo's mission, having already worked at the Stepney Home.

Mr. Metcalfe is also known as an author, having written different books for boys—stories of sea-life, such as boys love. Here are some of their names: "Nailing the Colours, or the Light that Shines"; "Steady Your Helm, or Stowed Away"; "Undaunted, a tale of the Solomon Islands"; "Aboveboard, a tale of adventure on the sea."

If our girls wait patiently, we think we can promise them a short, breezy story from Mr. Metcalfe's pen in our Christmas number.

October brought us also a visitor from England, Miss Lee, whom "Rose" Cottage girls will remember as their "Village Home" mother



MISS WOODGATE.

in old days. Miss Lee has gone to Toronto with the thought of living there. She does not forget her girls, and we are glad to say she has become a subscriber to *UPS AND DOWNS*.

Just here we might mention we are always glad to receive the names of new subscribers. When sending a long list the other day to the publishing office, we received a reply from the "Managing Editor" saying, "I hope this is but the first breeze of a veritable hurricane." We participate in this hope, and it would be a good thing if the gale were at its height before the year expires. Gales and hurricanes certainly bring *ups and downs* in their wake; however, that is all in keeping, and with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether, we shall get along famously. A little more cargo, too, might balance our craft and help us to sail in smooth waters with the new year.

We would specially call the attention of our new girls to the following notice:

"*UPS AND DOWNS*" costs 25 cents per year; if you wish to become a subscriber, send that amount in stamps by return mail to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Home, Hazel Brae, Peterborough. The paper will then be sent to you every month. We are sending round sample copies this month that you may see what it is like.

For the benefit also of the new comers, we repeat from last month—

A FEW HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

If the work seems strange and there are many things you cannot do at first, show that you are willing to learn. Your mistress will be pleased to see the readiness to help her, even if you do not know everything. Quite lately we had a letter from the mistress of one of the girls in the August party, in which she says:

"It must take her some time to teach her how to work, and when she tries to please me, I cannot but have patience with her, even though she does fail to do it right."

If ever you feel lonely, keep busy; this is a wonderful remedy. Try to throw in your interests with those of the family with whom you are living.

If homesickness comes, remember, although England is a dear old land, Canada is a bright young country and it is now the land of your adoption.

Much depends on how a race is started; be careful then how you start, but still don't let off all the steam at first and then stand still, but let it be day by day a "patient continuance in well-doing."

Remember in every difficulty that God is at hand, and He is the hearer of prayer if you call upon Him.

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

Since our last issue we have to acknowledge the following donations to the Girls' Fund:—

Susan Waltshaw, \$5; Marie Garbe, \$1; Mary Dempster, \$2; Maggie Odd, 10 cents; Daisy Baker, 50 cents; Florence Clare, \$1; Mary Sewell, \$10; Sarah Summers, \$1; Mary Hurn, \$1.

We are very pleased to see some of our girls responding so heartily and sending their gifts to help on Dr. Barnardo's work in England. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Some of us have received in years past, now let us give, give fully, give freely, "good measure, pressed down and running over." Let us think of the hundreds of children still in old England who may be grateful to the end of their lives for a helping hand stretched out to them, and surely we ought to feel it a blessed privilege to be one link in the chain which brings this help to them.

We have lately received

A LETTER FROM DR. BARNARDO

in which he says, referring to the September number of our paper:

"I much liked the last number of *UPS AND DOWNS*, and think the letter of that girl, drawn forth by my letter which was published in the preceding number, simply splendid. If any number of your girls take it up in the same spirit, we shall have a vast difference next year."

We have received a nice letter from little Maggie Odd, aged eleven, who, when sending her ten cents for the Girls' Fund, says:

"I get a cent every morning I get up without being called at half-past six; then sometimes I get up and get the breakfast, and sometimes Mrs. L— does. Mrs. L— says she thinks it would be nice if I would give a tenth of what I save to the Home. I enclose ten cents for the Fund, and every time I send my money I will send ten cents for the Home Fund."

We are very pleased to see our little maiden following in the footsteps of those who lived in the good old patriarchal times, when they gave the tenth of their possessions to God. May God bless and prosper her! Where self-denial