

make a success of Dr. Barnardo's scheme for training big lads and young men upon a large Industrial Farm.

The North-West is the grave of an immense number of well-intentioned, and at one time apparently very hopeful, schemes for promoting immigration, establishing settlements of various classes and nationalities, encouraging peasant proprietorship, and a thousand and one more or less worthy objects, but there has almost always been a screw loose in the administration, and they have broken down or been abandoned. In Mr. Struthers' hands, Dr. Barnardo's scheme stands unique as an immense success in the face of all difficulties and discouragement, and I venture to think that I never did a better turn to Dr. Barnardo or his work than when I had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Struthers to him.

In the course of my travels I was not surprised to find that the fame of our boys had gone forth into other lands than our own. In passing through Minneapolis I was approached by a gentleman who has for many years past been familiar with our Canadian work and is now connected with very large colonizing enterprises in the States of Minnesota and Dakota. He urged upon me the desirability of promoting the emigration of our boys to the territory in which he is interested, and held out very tempting offers of special facilities and inducements to any of our boys who would go up there to settle themselves. He has since written me on the subject and furnished me with a large budget of printed matter, descriptive of his territory. We are loyal to the core in our allegiance to the Old Flag, and we do not anticipate that many of our boys would wish to exchange the dear old Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes, but none the less it is pleasant to know that we are wanted and sought after, and that even beyond the Dominion of Canada there is a door open wide for Dr. Barnardo's boys.

Another gentleman prominently connected with Canada's principal railroad, and who is probably as familiar with the position of Canadian affairs and especially immigration questions as any man living in the country, told me a short time ago that he had but one serious fault to find with our work, and that was that Dr. Barnardo does not send a tenth enough of his young people to this country. This gentleman considered that Canada would be richer and better for absorbing every year ten times as many of Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls as she receives now, and he denounced in forcible language the folly and shortsightedness of those who would restrict this immigration, which in his opinion is a direct source of wealth to the country.

I venture to think that this opinion is shared by everyone who has ever thought out the subject and has traced the careers of any appreciable number of our boys. There are, of course, persons who will condemn a whole class of individuals because two per cent. fail to do well, and would rob a thousand young people of a chance in life because twenty have broken down in health, or have been guilty of crime. Happily, however, such people are not a formidable power, and though we must expect that we shall always have a few noisy little curs barking at our heels, we are constantly receiving evidence of the sympathy and cordial approval with which our work is regarded by those whose opinion is best worth having.

I am writing on the train en route to Rimouski, where I embark on the steamer "Scotsman" for Liverpool. During my absence Mr. Davis will, as usual, "hold the fort," and will attend to any business of pressing importance; but matters that are not urgent I am sure our

friends will not mind keeping in reserve until my return. Will any boys who are giving their employers cause of complaint, please note this and amend their ways for the next four weeks, so that Mr. Davis may not have to receive any bad reports? Perhaps if they try for four weeks to shut the barn door after them, and not to loiter on their errands, and to attend faithfully to all their little "chores," they may find by the end of the four weeks that virtue is "its own reward," and the letters of complaint may never have to come at all, in which case a very happy result will be attained by my absence.

Alfred Johns

AN OPEN LETTER.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR OUR YOUNGER BOYS
BY ALFRED JOHNS.

We experience much pleasure in publishing the following open letter from Alfred Johns. Alfred was with us at Exhibition time, and the many conversations we then had with him only served to strengthen our opinion that Alfred is a young man of excellent parts. He is trying not only to live up to a high ideal of Christian life himself, but as it ever should be, and ever is, with true Christians, he seeks to lead others younger than himself to the path he is travelling. His record, from the time he first came to Canada, has been such as to fully justify our assertion that Alfred is "faithful in that which is least."

Sept. 19th, 1896.

It is with great pleasure I sit down to write a few lines for the encouragement of our younger boys who are starting out to fight the battle of life in a new country.

I might say, boys, that at times it is a hard battle, at least I have found it so during my six years' experience in this country, and I might say it is from my own experience that I am going to try to say a little.

I have been out here in Canada a little over six years, and I can very well remember how hard at times it was for me to keep up in the front of the ranks of the mighty army of "Barnardo Boys," who are now marching on to victory in this fair land. When I entered my first situation six years ago, I was told by my employer that the "Barnardo Boys" in that section had a good name. I was at once determined to help to keep up that good name, and not have people say that it was me that brought a disgrace on the Home or on the Doctor or his work. This resolution, boys, was a great help to me in my every-day life; sometimes I would feel home-sick, and didn't care much how things went, then at such times I would think of my resolution, that come what will, I will help to uphold the good name of Dr. Barnardo and his boys. This would always drive away all gloomy thoughts from my brain, and leave in its place a greater determination to do what was right in the sight of God and man.

Now, boys, you are starting in life for yourselves. There is a character for you to win, or there is a character for you to lose. Which shall it be? If you win it, you will be setting an example to others which will be worth imitating, and by so doing, you may be heaping coals of fire on the heads of some, who, at the present time, are doing all they can to overthrow the good work which our most worthy and esteemed friend, Dr. Barnardo, is trying to build up. If you lose that character you will very likely stand in the way of some other boy who would do right and who would build up a character for himself that would be a credit to him and to the Home.

Thus, you see, it depends upon the boys individually what measure of success the Home will have in the future. Now, boys, whatever your station in life may be, be obedient, remember the words of the good old Book, "Obedience is better than sacrifice." Whatever it is you are told to do, if you know it is right in the sight of God, do it, and do it without a murmur, and try to do it cheerfully. That is one thing which I think every boy should do, obey cheerfully. The next thing is, be truth-

ful. How many broken hearts has there been caused by falsehoods. How much trouble might be saved in the world if the truth was always told instead of telling a lie, and then having to tell twenty to cover it. This is not always the case, I admit, but in some cases it is, and even if it did not bring us into trouble in this world, let us remember that "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord."

And then again, be honest; be honest with all men. Whatever transactions you may have to take a share in, be honest in all of them. Don't let anyone have to point their finger at you as the person who cheats or who tries to get something for nothing. Be honest. Honesty is the best policy; it always has been and it always will be. Now, boys, by doing all this, by being obedient, honest and truthful, and trying to keep up the good name of Dr. Barnardo, we are only doing our duty, and not a single thing more than our duty. While England expects every man to do his duty, let us remember that Dr. Barnardo expects every boy to do his duty. Let all of us then resolve from this time that we will do our duty.

Now, boys, I have written more than I at first intended to, and yet I have not said all I wanted to; but I must bring this epistle to a close for this time, for I don't want to take up too much space in our valuable paper, UPS AND DOWNS.

ALFRED JOHNS.

A STACK OF POST CARDS.

Our remarks last month upon the necessity of our boys writing regularly to their mothers in far-away England have brought us a very kind and interesting letter from a lady whose name we are not at liberty to divulge, but who has always taken a keen interest and given material support to Dr. Barnardo's work. She is herself a mother, with a son in a foreign land, and is full of true womanly sympathy for the mothers of those lads who neglect to "write home." Our correspondent asks us to remind our friends that when it is really impossible to send a letter, even a post-card will allay the fears of the anxious and loving mother. Most heartily do we commend this suggestion to our friends, but we would add: Do not let the post-card do duty when you could as easily send a long letter. The same lady has sent us the following verses, which tell most forcibly what happiness a post-card is capable of bringing into a mother's life:

A STACK OF POST CARDS.

A stack of corn is a pretty good pile,
He never could mean a "stack,"
But its just what he said, with ready smile,
And he would not take it back.

Yes, a stack of cards I must surely buy,
And keep them ready to hand,
When so far away 'neath a foreign sky,
Or in Africa's golden land.

Then when time runs short, and the work goes quick,
I can snatch a hurried word,
To tell the dear hearts that I am not sick,
Or slain by a foreign sword.

'Twas thus that a lad to his mother spake,
That day of the long farewell;
And his promise she knows he will not break,
The comfort! ah, who can tell.

I. H.—A MOTHER.

5 P.M. IN A CAR.—TORONTO.

(Contributed by Mrs. Haultain.)

Below was the toiling street,
Above me the calm blue sky,
Below the hurrying feet,
And the ever clamorous cry,
"Telegram, News, or Star,
Papers, sir? here ye are!"

'Twas a childish voice rang out,
Though the face looked old with care,
No hearty boyish shout,
No childlike glee was there,
But, "Telegram, News, or Star,"
To every passing car.

Still above the dim and noise
Was the silent calm blue sky,
Where the Friend of city boys
Looks down with pitying eye,
And He hears that cry from far,
"Telegram, News, or Star."

Oh, boys, look up and behold;
Above the city is Heaven,
Where streets of shining gold
Await the souls forgiven,
Who trust in Jesus' love,
Who know He lives above.

Sept. 3rd, '96.