



STORY OF THE GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

A parable is a story with meaning in it. Let those who like call the following story a parable—we do not pretend it is anything more—but, at any rate, let us catch the meaning of it.

It was in a neat little cottage in South Wales that Lily, seven years old, lived with her parents. The father worked in the neighbouring coal mine, while the mother stayed at home and cared for the little one and looked after her household duties.

But one day a terrible rumbling sound came, the sound to be dreaded by those colliers as much as the threatening of a typhoon in tropical countries, for it meant one of those sad colliery disasters which ravage the homes and rend the hearts of despairing wives and mothers. It meant to this little household death; death of the loved husband and parent; death of the bread winner.

Two years later we find little Lily living with her widowed mother in a street in London, in a room, which, though poor, was neat and clean. Like many another poor soul, this woman had, when deprived of the support of her husband's earnings, come up to the great city to try her fortune there, but times were hard, work was slack, and it was with great difficulty she could eke out a living for herself and her child.

Lately a great care had been growing on the mother's heart, for she saw her little girl was growing more and more like her name white and frail, and more like a little lily she looked each day. The mother had taken her to the doctor, who, with grave face, pronounced on her case as having every symptom of hip disease.

What was the mother to do? Work was scarcer every day; she had no means to provide the nourishment and give the time needed for her child. If she sat down to care for her, how could she keep the soul and body of both together? For by her hands alone she lived.

Come away with me to-day. Take the Commercial Road bus, get off at Stepney Causeway and walk down the left-hand side till you come to a large red brick building with these words written on it: "Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Children." Ring at the door and you will be taken inside and conducted upstairs to be shown over the bright wards there with their various inmates.

In one cot we see a little girl lying with a fair sweet face, and, as we recognize our friend Lily, we find on enquiry that the little invalid had been admitted to this hospital of Dr. Barnardo's for sick children. How happy it is to think of her lying there, every needed nourishment given, and everything that careful watching and nursing can do to alleviate pain and suffering bestowed on her; the kind-faced and gentle-handed nurse cares with loving heart for

the little girl; and sweet words of heavenly cheer and comfort are spoken to her. Do you not think the poor mother's heart, as she visits her little darling, must be lifted up in gratitude to the Giver of all good?

And then we begin to ponder over this again, and we remember that all the money to keep up this hospital does not exactly drop down from the skies; but it has to be brought together by busy hands and loving, sympathizing hearts. And as we are wondering where the money comes from to keep little Lily in that comfortable cot week after week, we notice that it has a name over it and that it is the "Hazel Brae Cot." Here is the solution of the mystery. For many years now there has been a certain fund connected with our girls in Canada called "The Girls' Donation Fund." Many of them know of it, but there are those more recently arrived, who, we think, do not and would be glad to hear about it; for we know that girls have warm, loving hearts to feel for those who are suffering, and that they

About \$150.00 is needed for the support of a cot for one year. Now, don't think we are very audacious when we say we think our girls ought very easily to make up that amount, and more than that. Why certainly it ought not to be too much to expect. We have, to begin with, many more than 150 girl-subscribers to UPS AND DOWNS without taking into account all the others. So there it is; no sooner said than done!

So, girls, let us put our shoulders to the wheel and show what we are made of. Let the offerings come in as in the days of the Tabernacle, when the people brought in their free-will offerings; they came so abundantly that at last they were restrained from bringing. All donations should be sent in before May 1st.

In conclusion we should say here is an opportunity not only for showing our sympathy for the suffering, but also a very fitting and, shall we say, graceful opportunity for showing our appreciation of the work of Dr. Barnardo as regards ourselves and as regards others.

We here add letters from two girls which bear very much on this subject:



INTERIOR OF A WARD IN HER MAJESTY'S HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, STEPNEY, LONDON.

are ready enough to put their hands together and help. This fund is made up by girls who willingly contribute, for the most part one dollar a year, towards the support of this very "Hazel Brae Cot" for sick children in the hospital at Stepney.

Last year the sum was not large, but we would fain believe from not thinking and also not knowing about it.

Now, just as, in the Bible, we read about people having their "pure minds" stirred up "by way of remembrance," so we want to stir up your minds for this year. We are anxious to send up a good round sum so that Dr. Barnardo shall be proud of his girls in Canada—proud, but also glad and pleased, to think that they are ready to be worthy daughters of Britain.

What was it Lord Nelson said to his men when in simple yet inspiring words he roused them to action? "England expects each man this day to do his duty." These were his noble words. Just put the word "girl" in and it will make it all right.

"Ever since I have been out in Canada I have wished I could get a paper about Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and here it is. I think every day we see more clearly God's blessing. We have a great deal to be thankful for. We may well say, 'Let us give thanks unto God, for His mercy endureth forever.' I was delighted with the paper and hope it will be a success, and I will try and do all I can for it. It makes us feel nearer together, though we are ever so far apart. I hope all the girls will remember to contribute whatever they can to the Girl's Donation Fund for Dr. Barnardo this year. Let us do all we can. True it is, 'Freely we have received.'

If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

I might also add that I think 25c. is little enough to give for the paper, and there is more common sense in it than in some you would give \$3.00 a year for; and could you wish for anything better than the words of comfort and good advice that we all receive from Dr. Barnardo's Home?"

AGNES CUTLER.