

We have selected the correspondences following letters from amongst the big piles on Miss Loveday's desk. They must be taken as samples of many scores of others that we could publish if we only had the necessary space at our disposal. Annie Whelham writes:

DEAR GIRLS,—It is quite a long time since I saw my name in UPS AND DOWNS, and I was reading a letter from one of the girls, so I thought I would write a few lines for the "Sunday Hour." I saw a letter from one of the girls and agree with her that a girl can have no greater or better friend than Jesus. I have found that out for myself. I was converted in February, 1902, since I came to Mr. Gunton's, and in May I was baptized, and the next Sunday I was received into the church and am now a member of the Baptist Church. I suppose quite a few of the girls will remember my name when they see it. I have been in Canada four years last July, and I like it better than England. I would not like to go back to England to stay, though I would like to go back to see my friends. My mother is talking of coming out here soon. I hope she does, for I miss her so much. I think that the next friend to Jesus a girl can have is a mother. My sister, Christina, is living near me and I have a brother in Toronto and another in Hampton. I have a lovely place; Mr. and Mrs. Gunton are both very kind to me. There are two children and I am very fond of them. I expect Maria Urquhart will remember me when she sees my name. I think I have told you all this time, so I will close with love to all. I remain, one of the girls,

ANNIE E. C. WHELFHAM.

Mary Hannah Smith, who has gone with her employers to Colorado, writes us a long letter of her journey and new life, which will be read with interest:

MY DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I think it is time for me to be writing you, as I have not done so since December. I am sending twenty-five cents for UPS AND DOWNS. About the Fund, I am sorry I have not got my name on the list this time. My mistress does not want me to take more money out of the bank, so if you will forgive me this year I will give double next year. I did not forget it. I hope you are all well; we are. My thoughts often go back to the dear old Home which has done so much for me. I shall never be able to thank Dr. Barnardo for all he has done for me and my dear sister. I have not heard from her lately. I will tell you something of what I have seen of the world since I left home. We were at the Exposition at Buffalo, and I thought it very fine. That was our first stopping place. We spent a day in the grounds, and the evening was lovely with fireworks and lights. I don't know when I saw anything so pretty. From there we went to St. Louis, and I can tell you, Miss Loveday, I don't

think I was ever in such a dirty city. We were glad to leave and come to Denver, and stayed there a few weeks, and then came into the country. We have a nice home here—four rooms and a kitchen; there are no stairs; we have a barn and coal shed. We have a nice white horse we call Tinker, and a black one, but she is too wild, and lots of poultry. The children find us lots of eggs now. Things are all very dear here. I forgot to tell you when we were in St. Louis we went to the World's Fair grounds. They are getting along quite nicely. On Christmas Day we had a lovely Christmas box—a dear, wee baby boy. He is such a darling and a comfort to us all. I don't know what we should do without him. In St. Louis we attended some very nice meetings held by Mr. Campbell Morgan. They were very good and well attended and lasted a week. UPS AND DOWNS has not come very regularly this year. I got January, March and June, and have not got this month's yet. We are having such hot weather. I hear you are having lots of rain in Canada. I suppose you are all very busy in the Home, and I hope the Doctor is keeping well. I think I have told you all the news, and with much love I remain, yours sincerely,

MARY HANNAH SMITH.

Louisa Bryant writes from her pleasant new home:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on. I hope you will forgive me for not writing to you sooner. I know you will think me a very ungrateful girl, which I know I am to forget all your kindness, but I will try to mend. I must tell you what a good home and kind master and mistress I have got. I just love being here, and thank you over and over again for sending me here. I am trying to be a good girl; sometimes I miss it, but then I remember "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." I never want to leave; at least not for three years, any way. We have been very busy this while back. Mr. R—is busy ploughing, and of course we are doing lots of things in the house. There is a lot to do wherever you go. I thought I did a lot of work at my last place, but of course I can do more now. I don't mind work as long as I can learn something and get along well. I have a new suit, a waist, a skirt and a jacket. It is made very prettily with pink silk front to the waist and nice flared skirt and a shawl collar on the coat. I think I will have to close now. I hope to have my picture taken, and I will send you one. Give my love to all. Your very sincere friend,

LOUISA BRYANT.



We have some pleasant notes concerning these little people. One says, "My mother came to the station and called me on the waggon. She has