

sent to you every month for one year. When ordering it, address—Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough. Those girls of the new party lately arrived in Canada will please specially notice this; others are already aware of it. We are sending sample copies to "new girls" this month, so that they may see what the paper is like.

* *

We still have a number of little girls from our new party, under fourteen years of age, ready for placing out in good homes. Applications will receive prompt attention, and needed information will be given on writing to The Secretary, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

STURGE HOUSE GIRLS.

ANNIE COOK wrote some time ago, "I would like to see something in UPS AND DOWNS about Sturge House girls who came out in 1886." Here then is a picture of a Sturge House girl, Sarah Negus (1886 party), who has been married some time now and is here with her husband and children.



Fanny Parker is another who has been married for years.

Then there is Florence Hey, living at Millbrook, in the family of the Rev. W. C. Allen, for more than five years. We think this fact speaks for itself.

Lydia Smith was for years in one place, where she went the month after she came out to Canada, and where she seems to have been treated by her employers as their own. She is quite a young woman now, and we think of her as a thoroughly good, respectable and respected girl.

These few notes about Sturge House girls come in appropriately just now, for in this month's paper we tell of Miss Kennedy having passed away. Sturge House is there still on the old, well-remembered Bow Road; still may be seen Dr. Grattan Guinness' missionary students from Harley House come out from the

opposite doorway and pass to and fro; still the young women students from Doric Lodge wend their way up and down the busy road, while, too, awaiting their call to the "regions beyond"; and still Sturge House girls come and go while their friend rests. "Let us labour, therefore, to enter into that rest."

* *

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS HELEN KENNEDY.

Sturge House girls will learn with real regret that their dear friend of old days, Miss Kennedy, has passed away to her rest. We cannot do better than give an extract from a letter received from Miss Smith, also of Sturge House, which conveyed the tidings of this sad event. "You will be very sorry to hear that Miss Kennedy is dead. She was ill seven weeks, and died on June 22nd. She had a very peaceful end—went home in her sleep. She was so anxious to go, and begged the doctors and those nursing her to let her go home. Of course, we cannot but rejoice for her, but I am very sorry in one way, and will and do miss her very much. She had had a relapse and had no strength to rally; it was her heart, though she began with pleurisy."

"Peace, perfect peace! In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they."

* *

BERTHA PICKERING, DIED JULY 29, 1896,
AGED 17.

Our readers have already been made aware, through the pages of UPS AND DOWNS, of the serious illness of Bertha Pickering, and, therefore, will not, perhaps, be very much surprised to hear that she passed away on the 29th of July. It was at three o'clock in the early morning that Bertha breathed her last. She had been very, very weary of late, longing to "go home," as she said, and we trust indeed that now, through simple faith in Christ, Bertha is indeed "at home."

"There no stranger, God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above;
He who to His courts shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love."

We like to think of a hymn that Bertha asked to be sung to her a few days before her death, the good old hymn beginning, "Alas and did my Saviour bleed."

The Rev. R. G. Murison, Presbyterian minister, a stranger in Peterborough, temporarily conducting service at a church here, was very kind in visiting Bertha during her illness, and also conducted the funeral service at the Home. The girls and children attended together as usual, and during the service two hymns were sung—first, "One there is above all others," for which Bertha had specially asked, and at the end of the service, "There is a home eternal."

* *

SCHOOL DAYS.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PASSED.

Holidays are over now, and lads and lasses are taking up their satchels and hurrying to the school to be in time before the clock strikes nine.

Are they sorry? We believe, if the truth were told, despite the glamour and halo that surrounds the thought of holidays, despite the *luxury of doing nothing*, that many boys and girls are heartily glad to be at the regular routine of lessons again. We will not say whether the mothers are glad or not; we will not venture to pronounce on the feeling of the teachers; but we are not afraid to challenge the boys and

girls to contradict our assertion, although we also agree very heartily with the old maxim, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

* *

The following news, lately received from Bessie Brand as to school days, will be read with interest by her young friends:—

"I am writing this to let you know that I passed my entrance examination. Although I have not been going to school since the first of May, I made about two hundred marks above the pass marks, and I think I did splendid, especially when I have not been going to school for two months, and I did not get any time to study at home, for I had my writing and drawing books to do, and all the spare time I had I worked at them."

* *

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

REPLY TO DR. BARNARDO'S LETTER.

AUGUST 13, 1896.

DEAR MISS CODE.—I received UPS AND DOWNS yesterday (12th); you see I get it rather late. I was pleased to find that you had arrived, and I hope that you had a very pleasant time while in the Old Country. I have read Dr. Barnardo's letter, and as I read I thought what a very little we girls in Canada are doing towards helping this work of Dr. Barnardo's on. To think that there are over one thousand girls in Canada, and among all that number only one hundred dollars can be scraped together—yes, literally scraped. I think it is a shame. My object in writing to you is that you will take out of my bank money four dollars, so that will be a little, and every little helps; and I do so hope that we girls will be able to make two hundred dollars next year. In my estimation it is very little for such a number of girls and most of these girls each receiving \$3.00 and \$3.50 per month; for if each girl, as Dr. Barnardo suggests, would give one dollar in the summer and one in the winter we should soon have the \$200. I am saving up to visit the Old Country some time in the future, but if I cannot spare a few dollars for the good work with which you are all connected, then I do not deserve to go at all. Now be sure you take the money, for I will not be at all pleased if you refuse. And let me say in conclusion: Take all you are offered, for I am afraid that won't be much unless the girls respond to the call sooner and more generously than they have done before.

I remain, yours gratefully,

MARY A. PARKER.

Excuse this bad writing, but I am just rushed with work as we have three men extra working at the harvest, and I haven't much time, but I wanted to give my mite, for "He who giveth quickly giveth largely." That sounds boastful, does it not?—but when I thought over it first it was to be one dollar, then two, and now four, and I know I won't miss it.

We are glad to publish the foregoing hearty response to Dr. Barnardo's letter in last month's issue. "God loveth a cheerful giver." We are sure "the Doctor" will be pleased to see this enthusiasm in one of his "Canada girls."

Mary's four dollars will be a capital leader for the 1897 fund.

READY WRITERS.

TOPICS.

For Sept. { "An account of a pleasant day you have spent in Canada."
For Oct. { "Smiles and Frowns."
For Nov. { "A day at the Toronto Fair."

TO NIAGARA FALLS.

A WILD THYME GIRL.

There was a grand union excursion to the Falls one lovely August day, and I was one who went, and there was a very large crowd. We went on the beautiful steamer "Chippewa." The sail over was delightful, the lake being very calm; then the sail up the river was even more lovely, for the banks on both sides were covered with such beautiful scenery, and there were so many places of interest all along—old Fort Niagara, the town of Niagara in the distance, Brock's Monument, and still farther away Queenston Heights. We landed at Queenston and