

certainly given it a most appropriate name, for we all have such ups and downs in this world; but it seems to apply even more to us Home girls and boys than to others. I do hope you will receive a hearty response from all the girls, and that your list will increase day after day. It is certainly very pleasant to read about those boys who are doing so well, trying to be an honour to the dear old Home."

* *

Gertie James also writes:—

"I received your circular letter, and also your sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS. I am greatly delighted with it, and hope it may continue. I am very much in favour of the title you gave it; it is true there are a great many ups and downs in one's life. I know what they are, so I can sympathise with all my brothers and sisters who have them."

* *

From Emily Manning, also, we hear:—

"I got the sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS; I like it very much, and think the girls' page a splendid idea, and don't see why we could not make it a grand success; only I am afraid if all the girls felt as I do about it, one page will not be sufficient, and Mr. Owen might have to enlarge the paper. However, it will be easier to start on the small plan first. I am looking forward to hearing from some of the girls through the paper; and I think, even though so far away from each other, we may be helpful in the way you speak of. I enjoyed reading of the boys, though I did not know any of them; and I know I shall enjoy it much more when we have a 'Girls' Corner.' I think it will be a good way of finding out each other. I shall look forward to the January number."

* *

Thank you, girls, for your words of cheer; it is wonderful how a little enthusiasm and heartiness help one.

* *

A LETTER FROM A FORMER "WILD THYME" GIRL, TO HER YOUNGER SISTERS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR UPS AND DOWNS

TORONTO, DEC. 5TH, 1895.

DEAR GIRLS,—It is to those of you who have lately come to Canada, I am writing this letter; and as I write I think of the time when I was "a stranger in a strange land," and how glad I would have been to have a paper like UPS AND DOWNS to read. Its letters from older boys and girls who had come out years before would have helped and encouraged me very much. I am glad you have such a privilege, and if this letter is a comfort to any of you I shall be very glad I wrote it. My hope in writing is to cheer and encourage you.

I have been in Canada over seven years now, but I can remember how I felt when I first started life here, and no doubt you feel somewhat the same,—that it is all very strange, and that you will take a long time to get accustomed to your new life and responsibilities, but I think the longer you live here the better you will like the country and people.

I spoke of our responsibilities. They are great, girls. It is yours to make or mar your lives; yours to win a good name, to inspire respect and confidence from those around you, and as surely as you do your best for your employers, and strive day by day to live a good, pure life, just so surely you will be respected,—yes, and loved.

I have been more or less with one family almost all the time I have been in Canada, and I know I have won their love, respect and trust. I do not say this boastfully, but to encourage you. We all have the same chance to win what is better than fortune—a good name; to form a character, which will be of more use than silver and gold. Girls, we owe it to those who taught, loved and cared for us in our village-home life, to reflect credit upon the institutions with which we are connected. We may think no one cares or notices what we do, but it is a great mistake, girls; we are watched, we have an influence among those around us, let it be an influence for good.

A little girl in the family I lived with once said to me she thought I had been brought to Canada to show her how good a girl could be. Girls, I never felt more humbled than then, for I could look back and see many mistakes, but I had tried to let them see Whose I was and Whom I served, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to know I had not tried in vain, yet I felt humbled to think I had done so little. Dear girls, there is

no safer or surer way to succeed in whatever station we are placed, than to take the Friend who never changes to be our Guide and Counsellor all the way through life.

A "WILD THYME" GIRL.

* *

We are greatly pleased with the above letter, and trust that it will prove a help and incentive to many of our readers.

* *

ONE OF DR. BARNARDO'S GRANDCHILDREN.

Dr. Barnardo has a very large family of children, some thousands; but did you know that he had some grandchildren too? Well, here is one of them, and isn't she a "bonnie wee thing?"

But how does this baby come to be called one of Dr. Barnardo's grandchildren? Why, Baby's mother, formerly Hetty Grant, but now Mrs. Wilson, was one of "our girls," and that is how it came about.

Baby's father says: "I think Baby well worthy of all the praise she gets; she is perfect."



tion in everything, health especially." What father does not think that? At any rate, he ought; ought he not? And he says, besides: "I feel that God has placed a dear little heart in my care, and holds me with a terrible (it in reality is) responsibility, until it is safe in the Riven Rock."

We cannot do better than add our wishes in a quotation from the College Song Book:—

"Dear little Baby, their joy and their pride,
Long may she be with them whate'er may betide."

* *

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

*Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."*

Going,—going,—going,—one,—two,—three,—four,—five,—and so on to eleven. So strikes the clock from the tower; and silently, breathlessly, thoughtfully, we listen and count,—and listen for the last stroke,—twelve! and the old year has gone forever. Gone with its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows, its work and its holidays, its interests and its occupations, gone with the other old years away into silence. And gone with its wasted opportunities, too; and we feel sorry to say good-bye to it, it is *such* an old friend.

* *

But listen, hear the bells:

*"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."*

And now, hear the crash of chiming bells, pealing out so merrily. And before we have done saying good-bye to our old friend, we have got

to hurry round and meet our new young friend who greets us so brightly; and right gladly we do. Oh, yes; the New Year is looking so bright and fresh and pure and young,—and who is not glad to meet and greet bright, smiling youth?

* *

Ah! and so our fancy has been playing with these seasons, the old and the new. And now, let us have a little talk together about this new year. First of all, we want to wish all our friends who will read UPS AND DOWNS, and all the girls in Canada, a very "Happy New Year," and we do hope you will have a *really* good, happy year. I suppose we must not all expect, or perhaps any of us, to pass the year without *anything* to try us; without anything to make us feel sad or shed a tear, for you know in nature itself we are taught differently from that. Is not the year made up of spring, summer, autumn and winter? And so in our lives there may be the dull, gray days of autumn, as well as the bright, hopeful days of spring; and the cold north wind of winter as well as the soft, sunny days of summer. But they are all needed, as in nature so in our lives; and if our trust is in our Heavenly Father, Who measures out the days of our lives, we can say "It is all well;" and we shall have one thing, at any rate, to make us happy through all, and that is His unchangeable love.

*"Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day sooth, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves us."*

Should that not be a ray of light to cheer us all through the year, even through its dark days?

* *

And now, what is the year going to be to us? After all, I think we can help ourselves to make it what it will be. I once came across some lines that made a great impression on my mind; I am not sure whether I have them quite correctly, but I will give them as well as I remember:—

*"The New Year lies before us,
Like a path of spotless snow;
Have a care how you tread on it,
For every step will show."*

How true that is about the snow. We who are living in Canada ought to understand that, when we may see snow on the ground nearly all the winter long. But, oh! how true, that every step we take in life will show; every act we do, every word we speak leaves its mark behind. The year lies all before us now, so pure and spotless; may we all take heed how we step. Oh, let us strive to enter into it with earnest, trustful hearts, seeking to do not just what is pleasant, but what is right; and longing to make the lives of others happier; and then, indeed, we may look for A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

* *

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

We purpose having a corner in our paper every month for a text, and some thoughts in connection with it. This month we are taking our New Year's Motto, so probably the thoughts are rather more lengthy than usually will be the case; but then this time it is to last for the whole year!

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."—Ephes. 6: 10.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. 4: 13.

So run the words on our motto card for 1896. And what do they say to us? First of all they tell us we are weak in ourselves, or else we should not be told to be strong "in the Lord." Then they say that God wishes us to be strong, that it is the right thing that we should be so; and, besides this, they tell us *how* we are to be strong.