



Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garment shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

—Longfellow.

WE are ushering in our December number by a picture of a snow scene in England, at Clevedon in the county of Somerset, for by the time this month's paper is published, it is reasonable to suppose that winter may be fairly upon us, and, indeed, we would bid it welcome! We shall only too gladly exchange the dull gray skies and rain of the past autumn for the bright, clear days of the frosty Canadian winter, with its blue skies and pure white snow and its sleigh-bells' gay ring.

Hazel Brae is still a scene of departures, and day after day little girls have been leaving us for their new homes. One little girl was called for one day by her master and mistress, and taken with them a drive of thirty-five miles to her destination, and the next day another little girl, Charlotte Cluer, went a drive of twenty miles with her master and his little girl. Just as she was ready dressed and waiting, it happened that the Rev. James Potter, Presbyterian minister of St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, and his father were calling at Hazel Brae and showed a very kindly interest in the little traveller. Mr. Potter, Sr., who may be known to many by his work amongst sailors and lumbermen, gave a few earnest and kindly words to our little maiden, which we hope will indeed prove as a parting benediction to her.

Mary Precious, who left us on Nov. 10th, seems to be happily placed, and her mistress writes very favourably of her. We give Mary's letter elsewhere.

Little Lizzie Sheriff, too, went away on the 11th amid tears, but writes so happily that we feel glad to think she has fallen into such kind hands, and her mistress, too, says, "I am well pleased with her."

During the past month we had a visit from Alice Green's brother. We had to tell him that Alice had left the Home and was out in a place, but as it was not far off, it did not make very much difference, and he was able to follow her there. We hope the brother and sister had a happy reunion. He told us he had been thinking of, or intending to go back to England, but now that Alice had come out, he has quite given up that idea. So a sister may often act as a powerful loadstone to a brother—ah! and what a helpful influence she may have over him if she herself is good and pure and true.

In the late typhoid fever season, we are sorry to say that Emily Summerfield has contracted this trying complaint together with four others in the family where she is living. Emily has been well nursed and is getting on well; she is still with the same family and Miss Loveday has twice seen her since her illness.

On Nov. 1st, Rev. J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterborough, invited our girls to a children's service at St. John's Church on Sunday afternoon. A large number went, and besides being present at the service, had some very kind words of welcome to Canada from the rector. We think our little lassies must have very much appreciated them, for, strangers in a strange land, what can warm the heart better than a kind welcome? We, at any rate, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's little girls, would take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of Mr. Davidson's kindness and the Christ-like spirit shown by the servant of One who welcomed the people when "they came to Him from every quarter."

"Love ye therefore the stranger," were kind words uttered by the same kind God who said, "Leave thy fatherless children to Me."

From Miss Woodgate we hear of a very pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and we are sure the girls will wish her a happy Christmas with her family.

We are glad to be able to invite the girls to send in papers on the same topics as those

be well to inform the postmaster that a copy is sent regularly every month, and that before making complaints to the publisher the subscriber would like to feel sure that the paper had not been mislaid in the post office.

We still have girls of thirteen and twelve years of age in the Home waiting for places, and should be pleased to correspond with any friends needing such.

B. Codes

A LETTER FROM MISS LOVEDAY.

HAZEL BRAE, NOV., 1896.

DEAR GIRLS,—As you all know, the chief part of my time is spent in visiting some of the many girls scattered up and down the Province of Ontario—seeing their homes, talking with their mistresses, trying to get a settlement of wages, in many cases pleading for an increase (which in these days is very hard to get) and having a pleasant chat with the girls themselves. Of course, reports of all these visits are kept, and now I am



AN ENGLISH WINTER SCENE.

chosen for the boys for January, the Christmas number. For instructions, see November number UPS AND DOWNS, page 12, or the page of this number devoted to "Our Mutual Improvement Society."

Of course there would have to be a slight alteration made in our topic. Instead of "The Christmas Greeting of a Barnardo boy" it would be a Barnardo girl "in Canada to her old friends in the Old Home in the Old Land."

We hope the girls will not fall behind the boys in sending their greetings. Remember these papers must not be posted later than Dec. 10th.

Many complaints have reached us from girls of the non-delivery of their UPS AND DOWNS. In future, please address all such complaints to "The Editor" of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

At the same time much trouble might be avoided if, instead of at once concluding that the paper has not been sent, any girl not receiving it would ask for it under her own name as well as under that of her employer. If it does not then make its appearance, it would

going to let you a little way into the secrets of my note book.

I have just returned from a tour to Picton and the neighbourhood, and you may, if you can or wish, imagine that you are looking over my shoulders and seeing most if not all of what I have written of girls seen there. Not quite all—for, of course, there are some little private confidences that must not be made public; and, by the way, we are always glad for girls to speak out frankly and freely; we will always have sympathy with them in their difficulties and will try and give wise and helpful counsel.

First come the girls in and around Napanee: Beatrice Wilcox and Matilda Waite. Both in good country homes a little distance out, and both doing well and improving.

In Newburgh, a little village north of Napanee, is Florence Curlis, one of this year's party, who so far is very pleased with her home and very happy. "A willing good girl, we like her much," says her mistress.

In the town of Napanee are Lizzie James—who is with a thoroughly good, sensible mistress—under whose care, we hope, she may long remain. Emily Collins—of whom we have never heard anything but good, with Mrs. Deroche—she is very bright and happy. Mrs. Deroche speaks from experience and she has always a good word