

"What does it mean, if you please Miss Keen, in this verse of my reading for to-day?"

"Why, just what it says, I suppose," said the teacher. "If you don't understand it, you had better leave it. It is not meant for you to know everything. Go back to your form, and give your mind to the next lesson." Poor little Ellen! She felt snubbed, and she felt sorry. "Anyway," she promised herself, "mother will help me over it when I get home. I had not time to ask her this morning. And if she is not able to explain it to me, she'll tell me in a different way from Miss Keen."

Ellen found that she could not ask her mother that evening; there were so many things occupying her parents that she felt she must wait.

Next day was half-holiday, and she and her mother were sitting together, as they often did, at work. Ellen showed the verse to Mrs. Ray, and asked:

"Is it really true that faith will remove mountains, mother?" She said this with doubt in her voice—the result of Miss Keen's doubt, and her snubbing answer.

"Ellen," said her mother, "our Lord says this—do you think He did so to mislead His disciples?"

Ellen was ashamed. "No, mother," she answered.

"I have known of many mountains that have been removed by faith—and by faith I think is meant trust in God, joined to prayer and effort, or practising what we pray. You seem surprised, dear child?"

"I am," said Ellen, "that you should really know of mountains being moved by faith. Tell me, mother."

"I will tell you of one that was moved out of my way when I was a child—that will interest you more than telling you of those in my later life. Your grandmother and I were one Saturday looking over the lesson for Sunday, and in the midst of it a Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter Ella came in. The two mothers fell to talking, and we children strolled into the garden. I had my lesson in my hand, and Ella said, quite gently:

"I see you are studying the lesson. How splendid for you to have your mother help you with it!"

"Does not your mother help you with yours?" I asked quite astonishing that every girl did not have a mother to go to in such matters. Then Ella continued:

"I wish you would help me with it, Edith. It seems so wonderful to think that if only we had faith, nothing would be impossible to us. How did your mother explain it?"

"I shall wear my new hat for the first time to-morrow," I said to Ella, totally ignoring her question. She looked hurt at my frivolous manner, so I continued:

"I have had enough lesson for this afternoon. If you ask my mother she will tell you, I am sure."

"Nothing more was said then, but the next day I saw Ella—I was wearing my new hat, and I am sorry to tell you, Ella my child, I felt superior in it. I asked: 'Did you find out what you wanted to know in the lesson?' Then I said something about liking new clothes, and being able to have them when I wanted them. Ella smiled and said, 'Yes, I got help; I prayed for it, and I think the lesson has taught me three things—I must trust Jesus; that the mountains He speaks of are not always the earth; and that if we are Christians there are some mountains we *must* move out of our course.'

"How do you make that out?" I asked, carelessly. "I think that when we sin, that is a mountain hiding Christ from us and from those around us," said Ella. "Oh!" I snapped, "I suppose I am full of mountains?" "Edith, dear, do not be angry with me," said

Ella, 'it is so easy to see faults in others; but would you let me tell you what I think is your greatest fault?'

"Oh, yes, tell away!" I said, very angrily. "It is pride, dear," said Ella, gently, "Don't you want it moved?" "How shall I do it?" I asked in a humbler voice. "Jesus says, 'Whosoever ye ask in My name, I will do it.' 'What business is it of yours—pride or no pride?' said I. 'Your pride is a mountain or stumbling-block, to me,' said Ella, 'and that is not right. Your pride is your new hat may make me wish for things my dear parents cannot afford yet to give me; then I may grow discontented, and think jealous and unkind thoughts. Don't you see, dear?' I could not answer her—my heart was full. With saddened feelings I sat in church and wondered what I could do to subdue my pride, when I thought of the words 'I can do all things through Christ.'

"But mother," interrupted little Ellen, "nobody ought to have whole, big mountains of sin in their hearts?" "No, my child, but you remember the Bible says nothing of the size or amount of sin—it does say that all have sinned, we are all alike in that; if you held a grain of corn before one eye it would obscure the landscape; one sin cherished in the heart will hide God from your soul's vision—the biggest mountain could not do more, could it, darling?"

"No," said Ellen, thoughtfully. "But, mother, would it not be very difficult to move a mountain of sin?" "Yes, you and I could not do it—it is impossible to us. But with God all things are possible. He will help us." And so, little Ellen got the help she needed, and never failed to go to Jesus with her "hill difficulty," or her mountains of perplexity.

M. B. GERDS.

OUR READY WRITERS' RING.

We think more of our girls would write something for our journal if they had subjects suggested to them; we are, therefore, purposing to give each month two different subjects for composition, so any girl writing may choose which of these topics she prefers. Any number of girls may write for this. The best paper, as we consider it, will always be inserted, and possibly two, or even three, might find a place within our pages.

If some of our girls join our Ring of Ready Writers, we think they will greatly help to make our magazine more interesting for one another.

TOPICS.

For June { "The season in the year I like best, and why" OR "The best way to insure a happy life."

Please remember the following useful hints, borrowed with slight variations from a back number of the Boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS:

Write on one side of the paper only.

Do not add anything except your name and address to the paper on which the essay is written. If you wish to write a letter or make any remarks, do so on separate paper.

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at the rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. Write on the corner of the envelope, "Mss. only," and address to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

Papers for insertion in next month's UPS AND DOWNS, must be posted not later than the 15th of the preceding month. A paper must not contain more than 500 words, and it need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

MARRIAGE.

Isabella Bransby married on March 10th to William Reynolds.

IN LEISURE HOURS.

Answers to Puzzles in April number.

The following correct answers have been sent in by Edith Hallendale:—

- 1.—Wholesome.
- 2.—The letter E.
- 3.—Insatiate.
- 4.—Temper (Answer to the Poem, "What is it?")
- 5.—Love.

Edith also contributes these Buried Cities of her own composition:—

"There was only one card in all the pack for Ethel."

"May went to see old Mrs. Harbrant, for Daisy said that she was sick."

Our kind friend Mrs. Haultain has sent us another puzzle in the following verses:—

WHAT AM I?

I am spelt with nine letters,
A child spells me with three;
I'm well known, I hope, reader,
Both to you and to me

I am found on the hillside,
Or out 'mid the heather.
In the glad summer sunshine,
Or clear frosty weather.

I am found in the dairy,
Or away in the wood,
On the far distant prairie,
Where the cattle find food.

Some have found me at Stepney,
And in many a home,
But some seldom can find me,
Though far they may roam.

I am never in hiding
To an honest true mind
Who in love's way abiding,
Cares to seek till he find.

I am ever so near you,
Almost within reach,
Yet but few can detain me,
And still fewer can teach.

How to capture the fleeting
Yet solid grand thing
That I wish for you always,
And of which I now sing.

Written for UPS AND DOWNS by
MRS. HAULTAIN, Peterborough.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



A well-known proverb is contained in the above picture of two parrots. One parrot, or in familiar language, one Poll, the largest, and, therefore, the best, is perched on S.T. Therefore, you can read it thus:—

"On S. T. is best Poll I see," the interpretation being, "Honesty is the best policy." Show this puzzle to your friends without the explanation and let them guess.