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UPS AND DOWNS

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

VOL. II.—No. 2.

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1896.

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

WE have again to ask for the congratulations of our readers upon the safe arrival in Canada of one more detachment of young immigrants. The party this time was a mixed one, comprising 101 girls and 156 boys, and we venture to assert of them that from the arrival of the *Mayflower* until to-day no finer body of young people has ever crossed the Western Ocean. We do not know whether it is that the "type" is improving or whether the training of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is accomplishing brighter results than in past days, but certain it is—we say it with all due respect to their predecessors—that the boys and girls of our last two parties, in general appearance and physique, have been unrivalled by any that have gone before them. We said of our April party, that it was the finest party Dr. Barnardo had ever sent out, but we are afraid they must take a "back seat" to the present party. Perhaps we hardly ought to say this, as comparisons are odious, but we must say that it would have been very hard to find a healthier, brighter-looking, better favoured body of children than those who set foot in Canada on the 8th of August.

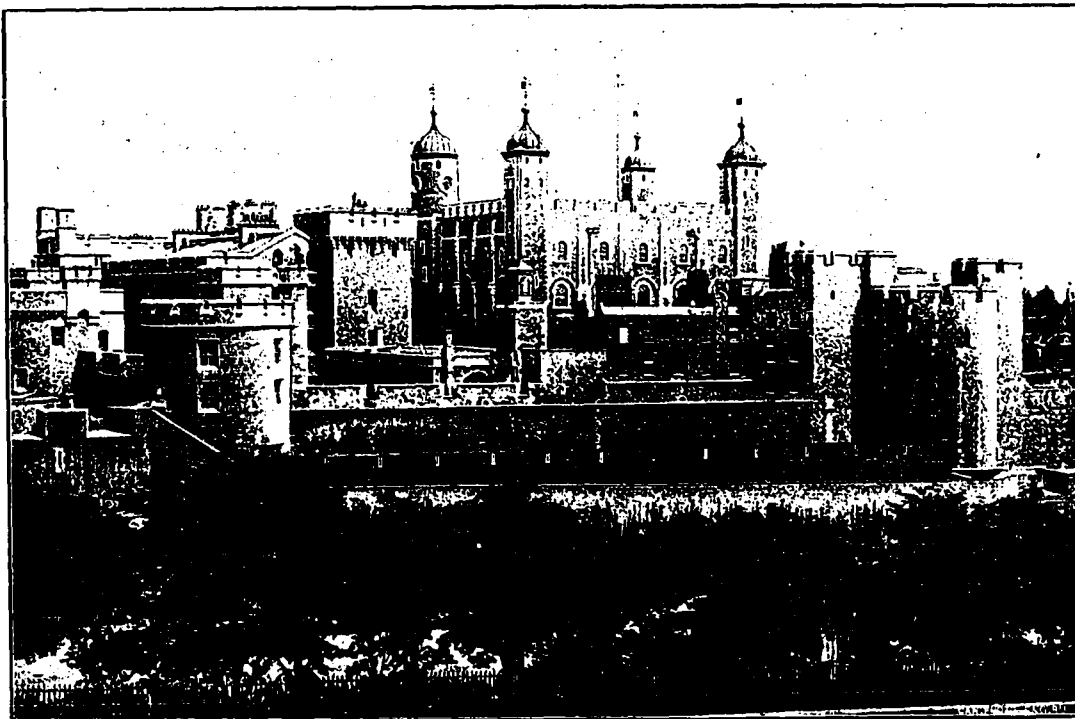
good wishes for those who were going forth to make a home and a future for themselves in the New World.

Dr Barnardo was, of course, the principal speaker, and there were those in the audience, the present writer among the number, who have heard Dr. Barnardo on many scores of occasions, but thought they had never before heard him speak with so much feeling, power, or more entirely carry his audience with him in sympathy with his work. It was a very interesting and very delightful little meeting throughout, and one that will have left its impression upon many hearts.

blew and we pulled out of St. Pancras station. Dr. Barnardo travelled with us, looking as well that morning and in as good spirits as we have seen him for years. Judging by appearances, the serious illness of last year seems to have passed off without leaving any ill effects. And as far as looks go, he seems to have taken a "fresh lease" and rejuvenated himself in the process. There are people at home who see a great deal of him, who shake their heads ominously; but let me say for the comfort of his boys and girls in Canada, that I studied the Doctor pretty carefully during our five hours' journey from London to Liverpool, and came

to the conclusion that we are not going to lose him yet awhile. This will be a bit of good news, that I am thankful from the bottom of my heart to be able to send, and all who read it will join in the hope and prayer that my impressions may be correct, and that He who has raised up the Doctor for the great work he has accomplished, may spare him for many years to come, to see the fruits of his labours and to gather in a yet richer harvest of rescued lives.

Our journey from London to Liverpool, by the Midland Railway, took us through some of the richest districts of the Midland Counties; pastures where they can



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Our readers will be almost tired of hearing of voyages across the Atlantic, so we must not make a long story of it; but everyone will be interested in hearing somewhat of how we fared. The preliminaries for our departure were much as usual: the medical examination, as strict and searching as ever, if not more so; the outfitting, a formidable undertaking for those concerned; the vaccination; the photographing; and the farewell meeting at Exeter Hall. The latter took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 28th, two days before we sailed. That staunch friend of the Homes, Mr. James Rankin, M.P., took the chair, and expressed in his speech his warm sympathy with the work of emigration generally, and his

On Thursday morning we were on the wing bright and early. The girls had the worst of it, as they had the ten-mile drive from Ilford to St. Pancras, and we don't know what time they had to be up and about, but we venture to assert that the good ladies at the Village Home wouldn't like to start off a party for Canada every day or two. The two detachments, boys and girls, arrived at St. Pancras together, and were soon stowed away in the special train of saloon carriages that was to take us to Liverpool. All sorts of people we knew were assembled on the platform to take a last farewell of us, and of course we were escorted by the band. 10.15 was the hour fixed for our departure, and punctual to the minute the guard's whistle

"feed," which means fatten for the butcher, a bullock and two sheep to the acre, between March and October; and arable land where 45 bushels of wheat to the acre and 80 bushels of oats is no very uncommon crop. This year, although the English farmers have suffered considerably from want of rain and some districts are looking a good deal burnt up, there is a magnificent wheat crop and the cattle in the fields looked well, and there seemed plenty of keep about.

Our special train made fine running, and at 3.15 we were in the Central Station at Liverpool. Here omnibuses were waiting to convey the party to the landing stage, and in a very short time we had taken possession of

our commodious quarters on the *Scotsman*. We were quite at home on the *Scotsman*, and it would have been impossible for the party to have been more comfortably provided for. The last leave-takings had to be cut very short, and we were soon steaming down the Mersey, with fair wind, bright sunshine and smooth water. We were fortunate enough to take this weather with us for almost the whole way across the Atlantic, with the exception of a brief interval of fog at the approach to the Straits of Belle Isle and afterwards in the River, between Rimouski and Quebec.

The passage throughout was a delightful one, and after the first two days everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Of course Neptune exacted his usual tribute, and all the girls and most of the boys thought for a few hours that they were going to die, and probably considered that death would be a blessed release from their sufferings. Our Sunday plum pudding, and the oranges and toffee after dinner were a marvellous restorative, and before we were far on our way we were as jolly a party as anyone could wish to see.

The voyage passed without any very stirring or exciting events. We preserved, thank God, a perfectly clean bill of health during the whole journey, and had scarcely occasion to ask if there was a doctor or medicine chest on board. The *Scotsman* is an immense ship, with deck space enough for five times our number, and there was any amount of play room for both girls and boys. Of course between the two there were bounds set, which it was a high crime and misdemeanour to trespass upon, but however strong might have been the attractions, we are glad to say that both parties accepted the inevitable and no one gave us the least trouble. "Very good," is our mark for the conduct and behaviour of the entire party; and the other passengers, of whom we had a considerable number on board, including a good many representative people, were enthusiastic in their praises of the good order and discipline maintained, and the absence of any rude or disorderly behaviour.

On Sunday we had the usual little service with girls, smaller boys and Labour House youths respectively. Having had to do duty as Chaplain at these services, I must not attempt to give any description of them here. I may say that I wish every preacher had as attentive an audience as I had at each of the services I conducted that day.

Leopold House boys will be interested in hearing that Mr. Gowen accompanied the party, being sent for the fourth time as my assistant in charge. Mr. Gowen is an "old salt" and all at home on board ship, and is, besides, one of the most faithful, indefatigable and cheerful of workers. With Mrs. Brown among the girls and Mr. Gowen among the boys, the party was well officered, and there was no fear of any lack of vigilance either by day or by night. Nor must we forget to mention our tried and trusty friend Steward Thomas Nuttall, better known to most of us as "Tom." For a long while past Tom has been told off to accompany our parties and has followed us from one ship to another, and from the Allan to the Dominion Line. Tom's duties are none of the most savoury during the first day or two of the voyage; and are of the most laborious during the latter end when appetites seem as if they would never be assuaged, and huge "kids" of meat and potatoes and mighty stacks of bread disappear as by magic. But Tom never murmurs, and whenever the time comes, as for his sake we hope it soon will, when promotion from the

ranks will prevent our taking him, we shall have lost the services of a most faithful, efficient, industrious person.

The hottest weather of the season seemed to have been keeping itself in reserve for our landing at Quebec, and the railway journey with the mercury in the nineties was a very trying experience. Like most other ills in the world, however, it came to an end at length, and after leaving the girls at Peterboro, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, we reached Toronto at noon. For the rest of the day we "boiled," sleeping or working, and the shady corners of the yard were in great requisition. Of course, we refer to the juniors only; as for the staff there was work enough and to spare to feed the hungry, and to get all things in order for the exodus in the morning. On Monday each of the morning trains from Toronto carried its quota of young passengers, and we were able to congratulate ourselves on having made a considerable clearance. Still, there were a good many left, the demand being unfortunately almost entirely for big boys, and the supply chiefly small boys of 12 or 13 years of age. Even now, we are a long way from being out of stock, and we hope our friends won't forget the fact that we have boys to provide for if they hear of any one wanting a boy of any age under 13 or 14 and able to give such a boy a good comfortable home and the right sort of training.

Of course, there was an immense budget of letters and reports waiting for me on my arrival, some that were very pleasant to receive and some that were very much the reverse, but I am thankful to say that the great majority of the reports of the doings of our boys during the period of my absence in England was in the highest degree satisfactory and encouraging. Equally so is the fact that we have had scarcely any boys returned to us from situations. This is very remarkable considering the fact that every employer has the fullest possible privilege of returning to the Home any boy who is not doing well. We will never attempt to tie any man to a bad bargain if a boy should prove himself to be such, but in spite of this we have hardly had a return during all the weeks I have been away, and even those who are not doing as well as we could desire are keeping their situations and at any rate supporting themselves and earning a decent living.

We repeat our invitation to our old boys to pay us a visit at the Home upon any day during the second week of the Toronto Exhibition, from the 7th to the 11th. Everyone will be welcome, and we hope made to feel at home, and we are looking forward to having as pleasant and successful a gathering as we have had on the same occasion for several years past.

Alfred B. Owen

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.

AFFAIRS at the Farm have gone on in a very satisfactory manner since our last report, although the haying has been very much interfered with through the fall of unusual quantities of rain, which has had the effect of filling the lower meadows with water, and has also made it much more difficult to cure the crop when cut. Hail storms have made sad havoc in some parts of the Province; the Russell district has, however, fortunately escaped, and residents are consequently very thankful.

The demand for farm labourers would appear to be far in excess of the supply, and we should say that any of the "Barnardo brethren" in Ontario who are free to accept fresh engagements and who are capable of performing a good day's work in the harvest field, might do well to join one of the low-rate harvest excursions now being arranged by the railway companies. In connection with the labour market, it should be a source of gratification to our far-seeing Director that the applications for lads and young men from the Farm have poured in through the mails in such numbers that the management have been driven to their wits' ends to arrange for supplying the would-be employers; and the districts into which our helpers have been sent, may be described by beginning with Emerson in the east and ending with Edmonton in the far west.

Among public works now under way in the Province, may be mentioned as one of great interest to all our young men who are looking for suitable locations in the way of homesteads, the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, which begins at Gladstone, on the Manitoba and North Western Railway line, and



GEORGE FISHER.

runs north westerly into the much-praised Dauphin Lake country. This railway will undoubtedly prove a great boon to the people already settled on the rich lands of this district, and the fact that the much required outlet for the produce of all kinds now grown in abundance, is now fairly on its way to completion, will encourage a rapid settlement of the lands which are held partly by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for sale on the most reasonable terms and by the Dominion Government for homesteading under the usual regulations. The writer hopes to be able to make a careful personal inspection of this Dauphin district before the close of the year; and, after the visit, will not only write for UPS AND DOWNS a description of the territory, but will be pleased to furnish all the information in his possession relating to the location of free-grant lands and the chances for securing desirable selections, to any of our young men thinking of settling down on their own account.

While on the subject of settling as relates to our people, we have great pleasure in announcing that another of our young men has had the courage to strike out on his own land, purchasing on the first of the month 160 acres from Dr. Barnardo's Industrial Farm, and paying down the sum of five hundred dollars all

earned in Manitoba. We refer to George Fisher, whose portrait appears herewith. Mr. Owen will be able to testify that George Fisher had his ups and downs while resident in Ontario with a vengeance; however, George must have secretly taken up and clung to the watchword "nil desperandum," for he is without doubt now on the crest of the wave financially, and what is better still, bears a most enviable character among his associates for honesty, sobriety and good fellowship. Dr. Barnardo's enemies may snarl and attempt persecution against him in his Canadian work, but it will be many a day before a more satisfactory settler is brought to the Dominion from the over-crowded old world than the subject of our sketch. We feel sure that the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, without exception, will join in wishing success and happiness to George Fisher.

During the month several enterprises have been set on foot, offering employment to the lads of a nature differing from farm work. The building of a much-needed piggery stands among the most important of these extensions. The setting up of a modern aero-motor on the red barn will place Mr. Blythe in a position to crush his grain very cheaply, without calling upon the power of the little engine at the creamery; and a few lads are now and will be employed preparing for and erecting the long-looked-for telephone line from the Home to Russell railway station.

Really the event of the month, however, and one which caused some considerable amusement, was the election on the first of August, by ballot, of the two candidates entitled to prizes awarded by the management. The first notification as to the election was given the people resident at the Home by the posting of the following notice:—

"ELECTION NOTICE.

"After the return of the manager from the east, on the 1st of August, an election contest will take place, the lad obtaining the greatest number of votes to receive a watch valued at \$5.00, the candidate receiving the next largest vote, a pocket knife valued at \$1.00. Mr. M. E. Davis is hereby appointed Returning Officer, and Mr. William Blythe and Mr. Robert Gray will revise and certify to the list of those entitled to vote on polling day.

"Qualifications for successful candidates are cleanliness, industry, freedom from the use of bad language, and generally good consistent Christianlike conduct.

"Ballot papers will be supplied on polling day, and the election will take place in the Mess Room. Names of both voters and candidates may be struck off the list by the manager, if sufficient evidence is laid before him to warrant such procedure.

"By ORDER.

"Dr. Barnardo's Home, June 29, 1896."

Naturally an exciting contest followed, flaming posters were to be seen set out by bright-coloured Union Jacks, calling upon the independent electors to "poll for Vickers the people's man"; "plump for Hodgetts the Brumm"; "Cockneys vote for Carr," etc., etc. As the fight went on the excitement grew more intense, and little knots of voters could be seen morning, noon and night being addressed by enthusiastic orators setting forth the claims of their respective candidates.

It is not thought much bribery was used, but there is a latent fear that some of the partisan workers resorted to intimidation to bring about their ends. The first day of August came at last, ballots containing the names of the candidates were prepared, the Voters' List was duly certified, the polling booth was opened, and the fun began promptly at 12.30 p.m., the closing of the box taking place one half-hour after. At 6 p.m., the Returning Officer in the

presence of the manager, counted the ballots, and it was found that Hodgetts, the Brumm, stood at the head of the poll, having received 25 votes; sturdy old Carr came next with 24 votes; and on his heels came a candidate who will yet be heard from, Vickers, with 23. On the next visit of the Chaplain, Mr. Gill, the management persuaded him to present the prizes, which he was kind enough to do, accompanying the action with a most appropriate address. The award of first prize, no doubt, came into worthy hands, and it is hoped the watch will keep the recipient up to the mark and never fail him in time of need.

On the 14th, at noon, another contingent of lads direct from London, came steaming into Russell station, by special train over the Manitoba and North-Western Railway. This party left England on the good steamer "Scotsman," of the Dominion Line, on Thursday, July 30th; reached Quebec on Saturday, August 8th; took passage in special tourist car 1027, and piloted by the writer reached its destination without mishap. As the question is often asked regarding the antecedents of our lads, and as it may be of interest to our readers who are sometimes employing them to know their origin by counties, we will take from the record the following particulars: Among 30 lads, six hail from London; five from Liverpool; three from Bristol; two from Birmingham; one from Manchester; one from Brighton. The balance are from small towns and country places, in the following counties: Yorkshire, three; Lancashire, three; Berkshire, one; Sussex, one; Derbyshire, one; Durham, one. Ireland and Wales each contributed one. So that the epithet so often cruelly hurled at our young fellows, "Waifs from the slums of London," would be as regards this particular party, and is in nearly every case, very much out of place, and about as much in accord with the fact as most of the stupid charges made against our Director's work by ignorant or evil-minded enemies.



OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

THIS month brings us to the close of the first session of our Literary and Mutual Improvement Society. Those who have been taking an active interest in this department of our journal will not have forgotten the course we laid out for ourselves and co-operators in our issue of March: six months' work together and then a summing up of the merits of the work done—of the various papers contributed by our friends; with a prize for the best paper written on any topic included in our syllabus; another prize for the boy whose papers in the aggregate had received the largest number of marks during the session; and a prize also for the little fellows, for the boy under fifteen who obtained the highest number of marks during the six months.

The essays or papers published in this number are included in our first session, and before our next issue appears we shall have performed that very delicate task of selecting what we deem to be the "best" where all is "good." So that all being well our October number will contain the names and, we hope, the portraits of our prize-winners. Letters from a number of our friends show that interest in the Mutual Improvement Society is not confined to those taking an active part in the work thereof; but that many of those who, for reasons known only to themselves, refrain from entering the ranks of contributors, find considerable pleasure in

reading the productions and noting the progress of the less diffident ones. We feel that our experiment has not been altogether void of success; that a little, at least, has been done in the work of mutual improvement, and this encourages us to commence a second session which we will do with our next issue.

We want every boy who has taken part in the work so far, whether his papers have been published or not, not only to continue an active "improver," but to make it his special business to induce another boy to "fall into line." In this manner the ranks of our contributors will increase rapidly, and will contain such a variety of abilities that there will be no dearth of ideas for adding to the interest of this feature of our journal. Last month Frederick Beazley came to the front with a plea for those with musical proclivities, and at his suggestion we included "The Influence of Music" in our topics for September. This result has been some very enthusiastic letters from friends who would like to see Frederick's idea take definite shape.

It is interesting to note that the inclusion of "The Influence of Music" in our syllabus has brought us an excellent contribution from one of our "boys" living at so great a distance from us as Bloomfield, Iowa. George Ward is the friend in question. He came from England as long ago as June, 1883; but it will be seen that neither lapse of time nor change of residence to a foreign country has quenched his interest in his old Home and all that pertains thereto. Owing to its arrival at a late hour, when all our space is filled, George's essay is held over until our next issue.

During the month orders for the penny publications have flowed in freely, not a few coming from "our girls." These orders we expect to be able to fill within a few days of the publication of this issue, as a large consignment of the books is now on its way from England. Those of our friends who wish to procure any of the volumes should write us at once. Large as the consignment is for which we are waiting, we expect there will be but very few volumes left after the departure of those boys who visit the Home during the Exhibition.

We publish elsewhere the list of Penny Publications.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HARDEST DAY'S WORK I HAVE DONE IN CANADA.

LEVI BONE. Age 22. Party '88.

Exactly one month ago, Mr. F. W. Wilson being called away on business in Montreal, I was left in charge of his business here with three men, two boys and fruit pickers as fruit came in season, to oversee, and 210 acres of growing and grown crops to look after; consisting of 36 acres of Alsike clover; 50 acres of hay; 45 acres of beans; 15 acres of corn; potatoes and other things too numerous to mention; and about 100 acres of orchard comprising some 50 acres of apples, 25 of pears, 25 of plums, and peaches, fruit continually coming in season; part of the orchard being young is in crop now.

I thought that it would not be very hard to do my own work as well as to see that others did theirs also. Well, all went very well, until 15 acres of barley needed drawing in and needed all hands, and at the same time 25 tons of baled hay must be drawn to the station, having been sold previous to this. My only plan was to draw the hay myself, and then having this done the next thing was the threshing. Well, as you all are aware, it takes all the hands, or better all the men that can easily be got to thresh, and this being a very busy time, farmers drawing in their oats, I could not get enough within two men of the right quantity. With the threshing machine in barn and engine steaming and whistling outside (this being the signal for neighbours to come who have been asked beforehand) we start to thresh; the outside of stacks being wet after very heavy storms of

(Continued on Page 8.)

Ups and Downs

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

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We shall be obliged if subscribers will notify us at once in the event of delay or irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1896.



ANOTHER week and "boys" "paying a visit to the Home" will be with us in force. It is hard to realize that a year has come and gone since the last occasion on which a large number of our sturdy, well-tanned, and contented-looking young farmers gathered here. Time flies indeed. In a day or two Toronto's Great Exhibition will be opened, with even greater splendour than of yore, and thither during the second week some hundreds of our friends will find their way, to see what modern science has done during the past twelve months to make farming more profitable; to learn what the resourceful inventor has added during the same period to the facilities for lessening the physical labour of the hired man; ("Yes, and his wages too," we imagine we hear some of our conservative young friends murmur); to enjoy to the full all the pleasures and delights which will abound at Toronto's Annual Fair in a degree, we are assured by no less an authority than the management itself, that has never been surpassed.

It will be holiday-making of a hearty, healthful kind with our friends who for months past have been "sticking at it" with plough and harrow, fork and hoe, rake and team, as only a well-trained Barnardo boy can "stick at it;" and they will have well earned every hour of recreation, every moment of pleasure which may fall to their lot, and that the measure of both for each and all may be unstinted is our very earnest hope. The outlook is bright. That uncertain factor, the weather, is apparently on its good behaviour. At present, after several weeks' tropical heat, succeeded by a chilliness more suggestive of November and the price of coal, than of August and the fruit crop, we are enjoying a spell of charming weather, in which neither excessive heat nor unseasonable cold has any place. If this only holds out, and the indications are favourable, there will be few more pleasant and enjoyable places to visit than Toronto during the Exhibition.

A stack of disused bank-books on the corner of a desk in the general office at the Home tells a tale of—Bicycles! We fear it also tells a tale of regret in the near future for those who have allowed themselves to be so carried away by the prevailing craze, that they have parted with their balance at the bank, acquired only after one, two, or three years' hard toil, in exchange for a wheel, the glory of which will depart with the

coming of winter, and with little likelihood of its return in the spring except in a very faded condition, when the "wonderful improvements" of the '97 model will have placed the "beauty" of this year among the relics; its owner out of conceit with it, and ready to dispose of it for an old song. Twenty dollars for an article that cost anything from \$75 to \$100 only a year previously! In rapidity of depreciation a bicycle altogether eclipses American silver dollars, and however pleasant our bicycling friends may have found the evening rides along country roads, and however much they may have enjoyed the exhilaration of "coasting," we are very strongly of the opinion they will eventually think they have paid dearly for their amusement, and will long for that feeling of confidence and security which was theirs in the days of the now-vanished bank balance.

We learn from the August number of *Night and Day* that the following letter reached Dr. Barnardo the day following the 30th annual meeting:

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
"PALL MALL, S.W.

"25th June, 1896.

"DEAR DR. BARNARDO,—I am sure you will like to hear that the Prince and Princess of Wales thought everything went off most successfully yesterday, and they were much interested.

"They hope you made a good collection.

"Yours truly,

(Signed) "FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

We are certain that our friends share in the hope of their Royal Highnesses that the collection was a good one. Here are the figures, as published in *Night and Day*:

	£	s.	d.
Amount realized from Purses	211	1	6
Collection.	324	12	2
Promises.	800	8	0
Grand Total.	£1336	1	8

George Garwood sends us a copy of a recent issue of a little weekly sheet called the *Quill*, and which serves, in common with other little countryside weeklies, the useful purpose of keeping the scattered inhabitants of the district posted on each other's affairs, and on events transpiring within the "sphere of influence" of the weekly chronicler.

The paper, of which George sends us a copy, has sought to travel in higher flights, and our attention is drawn by our friend to the most curious little "Editorial" it has ever been our lot to read, except in the burlesques of Artemus Ward, and of other humourists of that school. But George waxes wrathful and contemptuous over the Florence paper's production, entitled "The Barnardo Boys."

We can understand George's contempt; it will be shared by every one who may happen to read the almost unintelligible jumble.

But why get angry about it?

It is not pleasant of course to find the body you belong to charged with *all* the crime perpetrated in the country, and to find used in connection with that body, the most foul and offensive adjectives and epithets; but does George imagine for one moment that because some unhappily constituted individual—rushing in where wise men tread gently—does these things, that the farmers of Florence will think any less of George, or of any other Barnardo boy?

Our only reason for referring to the foregoing is, that it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for us to receive a marked copy of some little sheet, published in an out-of-the-way hamlet, containing just such a silly paragraph as the one in

question. The paper has fallen into the hands of one of our boys; and he, poor fellow, without stopping to think how palpably false and ridiculous the paragraph is, feels his blood boil as he reads the foul names applied to himself and 6,000 others; and he forthwith sends a copy of the sheet to us with a letter of indignant protest. We wish to impress upon our boys the folly of becoming excited over these puerile effusions. They are, as a rule, confined to the columns of the lowest grade of weekly newspapers, absolutely without any influence as moulders of opinion; they deceive nobody whose good opinion is worth having; they evince a lack of knowledge, inexcusable in a school boy who has reached the fourth form; and they betray a moral and mental calibre deserving rather of pity than of anger.

It is a painful thought that this is the second occasion since UPS AND DOWNS was published on which it becomes necessary for us to remind a number of lads that they are neglecting what should ever be a foremost duty and pleasure: that of writing home to their mothers in England. It is sad to think of the number of letters from England that have reached the Home during the last six weeks, in each of which there is a piteous appeal from an anxious, longing mother for news of a forgetful son. Not once, but half-a-dozen times in the same letter, will appear the plaintive words, "and do, please, tell him to write to me, if only a line or two."

In the great majority of cases our boys in Canada, if not orphans, have only one parent living—mother. The daily lives of these poor mothers are more or less filled with the trials and heavy burdens of a struggle to maintain themselves, and the children still with them, under conditions which allow a bare subsistence as a result of arduous toil. The fact that the son has been taken in hand and helped by Dr. Barnardo proclaims the hard lot of the mother; and while the latter's burdens are lightened by the removal of her boy, and her anxiety for his future welfare banished, there comes, and there remains throughout life, a feeling of pain that some thousands of miles of land and water separate her from her child. That pain grows in intensity and destroys what little brightness there was left in the mother's life if there arrives no word from across the sea from the absent one, telling of his progress, or even of his disappointments, if such he have, and of his cherished remembrance of those he left behind him.

Knowing our lads as we do, we are absolutely certain that it is only the thoughtlessness of youth that causes some of them to inflict pain where it is their bounden duty to give all the happiness they can. And we ask every one of our lads, whose mother is alive, to put to himself the question: "When did I write last?" If he finds the answer is not in weeks, but in months, we very earnestly plead with him to sit down and write at once.

Do not let any *imaginary* calls upon your time make you postpone the task till "later on."

The fact that at this moment you are reading UPS AND DOWNS shows you are at leisure.

Lay UPS AND DOWNS aside until the morrow or next Sunday. It will keep: meanwhile your mother is waiting.

Take your pen and ease her anxiety without a moment's delay.

Having written your letter, mark down one day in each month, at least, on which you will not fail to write.

By thus writing regularly you will not only brighten your mother's life, but you yourself will be happier from the knowledge that you are regularly contributing to the happiness of another—and that—*your mother!*

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE Annual Meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes always serves to quicken the interest of the people of England in the work that Dr. Barnardo has been carrying on day in and day out for over thirty years.

Of the daily toil, the daily trials, the daily disappointments—borne only by fulness of faith in the cause, and in Him whose cause it is—which fill so large a part of the life of the Founder and Director, the people of England know little, if anything; but they do not fail to grasp the significance of the annual demonstration which fills London's largest public hall from floor to topmost gallery—that an irresistible force is kept in unceasing activity fighting the battle of childhood in need.

While Dr. Barnardo has made this work peculiarly his own—in the methods by which he carries it on and in the success which has attended his efforts—it is, nevertheless, the cause of every man, of every woman in the land, of England itself. The conviction that this is so has been steadily growing stronger and stronger in the public mind. Nothing has served to demonstrate this more forcibly than the presence of the Heir to the Throne at the last annual meeting, and the speech which His Royal Highness delivered on that occasion in which he referred to the Homes as the "National Institution."

It is to the ever-widening belief in the "national" character of Dr. Barnardo's work, coupled with the presence of England's future sovereign, that was doubtless due the fact that the thirtieth annual meeting attracted the attention of the public and of the press in a degree exceeding even that of last year. Many of the leading journals have allotted considerable space to the claims of Dr. Barnardo's Institutions upon all who have the welfare of their country at heart; but the most interesting, and certainly the most comprehensive, of such contributions is "A Character Sketch of Dr. Barnardo," by the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead, one of the most capable and influential journalists and critics of the day, required no less than eighteen pages of his magazine in which to trace the course of Dr. Barnardo's work from its inception thirty years ago when "a disused donkey stable" was its headquarters, up to to-day, when it necessitates the maintenance of eighty-five separate institutions at a cost of £150,000; and the last annual meeting in connection with which is described as "a magnificent tribute to a magnificent work, one of the most distinctive of the glories of modern England."

The article is replete with interest from the opening line unto the last; the individuality of the subject of the sketch; incidents which have occurred and difficulties which have arisen in the course of Dr. Barnardo's labours; comparisons of Dr. Barnardo's methods with those of the State; what Dr. Barnardo has accomplished, and what he might accomplish were he accorded a larger measure of support: one and all are written in a manner that ensures the closest attention of the reader. Interesting, and, at times, startling, facts and pungent argument loom large in every paragraph; and we only regret that we cannot present the article in

full to our readers. The entire space of two issues of UPS AND DOWNS would, however, be required for that purpose, and we must perforce content ourselves with reproducing a few of the many good things which the editor of the *Review of Reviews* has served up in the character sketch of one whose name is held in reverence and affection by each and all of us

"When quite a youth Dr. Barnardo came under deep conviction of sin, experienced the change called conversion, and in the first ardour of his zeal he resolved to dedicate himself to the cause of Chinese missions. Desiring to attain medical knowledge as well as theological training, he came to London, and entered himself as student at the London Hospital. He had hardly commenced working when the cholera broke out. A wild stampede took place, leaving ample room for volunteers. Dr. Barnardo, although then only a raw student, volun-

James Jervis was a little lad of the London streets; from him Dr. Barnardo first learned of the terrible and appalling need there was of the work to which, since the night he met James, his life has been devoted.

"The Chinese must seek other missionaries; his work lay nearer home. But what could be done, and how could he do it? It seemed indeed a forlorn enough task. But the seed had been sown, and the Sower who could employ Jim Jervis as His messenger could provide for the rest. Speaking of this long afterwards, Dr. Barnardo said:—

"I knew no one then who could render me any help in the rescue and care of these boys. I was, comparatively speaking, friendless and unknown in London myself; but our Heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, and whose open hand supplies the young lions when they roar, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accomplish the work I had set before me. I asked Him, if it was His holy will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, and to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out during the hours of darkness, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of heaven."

"The answer was not long in coming. Some weeks afterwards, at a dinner at a great man's house, an opportunity occurring, he spoke warmly of what he had seen and knew. His host and his fellow guests, among whom were Lord Shaftesbury and many of the best philanthropists in London, were incredulous; but an hour's tour of investigation under the guidance of Dr. Barnardo, undertaken there and then, and incredulity vanished . . .

"After thus having proved his case, Dr. Barnardo was not long in getting to his life-work. He says:—

"As may well be imagined, I began in a very small way. A little house in a mean street was first opened for some twenty-five boys. We did the repairs ourselves. Many a happy hour was spent in whitewashing the walls and ceilings, scrubbing the floors, and otherwise putting what seemed to me at that time a veritable mansion for capaciousness into suitable condition for the reception of my first family. Then I spent two whole nights upon the streets of London, cast my net upon the "right side of the ship," and brought to shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept such help as I could give them."

"Thus had Jim's message from the Lord borne the fruit whereto it was appointed. Dr. Barnardo had found his vocation. The Home was born. The little one has now become a thousand, and in place of twenty-five homeless boys he has now 5,000 boys and girls in his Homes."

Of those of different religious opinions from Dr. Barnardo who have sought to impede him in his work, because, forsooth, his hand was ever ready to lift up Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Romanist; and of those of the same faith (!) as Dr. Barnardo who have, nevertheless, been only too willing to join in the hue and cry of "down him," Mr. Stead speaks in condemnation with characteristic candour. To refuse food and shelter to a hungry, homeless lad (and *when he could get neither elsewhere*) because his lost or dead parents belonged, or did not belong, to any one particular sect would verily be a reduction of denominationalism not only to absurdity, but to gross inhumanity; and it is not a small measure of scorn and ridicule that is heaped by Mr. Stead upon those who could suppose that considerations of the kind would have the weight of a single hair with one who so thoroughly believes that

" . . . All mankind's concern is Charity," no matter how much

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree."

We would be loth to give place here to anything savouring of sectarianism, but it is necessary to a just appreciation of Dr. Bar-



DR. BARNARDO TO-DAY.
From a photo taken at the Boys' Home Studio.

tered for cholera service. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he began the house-to-house visitation of the East end poor, which gave him so deep an insight into the conditions of their life. He did not spare himself in those days. He says:—

"Devoting my days mainly to attendance at the hospital and dissecting-room, and most of my evenings to useful study, I nevertheless reserved two nights a week which I called my free nights, and which, as well as the whole of Sunday, were given up to the conduct of a ragged school, situated in a room in the heart of squalid Stepney."

"That was how he came to be in the way with James Jervis, the messenger of the Lord.

"There were other medical students associated with Barnardo in the ragged school work. The school was held in a disused donkey stable. It was worse even than the 'small chamber' where,

"friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man.
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began."

nardo's work and of the treatment accorded it in the article before us, that the following and other similar extracts be placed before our readers:

"Dr. Barnardo has dealt in thirty years with 30,000 children, or to put it roughly, an average of 1,000 per annum. He has been assailed in eighty-eight of these cases, chiefly on account of the protection he has afforded to the children of Roman Catholics. None of these children had been admitted until after the Catholic priests concerned had refused to do anything for the little ones. In seventy-six of the eighty-eight cases the proceedings were stopped in their initial stage by the discovery that the action of Dr. Barnardo was fully covered by the provisions of the Custody of Children's Act, a measure which was passed by Parliament largely owing to the evidence furnished by Dr. Barnardo as to the iniquitous condition of the law as it formerly stood. Under the old law, which the judges themselves condemned when they administered it, there were twelve cases were brought into court. Of these the majority were decided in Dr. Barnardo's favour. Only in three cases did the judges give judgment against him, and in those cases the conduct of Dr. Barnardo was admitted to be morally right although judicially it had to be pronounced legally wrong."

* *

Harking back to the time when Dr. Barnardo first sought to brighten the lives of lower London, we learn from the writer of the character sketch of another kind of attack to which Dr. Barnardo was frequently subjected.

* *

"This is not biography. But in passing it would be unpardonable to ignore the extent to which the good man has triumphed over the assaults of his enemies. When he began his missioning in East London nothing was more common than for him to be mobbed by a horde of loafers and corner boys.

"There was much more intolerance in those days," Dr. Barnardo said to me the other day—"much. Nowadays if the worst rough will not listen attentively to anything and anybody, he will at least never assume that he ought to throw a brick at the speaker whose doctrines strike him as novel and his appearance uncalculated. The man in the slum, like the man in the drawing-room, has been wakened up to a dim but real sense of the possibility that there may be "something in it," and that it is wiser to listen to what is being said than to silence speech by violence. The increase of tolerance, which you do not appreciate, is to me one of the most marked features and the most hopeful of our times. Why, I have been time and again hunted like a mad dog down streets in East London where now any man can preach and teach anything he pleases without any dread of molestation.

The people who mobbed me would just as soon have mobbed a priest. They did not want me down there talking, and so they ran me out. Although I escaped with my life, it was not without many a bruise, and, occasionally, a broken bone. Now and then the attack would be varied, and I would be overwhelmed in the midst of an open-air address by an avalanche of slops emptied from an upstairs window over my head. But there is none of that now. Believe me, the East of London is a different place from what it was."

* *

"It would seem that now, as of old, it is through much tribulation that men must enter the Kingdom," observes the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, as he continues his survey of the almost innumerable instances of bitter persecution, on all grounds and from all sides, resulting not only in the confusion of the persecutors and the vindication of the intended victim, but in bringing new friends and fresh help to the man and to the work it was so eagerly sought to destroy.

"It was, of course, quite within the rules of the game that the Catholics should assail the fervent and enthusiastic Protestant; and no one can blame the gin-sodden savage of the slums if he occasionally cheived the earnest and aggressive advocate of temperance and civilization. But no one, except the devil himself—the ingenious and indefatigable father of all evil—can explain why, twenty years ago, the most bitter and deadly attack on Dr. Barnardo should have emanated from certain earnest Evangelicals of his own particular way of thinking. It is an old story now; but it is worth remembering as a reminder that 'A man's foes shall be they of his

own household' is the statement of a law that appears to be universal. Dr. Barnardo, being rudely challenged as a thief and an impostor, and for having cruelly ill-used some of his waifs, appealed to the Courts for the vindication of his character. But under the persuasion of Lord Radstock, Mr. Thomas Stone, and men of that ilk, he consented to an arbitration. The arbitration lasted forty days, and cost Dr. Barnardo £8,000. The result, however, was a triumphant vindication of his character. *How triumphant may be inferred from the fact that as soon as the arbitration was over, Earl Cairns, then Lord Chancellor, wrote a letter stating that he had read every word of the proceedings before the arbitrators, and that he had been so thoroughly satisfied with the way in which every accusation had been repelled, and with the information furnished as to the management of the Homes, that he would gladly accept the post of President of any committee that might be formed if Dr. Barnardo should desire his help.*"

* *

"Dr. Barnardo has found himself repeatedly before Her Majesty's justices. Sometimes they have condemned him, sometimes they have acquitted him. But even when their loyal condemnation was the severest their moral approval has been the greatest. A proof of this may be mentioned in the fact that the late Chief Justice Coleridge immediately after registering judgment against Dr. Barnardo in one of the cases brought up, sent a subscription to the culprit and continued to subscribe handsomely to the Homes till the day of his death."

* *

"Another instance of the immense service rendered by opposition is forthcoming from Canada. Those dogs in the manger, the crude and noisy spokesmen of the Labour party in the Canadian cities, raised an outcry against the immigration of Dr. Barnardo's children, who are eagerly snapped up in the country districts. Various charges were made which rendered it necessary for the Canadian Government to undertake an exhaustive investigation. This investigation into the life history of 6,128 juvenile immigrants simply confounded the assailants of the Doctor. It was proved that of his 6,128 immigrants in a period extending over twenty-seven years only fifty-two had ever been convicted even of the smallest crime, a percentage probably less than that of the members of the House of Commons in a similar period. Thus out of evil cometh good, and by the mouth of the slanderer the truth is established."

* *

"When Dr. Barnardo began thirty years ago he had only the ordinary means at the disposal of any medical student. He was lonely, friendless, and without wealth. Yet since he saw that apocalyptic vision of the Don't-Live-Nowheres on the roof of the shed he has spent in the noble work to which he has dedicated his life no less a sum than £1,700,000. His income to-day, money freely contributed by 80,000 subscribers scattered all over the world, is no less than £140,000 per annum, nearly equal to 3 per cent. interest on a capital sum of £5,000,000.

"How has this miracle been achieved? We had better let the man who worked it give us his explanation. It is in one word—Prayer. Strange though it may seem, this man believes in God as a kind of Telephone Exchange of the universe, who graciously allows Himself to be rung up whenever any of His creatures need anything to carry on His work. Dr. Barnardo, like George Muller of Bristol, prays, and the Divine Manager at the Central Celestial switches on Barnardo or Muller to any number of subscribers, who hear the cry as a voice from God and send the money in accordingly. Fantastic, is it not? Quite mad? Of course; but the cash comes in and is coming in to-day. Listen to what the good Doctor says:—

"My first Home was opened in defiance of all the rules of worldly prudence. It had no capital; not a penny in the bank, nor the promise of a shilling. It was simply and solely a tiny effort made by an altogether insignificant individual to follow what he then strongly felt to be the manifest leadings of the Holy Spirit. But the prayers of Christian friends were around it like an atmosphere.

"I think I may claim for our Homes a high place on the list of Christian evidences, as I am sure that it is unto the answered prayer of faith that all their real progress is to be ascribed.

"Often the last shilling was expended, but always the coffers were replenished from our Lord's own inexhaustible treasury. Thus it has been even unto this day; and now, my large family of nearly 5,000 children, saved by God's help from the direst evils, is still, as ever, dependent upon supplies sent down from Heaven, as literally as if an angel brought them, in direct response to the petitions of Christian helpers, which ascend as daily incense to Our Father's footstool from every country throughout the world. The fact that our extremity has been God's opportunity, is well fitted to stimulate every Christian's faith in the gracious promises and providential guidance of Our Father, and to put to rout the armies of those aliens who would deny the Lord out of His own universe."

* *

"It is easy to sneer at this telephonic theory of prayer, but Dr. Barnardo has a great deal to say for himself. In fact, except upon some such hypothesis, to which, of course, the modern discovery of telepathy adds no little support, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to account for the inflow of the money and the extraordinary coincidences which Dr. Barnardo is compelled to note between the prayer and the answer. Although it costs £140 per day to find bread and meat for his immense family, he has no means for meeting the daily bill except what he can get in by this Prayer Telephone of his. Elijah with his ravens was not a circumstance to Muller of Bristol and Barnardo."

* *

Several cases are dealt with individually and at length showing how, when in the last extremity and naught but the guiding hand of Providence could save the ship, abundant help has poured in upon the Treasurer and Director.

We quote one instance, "when in the early days a sudden incoming of bitter cold wintry weather found him with children shivering in their cots and not a penny to buy blankets with.

"Earnestly I besought the Lord for help. He who sent that bitterly icy wind could surely protect our poor wee bairns from its trying influences! So I asked the Lord to send blankets for my family. But no money came that day; and next day, unable any longer to bear the thought of the little ones being cold, I went to the house of business at which I habitually deal, and selected the kind and quantity of blankets required. They came to close upon £100; but as I had not the money, I simply selected them, and did not buy. I felt that I must not incur debt; and so again that day I spread before Him, whose work it was, the pressing needs of the case."

"Next morning at breakfast the first letter he opened was from a clergyman in the South of England with a cheque for £100 'to provide additional clothing needed in consequence of the inclement weather.' Who rang that clergyman up?"

As we read a section of the article, headed "Some Things Done Indirectly," we begin to realize into what far-off fields the ramifications of Dr. Barnardo's work extend, or rather it dawns upon us that it is impossible to realize what will be the ultimate result of the many-sided work which Dr. Barnardo is carrying on.

"It is idle to attempt to describe all that Dr. Barnardo has done and is attempting to do. He is a centre of spiritual, social, intellectual activity, perpetually in motion. He began by caring only for the saving of the City Arab; he now finds the whole social problem on his hands. He is facing the whole vast complicated congeries of difficulties which baffle churches and Governments, and facing them also with marvellous success. Round his Homes have grown up a veritable Church Militant, the most amazing octopus of our time. Nothing that is human is alien to Dr. Barnardo. He imports cargoes of timber from the forests of Norway, and plants out human seedlings in the prairies of Manitoba. He is surgeon, editor, preacher, Jack-of-all-trades, and a past master in all."

Looming large among the "things done indirectly" is the lesson that Dr. Barnardo has taught the State in the treatment and upbringing of homeless and friendless children. For over twenty years a controversy has been going on in regard to this vastly important question. The report of a committee appointed by Parliament, published this year,

"settles the controversy once for all. After all these years the State is compelled to admit that it was wrong—utterly, horribly, shamefully wrong—and that Dr.

Barnardo was right, absolutely right, in his theory of the way in which the children of the State should be treated. So now the District School is doomed, and in future the State, sitting at the feet of Dr. Barnardo, is to try to see whether by segregation instead of aggregation, by homes instead of barracks, by personal love and personal interest instead of official routine and official discipline, it may perhaps achieve with all its resources 50 per cent. of the good results of the Barnardo Homes."

Mr. Stead closes his sketch with a powerful appeal to the people of England, and in particular to the 250,000 subscribers to his magazine, to aid Dr. Barnardo in his mighty and God-given work.

"In the United Kingdom are nearly 40,000,000 people. Of these fewer than 80,000 keeps the whole of Barnardo's work going, 39,920,000 do not contribute a red cent. . . . If each of the subscribers to the *Review of Reviews*, for instance, were to come to the conclusion that Dr. Barnardo ought to be supported more adequately in the gigantic task which he has undertaken, what would be the best way in which they could do it? Suppose that each of them felt so much in earnest about it as to put aside one penny a day—one penny a day, no more and no less—that would at once without anything else raise the whole £150,000 needed to carry on Dr. Barnardo's work. . . . Perhaps an almanac with collecting cards for stamps, like those which the Post Office Savings Banks issue, might be more suitable. They could be daily, weekly, monthly and yearly cards. Each when filled in with penny stamps could be sent up. I am afraid that the subscribers to the *Review of Reviews* cannot be relied upon in their totality to undertake the regular collection of the children's pence. But I do hope and believe that many of them will help to remove the disgrace from our people of allowing a national work like this to be supported by 80,000 persons, while 39,920,000 do not contribute a farthing. The time has come for tapping these millions who, if they contributed just one penny each per annum, would supply all the funds which Dr. Barnardo needs."

The earnest hope and prayer of Dr. Barnardo that this thirtieth year should be the most memorable and successful in the history of the Work is surely being fulfilled. Royalty, by the Prince of Wales' speech; Parliament, by its committee's report; the Press, most notably by the article we have so copiously quoted: all have paid tribute to Dr. Barnardo: each is now a champion of the cause in the conduct of which Dr. Barnardo has for thirty years borne the brunt and heat of battle against hostile forces of every imaginable kind, regulars and irregulars.

The din of warfare has ever been ringing in his ears; but there is comparative peace at last, and his champions are the foremost in the land; the rallying cry is sounded from Palace, Parliament and Press Room; and it remains only for the people, the multitude, to respond, to make this year indeed memorable for the "magnificent tribute paid to a magnificent work, one of the most distinctive works of modern England."

WITH OUR FRIENDS.

"UPS AND DOWNS" REVIVES OLD MEMORIES IN ONE OF OUR "BOYS" OF '85.

We have the greatest possible pleasure in publishing the following letter which has reached us from Frederick Floyd, now a man of 26, who has been in Canada over eleven years.

BEACONSFIELD, Aug. 16th.

DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased with the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, especially of Mr. Owens' account of the annual meeting held at Albert Hall. It was my privilege to be one of the large choir that sang there twelve years ago. I considered it a grand concert at that time, but judging from Mr. Owens' account it has improved amazingly. I am sure every boy cannot help but feel

proud to think that so many members of the Royal Household should take such an interest in the work. I, for one, am glad to think that I belong to such an honorable family. I was also pleased to hear that Dr. Barnardo was able to be present. I hope he may be spared to be present at many more such gatherings.

It was really interesting to read about the Manitoba picnic. One would think to hear the description of the country, given by some parties that there could be no such enjoyable times as that to be had out there. I am glad for the boys' sake that they can have such good times.

I was much pleased to read the account of Pat. Donovan, who was a chum of mine. He came out with the same lot as I did. He landed at Grimsby, and I at Beamsville. I am glad that he is doing so well. May God bless him and family. I have often thought of him. I hope he remembers me.

I received a letter recently from John King. He is still thriving on his North-western farm, and expects to reap his first harvest this fall. Hurrah for John. I cannot say as much of myself as some of the boys, but am pleased to say that I have a good home and lots of work to do at present. I hope with lots of others, that UPS AND DOWNS will not have to be given up, and am willing that the subscription should be raised, for to me it is as a friend. The paper is really too good for the present price. I hope it will pay its way from this time forth.

I remain yours, etc.,

FRED FLOYD.

The letter is evidence of the deep and ineradicable affection for Dr. Barnardo and the Home that is implanted in the heart of our old friend. This, however, is not unusual; it is characteristic of nine out of ten of our boys; but we are sure Dr. Barnardo will be none the less pleased to hear of Frederick Floyd's grateful remembrance of himself and of old days in the old Home after the years that have elapsed since Frederick joined the ranks of steady workers in Canada, where, we are pleased to say, he has done well, and earned for himself a reputation of which he, as well as his old friends, may well feel proud.

* *

David Stirratt (Oct. '93) sends an excellent account of the home he has recently entered at Winchester. He speaks in warm praise of the treatment accorded him by every member of his employer's family. We congratulate David in finding everything so pleasant and comfortable at the outset, and we sincerely trust he will do his best to maintain the good opinion that has also been formed of him, by those with whom he expects to spend the next few years of his life.

* *

We have received the "first impressions" of, and in regard to, a number of boys who came out with the first party this year. Wm. Jos. Bell: his employer writes that he likes him very much up to date, which is eminently satisfactory. No less so is what we hear of James Sparks, who is stationed at Shedden. "James says he likes the place—he is getting along well so far as learning how to do his work."

"The boy is getting on first-rate. I find him a trustful, willing little lad, and like him splendid," refers to Charles Blackmore (12) who has been placed at Egerton.

"The boy John Hanlon (15) has done very well so far," is the word from Oxmead.

Of Henry James Cox (16) we have a more detailed report:

"The boy you sent us we like so far very much. He has so far conducted himself very well. He is good-mannered, civil, and obliging, stays at home in the evenings, and I think means and tries to do well, and gets on with his work as well as can be expected."

The foregoing are a fair sample of the reports that have reached us from employers of

this year's arrivals. Of course we know that any number of people will be ready to indulge in the historic sneer, "new brooms sweep clean;" but we know the material these new brooms are made of, and we have every confidence that each succeeding year's report will be as favourable as the first.

* *

There will be trials and temptations for our young friends thus starting out on a new life in a new country, but that they will one and all manfully strive to bear them and overcome them we most firmly believe. Doing this, and with their faith in the helping hand of the All-watchful Father ever growing stronger and stronger, their future in Canada is full of bright promise, and very earnestly do we pray that each of these young workers may long be spared to lead a life of honest industry and enjoy the blessings which assuredly follow in the wake thereof.

* *

Charles Potter is one of our "smaller boys," for whom a situation was recently procured with Mr. W. H. Creighton, of Wheatley. Charles is 14 years old, and upon his arrival at his new home Mr. Creighton wrote us, expressing his satisfaction with our friend's appearance and stating that he is expecting great things of him, in which, from our acquaintance with Charles, we are inclined to believe he will not be disappointed.

* *

We are also in receipt of spontaneous testimony of the excellent qualities of Alfred Day, of the June, '93, party. Alfred, in fact, is the "sample" which his recent employer submits to us in seeking to procure another boy, now that Alfred "has left and gone to Brantford, where he is getting \$18 and his board; he is a good, honest boy."

* *

Still another testimonial. Alfred Lines, also of the June, '93 party, recently returned from Port Albert, where he has worked steadily for years, with the following certificate in his pocket:

"This is to show to whoever Alfred Lines goes to live with, for he has lived with us for three years, and we could not desire a better boy. During all that time we have found him perfectly honest and trustworthy, and now we do not doubt his word in the least, for he has grown to be very truthful, and we never once heard him make use of a vulgar or profane word, or give any impudence whatever, but always willing and cheerful in his work; he has had very little experience with horses, as since he has been with us, we have been breaking colts every year and could not let him drive them.

(Sgd.)

"JAMES HAYDEN,
"Port Albert P.O., Ont."

* *

Our ranks contain boys from all parts of England—North, South, East, and West. That the material from the North is fully up to the standard is evidenced in John Hayes, who came out in March, '93, and has since been working steadily with a firm determination to get on. He recently sent \$20 to be added to his already substantial balance in the bank. At the same time we received the most satisfactory account of John's progress and well-doing from his employer.

* *

Among recent callers at the Home was Mr. Field, of Pickering, who gave Charles Harlow (April '89) an excellent character for steadiness and general trustworthiness. "He is a first-class lad," said our visitor.

* *

Alfred James Pope is an old Stepney boy and came out two years ago. He has fallen into line and is working steadily at Parker whence he recently wrote with a request for a cornet which by this time has doubtless pro-

claimed Alfred's ability as a musician to his neighbours near and far.

* *

Mr. McDermid, of Stayner, by whom William Pickering was employed for years, recently called at the Home and informed us that William was with him again, having hired for a year. He described William as a splendid worker and a very fine young lad, a credit to himself and to the Home. Such, in nine cases out of ten, is the verdict of those who *know*, have worked with and have lived with, our lads.

* *

From Mr. McDermid we also gleaned news of other lads living in the locality:

"John Sones is now a steady, well-behaved lad, has joined the Presbyterian Church at Stayner some little time since. Fred Brice, of the '88 party, is well and doing well." James Cairns, ('93), 'is doing exceedingly well, is well liked by his employer and is a smart, active little fellow.'"

* *

Of Laurence Barrett, of the second party of last year, we hear through his employer's father that he

"is a very fine lad, is of a lively nature and good disposition and thoroughly reliable and trustworthy."

* *

Austin Grant, 14, who came out June, '93, tells us that he is "well and contented," and intends to possess Dr. Barnardo's good conduct and long service medal some day, which we sincerely trust he will do. When the proper time comes it will afford us considerable pleasure to publish Austin's name in the list of medal winners.

* *

We learn a little of the crop prospects around Duncrief from Wm. D. Yelf, who writes:

"The crops are very favourable this year; our barley turned out about forty-two bushel the acre; the oats are going to be heavy also." William adds, "I am in a nice part of the country and I have a nice master."

* *

We hear from Charles Hatcher of a healthy body and a contented mind both at work amidst congenial surroundings. Charlie is 14, came out in July, '94, is working at Cedarville and promises to turn out a first-class farmer and a steady, upright citizen.

* *

We hear from our old friend Harry Hedger (March, '87), that he is considering a proposal to invest several hundred dollars in a house and lot. Before finally deciding to part with the savings of several years Harry would like to have our opinion upon the proposed step. In view of the unsatisfactory and uncertain condition of the real estate market these days, the opinion that has been tendered Harry is that it would probably be wiser to allow his money to remain in the bank for the present where it bears a small but sure rate of interest, than invest it in the more speculative house and lot, where, the balance of evidence shows, it would as likely as not not only cease to pay a small profit, but would entail a tax on Harry's other resources to prevent its entire loss. Harry is only a young man yet, 22, so that he has plenty of time in which to get rich without taking too many chances. He himself has demonstrated that perseverance, industry and thrift are, after all, a very sure means—the most reliable means—of acquiring a fair share of this world's riches.

AN OVERSIGHT.

We owe an apology, which we now tender, to the editor of the *Barrie Gazette*. Referring in our last issue to a paragraph which had appeared in the *Barrie papers*, declaring a certain youth who had fallen on evil ways to be one of our lads, when such was not the case, we stated that the *Barrie Gazette* had omitted in its subsequent issue to correct its previous misstatement, although requested to do so. As a matter of fact, the correction did appear, and how we came to miss it we are at a loss to understand. We very much regret having attributed to the journal in question a measure of injustice not warranted by the facts.

CALLED AWAY.

Our friends will remember that our parties of last year contained a large contingent of wee laddies who were to be "boarded" in comfortable homes and under good foster-parents, amidst the beautiful scenery and invigorating atmosphere of Muskoka, so that by the time they were old enough to commence work as wage-earners they would have the advantage of being in perfect touch with the ways of the country. Among these little fellows none was brighter or happier than Robert Downham, who was placed under the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Hagan, of Lancelot. In the home of these good people Robert found himself very happy. They quickly gained his love, and in return bestowed upon their six-year-old charge a measure of affection and care that could not have been greater had he been their own child. About the middle of July Robert, up till then unusually vivacious and merry, became languid, and showed signs of being unwell. What appeared at first to be a severe bilious attack resisted the remedies which his foster-parents administered, and, well wrapped up, Robert was driven in to Huntsville to be examined by a physician. The medical man at once pronounced his condition serious, and advised Mr. and Mrs. Hagan to leave him in Huntsville that he might receive continuous medical attention. This was done. Mrs. Hagan herself sat up three nights nursing the little invalid, and every day drove in, or sent one of the family, to Huntsville (a distance of nine miles) to see how Robert was progressing. But in spite of all that medical science and loving hearts could do, little Robert died in a few days of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Mr. and Mrs. Hagan, when the end appeared near, requested that they be allowed to bury Robert in their own family grave. Unfortunately, it was impossible for his foster-parents to perform this last act of loving kindness for Robert; the intense heat rendered early interment necessary and there was not time to make arrangements for the transference of the body to the district in which Mr. Hagan's family grave was situated. So the mortal remains of our little friend were laid at rest in a pretty little cemetery on the borders of Huntsville. At the funeral were present Mr. Gaunt, Rev. Mr. Sieveright, who officiated, and a few other friends, including the nurse who had attended Robert at the hospital. Very early, indeed, did the Message come to Robert Downham, but we know that he is with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY,

(Continued from Page 3.)

last week; we could keep the machine going very well, and I myself looked after grain; thus far continuing to look after and think about and plan the whole of the work so as to get it all done to the best possible advantage. Very soon we get into dry grain, then there comes a cry from one of the men that he could not stand his job

and so would have to quit; well, I took his work and instructed him what to do with the grain. All goes well until noon (and by this time my clothes, if you could call them that, were wet from hat to shoe), when another man, outside this time, gives up his work on account of having to pitch the barley, in the straw, up some four feet onto a bridge, with the sun pouring down on him at about 90° of heat; so accordingly to keep men and machine at work, I change work again and let him come into the barn and I go onto the stack, and at the same time I have to think of all the work and consider which is most needed to be done; and see after it being done, and keep watch on the fruit, also to the marketing and picking of the same. Being at work this day from a quarter to five, and working with all my strength and will as well as brains, I concluded at 9 o'clock, after milking, that I had done the hardest day's work I had ever done in Canada.

Of course this only comes once in a while; the next day I only worked manually, about half a day hard. Good-bye, boys.

A BARN RAISING.

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 19½ Party, June, 1890.

About two o'clock in the afternoon there were about one hundred men on the scene. Two captains were selected and sides chosen, and soon the four bents were put together, and now is the time for the raising. The commander shouted, "Ready now, men. Yo, heave!" and with every shout the bent would rise a foot or more, until it was in an upright position, and being steadied by the rope that was previously fastened to it, it was stay-lashed and propped by a pike or two; it was then left and another raised in like manner until the second, third, and fourth were raised. Now came the race; the last bent was hardly upright before the main plate was upon it; men were up on the timbers like monkeys; all feeling of danger was lost in the excitement. Men were running to and fro like powder-monkeys on a man-of-war in time of action; some for a commander, others for nails; some for pins, others for chains, and the noise would almost deafen you.

First, the main plate was fixed in position, and the purloin posts were placed on the beams, and now the purloin plate is raised and laid along the beams, and fixed on to the posts; and now it is raised by four men behind, at the brace, and four men at the foot, and with help from the pikes it is brought to its place and pinned. And now the excitement is terrible, as there is only the rafters to put on, and the one that gets the rafters on first has won the race. One after another the rafters are drawn up, until the last one is in its place, and then with a terrible shout the victors toss their hats and leap in the excitement while the other side is finishing their part. And when finished there was a general rush for the supper tables, and justice was done to the tea and sandwiches, cakes, pies, and other good things which were very plentiful. There were almost as many ladies as men, and I suppose some of them enjoy the raising as much as the men do. After supper we had a football match, which was almost as exciting as the raising, and they also gave the ladies a chance to have a kick.

After the football match was over, men and women could be seen wending their way homewards, some going across the fields, and others who had come a long way were getting their horses ready for the drive home. And by a little after dark there were very few left, and everything became as quiet as usual.

But there stood the framework of the great barn, looking grand and majestic in the twilight.

Frank Beazley, Albert E. Young, and others whose contributions do not appear will understand that it is due to lack of space only.

For the first time in many months there is no paper from Will Howard. We are sorry for this, and trust William's customary contribution was not lost en route.

Topics for next month as well as list of Penny Books, will be found on page 3 of cover.



WE HAVE lately had put into our hands, by a friend to whom we feel much indebted, a printed letter written by Lady Aberdeen, who is well known as the wife of the present Governor-General of Canada. The letter is concerning the "Onward and Upward Association," of which she is President. Lady Aberdeen's name is well known as a friend and helper of young women, and we thought our girls would like to hear some remarks on the subject of *changing places* and other important matters. Lord Aberdeen himself is a friend to Dr. Barnardo's work, and we still have a remembrance of years ago, when the Village Home was yet in its infancy, being present when His Excellency laid the foundation stone of one of the cottages.

Let us lay to heart the wise counsel which this philanthropic lady, the Countess of Aberdeen, gives in the following extract from her paper:—

Speaking of those who belong to the far larger class of households where only two or three servants are kept and of those, engaged in farm service, what is the usual reason for "fitting"? A little more money perhaps? But is it worth while, for the sake of a little more money, to risk your chance of ever becoming a good servant—one whose services are valued and depended on, and whose advice is looked to as a help? Is it likely that the mistress or the upper servant will take interest in and teach a servant who is to leave again in six months or a year? And yet it is this very teaching and training that are needed, not only to make a good servant, but also a good wife and mother.

The servant who only takes a situation because she has to earn her living, and takes no interest in her work, and has no wish to learn how to do everything in the best possible way, is likely to change just for the mere love of change, not for any real advantage to herself; and there seems but little chance of her learning habits of thrift and economy, or of finding out the way of making a little go a long way; or of how a sickly appetite may be tempted even by homely fare, if it is nicely prepared and daintily served up; or of what to do in cases of sickness or sudden emergency; or what is the most likely way of bringing up children to be healthy men and women. No, all this will be learned by the young woman whose heart is in her work, who endeavours to pick up all the stray bits of knowledge that come in her way, and who does not leave her situation except for some really good and sufficient reason: and it will be this young woman who will be sought for in marriage by the sensible men, by the men who are worth marrying, for they know well enough that it is this sort of girl they must win, if their homes are to be cheery and comfortable, and if they are to have a true help-mate for themselves, and a true mother for their children. It would be a happy thing for this country if the girls would make up their minds not to change their places without a real reason, but would, as I said before, think more of what place they mean to go to when they first enter service. They should then decide where they would wish to be a servant, in what place they would be most likely to pros-

per, not only as to things concerning the body, but also with regard to the mind and spirit, and if they would ask God to guide them in this all-important step, then there would be a great change for the better. In all probability they would go to their situation with the determination to learn as much as they can, to spare no effort to please their employers, and would not lightly think of leaving if their mistresses were sufficiently satisfied to keep them.

I do not write all this lightly, or without thinking over the matter very seriously, and trying to put myself into your place. A servant must doubtless expect to meet many trials and vexations wherever she may be, and the first few months of living with new people must always be trying, whatever may be the position we may occupy; but it is also true that, when a servant has won the respect and the confidence of her employers, she is then in a position which is in many ways an enviable one.

We hear a great deal talked of the "honourable estate of service" and its dignity, and so on, and perhaps you are at times disposed to resent these designations being given to a sphere which you sometimes feel receives but scant honour from people in general, and one which you know is often looked down upon by many girls, some of them, perhaps, your own friends. It would be well, both for those who are servants, and for those who are not, to look into this matter a little more closely and to think for themselves where the honourableness of service

of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all." Only then it must be *service* in truth and deed, not only in name. And would it not transform service if a girl entered on her duties with the thought, not of "How shall I make myself comfortable here? How much can I get? How little can I do? How can I get rid of the disagreeable tasks?"; but of "How can I *serve* the household? What use can I be here? How can I oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so as to avoid jars and rubs, and help to make everything work more smoothly?" Then all the work and toil would only give occasion for true heart-service, following our Lord's example when He describes Himself: "I am amongst you as one that serveth." Every daily duty would thus be invested with a fresh interest, and every chance of being helpful would come as a God-given opportunity of treading in the Master's footsteps. Such service is very certain of its reward; it brings happiness and contentment to the doer of it at the present time, and wins for her true love and respect and friendship from those amongst whom she lives. Beware how many of you esteem rightly a calling which gives so much scope for that personal serving of others which is the most divine work to which we can put our hands on earth; and beware, too, of degrading that calling by acting in it in no way as true servants, but merely in the lower attitude of wage-earners. I have not spoken of bad places where good service is taken advantage of, or where there are influences which are harmful to body, mind and soul alike, and where you should *not* stay. There are such, and we certainly do not want to give you certificates for remaining a long period of years in those places; but we think that girls are not generally slow to make complaint in such cases, and even where things seem to be wrong, it is well not to judge hastily and to consider the matter very carefully both by yourself and with your best friends, and in prayer with God before you decide on a change.

And now, before I close, I must mention one matter which our Association has very much at heart, and in which they very anxiously desire the assistance of those who join as Associates. As I have told you already, Associates are all girls and women who are earning their own living in one way or another, and we know that but few of these can gain any experience of life without knowing that there is much temptation to wrong doing and wrong speaking in every walk of life, and that often a great deal of foolish light, improper conversation and behaviour goes on amongst young people, which, if indulged in, leads but too frequently to doings which mar and blight whole lives. In asking you to join this Association we are especially asking you to take your stand against all that leads to impurity in every form and shape,

knowing, as we do, the fearful havoc that this foe of mankind is working in our country, and knowing, too, that the women of the country are in great measure responsible for this havoc. We make no rule of exclusion in this Association; *all* are invited to join who desire to aim at being something better and nobler than they now are, but we have no desire to hide our colours. Our chief end and aim is to raise our whole standard of life, in every point, up to that put before us by our blessed Lord and Master, and to make our ideal nothing less than to be conformed unto His image. If this ideal be adopted, how does the moral standard commonly accepted by the men and women in this country, compare with the standard of Jesus Christ; and how can we rectify it? We think we can do something by banding ourselves together to raise the women of our land in all respects, materially, mentally, morally, spiritually. Will you help? Will you remember to aim at keeping our rules?—"to live a life of temperance, truthfulness, purity and love"? "to guard your tongue from all scandalous and improper conversation"? and "to avoid bad company and bad books and papers"? Will you remember the motto of the Association is "Onward and Upward," and to endeavour to lead others "onward and upward" too? And will you, accordingly, refrain from flirting, and from foolish conversation and light ways, with men for whom you have no respect, but whose advances you are tempted to encourage simply because you are flattered



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

lies. And, first, let us remember that the greatness and the welfare of the nation depends on its being built on a foundation of happy homes, and the happiness of home depends in a large measure on the household arrangements being well ordered and carried out, and on the bodily health and comfort of the inmates being properly attended to, and also on all these duties being performed with cheerfulness and goodwill, besides love and tenderness towards the children of the home. It is on the *servants* of the household that all these duties fall, and without their willing co-operation the mistress cannot make the home what it should be—a haven from which strong and bright men and women go forth to serve their God and country.

And secondly, remember that to be a good servant requires both natural aptitude and much training and experience. It is by no means a possession which anyone can turn to, and at once be able to do all that is required. That, unfortunately, is the view taken of it by many people, and that seems to be one of the many reasons why it is so lightly regarded. We trust that, as education advances, a truer estimate of what is required in order to be proficient in domestic service and household knowledge will prevail, and that in the higher education of women an honourable place will be found for these subjects.

And, lastly, let us remember Him who tells us that service is the highest of all positions; that "Whosoever

by their attentions or empty compliments? Will you remember that, if ever you are married, much of your happiness as a wife will depend on your having, as a girl, been true and faithful, never trifling with so sacred a thing as love, nor allowing your ideal of it and of marriage to be lowered by its becoming a subject of chaff and of rude jokes?

We know there is full and free forgiveness for all who have fallen, and we know the sore temptations under which many have fallen, and we know, too, how some of those who have realized the bitterness of that fall, and of subsequent repentance, can help towards our work as, perchance, none others can. Yet, at the same time, we cannot abate a jot or tittle from what must be our sole ideal of what makes a pure and holy marriage. And such a marriage is only possible to two who have learnt to love and trust one another, and who have respected one another and been faithful to one another before marriage, and who then go forth under God's blessing together to found yet another home where peace and happiness and purity shall abound, because *His* name will be hallowed there, and *His* will will be the rule of the house. This is the only union which is worthy of the name of "marriage," and we beseech you so to live now that you may be prepared for so blessed a future, if it be God's will to grant it you; but in any case, whether single or married, allow none to rob you of your ideal of what true marriage should be, nor do you rob any one else of theirs, by forgetting the power of a woman's influence for good or for evil in every word, and look, and act.

HELPERS OR HINDERERS WHICH?

WE HAVE lately had an example of how much a girl can help on our work. A lady writes, applying for a girl, apparently because she had seen Daisy Rodwell, the subject of the accompanying photo. Daisy only came out to Canada last year, and this little incident speaks well for her. It has set us thinking what a help a *good* girl may be in our work; and, not only that, but in helping *us*, for, especially about the time of the arrival of a new party, we are glad to get fresh applications for our girls.



DAISY RODWELL.

Daisy Rodwell only came out to Canada last year. Miss Gibbs recently visited her and reports:

"Daisy, I found very happy, evidently trying with a good heart to do well. Her mistress finds no fault with her; Mr. and Mrs. Jeans both seem to think well of the girl."

* *

Of some other girls whom Miss Gibbs visited when on the same trip in the neighbourhood of St. Catharines and Welland, there are pleasant things to record. First, we hear of Clarice Houston (1885 party):

"As usual, there was nothing but good said of Clarice; she seems a thoroughly good girl."

And later on we read that Clarice has joined the church.

* *

Annie Marks (1893 party):

"Dr. and Mrs. Schooley had everything to say in her favour, and Annie herself is quite happy, and, although not a very strong girl, keeps in very good health.

Every kind consideration seems to have been shown her in this respect, and great care exercised not to overwork her."

* *

Gracie Crisp, age 13 (1892 party):

"Found Gracie very bright and happy; she seems to be well cared for."

We also find that the mistress

"had much to say in Gracie's favour, and finds her a good worker and so willing to do all she can; and, above all, Gracie loves the baby, their only child."

We hope these examples will be a help in stimulating other girls to go and do likewise.

* *

Of Ellen Duckett, too, Miss Gibbs brings a good report and says:

"She is surrounded with Christian influences to help her, and seems quite happy in her good home."

* *

Lizzie Trott (1884 party). Lizzie is a friend of old days now, and it is reported of her:

"Lizzie is said to be a thoroughly good, trustworthy girl."

Also,

"Lizzie is always glad to see a visitor from the Home, and is not ashamed to be known as a Home girl."

Again we bring up our old quotation:

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

* *

A good character will work its way anywhere, and will only bring credit to its owner and to her family and to any institution with which she may have been connected

ARRIVAL OF A PARTY OF GIRLS.

Certainly Canada gave a warm welcome to our new arrivals from a weather point of view, for it was on one of those intensely hot days, August 9th, when our party of one hundred lasses arrived at Hazel Brae. After sea breezes and icebergs, it must have been no small change, indeed, to the intense heat of that day, but the Old Country constitutions seemed to stand it, nevertheless. The shade thrown by the trees in the beautiful meadow at Hazel Brae formed a very welcome shelter, as the girls sat about and rested after their long journey. Several have now gone out to their new homes, but there are still some left, ready to go out.

We have already had some pleasant notices of the arrivals of some of these girls. For instance, one lady writes of her girl:

"We all like her face very much, and she is so bright and quick. I do hope she will be a good child, and we will try and help her all we can and make her home as pleasant as possible. Many thanks for the trouble you have taken for us."

Another lady says:

"Sarah arrived here safely last evening. From her appearance, and judging from the short time only I have seen her, I thank you for sending her to me."

From another lady:

"Thank you for sending me such a nice, willing girl. I am much pleased with her willing manners, and will, no doubt find her a great help after she learns how we do our work. She does her work so nice and clean, I am more than happy with your choice. Of course everything is new to her, but she seems so happy, and she says things are so much nicer than she had ever hoped for. . . . I hope she will get on all right, and have no doubt she will, if she continues as she has commenced."

The following, from a gentleman:

"Beatrice Y. arrived Saturday all O.K., and will say that we are well pleased with her so far."

Here is something received from one of our newly arrived girls, who has gone to Simcoe:

"I now take the greatest pleasure in thanking you very much for the nice place you got me. I have such a kind mistress and master; they are very kind to me. . . . I am sure some more girls would like to come to Canada; I never thought it was so nice."

We have tried to use great care in selecting some of these girls for our applicant friends for it is a responsibility almost as great, perhaps, as selecting a wife for another person! We could almost wish we had some knowledge of phrenology, or even the gift of peering into futurity; but, at any rate, we earnestly hope our girls will be a success where they go.

We have had some pleasant visits during this month of August. On Saturday, the 8th, Alice Bolton came down from Toronto to see us, and on Monday Flora Watson from the same place, as well as Emily and Annie Addison from Prince



Albert. It was the first time we had seen Emily and Annie since the year 1892, when they first came out to Canada. They have been in the same home ever since, and so enjoyed a well-earned holiday. Alice and Flora, too, were welcome guests; it was the first time we had seen them here during the six years we have been in Canada, which is an eloquent fact. It was very pleasant, meeting all these thoroughly nice, respectable looking girls. A visit under such circumstances is pleasing, indeed. In the evening some of us strayed down to the banks of our pretty Peterborough river, the Otonabee, and sat there in the twilight and had a most enjoyable time singing hymns, for we seemed to have lighted on a party of sweet singers.

Here is a photograph of a group of three of our girls, which makes quite a nice picture for our paper. Alice Boulton is the one sitting down, lifting a cup to her mouth—"the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Her sister Edith is sitting next to her, and Agnes Cutler is the third figure standing up.

A clergyman, to whom we sent our magazine, writes:

"I received your paper, UPS AND DOWNS, and think it most interesting, bright and useful. Go on and prosper."

We thank him for his kind notice of our paper.

* *

We think some girls might like to take advantage of the penny series of books without having as many as six. One single copy will be forwarded on receipt of five cents. Of course it is a good deal dearer this way, but some may prefer it.

* *

Any girls wishing to become subscribers to UPS AND DOWNS, just write and say so, enclosing twenty-five cents. The paper will then be

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

crowded into the electric cars; and then such a picturesque ride as we had, along deep ravines at the foot of which flowed the pretty river, the banks covered with a luxurious growth of trees, plants, ferns, flowers, etc.; on the other side peach orchards, the trees just loaded with that delicious fruit.

The Whirlpool was the first thing to cause excitement. The car stopped and we looked for a time at the seething, boiling, raging pool, wondering what could cause such a disturbance; then on, the scenery growing more and more beautiful, until the ride ended at the wonder of wonders—Niagara Falls. I have never read and could not give a description of the Falls which would convey to anyone who has not seen them, anything like a real idea of their grandeur and magnificence; but just imagine, the Horse Shoe Falls are 2,000 feet wide and fall from Lake Erie level 158 feet into the river below, sending up a fine white spray or mist, which fell upon us like gentle rains; the American Falls are straight and are 900 feet wide and 164 feet deep. As I looked up on this wonderful work of the Great Creator, I wondered how anyone could fail to see God's hand in it. In the afternoon we crossed the beautiful new Suspension Bridge to the American side, and explored Goat Island and the Three Sister Islands. All of them are very pretty, and at various points one could have a grand view of the Falls, river and lake, and at each point of vantage see some new beauty. But the time came, all too quickly, when we must say farewell to grand old Niagara, with its curiosities, its legends, its historic surroundings and places of interest, and start for home. And now I look back upon that day as one of the pleasantest I have spent in Canada.

* *

AN ACCOUNT OF A PLEASANT DAY YOU HAVE SPENT IN CANADA.

DAISY PEREIRA, Toronto. Aged 13.

Our Sunday-school picnic took place on the 30th of June, at Centre Island. We sailed from the wharf at half-past two, on board the steamer "Primrose," and had quite a delightful trip. When we arrived at the Island the Sunday-school teachers and other ladies and gentlemen arranged games for us, such as croquet, baseball and many other amusements, and then at five o'clock we had tea. The parents and friends of the children had sent cake and bread and butter, so that we enjoyed a bountiful repast. After we had finished, the teachers and others sat down to their tea while we went on with our games. After everything had been cleared away we ran races, and the winners received bags of candy. When we were tired of races we played at "Rachel and Jacob" and to those who had never played this before it was very interesting. After that we played two's and three's, and this was also very exciting. It was now time to start, and we all went home well pleased with our pleasant day's outing.

* *

A VISIT TO HAZELBRAE.

LIZZIE ADAMS. Age 19. Oct. '92 party.

AN ACCOUNT OF ANNIE KANE'S AND LIZZIE ADAMS' PLEASANT VISIT AT HAZELBRAE.

When we arrived at Hazelbrae, we found everything looking its very best, but we found things went on as usual as when we were there four years ago. We spent our first two or three days out in the orchard, gathering gooseberries, currants and fruit of all kinds. The Church Sunday-school had their annual picnic on July the 9th. Miss Elvin, Annie and I went. We left at half-past seven in the pouring rain and in rather low spirits, to sail over the Otonabee river for Idyle Wild, on the boat called the "City of Peterboro," not thinking we were going to have such a happy and interesting day. There was also another boat going there called the "North Star." We started first, but the "North Star" overtook us, so then they were there to welcome us when we arrived. They were very nice boats, but they don't come up to the Hamilton and Toronto boats. The rain just ceased before we got off the boats, and that was before 12. We thought of that old saying, "rain before seven, it will clear before eleven," and so it did. The first thing we did was to sit in the Park under an acorn tree, and we all partook of Miss Elvin's delicate provision basket. After that we

went down at the water's edge and gathered shells; then we went for a long walk and rested for awhile, and had lemonade and cake, which was so refreshing. There was also roundabouts there, and men taking tintypes, they also took one of the whole school. We gathered a nice lot of water lilies, which is one of my favourite flowers. We had great fun and enjoyed everything so much more than we can express. Those that have experienced it can only imagine all the fun we had. We left Idyle Wild at four o'clock, and had a most enjoyable trip home. We arrived at Hazelbrae about nine, feeling very tired and ready for bed.

On Saturday, July 11, Miss Elvin took ten of us girls for a lovely walk to Quarry Park. We gathered some lovely flowers for the Infirmary, for the benefit of the two sick girls, which they are always glad to have. We also went for walks with Miss Loveday. She took us down by the river one night when the moon was shining on the water, and it was just lovely. On Sunday we went to church with Miss Loveday and Miss Gibbs; we also went to Sunday school with Miss Elvin, and enjoyed the meetings very much. Annie Kane left for her home in Toronto on July 13th, but I stayed till the 21st; Annie left at 5 p.m., and I left at 6.30 a.m., after a very refreshing and enjoyable visit. We both feel very much more like work now after such a long two weeks of fresh air. I don't think we will ever forget those two happy weeks. I would like to see all the other girls have such a holiday too.

On July 20th Miss Elvin and ten of us girls went to Inverlea Park at 3 o'clock and stayed till nearly 9. Some of us went in bathing; we were in the water most of the afternoon. Then we had a delicious tea in the park; we scrambled for apples; then we got possession of a raft, we got on and went for a sail—Oh! it was such fun! Then Miss Pine and Miss Gibbs came down and had games with us in the park. We found some wheat that had been set on fire by lightning; I brought some home as a relic and a remembrance of that happy day. On my way home from Peterboro' I saw the circus. I came over from Toronto to Hamilton by boat, and I had a most glorious sail. The water was just like glass and so cool, I never enjoyed it more. I arrived about 2.30 and got a very bright welcome home again. The day after I came home, I and the whole family went over to Rock Bay View and the beach in row boats for dinner and tea. We put in a lovely day, so I began well as soon as I got home.

I intend to have my photo taken soon, when I will send it for UPS AND DOWNS, and then you will know who is writing. The boys are doing splendid for their part of UPS AND DOWNS, and I think we girls should try and get ahead of them. I have asked my brother to put in something; I think he will too. I think my account is rather long so I must stop now, hoping you will not tire reading it.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

In the "Mutual Improvement Society," in the August number of UPS AND DOWNS, we observe the following remark quoted from Pryde: "Before you begin to peruse a book, know something about the author." Uncle Tom's Cabin is one of the penny books, and our girls may be reading it. It may, therefore, be of interest to give here the following quotation from the August number of the *Review of Reviews*:

Mrs. Stowe was always the first to deny that the great triumph of the book came as a result of its literary art. Indeed, she went further, and with almost mystical literalness insisted that she herself was not the author of the story, but that it was imposed upon her. In her introduction to the illustrated edition, she says: "The story might less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. The book insisted upon getting itself into being and would take no denial." Mrs. Annie Fields tells a story which shows how this idea maintained its force with Mrs. Stowe, even when almost all other ideas had left the poor tired brain. "The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion. Late in life (when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind) she was accosted, I was told, in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening by a good old retired sea captain who was her neighbour for the time. 'When I was younger,' said he respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke 'I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it.' 'I did not write it,' answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand. 'You didn't?' he ejaculated in amazement. 'Why, who did, then?' 'God wrote it,' she replied simply. 'I merely did His dictation.' 'Amen,' said the captain reverently, as he walked thoughtfully away."

SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

IN connection with our Scripture Union portions for September 1st and 2nd, which speak of the Good Shepherd, we are publishing the following simple and strikingly beautiful lines, which, it is interesting to notice, were said to be found in the pocket of a priest many years ago. Priest or layman, Catholic or Protestant, to all responsive hearts, how blessed is the call of the Shepherd!

I was wandering and weary,
When the Shepherd came unto me,
For the paths of sin were dreary
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along the way,
"Wandering souls, O do come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true!"

At first I would not hearken,
But put off till the morrow,
Till the time began to darken
And I was sick with sorrow.
And I thought I heard Him say, etc.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could ne'er deceive me,
I saw His kind eye glisten—
So anxious to relieve me—
And I thought I heard Him say, etc.

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love grow bolder
And said how He had missed me,
And I *knew* I heard Him say, etc.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon
And its light and heat go through me.
And I always hear Him say,
As He goes along the way,
"Wandering souls, O do keep near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true!"

We have seen these lines in print, but as we are trusting now to memory, hope that any possible slight error may be overlooked.

* *

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

We have received answers from Agnes Cutler, Maria Spencer, Annie Addison and Gertrude Francis. Below are given the correct answers:

1. The first, second and third epistles of St. John. Revelations.
2. Mary, Mother of St. John the Divine; Elizabeth, of John the Baptist.
3. Turning water into wine.
4. John 7: 50; John 19: 39.
5. Fifteen; Word, Life, Light, Jesus Christ, The Christ, Only Begotten Son, The Lord, Lamb of God, Son of God, Jesus, Rabbi, Messias, Jesus of Nazareth, King of Israel, Son of Man.
6. John 2: 19.
7. John 3: 14.

Portions for September: John x. 1 to 21. 25 (see cards).

* *

SCRIPTURE UNION QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Give one or two Old Testament references where Christ is called Shepherd.
2. What high commendation is given to Mary, the sister of Lazarus, in another of the Bible gospels (not John)? Give reference.
3. What had Christ done in the past for Mary Magdalene, who went early to the sepulchre?
4. What brought Peter back to a right state of heart after denying his Master? See Luke.
5. How many and which Old Testament prophecies were fulfilled in John 19?

UPS AND DOWNS.

IN LEISURE HOURS.

PUZZLES.

Answers to last month—Beheaded words: 1, chair; 2, plate. Buried girl's names: Ellen, Amy, Joan, Olive, Eva, Edna.

Agnes Cutler, Maria Spencer, Gertrude Francis, Annie Addison, Emily Addes, Daisy Pereira have all sent answers to August puzzles. Lily Maryon sent in some answers for the Bible questions, but too late.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

Come, let us look at it closely—

It's a very ugly word,
And one that makes me shudder
Whenever it is heard.

It mayn't be always wicked,
It must be always bad,
And speaks of sin and suffering
Enough to make one mad.

They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true,
And then they decompose it,
Which, of course, they're free to do.

If—of the dozen letters—
We take off the first three,
We have, then, nine remaining
As sad as sad can be!

For tho' it seems to make it less,
In fact, it makes it more,
For it takes the brute creation in,
Which was left out before.

Let's try if we can't mend it;
'Tis possible we may,
If only we divide it
In some new-fashioned way.

Instead of three and nine,
Let's make it four and eight;
You'll say it makes no difference,
At least, not very great.

But only see the consequence—
That's all that need be done
To change this mass of sadness
To unmitigated fun.

It clears off swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie-knives,
And all the horrid weapons
By which men lose their lives:

It wakens sweeter voices,
And now joyfully are heard
The native sound of gladness
Compress'd into one word.

Yes! four and eight, my friends,
Let that be yours and mine,
Tho' the whole host of demons
Delight in three and nine!

LIST OF GIRLS, AUGUST PARTY, 1896.

Attwood, Agnes.	Jones, Mary.
Ackerman, Kate.	Jago, Maud.
Agar, Emma.	Just, Daisy.
Allan, Florence.	Kellett, Alice Maud Mary.
Allan, Edith.	Kirkby, Lydia.
Aldridge, Lillian Louisa.	Lawrence, Alice.
Anderson, Bertha.	Lovell, Sarah Jane.
Ball, Lily.	Musto, Emily.
Bickerstaff, Annie.	Madden, Lillian.
Bowen, Margaret.	Madden, Daisy.
Bishop, Elizabeth Alice.	Mackey, Louisa Ann.
Bowers, Ellen Louisa.	Millons, Esther.
Bowers, Catherine.	Naylor, Fanny.
Brooks, Annie.	Newton, Sarah Ann.
Bird, May.	Oliver, Florence.
Berry, Elizabeth.	O'Brien, Ellen.
Brian, Amelia.	Plear, Elizabeth.
Buck, Margaret.	Prime, Martha.
Buck, Eliza.	Prime, Maria.

Beall, Lily.	Peterson, Mary.
Beall, Rose.	Parsons, Alice Mary.
Careis, Maria.	Parsons, Grace Daisy.
Clay, Alice.	Perrin, Hannah.
Carmody, Mary.	Reddy, Mabel.
Cornelius, Sabina Ann Lily.	Roberts, Gertrude Isabel.
Corry, Ada.	Strong, Catherine.
Curtis, Florence.	Strong, Mary.
Donovan, Elizabeth.	Stokes, Alice.
Eades, Maude.	Spencer, Mary.
Ford, Alice.	Sewell, Isabella.
Ford, Susan Jane.	Shaw, Alice.
Freiberg, Sarah.	Simmonds, Caroline Emily.
Fox, Rosina Ophelia.	Sheriff, Julia.
Graham, Sarah.	Sheriff, Elizabeth.
Green, Mabel.	Sheriff, Ellen.
Griffiths, Martha.	Sutton, Emily.
Griffiths, Annie.	Tugnutt, Ann.
Hayward, Lucy Nellie.	Tozer, Thirza.
Hughes, Florence Jane.	Wall, Caroline.
Hughes, Mary Ann.	Weller, Ellen.
Hastie, Isabella.	White, Lillian Ruth.
Hodgson, Elizabeth.	Webb, Elizabeth.
Harris, Ada Rebecca.	Walker, Lillie.
Hayton, Mary Elizabeth.	Walker, Alice Maud Mary.
Hopkins, Violet.	Whelan, Catherine. [Tolbot.
Hornblower, Annie.	Whelan, Louisa.
Hornblower, Catherine.	Woodcock, Alice Martha.
Hedge, Amy.	Wood, Gertrude Eliza.
Jays, Grace Edith.	Yeates, Beatrice.
Jacobs, Amelia.	Yeby, Annie.

to write a letter or make any remarks do so on separate paper.

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* *

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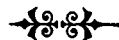
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