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UPS AND DOWNS

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

VOL. II.—No. 6.

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Christmas Customs = and Superstitions

—By
—Elizabeth Ferguson Scot,
—In Lippincott's Magazine.

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale!
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."
—SCOTT.

CROWDING in the train of Old Christmas are customs and superstitions that have endured since the pagan Briton worshipped under his oak tree, and the hardy Saxon feasted in honor of Thor, or the Roman broke forth in wildest orgies during the Saturnalia.

The Yule-tide transports us to the cherished feast of the Teutonic races, when Freyer, or Fro, the sun-god, awoke and lighted up his wheel once more.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors sang to the Christmas boar-head, just as did the valiant Norsemen. Just why the boar's head was the dish of honour at this midwinter feast is hard to determine; might it not be because it was a boar that drew Freyer's ship, Skidbladnir, over the woods and meadows, making light all the dark places by his golden bristles?

The Romans held a feast at this season in honour of the birth of Mithras and the return of the sun with life-giving rays.

The Saxons called their midwinter feast Mother Night, parent of all other nights, also Yule. The midwinter feast, wherever celebrated, was distinguished by excessive revelry, feasting, etc.

The Christianization of the pagan resulted in the engrafting of his customs on the Christian celebration, frequently quite obscuring its holier significance.

When Pope Gregory sent Saint Augustine to convert Saxon England, he directed him to accommodate, as far as possible, Christian to heathen ceremonies, that the people might not be startled, and in particular he advised him to allow them on certain festivals to kill and eat a great number of oxen to the glory of God the Father, as they had formerly done in honor of the devil.

On the Christmas next after his arrival he baptized many thousands, and permitted the usual celebration, only prohibiting the intermingling of Christians and pagans in the dances. From these early pagan-Christian ceremonies are derived many English holiday customs.

* * *

The custom of decorating the houses with evergreens is very ancient. The Jews practised it in the Feast of Tabernacles, a feast very like our Christmas.

The world-tree, Yggdrasil, of the Scandinavians, was an evergreen, stretching its branches to the uttermost parts of the earth, its topmost boughs to heaven, its roots to hell.

The green of the pagan and ancient Jewish festivals seems most appropriate at the feast in honour of "the one whose name is the Branch."

The favourite evergreens of the Saxons were ivy, holly, bays.

"Whosoever against holly do cry
In a rope shall be hung full high,
Allelulia!

Get ivy and hull (holly), woman, deck up thine house."

Aubrey cites a curious custom of Oxfordshire. The maid-servant was wont to ask the man for ivy to trim the house, and if he refused,

or neglected it, a pair of his breeches were stolen and nailed upon the gateway.

The holly was the most prized of all the evergreens. Dr. Turner calls it holy and holy-tree.

* * *

The mistletoe also belongs to Christmas. Its very mention carries one back past the Druids to Æneas, who could descend to Avernus only if he bore to Proserpine the "golden-rayed plant." With what eagerness he sought its hiding-place "among the dark foliage of the two-fold tree!" With what joy he plucked it, his open sesame to the infernal regions!

What pictures it recalls of ancient Druids going in solemn procession for the annual cutting on the sixth day of the moon nearest the New Year, the officiating priest, clad in white robes, bearing a golden sickle with which to detach the plant, which was reverently received on a white cloth. To add to the solemnity, bulls, and even human victims, were offered in its honour.

It was supposed to keep away the witches, and the people accordingly paid the Druids handsomely for a bit of the precious plant to hang about the neck for a charm. There is an old superstition that holding the mistletoe in the hand will not only enable a person to see ghosts, but will force them to speak to him. Vallance says it was held sacred because its berries grew in clusters of three. It has changed its mystic power with respect to witches, for one standing to-day under its golden green has drawn to her kisses, one for every leaf.

It has not been a great number of years since one might have seen, in certain sections of the United States, children and young people circling about the hearthstone where the mistletoe was to tell somebody's fortune. Two leaves were placed upon the stone in front of the blazing fire, and any one desiring to know if he or she was loved had but to name the leaves for himself and his beloved. This he might do privately, and thus spare his feelings if the fortune was adverse. When the leaves began to shrivel under the influence of the heat, they moved or "jumped" as chanced, either farther apart or nearer together. Then it was the old story of the marguerites over again, "He loves me, he loves me not."

Kissing beneath the mistletoe dates from the Druids. According to tradition, the maid not kissed beneath the mistletoe at Christmas goes husbandless another year.

* * *

One of the most delightful and important of the Christmas ceremonies was the bringing in of the Yule-log. According to an English writer, this was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of a tree.

A pleasant picture this of the Yule-log being drawn through the forest with shouting and laughter, while each wayfarer reverently salutes it, since he knows it to be full of good promises and that in its flames will be burnt out old wrongs and heartburnings. As it comes into the great hall, the living-room of the old castle, each member of the family sits upon or salutes it in turn, and sings a Yule-song, after which all drink to a Merry Christmas and a Happy

New Year. A favourite Yule-song began with,—

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome yule."

Those tending the Yule-log were careful to bear in mind,—

"Pat must be kept wherewith to teende
The Christmas log next yeare,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there."

The chief crown of the festival was the was-sail bowl. There is a story that the first wassail in England was offered by Rowena, daughter of Hengist, to the British king Vortigern, with the salute, "Lord King, wassheil" to which he responded, "Drinc heil," and saluted her. The sequel to this story is the marriage of Rowena to the British king.

The worshippers of Thor and Odin drank largely to their gods, and when converted drank as generously to the Virgin, apostles, and saints, by and by honouring in their potations one another: thus drinking healths originated.

Mention is made in Shakespeare's plays of "wassel." In Hamlet, the king "takes his rouse, keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels,"—a custom which, Hamlet scornfully observes, is "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

* * *

The Britons were justly celebrated both for their capacity for drinks and for their skill in originating them. The early drinks were wine, mead, cider, ale, pigment, clarre, and hippocras. Ale was especially esteemed.

"The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drinks when it is stale."

The jolly, wandering musicians confidently expected a black-jack of ale and a Christmas pie

A remnant of the English wassail seems to have drifted to us in the Christmas eggnog. Not more than two decades ago, the mistress of many an American and Canadian home was wont to rise before daybreak and with the help of her maids prepare a huge bowl of eggnog, of which each member of the family drank, servants as well, and to which each chance guest of the Christmas morn was invited.

Not many years ago, the entire Christmas week was generally considered a period of feasting and revelry in many parts of the country, although never extending to Twelfth Night, as in England since the days of King Alfred.

* * *

There are many superstitions connected with the coming of Christmas itself. To the cock has, from time immemorial, been attributed unwonted energy and sagacity at that season. Even now it is common to hear one say, when he is heard crowing in the stillness of the November and December nights, "The cock is crowing for Christmas." He is supposed to do this for the purpose of scaring off the evil spirits from the holy season.

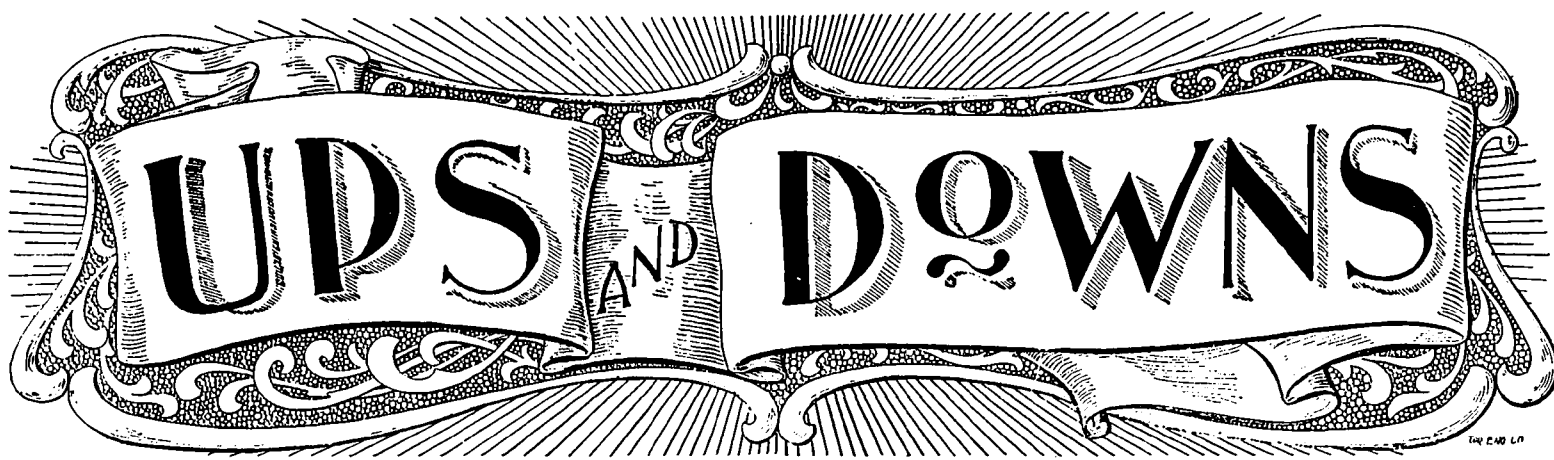
The bees were said to sing, the cattle to kneel, in honour of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angel to the shepherds

Howison, in his Sketches of Upper Canada, relates that on one moonlit Christmas eve he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods. In response to an inquiry, he said, "Me watch to see deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

An English writer says that two countrymen who watched the cattle in the barns reported that two only knelt, but they fell upon their knees with a groan almost human. They were much angered that he received this story with incredulity.

(Concluded on Page 3 of Cover.)

SUPPLEMENT



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

VOL. II.—No. 6.

TORONTO, JANUARY 1ST, 1897.

PRICE PER YEAR, 25 CENTS.
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Christmas Day

A COMPLETE STORY
Written Specially for UPS AND DOWNS

On an Iceberg

By W. C. METCALFE, author of "Nailing His Colors or the Light that Shines," "Steady Your Helm, or Stowed Away," "Undaunted, a Tale of the Solomon Islands," "Aboveboard, a Tale of Adventure on the Sea," and of other well known books devoted to life afloat.

YOU can run your easting down on any parallel of latitude you like, Captain M—; only do your best to make as quick a passage out to Melbourne as you can, that's all we want."

These were the parting words spoken to me by the managing owner in the firm of H— Bros., before I left to join my ship at Gravesend *en route* to Australia. I was a young man then and had only completed one voyage as commander of the *Smiling Morn*, and like most young skippers I was very anxious to do justice to the sailing powers of the ship placed under my charge. The owner's words were spoken in answer to a question I had put to him whether he had any objection to my sailing the ship in high latitudes—a question which I had felt myself called upon to ask for more reasons than one, the principal being that his own daughter Marion was to go to Melbourne in the ship, and to sail the ship in high latitudes would mean to experience colder weather and a little more discomfort than might otherwise be expected, and for his own daughter's sake I thought that the wealthy shipowner might very reasonably have objected.

But I was mistaken, no such consideration crossed his mind. A rapid passage was all that he required, and I left the office free to run the easting down on any parallel of latitude I chose. It was a bright afternoon in August when the *Smiling Morn* was unshackled from the buoy off Gravesend, and, under tow of the small steam-tug, proceeded down the river. A brisk northerly wind was blowing, and with all fore and aft canvas set the vessel was making good way round the different bends and reaches, and being in remarkably good trim I was confidently hoping she would make a good run out to Australia. Of my ship I felt remarkably proud, and not without good reason, for she was one of the most beautiful as well as the fastest in the Melbourne trade, and with three good officers and a stout, able crew, I flattered myself that we could hold our own with any

ship sailing out of the United Kingdom. In the hurry and bustle of getting the ship under way, I had no time to notice what my fair young passenger was doing until, during a few minutes' relaxation, I observed her standing alongside of her chaperone—a stout, middle-aged spinster lady, who had formerly been her governess—looking over the poop-rail with evident interest at the different passing objects. As she stood thus, her slight, girlish form in clear relief against the grey waters of the river, and ever and anon turning her pretty smiling face round to note what was passing on the other side of the ship, I thought she was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen. But she was my employer's daughter and in a measure under my care, and it was not for me to think too much about her.

The days and weeks glided by without any event of any note having occurred, unless it was that I had found the person and manners of my fair young passenger so betwitching as to intrude into nearly every thought and deed, making me at times to feel very dissatisfied with my position and prospects. How foolish it was of me to think of Marion Hunter in any other light than as a young lady passenger. We had passed the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, and I was edging the ship away to the southward intending to fetch the parallel of 48 degrees and sail due east until we had come to the meridian of about 100 E. The weather for the last few days had been stormy, but the winds favourable, and the ship having so far made a rattling passage, I felt in high spirits.

"How cold it is, Captain M—," remarked Marion Hunter one morning, her pretty face just emerging from the companion.

"Yes," I replied, "but we must expect it to be so down here in these latitudes. Miss Hunter, would you like to take my arm for a little walk up and down the deck; it will make you warm," I suggested, modestly. "Oh, yes

indeed, thank you, Captain." She assented with almost childish delight, and placing her little hand through my arm we were soon walking briskly up and down the deck, my companion asking me many questions in her pretty, girlish manner. "Will it be colder than it is now, Captain?" was one, with a pretty attempt at a shiver. "Yes," I replied; "we have another two degrees to go to the south'ard yet, and when the southerly wind blows, you—but hulloa!" I broke off; "what's the meaning of all this?" and, leading my fair companion, I turned to the rail and looked at what appeared to be a thick bank of fog coming rapidly up from the south-east, and at the same time felt a very perceptible increase of cold. I told the mate to take the temperature of the water. He did so, it had fallen.

"What is it, Captain?" queried Miss Hunter, who was viewing my actions with apparent great interest.

"Oh," I replied very indifferently, "we are getting near ice, Miss Hunter; that's all. Shall we resume our walk?"

She smilingly assented, and, as we walked up and down, plied me with many questions about ice and icebergs.

"I hope we shall not get too near one of these great icebergs that one reads about," she remarked gaily; "but I should so like to see one from a safe distance." Ah, how little did we then think how soon this wish was to be gratified.

"They are very beautiful indeed," I remarked, as in my mind's eye I pictured those I had seen before; "but," I added, "I would prefer not to see any at all."

The fog had now enveloped the ship and I gave orders to clew the top-gallant sails up and to post a look-out on the foretopsail yard and took other precautionary measures. Then the wind drew ahead and the ship broke three points off her course, and I braced the yards sharp up.

Since the fog enveloped the ship, Miss Hunter had gone below and I was left to my own thoughts and speculations. But not for long. The sharp clear voice of the third officer from the foretopsail yard shouting out, "Berg right ahead, sir! Starboard! starboard!" broke the train of thought I was indulging in and called for immediate attention.

"Helm up!" I roared to the man at the wheel, and the ship payed off from the wind.

"All clear now, sir," came the voice from the topsail yard, and "Steady your helm" from my own lips.

"There's the berg, sir!" exclaimed the chief

officer who had now come up. "What a whopper!" he added.

It was a "whopper," and as I viewed it looming so largely through the white fog, I felt deeply grateful that it had been seen in time to avoid a collision with it. The appearance of this berg had now kindled my anxiety to such an extent that I dared not to leave the deck, expecting every moment to hear another hail from the look-out. It came. A berg was reported on the port bow, to which I buffed a little. Then another was reported right ahead and it seemed very clear to me that we had got into a cluster of these dangerous floating objects.

I felt a hand on my arm whilst straining my eyes ahead of the ship, and, turning round, was confronted by the fat, rubicund visage of Miss Brown, the chaperone.

"Captain," she remarked in deep, bell-like tones, "I hear a great deal of shouting; there is no danger, is there?"

"Not unless we strike a berg, madam," I replied.

"I suppose it wouldn't do to anchor, Captain," she asked after a short pause, and in so simple a manner and with an expression so irresistibly comic that I could scarcely forbear from laughing outright.

"Anchor, madam," I repeated; "why, do you not know that the depth of water here is something over four miles. Why," I continued, "if the whole ship was laden with chain there would not be sufficient to reach the bottom!"

She looked at me half incredulously, said she did not mean anything, asked me to excuse her ignorance and then went below. She had scarcely disappeared when "Berg right ahead, sir!" came from the topsail yard. To this I starboarded, but had scarcely steadied the ship when, "There's another right ahead sir!" made me shift the helm once more. Then it was that I noticed to my horror that the two bergs appeared as though they were closing together and but a narrow passage between the two lay ahead of the ship.

There was no time now to do anything with the helm; I must risk the passage. "Go forward on the fore-castle, Mr. —," I said to the chief officer, "and tell me how to steer, quick, quick for our lives!"

In a few moments he was there and shouting out his orders. But all was of no avail, for as the vessel got under the lee of the huge towering berg on the starboard side, all the wind was taken out of her sails and she drifted helplessly against the berg. The great and more immediate danger now was, lest the other berg should close in upon us and crush the timbers of the ship, and my heart seemed as though it had ceased to beat as I contemplated such a catastrophe. As I stood upon the poop deck looking up at the huge frowning cliffs of ice which towered high above the ship's masts until lost in the fog, I was startled by Miss Hunter's voice behind me.

"My wish to see an iceberg has been very soon gratified, Captain M—," she observed very calmly; "but I am afraid this one is a great deal too close to be safe. Is there much danger?"

"Miss Marion," I replied, jerking a thumb towards the other berg, "it is useless to disguise the fact that we are in danger. If that great fellow there closes in upon us we shall be crushed, or if this fellow which is walking off with us, arm in arm as it were, should take it into its head to capsizes, why then we shall run a risk of being smashed to pieces. We are in danger from both these bergs and it is useless to try and hide it from you."

"Can't we manage to get away from this one?" she inquired, calmly, and just when, to my horror, I saw that my great fears were to be realized, the other berg was coming down upon

us rapidly and in another few minutes our noble ship must be crushed. There was no time to reply to Miss Hunter's question and I saw her large eyes fixed curiously on me as I shouted out the order for every one to take to the boats which I had lowered in readiness. I saw Miss Hunter and her chaperone into the gig and was the last to leave the ship and leap into the same boat myself. In a very few minutes the huge bergs came together and the stout timbers of the ship were crushed like a nutshell, whilst her masts and yards came clattering down upon deck.

No one who has not been in similar circumstances can realize my feelings as I sat between the two ladies and viewed with such bitter sorrow the once noble ship now being crushed to pieces between the two mighty bergs; my own hopes were being crushed and dispelled at the same time. Our position was a most perilous and almost hopeless one, and when after the first shock was over and I began to realize it more fully, I must admit that my heart failed me and a sense of the most awful depression overwhelmed me. I felt, however, that it would be very unwise to exhibit any signs of despair before the two ladies, and so strove hard to assume as hopeful a manner as I could under such wretched circumstances. In this I partly succeeded, being helped considerably by Miss Hunter's own calm and encouraging manner.

There were three other boats besides the gig, each filled with men, and when clear of the ship, they gathered round and a consultation was held as to what had best be done under the circumstances. But this consultation was fated to meet with a very sudden and awful termination. We had just decided to keep together as close as we could and steer north to get into the track of the outward-bounders, when a loud and fearful cracking noise in the berg which the ship had first drifted against warned us that a disruption was coming.

"Pull for your lives, men!" I shouted, and the men instantly "gave way." But too late. Before two strokes of the oar were given, the enormous berg with a noise like the broadside of a line of battleship, burst, and in a few moments every boat was submerged and its occupants in the water. When I rose to the surface the sight which met my eyes was one never to be effaced from my memory. The water for a considerable area around was turbulent with the sudden and mighty displacement, and large fragments of ice from the parent berg were grinding and chafing together in wild, chaotic confusion, the water bubbling and seething and shooting up in hissing fountains between them.

My first thought was of the two ladies, and I looked around anxiously for them, my mind full of apprehensions for their safety. I saw the fat, rubicund face of Miss Brown appear on the surface of the water and two stout arms clutching convulsively at an oar. She saw me and shouted for help.

"Keep your heart up," I replied, peering around anxiously for Miss Hunter; "we shall be all right presently."

She gurgled out something in reply, which I could not distinguish, and stuck to the oar. The gig was floating bottom uppermost, and it suddenly struck me that Miss Hunter might be underneath and unable to rise. I immediately dived and found that my surmises were correct—she was there!

Seizing the slight form I managed, but not without some difficulty, to get it clear of the boat, and we then rose quickly to the surface. Then clutching hold of a life-buoy, two of which were most providentially floating near, I succeeded in placing it over her shoulders. Then with the other buoy I made for Miss Brown with the same intentions.

Here, however, I encountered great difficulty, so loath was that lady to let go of the oar for one single instant. She abused me most vehemently and very foolishly declared that I only wanted to drown her. At last, feeling greatly annoyed at the time thus wasted, I tore the oar from her grasp and succeeded in slipping the buoy over her.

When I looked around again, I discovered that two of the other boats were still floating, and I also noticed to my great surprise that the berg which had drifted on to the ship and crushed her, was now detached, and once more drifting on its own account. Of the hull of the ship nothing was visible, it had gone far beneath the waves; but a great deal of her cargo had become liberated, and was now floating around us, together with spars, hatches, hencoops, pig and sheep pens in a giddy whirl of hissing waters. Many of the men were clambering on to the second berg, and one or two were making for the boats, alas! never to reach them, but to be crushed to death between two grinding floes. Other men were clinging for dear life to the spars of the ill-fated ship. It was a scene of wild confusion and one which I can never forget.

I saw that it would be useless to attempt to reach the boats in that whirling mass of waters, and resolved to strike out for the first berg and endeavour to obtain a footing on it; it would be better, I thought, than hanging on to spars, although the choice which lay before us was miserable when looked at from any point of view. I swam between the two women, reached the berg, and after a great deal of difficulty we managed to get a footing on it.

The next thing to be done was to find, if possible, some sheltered place to sit and rest in after our unusual exertions, so leading the two poor women shivering in their wet garments, I climbed a little higher up the berg and soon discovered a small cave into which I eventually succeeded in getting them. Miss Brown, when she had somewhat recovered from the reaction caused by her fright, sat down upon a small jutting piece of ice and began loudly to bemoan her fate. Not so, Miss Hunter; that young lady kept surprisingly calm, and once or twice I caught her beautiful eyes fixed upon mine with a look so tender and trustful that my heart began to beat in a strange and very unusual manner. But there was no time for emotional feeling. We were on an iceberg drifting with the current, and with the by no means pleasant prospect before us of being starved to death or drowned, and we had something more practical to think about. What was to be done for our safety? That was the question which was uppermost in our minds. It was useless to think of the boats; they were amongst that seething mass of grinding floes and spars and would soon be broken up and useless. Even supposing that we could have entered one our position would not have been bettered. I racked my brain in a hopeless endeavour to hit upon something better than remaining on the berg, and so told the ladies who were anxiously awaiting my opinion.

"But, what are we to do for food?" moaned Miss Brown, the tears streaming down her fat cheeks. "And this is Christmas Day—of all days in the year"—she added, plaintively.

"My dear madam," I replied, "I hope to be able to get some biscuits, and perhaps some beef or pork, and if I am able to do so we shall have cause to feel deeply thankful." "Yes, indeed," agreed Miss Hunter, "and I do hope and pray you will be successful." "Biscuits and salt meat on a Christmas Day!" wailed out Miss Brown. "Oh, what a wretched Christmas!"

"Madam!" I exclaimed, reprovingly, "you cannot expect roast turkey and plum-pudding on an iceberg."

"No, I suppose not," she sighed mournfully. "But really," she went on, "you must admit that it is dreadful to be compelled to spend the greatest day in the year on a wretched iceberg!"

"It might have been worse if we had been drowned, Miss Brown," I put in.

"And the cold," she went on, ignoring my remark; "I am wet through and perishing with it." And she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

Here I left the two ladies to console one another in the best way they could whilst I went down to see if there was any chance of obtaining some food. To my great joy I perceived two large square tins of biscuits floating alongside of the berg. They were evidently those which had been in the steward's pantry, for each, as I afterwards discovered, had been opened and some of the contents used. With some difficulty I managed to get both tins on to the berg and then looked around to see if there were any signs of a water cask floating about, but could see none. I took the tins to the place of shelter. "Now, ladies," I said, placing a few biscuits on one of the covers which served as a tray, "let us be thankful that we have something to eat. Miss Hunter, will you —"

Further utterance on my part was checked by a terrific crashing sound followed by a violent oscillation of the berg. Miss Brown, who had been sitting on the small jutting piece of ice, was hurled violently from her seat, shrieking loudly the while, whilst Miss Hunter was precipitated into my arms. When the oscillation had somewhat subsided and Miss Brown had managed to pick herself up again, the two women looked inquiringly at me as though for an explanation of all the noise and motion. I told them that I thought another large piece of ice must have become detached and fallen from the berg and that I would go out to see.

It had happened as I said, and the piece which had broken off the parent berg was now grinding away at its foot. I told my two companions what I had seen.

"If it goes on like this," whimpered Miss Brown, "there'll be nothing left for us to stand upon, and then what shall we do?"

"Madam," I replied, "if it keeps on doing like this we shall not need anything to stand upon for long. But let us hope," I added, hastily, as I observed a very downcast expression steal over the face of the younger lady, "that we may be fortunate enough to get rescued from our position before such a thing should happen. And now, ladies," I broke off, and handing a biscuit to them, "this is our Christmas fare; let us be thankful for it."

"Don't, don't, don't," said Miss Brown, imploringly. "Christmas fare, indeed! Oh, what a cruel mockery! I can't touch it; it's no use!" and she turned away in despair. Miss Hunter, however, partook freely, saying that she felt too hungry to refuse anything.

"And I feel hungry too, my dear," snorted Miss Brown, "but not hungry enough to eat biscuits."

"Madam," I observed, feeling angry at her want of gratitude. "if we are alive so long, I will wait until you are *very* hungry before I again offer you the biscuits."

She made no reply but burst into another fit of sobbing. Poor ladies, how much I pitied them in their wet clothes shivering with the cold and in a position seemingly so hopeless and wretched. How were we to get through the long night which was stealing on us quickly? What could I do to get these poor creatures warm? These were the questions which filled my mind now to the exclusion even of our ultimate safety, and I must admit that nearly every ray of hope was extinguished within me when I thought of my wretched impotency. There seemed only one chance, and a very meagre one

too. This was of our being taken off the berg by some outward bound vessel. Such a chance would have been poor enough even had we been five or six more degrees to the northward; how much less was it now in the high latitude we were in; how few vessels must pass in the course of a year.

I was, of course, wet through, cold and miserable myself, but I said nothing, and although I felt utterly despondent and wretched I strove to appear as hopeful as I could, but it was a terrible effort and I very nearly failed in the attempt. I determined before it became too dark to descend once more and see if I could fish out anything which was likely to be of service to us. When I reached the water's edge I discovered two hatches floating alongside. It struck me that these might be useful in more ways than one. They would serve for the ladies to lie upon instead of the bare ice, and in the event of another disruption and our being hurled into the water, they would serve to keep us afloat. So I dived into the water and after much difficulty succeeded in landing them on the berg.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Brown when I explained how that the hatches might be utilized, "Sleep on the bare wood! Oh never! never! What have I come to?"

"An iceberg, madam," I put in quietly; "perhaps, however, you would prefer to sleep on the bare ice and find yourself in a pool of water when you wake up."

"Thank you so very much, Captain M—," was the very different rejoinder of Miss Hunter. "How very good and kind of you to think so much of us! and oh, how fatigued you must be with all that diving and dragging up these heavy pieces of wood!" I was feeling fatigued and I admitted it.

Sleep soon overcame all Miss Brown's scruples and both women were soon extended on the hatches. I entered another small cave close to and sitting down on the icy floor—if I may so term it—buried my face in my hands and gave way to reflection. Night, the awful dreaded night, had come, and darkness like some huge funeral pall covered the face of the deep and the berg we were on. Far in the distance I could distinguish the shouts of the men who were on the other berg, and through the darkness the glimmering effulgence of the berg, itself like some ominous luminosity stalking over the dark waste of mighty waters. A horrid feeling of drowsiness seized me as I sat, and this brought painfully to my mind the stories I had read of men having given way to such feeling in the snow and ice and who never awoke again in this world. I grew alarmed and undecided as to whether I should awaken the ladies. Thrice I stood at the entrance to the cave they were lying in, almost decided to arouse them, and thrice I returned to my own chilly apartment without having done so. They were sleeping soundly, their troubles forgotten; I could not bring myself to awaken them. And yet, supposing that anything fatal were to happen through my own wilful neglect, how wretched I should feel! I tried to solace myself with the thought that if it were true that people would die from giving way to sleep in the snow, it was equally true that they must die without it. This decided me and I allowed them to sleep on, although not without grave fears. At last, so intensely and painfully drowsy did I become that I could hold out no longer and fell asleep. How long I had slept I know not; it might have been two, three, or four hours; I had no means of judging, but I was awakened by one of those ominous crashing sounds with which we had now become so painfully familiar. I jumped up and standing on the little plateau just outside the entrance to the cave, looked around me. It was still dark, but very clear; a light

cold breeze was blowing from the southward and the stars shone down from the sky with that intense brilliancy so noticeable during a southerly wind in high latitudes in the southern hemisphere. I could still see the pale effulgence of the other berg, and close around the white crests of the waves as stirred by the wind. I saw nothing, however, to denote that any more ice had broken off and I went to the cave where the two women lay to calm their fears if aroused by the noise. They were still asleep, however, and for this I felt very thankful. I returned again to the cave and sat down to think, longing ardently for daylight and dreading every moment lest another disruption should take place. At last I saw the first pale streaks of dawn creeping slowly up from the eastward and watched them spreading over the sky, and then I went out once more and scanned the horizon with feverish anxiety. There was nothing, however, to be seen save the other berg, now about half a mile to the westward of us, and the floating debris of the ill-fated *Smiling Morn*, now clustering around the berg we were on. With a saddened heart I turned away and was about to ascend higher, when my eyes chanced to light upon a white speck far away on the western point of the horizon. I stood staring at it for some considerable time, my heart beating rapidly the while. Could it be a vessel, or was it only the white wings of some huge albatross skimming the clear, dark blue thread of horizon? I rubbed my eyes and shaded them with my hands in such a manner, as to shut out every other point of the horizon, save that in which the small white speck could be discerned. It was still there, it had not moved! it could not be a bird! it must be a vessel! "Thank God!" burst joyfully from my lips as I turned to arouse the two women, "Miss Hunter, Miss Brown!" I shouted wildly. But there was no reply, and I grew terribly alarmed. Had that sleep, indeed, proved to be their last long one? I shouted again, but still there came no reply, and then I entered the cave. "God be praised, they are alive!" I exclaimed joyfully, as I distinguished the sounds of their breathing. But I must rouse them. "Miss Hunter," I said, touching her lightly on her arm, "there is a vessel to the westward; come out and look at it!"

She started violently and then sat up and stared curiously into my face, as though trying to collect her thoughts. Then with a sweet smile of assurance she rose to her feet. I next went to Miss Brown. No sooner, however, had this lady felt my touch than with a wild shriek she seized me by my beard, calling me a "monster and a villain," until awakened sufficiently to recognize me, when she begged my pardon, and excused her conduct by stating that she had been dreaming about burglars. Both women then came excitedly out of the cave, and we stood with beating hearts watching the small white speck upon which our all hopes seemed to depend.

"Will they see us, Captain M—?" anxiously inquired Miss Hunter.

"They will see the icebergs," I replied; "and the great fear is lest the very sight of them should make them alter their course."

"And then they would pass us by, I suppose?" moaned Miss Brown.

"Let us take a more hopeful view than that," I replied cheerily. "We must try and make some sort of a signal. I will get an oar and fasten my coat to it and wave it from the summit of the berg."

"Oh, that will be capital!" exclaimed Miss Hunter, enthusiastically.

I could not find an oar, but a boat's mast was floating near, which I secured and made my way to the top of the berg, the ladies viewing my ascent with great interest. After much

labour I managed to attain the highest part of the berg, and stood prepared to wave my signal so soon as I judged the ship to be near enough for those on board to distinguish it. From my lofty attitude I could see the two women still standing on the little terrace-like plateau straining their eyes at the white speck now becoming more distinct.

Larger and larger it grew until at length I was enabled to distinguish it as a large, full-rigged ship bound east, and by her tall, tapering masts I judged her to be an American. Would she pass near enough to distinguish us on the berg? That was the vital question which filled my mind with painful doubts and anxieties.

Nearer and nearer came the white-winged vessel until my eyes grew sore and ached with the constant straining to note whether any alteration was made in her course. A few spokes, oh how few, must alter the course and leave us to perish!

"Do they see us, Captain M—; do they see us?" were the frantic and constant enquiries of the two women as they sank on their knees, buried their faces in their hands, then rose to wave their arms about in an anxious, excited manner; and all this long ere it was possible for any one aboard the strange vessel to see us.

I could only reply that I hoped so.

Still nearer, until I could distinguish the dark figures of the crew about the decks and the gear on the sails.

I sank down on my knees and prayed, oh, so earnestly, that God would permit those on board the approaching vessel to distinguish us and take us off the berg. I rose from my knees, almost dreading to look at the ship ast—

Nearer and nearer, and I felt myself worked up into such a state of mental anxiety as I have never experienced before or since. I would throw myself flat down on the ice and bury my head in my hands. Then I would spring to my feet, and grasping the boat's mast wave it about in a state of delirious frenzy.

I noted that the two women were going through much the same sort of pantomimic gestures, and I doubted not their anxiety was as keen as my own. Miss Brown's feelings at length culminated in a severe attack of hysterics, during which, however, she laboured just as hard to attract the attention of those on board the ship.

Nearer and nearer, and still to all appearance not one spoke of the ship's wheel had been given to alter the course, which to my unbounded delight I now saw would, whilst taking her well clear of the bergs, at the same time permit her to pass close enough to distinguish us.

"Captain M—! Captain M—!" shouted the clear, soft voice of Miss Hunter in anxious accents at a moment when I had risen from my knees in prayer, "she is altering her course; she is going to leave us!"

"Leave us! No!" laughingly echoed her hysterical companion, "don't talk so stupidly, my dear."

The ship had altered her course, but it only needed a seaman's eye to detect the reason for her so doing. She was abreast of the other berg; she had doubtless seen those who were on it, and she was now being hove-to and would send a boat to take them off.

"It is all right, Miss Hunter," I exclaimed jubilantly; "they are going to take the others off that berg first, then they will take us off. See, there they go round; now she is hove-to!"

"God be praised," was the earnest reply of the fair girl as she sank on her knees in gratitude. With straining eager eyes and hearts swelling with gratitude we watched the two boats manned by their gallant crews put off from the ship, saw them go alongside the berg and then return again to the ship laden to the gunwales with the crew of the ill-fated *Smiling*

Morn. Then we watched them fill on the yards once more and sail on until nearly abreast of our berg when once again the noble ship was hove-to and the boats which had been towing astern let go and were pulled lustily towards our berg.

"I guess you'll have to jump, ladies," said the coxswain of the first boat in true Yankee accent, seeing that there was no means of our getting close down to the water's edge owing to the berg just at that part rising abruptly from the water. "But you needn't be scared," added our kind deliverer in encouraging tones, "for we'll pick you out like potatoes out of a pot—ah, that's elegant, sure-ly!" as Miss Hunter without any hesitation threw herself into the water and was soon pulled into the boat. "Now, next one; come along, madam," shouted the Yankee mate to Miss Brown, who, her hysterics having ceased, now stood trembling on the edge of the plateau.

"Jump, indeed! How can I? Why—" I saw the delay likely to ensue if this good lady were listened to any longer, and so getting behind, I shoved her well off into the water, from which she was soon fished out and taken into the boat. Then I jumped in myself, and with our hearts brimming over with gratitude to our good God, we were pulled swiftly off to the ship. Scarcely had we reached the great black side of the beautiful American clipper, when a tremendous crashing noise arrested the attention of all, and looking round we saw that the berg we had just left was falling rapidly to pieces.

"Wall, I guess that's just as near a squeak for life as ever I've seen," exclaimed the mate. "Another twenty minutes on that berg and where would you have been now? Way enough, men! Unship your port oars; look out for the rope in the bows!"

We were received aboard the good ship *Skimmer o' the Seas*, with that cordial hospitality so eminently characteristic of American seamen, and the four weeks we spent before reaching Melbourne under the shelter of the brave Stars and Stripes were four of the most memorable and pleasant in my life.

* * * * *

Many years have sped by since that memorable Christmas Day which we spent on the iceberg, but my wife and I can never forget it, and never shall, for it marked the happiest epoch in our lives, for it was on that cold iceberg that two warm hearts were irresistibly drawn together, and it was there that the thought of life—if preserved—without Marion Hunter seemed too miserable to contemplate.

Hazel Brae, December, 1896.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within the manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
For God, our heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power and might
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."
The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straight way
The blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother, Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace,
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.

—ANONYMOUS.

* *

CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your forehead garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie
And if for cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be jolly.

Hark! how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling,
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round
For they the cellar's depths have found
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls;
The wild mare in is bringing;
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland—bo
And twenty other games boys mo
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller;
And while we thus inspired sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills and everything
Bear witness we are merry!

—GEORGE WITHERS.

UPS AND DOWNS

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

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

"CHRISTMAS Stock Taking" is a well-known institution in the business world, and it occurs to us that we cannot do better than follow the example of our mercantile brethren and "take stock" as we close the year, and "balance our books" so that we may be able to form an idea as to how we stand, and whether or not we have done a satisfactory business during the year. We cannot show many of our results in figures. We deal with human lives and human characters, and with such "the last may be first and the first last" when we come to the final Audit Day; but even with the knowledge that our work is that of the sower, and that the harvest is hid from us in the distant future, we can record "something attempted, something done" in the twelve months that have passed over our heads since we issued our last Christmas number.

In the first place, Dr. Barnardo's family in Canada is larger by 680 lads and lassies, and that number have gone forth throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, to carve out their own fortunes, to sink or swim according to their own efforts. Our total number is raised to considerably over 7,000, and we are recognized as an appreciable factor in the population, and as a class whose influence will be felt in the future. We are not surprised to find that each year public opinion is becoming more attracted by our operations, and it is not remarkable that those who are interested in the welfare of the country should be asking what effect that influence will have. Will our presence in the community be conducive to the moral and material prosperity and advancement of this young and rapidly growing country or otherwise? Are we a means of nourishment to the body politic, or are we likely to be a source of physical, moral or social deterioration? The results of our last year's work, and the records of the lives and experiences of our

young people furnish proof more than ever convincing and unmistakable that Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls, as a class, possess the elements of useful and worthy citizenship, and are giving the brightest promise of proving themselves as men and women a source of health, wealth and prosperity to the country.

That we have such results to show is largely attributable to the resolute determination to follow out in the conduct of our work the cardinal and all-important principles laid down by Dr. Barnardo at the earliest commence-

try, and in the event of his or her total failure, that the emigrant will be returned to England at the expense of the Institutions.

We are glad to be able to state without fear of contradiction that we have faithfully lived up to our principles during the past year, both in the spirit and in the letter. There has been no lack of vigilance in the selection of the parties or in the strenuous weeding-out of any unpromising or doubtful candidates. Not a boy or girl has been sent out who did not give reasonable promise of doing well and proving a desirable immigrant; and every one had been under practical industrial Christian training in some one or other of the English Homes, or had been boarded out in country households. Many of the children had been for years under Dr. Barnardo's care, and had grown up almost from infancy in his Homes, and the character and conduct of each one had been closely observed and tested. Every emigrant passed successfully several careful medical examinations before leaving England, and was certified to be sound and healthy, and free from disease or blemish. On arrival from England they have been received at one or other of the Canadian Homes, and kept there until suitable places were provided for them, and no boy or girl has been placed until all needful inquiry had been made as to the character of the situation, and the applicant had furnished satisfactory recommendations.

Passing on to the second of Dr. Barnardo's principles, that of maintaining watchful supervision over the boys and girls placed out, we have to look back upon a year's active work. Since the date of the issue of the last Christmas number of UPS AND DOWNS, over twenty-three thousand letters have been received and sent out at our office in Toronto alone, besides which there is an immense and growing correspondence both at Peterborough and Rus-



THE BANK AND ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

ment of his emigration movement. These principles cannot be too often reiterated, namely: First, that only the flower of the flock shall be emigrated to Canada, that is, those young people who are in robust health, physical and mental, and who have proved themselves, during a period of careful training, to be industriously inclined, honest and decent; second, that continuous supervision shall be exercised over the children after they have been placed out, by systematic visitation and correspondence; and, third, that no boy or girl shall, under any circumstances, in which we can prevent it, become chargeable to the coun-

sell. In the work of visitation, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Gaunt have been unceasingly at work during the whole of the year amongst the boys, and over 2,500 visits have been paid within the twelve months. The girls' department can probably show as good a record, so that we can take credit to ourselves for having laboured to keep in touch with our young charges, and for not abandoning them to the mercies of the world until they have become well established in the country and have reached an age when they can safely be left to conduct their own affairs.

* *

As to the extent to which we accept the responsibility of caring for and looking after any of our boys and girls, who, through fault or misfortune, are in risk of becoming a public burden, we unhesitatingly challenge anyone to produce a single case in which we have not readily and to the full borne our own burdens. Our cash accounts give, to us very painful, evidence of our determination to allow none of Dr. Barnardo's proteges to be a charge upon municipalities or local institutions. Fifty-five dollars (\$55.00) for hospital maintenance for a boy who, after being eight years in the country, was attacked by inflammation of the lungs; eighty dollars in payment of a doctor's bill for attendance upon a boy who was seriously injured by being run over by a roller; over thirty dollars for hospital charges, and a further sum of thirty dollars for board for a young man nearly 30 years of age, whose eyesight failed after ten years' steady, faithful work; twenty-five dollars for board and six dollars for railway fare for a lad of 20, who had been stricken with a form of paralysis after he had been at work in the country for six years, during which time he had maintained an unblemished record and had been in splendid health and vigour; and many other similar items establish conclusively our contention that the country has no grievance against us for adding to its burdens.

* *

Any boys who have committed offences against the law have been promptly taken under our charge; boys who were giving trouble have been received back to the Home; boys who were subjected to wrong or injustice have been protected; boys out of employment have had situations found for them. We have corrected our delinquents; we have nursed our sick; we have buried our dead; in short we have striven to act "in loco parentis" to every boy under our charge, and no case of need or trouble or in which a boy has done wrong or wrong has been done to him, that has been reported to us, has been wittingly neglected.

* *

With respect to the last of Dr. Barnardo's principles, that any child who has failed entirely, either physically, mentally or morally, shall be returned to England, we have availed ourselves of this safety-valve not unfrequently during the past year. It has indeed been suggested at home that we have been a little too ready to relieve ourselves in this way of our worst burdens, and, considering how terrible a blot it is upon a boy's life and prospects to be sent back in disgrace, that we should have shown more leniency in some cases, but we have felt it better to keep our record clear, and leave no ground to our opponents upon which they could attack us for not acting up to our professions.

* *

There are other important "items" that might be enumerated to the credit of Dr. Barnardo and his boys "in account with" the Dominion of Canada—the number of our boys who during the past year have taken up land or made important improvements and developments in land they already held; the immense amount of useful service rendered by our boys

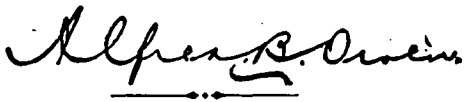
on farms all over the country, assisting in production and adding in the most direct way to the wealth of the country; the large sums of English money expended in the maintenance of the various institutions and in boarding the younger boys and girls in farm households; and, lastly, the incalculable value to the country of this addition to its rural population of a large body of young people growing up in habits of thrift, industry and uprightness, and developing into sober, law-abiding members of society.

* *

As to the other side of the account, we should have to employ very powerful mental magnifying glasses to find aught that Canada has against Dr. Barnardo and his work. True, we have had failures, and there are a few boys in the country who would be better out of it, but this number is less than one per cent. of the whole, and "what are they among so many?" It is an insignificant percentage, and yet, strange to say, it is too often by this one per cent. that we are judged and condemned. The reason is not far to seek. It is the one per cent. who figure in the newspapers, who wander about the country, who are continually in evidence; and so it is that one not unfrequently hears people remark that all the boys they have personally known have been good and done well, but they believe Dr. Barnardo's boys are "a bad lot." We are not a bad lot. We are not perfect by any means or more free than other folks from the faults and failings of erring humanity, but we can look back upon the record of 1896 as showing that our boys have in the main done well for themselves and others, and that under God's good hand Dr. Barnardo's emigration work has proved itself more conclusively than ever to be one of the grandest outcomes of philanthropic enterprise, and one of the most hopeful and successful solutions of our most perplexing social problems. And we appeal to the people of Canada to deal with us justly, to judge us and our merits by the record of the great majority, not by the insignificant minority, and to recognize the desire of Dr. Barnardo and those associated with him, to carry on their work in such a way that his boys and girls may have a fair start in life and an opportunity given them of making honourable careers for themselves in this great new country, without prejudice or detriment to any class of its citizens.

* *

It remains only for us to wish for every one of our readers a very happy and enjoyable Christmas, and that throughout the coming year they may have abundantly vouchsafed to them the blessing of God that maketh rich. Looking back upon the record of the past we have indeed abundant cause to say "hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and at the beginning of the new year we would seek to inspire our own hearts and the hearts of our boys with the assurance that we and our affairs are the concern of Him who forsaketh not nor faileth. Let us go forward, therefore, with increasing steadiness of aim, and with renewed resolution to do our duty, to shun all that would degrade or tarnish our good name as individuals or as a class of the community; to have the fear of God before our eyes; and ever to hearken readily in every transaction of daily life to the voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."



"I cheerfully enclose with this a dollar in payment of the subscription I promised Dr. Barnardo to send each year to the support of the Home." So writes one of our old boys in a letter just received. To all our friends: "Go and do thou likewise."

MANITOBA FARM NOTES.



RING at one of the bells of the new telephone line which has been finished between the Home, the Manager's house, the Railway Station and Dr. Wright's office, during the past month, calls the writer to attention, and he has repeated to him by Mr. Thom, the genial agent of the Manitoba and North Western Railway, a telegraph message from the Managing Editor of UPS AND DOWNS, instructing that copy for the January number must go forward by mail of the 14th—this in the late afternoon of the 12th, and tomorrow, Sunday; pretty short notice, Mr. Vipond, with no subject selected. Ah, the weather!—a subject always in season, even when you are experiencing unseasonable weather, as we were doing in Manitoba through the greater portion of the month of November; however, when we read of cyclones to the South, murderous "Northers" in Texas, and devastating floods in Wisconsin and Ohio, we stop grumbling at the thermometers, and express thanks that no loss of life or property has occurred in our favoured locality; that our Manitoba and North Western Railway has barely lost an hour through storms, and that we still receive UPS AND DOWNS sharp on time.

* *

The great Lake Winnipeg basin thus appears to be a favoured region, and in this connection it is worthy of note that the late United States Consul at Winnipeg, Mr. J. W. Taylor, than whom no better informed man on Canadian North-West conditions ever put foot on the rich prairie soil of the West, expresses his unshaken belief that this portion of the continent owns no cyclone belt, and I am sure my readers will agree with me that we can do without the article as long as Divine Providence permits.

* *

The great Lake Winnipeg basin: Do you young men, who will no doubt be sooner or later prospecting either for mineral lands in the gold districts of Western Ontario, the far-famed mountains of British Columbia, or claiming your undisputed right in the productive soil of Manitoba or some of the western territories, know the boundaries of this wonderful basin and the treasures it contains? To attempt to describe this great land of promise in the pages of UPS AND DOWNS would be absurd, but it will do us no harm to refresh our memories a little by going generally over the boundaries and testing our capacity, so to speak, at taking in great territorial space, for no man can live long in this country of grand distances and remain narrow-minded or of contracted vision, and as the talented George R. Parkin writes in his interesting book, "The Great Dominion," a new and strange sense of vastness grows upon the mind as one travels day after day over the prairies, with the distant sky line as the chief object which fixes the eye. The impression is different from that produced by wide space at sea, for the imagination at once begins to fill up these enormous areas with homes and busy inhabitants. The territory known as the Lake Winnipeg basin covers approximately twenty-eight degrees of longitude, that is the lake before mentioned receives water from the lakes and swamps, the head waters of the Savanne River, in longitude ninety degrees in the east, from the glacier in Howse Pass in the Rocky Mountains, in longitude one hundred and eighteen degrees in the west, and varies in elevation above the sea from about fifteen hundred feet on the eastern boundary, to six thousand three hundred feet, the height of the farthest western tributary. In width the basin is some ten degrees of latitude, and has, flowing through it and into the present Lake Winnipeg, some very remarkable rivers; the great Saskatchewan comes tumbling down from the west, bringing in its magnificent flow the melted snows of mountain peaks one thousand miles away; the noble "Winnipeg" after dashing over dozens of beautiful falls on its way from the enchanting Lake of the Woods, slips peacefully into the bay near the historic Elk Island and loses itself in the bosom of the turbulent inland sea.

Nor must we forget the Red River of the north as it used always to be called in distinction from its namesake running along the northern boundary of Texas through Louisiana into the Mississippi, flowing to the Mexican Gulf. The Red River, rising to latitude forty-five degrees, runs through the centre of a valley unsurpassed

for fertility, and besides other important streams takes in at Winnipeg the Assiniboine, the source of which is away to the west of Fort Pelly.

* * *

Many stirring historical events have taken place upon the banks of the two last mentioned streams, but probably no more remarkable achievement than that which was witnessed upon their banks in the year 1895, when the little band of twenty thousand Manitoba farmers, harvested sixty-one million bushels of grain—wheat, oats, barley and flax—an average yield per acre of twenty-seven bushels of wheat, forty-seven bushels of oats, thirty-six bushels of barley and seventeen bushels of flax.

* * *

The Qu'Appelle River, while not of great width, is an interesting stream, as it is supposed at one time to have carried to the sea all the water now running through the South Saskatchewan; it winds through a picturesque valley which is rapidly becoming filled with successful and happy settlers, and falls into the Assiniboine near Fort Ellice. The outlet of this immense basin we would naturally expect to find of considerable size, but instead, we have a compressed, rocky channel in the Nelson River which carries the waters collected in a territory of three hundred and sixty thousand square miles or two hundred and thirty million acres to the Hudson's Bay. The principal lakes of the basin are Winnipeg, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, Dauphin and Lake St. Martin, there are, to be sure, numerous smaller bodies of water of less importance, and to convey to our minds an idea of the extent of the lakes named, Professor Hind can be quoted as having estimated their area at thirteen thousand square miles, or nearly half as great an extent of the earth's surface as is occupied by Ireland. Naturally the fisheries in these lakes have, since the advent of the iron horse into the North West, become very valuable and extensive. Companies are now operating on Lake Winnipeg, the Lake of the Woods and Lake Manitoba. From Lake Winnipeg a beautiful white fish is taken, the fame of which has reached the cities of New York, Chicago and St. Louis while the Lake of the Woods furnishes a large trout much prized by epicures, and millions of pounds of both the varieties are being shipped annually to the United States. The mouth of the Little Saskatchewan has been a favourite fishing ground among the Indians for generations, and, while the numbers are not so great as in years past and before commercial fishing began, good catches are still made. The writer could deliver some fairly good fish stories based on his own early experiences at the Little Saskatchewan. However, as he desires to keep up, for a time at least, his reputation for veracity with the readers of UPS AND DOWNS it is perhaps better that he should spare the subscribers and run no risks.

* * *

Lumber is taken out in large quantities on Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and transportation facilities once offered, a great business would be done in the getting out of building stone and the manufacture of lime along the shores of both these lakes. Iron has been discovered on Lake Winnipeg in large quantities, and the development of profitable mines will no doubt follow in the space of a few years as the country fills up with people and the local demands increase. Salt wells are now being operated upon the shores of Lake Winnipegosis by an old employee of the Homes, Mr. Paul Wood, and it is to be hoped that the construction of the Dauphin railway will offer to him an outlet which will allow of an extension of his business and increased returns for his enterprising venture.

* * *

The valleys of the numerous streams and rivers cutting through the surface of the Lake Winnipeg basin have always offered a field for explorers in search of minerals, and aside from the valuable collections of gold nuggets and dust secured by the Saskatchewan miners with pick, shovel, pan, and sluice, train loads of excellent lignite coal are being brought out of the Souris and Lethbridge districts daily, while a superior quality of fuel is mined in the vicinity of the National Park near Banff.

* * *

Petroleum basins have been found in the vicinity of the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, which will some

day prove a source of great wealth to the owners and operators, and generally speaking for a country which was originally looked upon as simply a great fur preserve for the trading companies, the discovery of economic products and the development of the long-hidden deposits have been in a short space of time remarkable, and the treasures briefly described are only waiting claimants in the shape of young men of enterprise and courage, Dame Nature presenting open invitations to all to come in and secure their share of the bounties she has so long stored and cared for in the wonderful Lake Winnipeg basin.

* * *

There have been few arrivals or departures at the Farm Home during the last month; we, however, on the 2nd inst., bid adieu and bon voyage to our old friend Edwin Jones, who came out in 1893 on the "Labrador," and has worked faithfully for some two years with one of our neighbours Mr. de Balinhard, laying by during the time some two hundred dollars. Jones sailed by the "Lake Huron" from St. John's, New Brunswick, and we are pleased to state carried with him a return ticket.

* * *

Numbers of promising letters have come in the post during the past few weeks from lads out in service, but we do not often read a report upon a situation which appears more satisfactory in the eyes of the occupier than the one described by Frederick Kershaw, who was sent to the employ of Mr. J. B. Hall, Department Manager of the Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg. Frederick Kershaw, writing to his friend William Hatton, says:

"It gives me great pleasure to let you know how I am getting on. We arrived in Winnipeg at ten o'clock; we had a proper lunch, raspberry sandwich, biscuits, bread and meat, jam, bread and butter and apples, for which I thank Mrs. Grey very much indeed. I slept at the Home in Winnipeg, and started work on the Thursday. I have got the best job in Canada. I have got one mare to look after, I get up at seven in the morning light the kitchen fire then feed and water my horse, come over and have bacon and potatoes, bread and butter for breakfast. I live like a gentleman. I have a spring bed, white blankets, red coverlet; I am a toff all round. I drive the master to work in the cutter, come home and take my mistress for a drive, and get the water from the river, Red River; do half hour's wood splitting and look after my horse, that is my work for the day. Mr. Struthers has given me the best job that ever entered the Home, for which I am very thankful. One of the Managers told me he would want a lad in a fortnight, and you will have the same comfort and the same work to do, only you will have a cow to milk night and morning. He told me to write up and tell you to ask Mr. Struthers to put you in the cow-shed to learn to milk, and if you could milk in a fortnight he would send up for you. You must be sure and ask Mr. Struthers about the cow-shed. He has as good as made a man of me. My master asked me how I would like to work in the Hudson Bay Company, and said if I kept steady I would be a self-made man before long. I mean to try and work my way up in the Company and some day my mother will be proud of me. You must give Mr. Struthers, Mr. Gray and Mrs. Gray my thanks. The master is going to buy me a fur cap out of my money. I also drive with fur gauntlets on my hands. I must now close with best love to you all. I was very sorry to leave the Home; I got to like the Home and the masters and the lads very much indeed. Give my best respects to Fisher and Gartlan and everybody there.

"Yours, FRED."

If we could always find for our charges situations so satisfactory as the above appears in the eyes of the holder, how happy we should be. It is needless to state that Hatton is learning to milk at a rapid rate.

Yours faithfully,



WORD OF AN AUSTRALIAN PARTY.

STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Nothing very sensational has occurred here since my last letter to you.

Will you permit me to use your paper as a medium of thanks to the young gentleman who sent me a very interesting copy of the Canadian weekly paper, *The Family Herald*. From the name printed on the slip attached, I assume the sender to be Mr. F. Parker.

I received a letter on the 1st of November from Wm. Pickering, who, with Fred Brice, has apparently

settled in Gateshead-on-Tyne for the winter. Pickering asks me to send him his monthly UPS AND DOWNS from Stepney. His present address is at 29 Hewitt street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

We sent off a party of six boys to North Queensland this morning. They will land at Townsville, 600 miles north of Brisbane, and they will be employed at the headquarters of one of the great sheep stations. Their names will interest many of your Canadian boys: R. G. E. Miles, blacksmith; Richard Brooks, mat maker; John Brooks, tinsmith; Charles Hodson, harness maker; Thomas Dean and Alfred Wallace, carpenters.

The Doctor recently received a good report of the four boys who went to the same place about three years ago. Their names are: Libard, Hosier, Wallace (brother to one in the present party), and Roberts. The first-mentioned three, who live together, sent a sovereign each to the Doctor. We hope the six, who sail to-day, will enjoy their voyage, and do as well as their predecessors when they land.

Many of your readers will remember Glazebrook, an old "Canadian," who returned to England some time ago on account of ill-health. After living at one of our country homes for a while he became worse, and was brought to "Her Majesty's Hospital" here at Stepney Causeway, but in three weeks he "fell on sleep." He was buried on the 28th October, at the Bow Cemetery, and was followed to the grave by 12 "Stepney" boys, and 12 from the Labour House. The Rev. W. H. Finney, M.A., conducted the funeral ceremony, concluding with an impressive graveside address.

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. P. MANUELL.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

This is a *fac-simile*—photographically pro-

THREE BARNARDO BOYS

Who Had a Very Interesting Time Trying to Sneak Across into Uncle Sam's Territory.

duced—of the heading of a paragraph which appeared in a conspicuous position in the *Toronto World* of Dec. 7th. The paragraph narrated the escape from justice, and other escapades, of three young vagrants, responsibility for whose appearance in Canada was laid at the door of Dr. Barnardo. It was the old, old story. They never had any connection with the Home in any shape whatsoever. This was communicated to the publishers of the *Toronto World* by Mr. Owen in a letter which he asked them to publish, giving as much prominence to the correction as they had to the mis-statement. Mr. Owen also made this request by telephone, and was given a satisfactory promise.

The letter appeared, *not* in the conspicuous position accorded to the malicious mis-statement, but in an out-of-the-way corner of the paper, and this cut

They Were Not Barnardo Boys.

is a *fac-simile* of the heading under which it was published.

MISS PEARSON WISHES HER OLD PUPILS A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"TORONTO, Dec. 18th, 1896.

"MY DEAR BOYS,—There are so many boys in the Home claiming our attention just at present, and Christmas time brings so many new duties, that I find it impossible to write to *each* of my old pupils, who are out in the world. I will take this opportunity then of wishing you *all* a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your friend,

"FLORENCE MCB. PEARSON."

Ups and Downs

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

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TEL. 5097. TORONTO, ONT.

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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, JANUARY 1ST, 1897.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS AMONG OUR BOYS.

THE generous proportions of the subjoined list of donations from our boys would at all times cause us to feel well pleased and extremely grateful, but it is a source of intense gratification to us that we are able to record this large increase in our monthly list of donations at this season of the year. It tells of many young hearts catching the true spirit of Christmas—the spirit that is breathed in the words of the message of that first Christmas morn: "On earth peace, good-will to men." In that spirit alone will true happiness find its strength; and well we know with how much greater zest will Christmas be enjoyed by those of our lads who are able to say: "I could not do much, but I did what I could, to help others, even as I was helped."

What a lesson in "love for others" lies in the message which accompanies the Christmas greetings of three little lads at Novar, which will be found on another page: "I send you twenty-four cents to help other little boys." "The twenty-five cents is a present to help others."

These are the words of children (children to whom a "quarter" is riches), but who can fail to see in them the spirit of that other message? And before the present year closes may that spirit spread until it touches the hearts of all our boys, filling them with a deep yearning to add something of the brightness and happiness of their own lives to the lives of those whose piteous cry for help rings day and night in the ear of the friend who has helped so many and who is ready, eager, anxious, waiting to lift up these, and who will lift them up if he only have the means.

The following donations have been received since our last list was published:

Ashworth, George F., \$1; Acland, Arthur, \$10; Bellchamber, Hy., \$1; Baker, Abraham J., \$1.78; Bowles, Jas. F., \$1; Bailey, Arthur, 25c; Buckley, Art., \$1; Drewry, Wm., \$1.50; Green, Wm., \$3.68; Gawtray, Thos., \$5.56; Gallagher, Alex. C., \$8; Howard, Wm., \$2; Hibbert, Frank, \$1; Holliday, Wm., \$1.95; Humble, John, \$1; Hill, Chas., \$2; Joynes, Jos., \$1.30; Lancaster, Alb. H., \$4.46; Mercer, Hy., \$1; Martin, Chas., 75c; Peters, Alfred C., \$1; Pennycad, Alfred, \$3; Piper, Thos. W., \$2; Rose, Edwin, 75c; Reed, Frank, 25c; Reed, Sidney I., 25c; Rolfe, Thos., \$1; Sullivan, Geo. M., 50c; Smith, Thos., 80c; Southern, W. C., \$1; Townson, Fred. G., \$1; Todd, Art. H., \$1; Trewin, Chas., \$1; Venuss, W. R., 50c; Wall, Fred. W., \$5; Williams, Alfred, \$8.27; Wright, Thos., \$1; Watson, John H., \$1.75; Yelf, Wm. D., \$1.

GENEROUS HELP FOR "UPS AND DOWNS."

VERY gratefully we acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for twenty-five dollars from Mr. Frank E. Hodgins of Toronto, contributed specially towards the expenses of UPS AND DOWNS. This is not by any means the first time that Mr. Hodgins has shown in a practical way his interest and sym-

pathy in our work, and we warmly appreciate his generosity in contributing occasionally to our funds, and not less so the kindness with which he has so often given us the benefit of his valuable advice and professional services in cases when we have had to invoke the law in the interests of the work. His present acceptable gift will enable us to place our Christmas Number in the hands of many of our old boys scattered about the country, who, although not regular subscribers, will welcome this little reminder of old days and former friends, as well as others who will be interested in seeing what manner of people we are and what we have to say for ourselves.



OF '86.

THE test of time is a good one; the longer the time the surer the test, and we thought that this last number of '96 (although it is dated Jan. '97) would be an excellent opportunity of applying the searching test to those boys who have had ten years in which to establish for themselves reputations, good, bad, or indifferent. As the boys of '86 pass in review before us—and the records filed in the "Home" office are very comprehensive—we feel, and are devoutly thankful therefor, that true impartiality can pronounce but one verdict on the result of the ten years' efforts of the lads who left England with either of the parties of that year: "GOOD."

We are speaking collectively. There are a few records which cannot be marked other than indifferent, but these are a very small minority, and despite the strange reasoning of grand juries and journalistic social reformers, we unhesitatingly declare that Canada has derived great benefit from the presence within her borders of our stalwart friends of '86. We cannot attempt in one issue to deal individually with the careers of all those who have now completed ten years' residence in Canada, but a glance at the records of and letters recently received from twenty-five or thirty who fairly represent the average, will give our readers a true idea of the progress that has been and is being made by those who formed the two parties of 1886.

We start well with John Anderson, who arrived here when 11, and remained until this year in the one situation at Clarksburg. No further evidence than this is required of the good opinion formed of John by those best qualified to judge. Our friend accumulated a substantial balance at the bank, and how he is using his well-earned wealth is shown in a letter which we recently received from Portland, Oregon, U.S., whither our friend saw fit to migrate about two months ago.

"As I am starting business on my own account as a partner in a grocery store, I am obliged to send for the remainder of my money, \$113."

We wish John every success in his venture. He has the qualities which make for success all the world over.

We have more than once had something to say of Arthur E. Acland, but notwithstanding this, we cannot pass him by on this occasion

without mentioning that not a little of the prestige of the '86 contingent is due to this faithful friend.

Thomas Burns is now a man of 28. He has always been rated "first-class," and years ago we heard of him earning \$18 a month, "all found." He called at the Home recently, and we were pleased but not surprised to hear he is "getting on well."

The very first report of James Clayton, received from his employer, declared James to be

"truthful and honest in every respect, a truly good boy."

This excellent beginning has been well maintained, and a year ago we heard of James as a very capable journeyman blacksmith, steady and upright in all his dealings.

William Birch points with pride to the silver medal which his faithful service and good conduct secured him several years back. He is well and favourably known in Parry Sound where for a number of years he has followed the trade of baker, in which, we understand, he is quite an adept.

We have a letter from Joseph R. Eaves, whose portrait appeared in a previous number. Joseph writes from Fainerston and sends Christmas and New-Year greetings to all his old friends. We are sorry to hear the past year has not been free from trouble for our friend, but sincerely trust the horizon will soon clear. In fact, Joseph already sees brighter prospects ahead. He says:

"I am working on the farm again, and I think it is the best place for a man to work."

As our correspondent has had ten years' experience and is a man of 27, his opinion should be taken into earnest consideration by any of our younger friends, who are at times inclined to think "easier times" and "more money" are to be had off the farm than on it.

Frederick Hammond started as a youngster of 12, under the care of a kind old couple at Farmersville, with whom he remained for nearly five years, securing the bronze and silver good-conduct and long-service medals. In 1891 he moved to Athens, and is there still, enjoying the good opinion of all who know him, and exercising a brotherly watchfulness over a sister some years younger than himself.

The early reports of ten years ago, when Frederick Hildyard was only eleven old, held out a promise of a most successful future for our friend, and the promise is being nobly fulfilled. Frederick continued his persevering efforts in Ontario until 1892, when, acting on the advice of Mr. Owen, he migrated to the North-West, whence we frequently hear from him, all his letters expressing the greatest satisfaction with the new Province, his progress and his prospects.

After several years of steady application on the farm at Palgrave, Charles Godfrey, now 21, is taking an educational course at the Weston High School, with a view to qualifying himself for the position of teacher; and he has our very earnest wishes for his success. Charles recently paid us a visit and enriched his library by a large selection from the "Penny Poets."

Frank Hibbert is still at Badjeros, where he has been over three years, and is earning "good wages," as he informed us recently when writing to renew his subscription to Ups

AND DOWNS. Frank signs himself "your old friend and Manchester boy." We have remarked before that Lancashire lads all the world over are justly proud of speaking of their connection with the county Palatine.

* *

Our last report of a few months ago of George Kemble contained vastly important news. George was contemplating marriage at a very early date with a farmer's daughter. We congratulate our friend very sincerely and wish him all happiness and prosperity. George has from the first been enthusiastic about Canada, and after several years' residence in the district of Attercliffe, he has earned the good opinion of a large circle of acquaintances. He is a steady young man with a great capacity for work.

In a letter to hand just as we are about to go to press, we learn that by the time this number reaches our friends George will be a married man, the ceremony being arranged to take place on Dec. 23rd. Our friend also refers to his long and pleasant connection with Mr. Laidlaw by the young people of whose family he is regarded with brotherly and sisterly affection. George has indeed had a very happy life during the eight years he has been a member of Mr. Laidlaw's household, and that he may be still happier in the home which he is about to enter in a new capacity, and that the Father of all will abundantly bless him and his in all things is our very earnest prayer.

* *

William Legg at 21 is in the same situation as William Legg at 11, and in the intervening ten years he has won the fullest confidence and esteem of his employer, Mr. Griffith, of Eganville. Of course he took the long service and good conduct medal. Very recently we heard that William owns quite a lot of stock, and is as steady and thrifty as ever.

* *

James Thomas Nobbs decided in 1892 to "try his luck" out West, and consequently in that year he took the long journey to California, entering the employment of Mr. Fowler, who had been an employer of James when the latter was at Cottam, Ont. We have a letter from our friend, in which he tells us something of his life and progress in the land of Uncle Sam:

"I went to work for \$30 a month, and I worked for one man for two years. He was a large farmer, had a large team, ten mules in each. We plough and sow twelve acres in a day, and when seeding is done we would draw lumber from the mountains in two big waggons. We would bring 10,000 feet in one load. In harvest time he had a header that took 32 mules to draw; it would cut and thrash 80 acres in a day. So, you see, they run things on a big scale there. It is a good place for a young man, but he has to get his bed and sleep in the barn or out of doors. Let some of the boys that are going back West write me, and I will tell them the way, and the work and the pay for all kinds of work."

They certainly do run things on a large scale "out there." And we trust that James will derive all the benefit from this munificence of effort to which his energy entitles him.

* *

Arthur J. Woodgate is now 23, and his ten years in Canada have been well and profitably spent at Craigvale, in which place and the surrounding country Arthur is known as a young man of sterling worth. A few months ago we received a letter from Sidney Manning, who came out with the spring of '93 party and is now 13; and no part of our young friend's interesting letter pleased us more than the following: "Arthur Woodgate teaches our class at Sunday School, and we all like him well." It is indeed, a source of intense pleasure to us

to know that Arthur and many more of our older friends are engaged in the godly work of helping, in quiet, unostentatious manner, others younger than themselves, to lead righteous, Christian lives, and most fervently do we trust that God's blessing will ever be on teachers and pupils.

* *

Charles Rose continued for six years in one place, respected by and respecting his employer, from whom he only parted when the latter gave up his farm. Charles, whose meritorious service secured him the silver watch, is now working in the neighbourhood of Bath, and is in excellent health, and is doing very well.

* *

Upon his arrival in Canada, Arthur Woodcock was adopted by Mr. J. S. White, of the Township of Hope, under an agreement by which our friend was to receive \$200 after five years. The arrangement proved to be eminently satisfactory for all concerned, and upon the expiry of the period provided for, Arthur engaged with Mr. White's brother-in-law, and his five years in this second situation have but increased the good reputation he had already established.

* *

We find Charles Bond still at Kincardine, well pleased with the country and the opportunities it affords to the young man anxious to "get on"—opportunities which Charles has turned to good account. Our friend speaks in grateful terms of Dr. Barnardo, and expresses his desire to "help the Home along."

* *

George Ireland is another silver medallist, and a most worthy one too. He early sought to adapt himself to the ways of the country. In 1891 we heard of him leading the choir at the church with which he had identified himself. Much later news tells of George's marriage and subsequent elevation to the proud position of father.

* *

Jesse G. Farnillie, for over ten years has worked steadily away doing his duty "in that state of life to which God has been pleased to call him." We have recently had a letter from him in which he says all sorts of kind and pleasant things about UPS AND DOWNS and congratulates us upon the fact that we "stand up for us boys." We are proud to be able to "stand up" for such lads as Jesse, believing that they deserve all we can say for them as worthy and honorable members of the community.

* *

William Smith, to whom we have had occasion to refer to in a previous issue as one of Bracondale's successful market gardeners, continues his onward march. William recently added a windmill to his well-equipped market garden, and intends to turn the advantage this acquisition affords him to good account. William is decidedly go ahead, and the produce from his greenhouse and garden is a testimony of his knowledge of his business. He is a member of the choir of the Methodist Church of Bracondale, and manager and treasurer of the local amateur baseball club.

* *

Two hundred dollars in the bank is fairly conclusive evidence that some useful lessons have been learnt. Some good work has been done, by James Horton during the ten years that have elapsed since he came to Canada as a little lad of 13. There is a long service record here also, James having "grown up" in Barrie,

and in the employment of Mr. Ottaway, who speaks most highly of our friend.

* *

OF OTHER YEARS.

The following is a letter received two weeks ago from Thos. W. Piper, of the spring party of '92, and who is now 17:

"I write you this letter to let you know that my engagement with Mr. Lodge has expired, and that I have hired for another year with Mr. Frank Henderson, Fingal, for the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars. Mr. Lodge thought that he could not afford to hire me another year; he said that there was not enough work during the winter to keep one busy. I received my wages from Mr. Lodge this day the 8th, and therefore I will send the sum of forty dollars to my bank account by a Post Office Order, and the remaining thirty-five dollars will keep for clothing. Enclosed you will find two dollars from me for Donation Fund, I think this is all this time."

* *

We received a visit a short time ago from Frederick Crossley, and we were greatly pleased to see him looking so much better and stronger than when we saw him previously. It seemed then as if his health were seriously failing, but he now looks bright and well. He seems comfortable in his situation and things are evident going happily with him generally. We are most thankful that this is the case, for no one knows better than ourselves that Fred is a faithful, willing worker, and has stuck to his post at times when he has undoubtedly been feeling ill, and when it has been a struggle not to give in. His old friends at Stepney will be pleased to hear that he has apparently got over his trouble and will join us in the hope that he will continue to gain health and strength.

* *

We were much pleased to receive a visit at the beginning of the present month from Mr. Pilkey, the employer of Ambrose Wood. Mr. Pilkey brought us a most satisfactory and encouraging account of his little employee. Ambrose is a fine, bright boy, and doing well in every way. He can already handle a team, and is a first-class ploughman, and Mr. Pilkey thinks it would be hard to find his equal in general smartness and ability amongst the boys of his age in the neighbourhood. Ambrose was for some years boarded out in Muskoka, and is a very gratifying testimony of the practical success and usefulness of our boarding-out movement.

* *

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that we tender our congratulations to George A. Musk upon the completion of an eight years' engagement, which has been characterized throughout by most faithful service and devotion to duty. George went to Mr. Henry Williams, of Dalston, upon his arrival in Canada, under agreement that he was to receive \$200 when 21 years of age. He attained his majority a few weeks ago, and the position in which he finds himself to-day is one of which any young man might well feel proud. He has the world before him, with everything in his favour; a substantial bank account, every dollar of which he has fully earned by steady persevering effort; and a splendid reputation for uprightness and trustworthiness. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and knowing what George has done in the past, we feel assured that under God's blessing his future will be one of increased prosperity and happiness.

* *

In our picture of three friends of 1890, we have Henry Bellchamber, James Clarke, and Samuel Snow. Except for a few weeks during the past summer, Henry, who is 17, has been

employed for the last three years in the woollen mill of Mr. John Walshaw, at Bolton. He likes the work and is well spoken of by his employer.



THREE FRIENDS OF '90.

If Henry will only learn to be a little less generous in disposing of his hard-earned savings he will be in a very comfortable position by the time he is 21.

James Clarke has spent his six years in Canada in the neighbourhood of Palmerston. He paid us a visit at Exhibition time, and, as his photograph indicates, he was in good physical condition. He is working for Mr. Benjamin Wall, of Palmerston, and is a capable farm hand.

Samuel Snow holds the silver medal, having remained for over four years in the employment of Mr. Andrew Taylor, formerly of Fullarton but now of Carlingford. He has at all times displayed great eagerness to acquit himself well, and has the good opinion of those for whom he has worked. He has a nice little nest egg in the bank and is a regular contributor to the funds of the Home, his interest in which is as warm as it was years ago.

**

A few days ago we received a visit from Mr. Beck of Bobcaygeon, and he gave us a most encouraging report of Daniel Alcock, of the spring '87 party. Mr. Beck says Daniel is doing splendidly, is a "smart, businesslike lad." So highly does Mr. Beck think of our friend that he stated it was his intention to start him in the grocery business shortly. We congratulate Daniel very heartily on the bright prospects ahead of him.

**

During the month we have received a visit from our old friend William Horscroft, who has been in Canada nearly twelve years. He had just completed a year's engagement and has the entire earnings of the twelve months to add to his balance in the savings bank. William informed us that he is dissatisfied with the rate of wages in Manvers, and intends joining his friend Charles Caney at Manswood, where, Charles has told him, he will have no difficulty in getting a place. If William makes the change we trust it will be advantageous in every respect.

**

Within the last few days we heard of William J. Taylor, that he is still with his old employer, and is considered to be one of the best farm hands in the district, and is very steady.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE OLD COUNTRY EXCURSION PARTY

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to let you know I arrived quite safe, and glad to say I found most of my friends all well. I tell you we had a very rough voyage, but we didn't take much notice to it, except one or two of them that was sick most of the time, and of course every day seemed like a week; but we got there all the same.

I would like to tell our boys how well and nice the flowers and all kinds of garden stuff looks, and the grass and meadows so green and beautiful.

I left the other boys at Crewe, changing there for Bristol; and I tell you it reminded me of old days when we parted one by one for different situations on our arrival in Canada, but of course we didn't mind it quite so much, as we knew where we were going. I suppose quite a large number of boys would have liked to come only they hadn't known in time. But I say they are better off where they are, than they would be if they were here, especially those that belong to London. I heard some of those that did come over say that they did not intend to come back in the Spring. We know that it is hard to stay away from our friends, but nevertheless we are all getting old enough to know that we should not lay our burden upon them any longer if we can possibly help; and I am sure that there is no need for it either if we stay in Canada, as any one can get on all right there by trying, and I trust that the most of us will do our best to keep up the reputation of the Christlike work to which we belong.

I see by a paper that Studds, the great show man, has done a good turn for the Doctor. He sent all he made in one or two nights towards helping our work. Thank God, and I only wish there would be more take his example. Please put some of this in our valuable paper for our brothers and sisters, as they may be called, to see it, for I know they will be glad to see any news that comes from Old England.

It is almost like Spring weather here, everything looks so nice and green. With best wishes I remain,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH ASHTON.



OF '91.

Martin Font, the first in our little group of '91, is a first-class farm hand and is spoken of most highly by the many who know him in the neighbourhood of London.

Henri George Clarke is now 20 years of age, and his five years in Canada have been well and profitably spent. Until this spring he remained with his first employer, Mr. John Horn, in the township of Ekfrid, and he is still in the same locality, where he is, deservedly, highly respected.

For the last three years John Griffiths has been in the employment of Mr. R. Adcock, butcher, of London. He likes the business, speaks highly of Canada, and is determined to make himself a worthy citizen of his adopted country; and we believe John will do it.

**

TWO SETTLERS.

We have received few more interesting letters than one that has just come to hand from Thomas Baker and his chum, Peter Aspinall, of the March and June '93 parties respectively. Only give Dr. Barnardo the funds with which to send out a few thousand more Tom Bakers and Peter Aspinalls and Canada's "unbroken prairies" and "non-producing sections" would soon be a thing of the past.

"BARCLAY, ONT., Dec. 5th, 1896.

"DEAR SIR,—I had almost forgotten to write to you, for Peter and I have been very busy in our new quarters; for we have taken up that which we spoke about to you. Peter took up 160 acres and I took 80 acres. Peter,

minus 15 acres, water, no payment; I, minus 8 acres, lake adjoining; so we will say we are pretty close neighbours, and I might add, very well satisfied so far,

"We have not been idle since we came here, for we had to put up a shanty, move into it, and have by this time close on three acres of thick brush piles, ready to burn off in the spring, and then the plough.

"There is plenty of big game here; for a party has been out here prospecting, and they say there are moose, caribou, and a bear or two, and other small game, but not worthy of mention, for they abound almost everywhere. But Peter and I do not go out hunting as a rule; we are satisfied with a rabbit or a partridge for that matter; we are looking at the land being cleared and ready for breaking.

"But we are looking forward to having a post office at Dryden that is laid out for a town in the near future, and which place is going to boom next spring. Our places are seven miles from Dryden, and Dryden is five miles north of Barclay. We are the only two settlers here who have gone to live on the land this winter, but the land is all taken up, and is going to be settled before next fall. Barclay, Dryden, Van Horne, Wainwright, and a part of Eton, are taken up.

"We are on the boundary line of Wainwright and Eton, and the land is a grey clay and rather heavy, and an abundance of poplar and jack pine trees, and quite a mess of undergrowth. There is two feet of snow here, and underbrushing is out of the question.

"Now, we are looking forward to a Christmas number of UPS AND DOWNS. It will be quite a treat to read it out here, and to know that the boys are all well and hearty, but Peter and I are not excluded.

"I suppose, as Christmas is near at hand, you will be having a crowded house. I would like to be there myself, and Peter also, but we have had our turn, so we will await our January number, and see the result of the programme.

"I will now close, but Peter is anxious that you and the boys who gather together at Christmas, and all in connection with the DEAR OLD HOME, and I join in myself with wishing you, one and all, a merry Xmas and a happy New Year. From yours very truly,

"PETER ASPINALL AND THOMAS BAKER."

The portrait of John W. Noakes amply corroborates a recent report that he is a stout, strong lad, in the best of health. John is a very capable farm hand, "can do most ordinary work in good style." Our friend speaks most gratefully of the help he has received from Dr. Barnardo. He paid us a visit during Exhibition week, and is at present at Purple Grove, where he has a very comfortable home with Mr. James Boyle.

George J. Young is now 15, and is working with great energy at Empire in the employment of Mr. W. H. Burgess, from whom a report reaches us that

"George is a very good boy, does everything first rate, even when I am away; he is kind to the stock, careful with horses, and cheerful in manner."

This is eminently satisfactory, and we are glad to know that George has an excellent home with Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, who think a great deal of our friend who also has a warm friend in Mr. Burgess' mother, a kind and genial old



OF '92.

lady, who had many pleasant things to say of George to Mr. Griffith on the occasion of his last visit.

We find Charles Fuller still with Mr. Richard Harris of Ballymote, to whom he went upon arrival here. Charles is a splendid fellow, has always tried hard to do his work well, and has succeeded in the attempt, enjoying the fullest confidence of his employer, with whom he has just re-engaged for another year. He has received the long-service and good-conduct medal and is a regular supporter of the Homes.

Alfred Williams, Wm. John Francis, Joseph White: these are our representatives "of '93." Alfred is a good worker and a warm friend of the old Home. On the occasion of his visit at Exhibition time, he donated the balance of his bank account (\$8.27) to the Institution. He is employed by Mr. Peter Robinson, of Harwich. William John Francis spent two years with Mr. John Mitchell, of Merton, and then removed to Palermo, where he is working to-day.



OF '93.

He is a good hand and in the best of health. William spoke some time ago of joining the Foresters and insuring his life. As we hope our friend will some day have others looking to him for support, we consider his intention a very wise and commendable one.

After two years and a half at Niagara, Joseph White entered the employment of Mr. J. Michener, of Tintern, an old patron of the Home. Joseph is keeping up the good reputation which his predecessors had established in the locality.

Another visitor recently was Charles Trewin, also of the spring party of '85. Charles has changed his plans for the present, and has re-engaged with his former employer at \$200 for the year, "with board, lodging and washing."

We have some interesting news in a letter from Arthur Buckley, who came out in '88, and has spent the intervening years in the district around Waterloo, the German settlement of Ontario. Arthur writes:

"I am glad to tell you that I am working six years at the same place, which I like very much. I have worked for various kinds of people, but I don't like any as well as the Germans. I think they are better farmers than other nationalities, and I can also speak German.

"I am thankful that Dr. Barnardo has sent me out to this country, and think every boy ought to be thankful I don't know what would have become of us boys if Dr. Barnardo had not sent us to Canada. . . . My boss (Mr. Gies) and I built a hen-house this past summer; it is 61 feet long by 16 feet wide. We raised more than 500 chickens during the summer and keep seven different breeds—all pure. All the people say it is a 'model hen-house' and so are the birds. I would have liked to be at the Exhibition this fall, but I could not come. . . . A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the friends. . . ."

Enclosed in Arthur's letter is a short epistle from Mr. Gies, who speaks in the warmest terms of our friend.

George C. Chapman writes us from Beamsville that he now is working in the printing office; he has learned to set the type, and finds the work very interesting. When George has an establishment of his own—as he will have, of course, some day—we shall have to call on him for a tender for printing UPS AND DOWNS.

We have on more than one occasion referred to the various walks of life in which our boys are to be found, and we can now add another to the list, the following letter conveying to us the information that our old and faithful friend Levi Bone fulfils the highly important duties of postmaster. We extend to Levi our very hearty congratulations upon his promotion and good fortune generally, and we deeply appreciate his continued and active interest in the old Home:

"It seems a long time since I saw any of the officials of the Home, or since I was there, yet 'tis only three months past, but those three have been great to me, as you know I was working with Mr. Wilson, of Chatham, at that time, with whom I severed my connection on the 21st Sept. and hired for one month with Mr. T. J. O'Keef, Postmaster, Pinehurst, Ont. Well, all went along all right, and Mr. O'Keef asked me how I would like to work his place, and so I am now working his farm on shares and keeping Pinehurst Post-office, the first postmaster from the Home, am I not? It gives me pleasure every month (this being the second) to hand out Parker's UPS AND DOWNS as well as my own. Well now, when the visitor from the Home comes to this county, Kent, or at least a good portion of it, I can drive whoever it may be wheresoever he may want to go, having purchased a good driver and buggy, and everything to equip the house. I can also accommodate the visitor here; also, this being the post-office, I think it would be very central, being three miles from Mull on the M.C.R.R., nine miles from Ridgetown, seven from Blenheim, nine from Chatham; also, I have been thinking, if you had, say, four of our little lads that you wished to board out this winter, I could accommodate them at a very nominal cost, having a large house and good accommodation. The school-house is only half a mile away. The boys would get an insight into farming, also go to school, get board and washing and mending. I suppose you have your special contract; well, I only mention this, wishing, if possible, to do something for the Home.

Alfred J. Pope, conspicuous in our '94 group, recently took a trip to England, but we expect to soon learn of him being back in the neighbourhood of Parker; and working with renewed energy after his trip across the ocean.

Henry J. T. Cox would have liked to have accompanied the excursion party to England. He felt, however, he could not afford it, and like a sensible fellow, postponed the treat to some future date not yet decided upon. Meanwhile



OF '94.

he will continue his earnest efforts in the Township of Cartwright.

For the last fifteen months John W. Lumley has been working for Mr. John Cornwall of Calder. John bears an excellent character and is a capable farm hand. In addition we know him to be a faithful friend with a heart big and true.

In a letter just to hand Arthur Kirchey tells us he thinks a great deal of his medal, and he thanks God for sending Dr. Barnardo to his help. Our friend recently made a change

"owing to the bad crops," and he informs us that he again has a good home and "a good boss."

Here are two young brothers, Arthur and Herbert Ransome, who came out in '93, and who for some time were boarded out. They are now working for members of the same family at Brampton, and attend school together. They are fine little fellows, trying hard to give satisfaction. They frequently write to us, and both make a point of contributing every year to the support of the Home.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

CHRISTMAS greetings and accounts of how a certain Christmas Day was spent have poured in upon us during the past three weeks, and while we are publishing a number of the latter and a few of the selections with which some of our friends have accompanied their good wishes, it is impossible to refer individually to ALL who have written during the month, sending Christmas greeting to the Home; but those kindly greetings and the remembrance of old friends of which they are evidence, are none the less heartily appreciated. In our next number we shall contribute an account of how a certain Christmas Day was spent—that of 1896 in the Home. For the present it will be well to give our attention to the contributions of others upon this seasonable topic.

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW ONE CHRISTMAS DAY WAS SPENT.

SAMUEL RELF, Age 18. Party, July '94.

"The following will be an account of how I spent Christmas Day at the Shepherds' Fold Home, in the year 1894. As a rule the boys all went to Stepney Causeway to spend Christmas Day, but at this time we did not go on account of some spreading disease that prevailed among the boys at Stepney Causeway. In the morning we went to Trinity Church, and when we came home we sat down to the same old diet of roast beef and plum pudding. In the afternoon we were visited by our old friend and benefactor, Dr. Barnardo, and we all enjoyed his presence very much. Before he took his departure he gave us a New Year card and sixpence each, and we in return thanked and cheered him. In the evening we had a magic lantern, and fruit, such as oranges and apples, to which we all did good justice. We retired about nine o'clock with the feeling that we had spent Christmas Day in a quiet and proper manner. In conclusion, I think that Christmas Day should be kept holy just the same as Sunday, because Christ was born on that memorable day."

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW ONE CHRISTMAS DAY WAS SPENT.

LEVI BONE, Age 21. Party, June '88.

"Well, how can any Barnardo boy forget how we spent the Christmas of '87; the amount of plum puddings that disappeared from the long tables that were spread in the new building that day of days; the words of Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Canon Anderson, and others? Old Father Christmas, or rather Fathers Christmas, as there were three or four; and how we were treated. Was there ever such a Christmas as that ever before or since? I never did, nor expect to see the same again. The way each boy got as a present his threepenny bit, 'tanner,' or his 'bob,' as he was deemed worthy; the singing, nuts candies oranges, and the thousand and one other treats that we got! Yes, boys, that was one Christmas among many; and now we look back on those days, and as I said only the other day to Fred Parker, who works

(Continued on page 12.)

It is now rather more than four years since Boarding Out became a recognized branch of our Canadian work, and like most other undertakings that Dr. Barnardo has

put his hand to, it has grown apace and accomplished most successful and satisfactory results. Previous to the inauguration of our Boarding Out scheme it was seldom that any boys were sent out from England under the age of 13. It was understood that they received their early training in the English Homes and were emigrated only when the time had arrived that they could be considered as fit to earn their own livelihood and be entirely self-supporting. Five years ago it suggested itself to Dr. Barnardo that it would be, in many ways, highly beneficial to the boys who were destined to settle in Canada that they should receive the greater part of their training in Canada itself, and that they should be sent out at a much earlier age, and that the money that would be expended upon their support in the English Homes should be expended in paying for their maintenance in Canadian country households.

The advantages were obvious, inasmuch as it gave the little lads the benefit of family life and home influences, and surroundings which no institution, however well organized and managed, can ever supply, and it gave them their start in Canadian life at the age when it was no effort for them to adapt themselves to altered conditions. A boy of 14 or 15 has acquired habits of conduct and ways of living according to the surroundings under which he has been placed, and when he finds himself in a new country he realizes that it is "new," and it takes him a certain amount of time to come to his bearings, and in cases where a boy's temperament lacks "elasticity" the process is sometimes a difficult and a critical one. A child of 6 or 7, on the contrary, has had no time to strike root and his mind and habits are unformed, and when these little chaps find themselves in good comfortable Canadian homes, England and English life very soon fade away from their recollection and becomes a very dim and distant memory. They become at once Canadian in ideas and speech and habits, and Canada being the country of their adoption the sooner they do so the



AT BRUNEL.

better. So in the Fall of 1891 we began to feel our way in this new departure, and a small party of little boys was

Our Boarders

sent out specially for Boarding Out, after the regular immigration work was over for the season.

We soon decided that it was desirable to confine the Boarding Out work to a particular district, which we



SCHOLARS AT CHAFFEY.

should consider as our nursery, and where there would be no fear of its clashing with our other operations, and



AT ALLANSVILLE.

The little lasses in the group are: Mary A. Turner, Annie Shmels, Bertha Marlow, Charlotte Upfield, Mary Matthews, Susan Creerer, Janet Marshall and Susie Harris. Miss Loveday informed us when supplying us with the names of these girls that they are all very happy in their home and school life, being treated with much kindness both by their teacher and their foster parents.

after careful consideration we resolved to devote our energies to the Muskoka district. We selected this rather remote northern region on account, in the first place, of its possessing a magnificently healthy climate, of its being reasonably accessible from Toronto, of its being settled chiefly with a thrifty, law-abiding, in all respects desirable class of settlers, and, moreover, because we had good reason to know that the money we had to offer for the maintenance of our little charges would go further and be more gratefully appreciated by the farmers in a recently settled district, where, amidst plenty of the necessaries of life, ready money is comparatively scarce, than in older settled localities, where so much more produce is raised that is convertible into cash.

We had somewhat uphill work at first in finding suitable homes for our little boarders. It took time for people we approached to take hold of the idea, but when the ice was once broken it soon ceased to be a case of looking for places, but rather selecting the best out of large numbers of eligible applications. We have now about 550 little boys placed out in the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, for whose maintenance we are

paying at a stated rate per month, in consideration of which they are boarded, lodged, clothed and cared for, and sent regularly to school the whole year round. This means that

within a comparatively limited area over thirty-three thousand dollars of English money are annually expended, among a class to whom such a source of revenue is the greatest boon. We do not profess to consider chiefly the pecuniary interests of the foster parents, neither do we wish to have dealings with people who regard the question from the standpoint of profit, but at any rate this fact is a sufficient answer to the suggestion that our little boys are a burden to the country. So far we have seen the happiest results from this method of training and upbringing our little lads. With very few exceptions they have been received in the kindest spirit into the households and families of their foster parents. They have grown and thriven amazingly, and when the time has come for their being transferred to situations, they have come back to us looking generally the picture of health and boyish vigour. In most cases they have seen and learned enough on the farm to know how to make themselves useful in many little ways, and the farmers whose employ they enter find them a great improvement on the new arrivals from England, who, of course, come quite "green"

to their work. The one and only drawback to the system of Boarding Out is the grief and trouble caused by the inevitable parting. It is touching in the extreme to witness the broken-hearted distress on both sides, and we have seen boys fret and cry for days after parting with their foster parents, and the latter very little better themselves. It cannot be helped; the fledgelings must leave their nest, and at any rate the knowledge that there are honest hearts grieving at parting with him, and thinking of and praying for him as he goes out into the world, cannot but be an influence and power for good in a boy's life: so that the drawback of the Boarding Out work is in some aspects a blessing. For the rest, it is a movement full of hope and promise, and in reviewing the operations of the past year there is no part of our work that we can regard with fuller thankfulness and satisfaction.



AT UFFORD.

We are kept well supplied with information relating to the progress and general welfare of our young friends. The bulk of this, of course, reaches us in the "Visitor's Report," but frequently these are supplemented in the course of the year by a most interesting little report of progress from a youngster himself, his foster parents generally adding a line or two of spontaneous testimony. From those two sources we are able to pro-

(Continued on Page 3 of Cover.)



OUR MOTTO FOR 1897.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—*Heb. 12: 1, 2.*

OUR motto for the year is practical, for indeed our every day, work-a-day lives are practical. Most of us have already found out that life is not made up of sunshine and flowers, although these pleasant things do come in sometimes, and we well remember once listening to the prayer of a blind Moravian minister, when he gave thanks for the "wild flowers of joy" scattered all along our paths.

Nevertheless there also comes into our mind a little couplet which may find its echo in some heart, and which runs thus: "I slept, and dreamt that life was beauty; I woke, and found that life was duty." Therefore, as to most of us life brings its duties, we have chosen these words bidding us run our race—and since our lives are made up of days, each day's race—with patience.

In another part of the Bible we read: "Ye have need of patience." A lady once addressed a Mothers' Meeting from these words, and we can believe they were apt enough in this connection; none but mothers, perhaps, fully know how sorely the patience may be tried—in the day time, possibly by difficult children, or one hundred domestic annoyances, and perhaps at night by the restless, ailing baby. However, just now we are not talking to mothers but to girls.

We are all running our race on life's great race-course, and we want to do it well. First of all, if we look at the text we shall see that we have to lay aside some things—"every weight" and "sin." Now we know very well if a man is running a race he will not carry a heavy weight in his hand, because, of course, it would only hinder him; so we want to find out what hinders us from running our race in life well, and, having found it out, to lay it aside. What is it, then? Some bad companions? Some unwise friendship? Some foolish reading which gives us wrong ideas of life, and makes us discontented? Or is it some sin, a bad temper, or evil speaking, or an unsubdued spirit? Whatever it is, let us be ready to lay it aside, if it is a hindrance in running the race well.

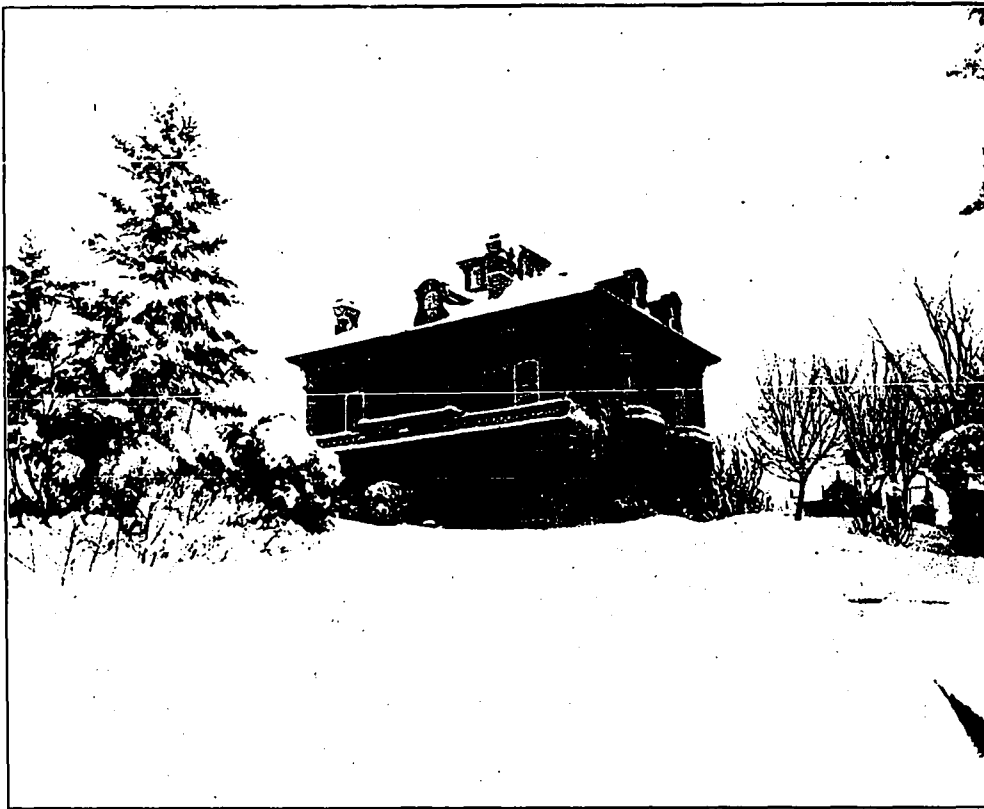
And then comes in the *patience*. Oh let patience be our watchword this coming year! Patience, when everything seems going wrong;

patience, when perhaps the children seem a little provoking, or when things are said that we do not just like; patience, when work is new and seems difficult, or when life seems rather hum-drum; patience, to "wait till the clouds roll by"; and let us always remember that probably we may often try the patience of others, so we in our turn should try to show patience.

We have been talking in a very matter-of-fact way, because, as we have already said, our every-day lives are practical; but just as into the homeliest dwellings the glorious sunshine may enter illumining its walls and bringing a thought of heaven's glory, or from outside its casement the sweet pink rose may peep in and diffuse a lovely fragrance, so into these work-a-day lives of ours we would welcome the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, and therefore we are glad to think of these words which tell us to be

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Oh! Life is but a poor thing after all—a hard weary struggle for existence, without His love to help and cheer, and His presence to



HAZEL BRAE IN WINTER GARB.

strengthen. While working, then, keep Him ever in view; let the soul turn true to Him as the needle to the Polar Star; keep the heart in touch with Him in running the race, and follow Him as your great Example, Who ever kept in view "the joy that was set before Him." But is there a heart that has never yet given one look to Him? Never yet looked to the world's Saviour with confiding trust? At this Christmas time, when all Christendom is pealing out its chimes in commemoration of a Saviour who came to live and die for our sins in this world—God forbid that any of us should forget, should neglect Him!

Therefore, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

HAZEL BRAE NOTES.

LOOKING BACK.

We have before presented some of our readers with a picture of Hazel Brae, but it was some time ago now and in its summer dress, so that we do not think it will be altogether out of place to have the Girls' Home in winter garb, especially as a number of our readers will be

long to last year's arrivals, and therefore have not seen the other picture.

On looking back on the past year we feel we must offer a note of praise and gratitude to the Giver of all good.

When we think of the numbers of young lives that have been within these walls, it is a matter of great thankfulness that, although there have been reminders of the fleeting nature of life, through one and another being called away, still we have been preserved from harm, infectious disease, and dangers of all sorts.

There have, of course, been anxieties, for where there are living hearts and souls to deal with, and not "bales of goods," such must be expected and experienced. A parent will know something of the anxieties attendant on watching a small family of three or four children, each with its individual disposition. What, then, about a family of hundreds of girls and children?

We have welcomed two parties to Canada, one of one hundred in August, and another company of eighty-three in October, and most of these are now launched out on life's ocean.

We have lost our valued Superintendent, Miss Woodgate, who, as already announced, has returned to her home in England, and we have welcomed in her place Mrs. Metcalfe, who by this time, we hope, feels quite at home among us.

We also have to mention, what will be news to some of our girls, that Miss Elvin who, for more than six years has been an active worker at Hazel Brae, left the Home on December 3, on which day she was married to Mr. W. J. Green, of Peterborough, and has started with him for the far west, as British Columbia is to be her future home.

The friends of Alice Rogers will be interested to hear of her. She still keeps about the same, and never leaves her bed, but we are thankful to say is patient and contented. Just lately she has had a most useful and suitable present from a kind lady friend, Mrs. H. S. Greenwood, of this town, who

often calls to see her. The gift is a bed rest, so that Alice can have her meals in bed neatly set out on this nice little table, covered with a white cloth. We think some of her particular friends would be pleased if they could look in and have a peep at her. Perhaps some of them would write her a nice Christmas or New Year's letter. If God has given us health, should we not think of those who are weak and suffering?

Alice has received a nice letter from Miss Woodgate from her home in England, telling of improved health, and evidently enjoying the seaside; telling of her walks on the cliffs overlooking the ocean, or watching the waves as they break on the sands, often bringing with them lovely seaweeds, white, brown or pink.

Mrs. Brown returned to England in November by Dominion Line steamship *Vancouver*.

Some kind friends have been remembering the Home lately. Mrs. John F. Mears, of Cambridge, until then unknown to us, most kindly sent a donation of \$10.

Miss Loveday has been visiting in Woodstock, Ingersoll, and other places; and Miss

Gibbs has returned from a trip to Port Hope, Pontypool, Oshawa, Markham and Lindsay.

We had a pleasant visit from Mary McGrady at Thanksgiving, and were glad to renew acquaintance with her. Mary has changed very much since we saw her last. We think again of the words,

"May glides onward into June," as we see how a few years cause such a change.

The annual Christmas tree is likely again to become a reality to the little ones of the Home.

Mrs. Haultain, whose name is familiar to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, has made a present of a dozen dolls to the Home, which we expect will appear on the looked-for tree, and Miss Quinn writes of her dressing and sending in some more. She says in her letter: "I shall never forget my Christmases at Hazel Brae. They are among the pleasant recollections of my life."

We think the little ones will agree with St. Nicholas:

"The dainty willow with pussies gray,
The birch with bark so white,
The apple tree with its blossoms sweet,
And the fruit so red and bright.
But the one I love the best of all
Blooms and bears fruit together:
It is sure to be filled at this time of the year,
Whatever may be the weather.

Oh what a sight is this wonderful tree,
With its gifts that sparkle and hide!
Other trees may be good, but there's none for me
Like the beautiful merry Christmas tree
With its branches spreading wide—
The merry, beautiful, sparkling tree
That blossoms at Christmas-tide."

By the way, St. Nicholas gives a lovely little story of a snowed-up party in the train on Christmas Day, and a little boy named Jamie, who was in great trouble over his trying circumstances, and burst out with 'Mama said I should have a Christmas; an' gramma's got a tree, an' I want a Christmas.'

Then it tells how a young lady of the party, who was one of those people who try to make others happy, got an evergreen cut down from outside, and covered it with cookies, gingerbread, and various other attractions, till the little fellow *did* have his Christmas!

Shall we, this Christmas, instead of thinking how to make *ourselves* happy, try to make others happy, and so follow the example of this young girl?

This month, as it is a special number for the season of the year, we are presenting our readers with two groups of girls, among which, we are sure, many will recognize the features of friends. It will be noticed that they are divided according to the years when they came to Canada. All in one group belong to the eighties, and in the other to the nineties. As their faces, so their histories are varied. We believe all are thoroughly respectable girls, and, we trust, trying to do their best in that corner of the world where they are placed.

P. Code

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

"Mother, I do love you," said dear little five-year-old Jackie, and so he does love his mother—and little Jackie was taught the way to show his love was by being good.

Now, our girls would wish to show their love for the old Homes in England and "the Doctor," and his work by practical proof, and so we want at the opening of the year to remind them of the Girls' Donation Fund. Some have come to Canada since we wrote about this before, but we think they can stand being reminded of it, so we make it plain again for the sake of the new arrivals.

The Girls' Donation Fund is set on foot to enable every girl to have the privilege each year of sending one dollar to help on Dr. Barnardo's good work in England among the boys and girls—although the contributions are not limited to this amount—and we have on different occasions received more. We like to have the fund completed by May 1st, and the sooner donations are sent in the better, for "he gives twice who gives quickly," and also it is well to "strike when the iron is hot."

There should be no need to urge the girls to respond to this call heartily, but we believe, while there are those who have given generously, there are many more who could do so and who,

We have to acknowledge the following donations for the Girls' Fund:

Beatrice Thomas.....	\$2 00
Maud Saunders.....	1 00
Alice Shaw.....	25
Ellen Hammond.....	1 00
Winifred Damon.....	10
Eliza Cogley.....	10

YOUNG HELPERS.

In England there is a Society of young people, who band themselves together to help on Dr. Barnardo's work among the young, and this has suggested our heading for these remarks. In Canada we are quite sure that Dr. Barnardo's own girls can most effectually help on his work by their individual good characters and conduct, as the following facts will show, for "facts are stubborn things"

On November 11th Keziah Smart left the Home for her place with Mr. George Baggs, Thistleton, and about a week later we received a letter from a neighbour of his as follows:

"Being in need of a girl, and seeing the girl Keziah Smart that you sent up to Mr. Baggs (my nearest neighbour), I write to inquire if you can send me one."

We were glad to fill his application, and duly despatched Mary Heslop, one of our late arrivals.

Also a lady who has seen Florrie Hodges, wrote and applied to us for a similar little girl, and we have just sent one off to her.

We are also given to understand that it was through the reputation of Daisy Biggs, a lady in the same neighbourhood decided to seek a girl from this Home. Mary O'Leary was sent, and her mistress writes:

"Mary arrived to us safe and well. She seems a nice child, and if she does as well as she has since coming two days ago, she will be quite a comfort."

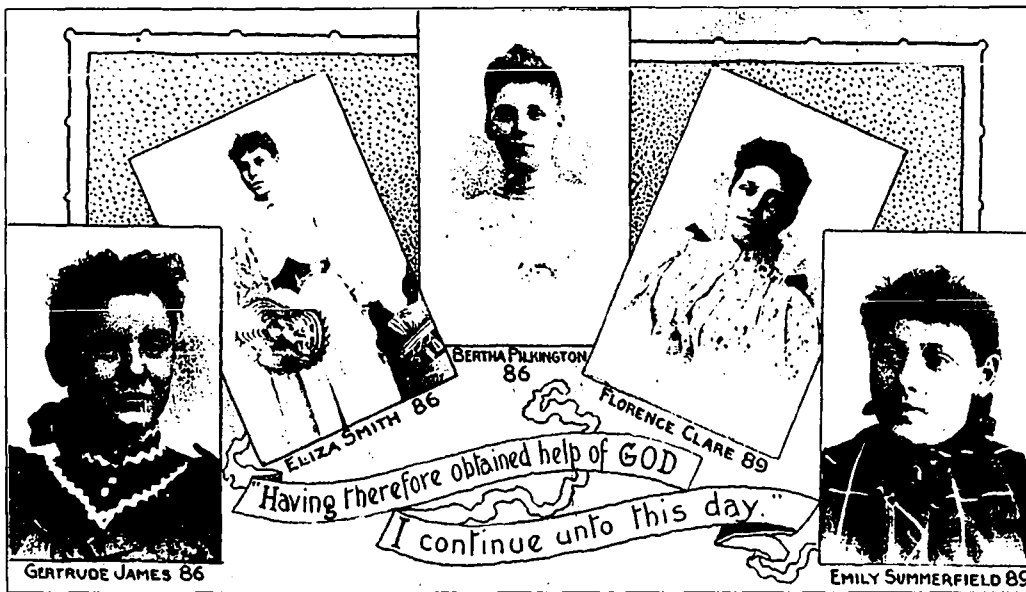
GOOD ADVICE.

Young folks who are making a start in life, need to realize that the people who are willing to do just what is wanted are scarce, consequently always in demand. The mistake made by the lad in the following incident is dangerously common:

A gentleman who owned a farm told a friend that he needed a boy to work about his place. The friend expressed a wish that he would soon find one. In a few days the gentleman went to his friend and said: "I have just got a boy, and I hope he will be a good one." About a week later he was asked how his boy was getting on. He replied: "I haven't any boy."

"Why," said the friend, "you told me last week that you had one."

"I thought I had one, but I found I was mistaken. When I told him to do anything he would say, 'Hadn't I better do it this way?' instead of doing it the way I told him; or when he was doing one thing and I told him to do another, he would reply, 'Hadn't I better finish this first?'" "I want a boy," said the gentle-



perhaps, may have neglected it hitherto, perhaps more from want of thought than anything else. We should not like, when we send up the fund next year, for the Doctor to feel the amount was not worthy of the number of girls he had sent out to this country. Some of us remember his letter last year, which, while he acknowledged with pleasure what *had been* done, pointed out what *might* be done. So, girls, send in according to your means. Despatch your offerings to Miss Code, Peterborough, and they will be forwarded to Dr. Barnardo in due time.

Let those who can only give a little send as well as those who can afford a larger amount. Whilst some time ago we gladly acknowledged five dollars from Susan Waltshaw who is now quite a young woman, and ten dollars from Mary Sewell, also an elder girl, we are very pleased to notice this month two donations of ten cents each from two little girls, Annie Cogley, aged 12, and Winifred Damon, who is 11 years old.

There are many ways in these days of raising money for good purposes, but we think it is far the most satisfactory to receive the free-will offering of grateful hearts, and we shall hope for an enthusiastic response.

man, "who will do as I tell him, and not a lawyer to instruct me, so I sent him away."
(Sel.)

The above contribution was sent for our paper by one of our girls, who, we hope, is learning out the wisdom contained therein.

* *

Hetty Jeffreys is sending a few few puzzles which we hope to insert another time. She is an older girl, and we are glad to have heard from her. She writes:

"I like UPS AND DOWNS very much. I think it a very interesting paper. I like reading the girls' letters very much, and I like reading the boys' part also. I have changed my mind about leaving here. I am afraid if I leave a good place for no cause, I may get a worse one."

We thought we should like our younger girls to hear this opinion about changing places from one who has been longer on the road than they have.

Nelly Gardner also writes:

"We take UPS AND DOWNS. I think it a very nice paper. I have read several letters from girls that I used to know. I think they are very nice. I wonder if Emma Sharp remembers me. Edith and Emma used to be great friends in the Village Home."

* *

A LETTER FROM TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

"I now take the pleasure of writing to you to tell you that Annie and I are well and happy together. We have a very comfortable home to live in, and our mother is very kind to us. We do all we can to please her. We are getting good warm clothes for the winter. We are trying to do our best to get promoted at Christmas. We think that Dr. Barnardo must be a very good man to the orphans, and we wish him a very happy and bright Christmas, and all the other children.

"Annie and I enclose 10 cents each in stamps to help the Home a little. Ma encloses 25 cents to UPS AND DOWNS. We could not do without it, for we like to read it, and so does Ma. Annie was delighted to see her sister's name in the UPS AND DOWNS.

"Yours gratefully,

"ANNIE COGLEY AND WINNIE DAMON."

Mrs. D., with whom they are living, writes:

"Annie and Winnie are two very good girls, and I think they are doing very well at school. Dear Madam, if I had to keep one of the little girls, I would not know which one to pick on; I like them both."

* *

SCRIPTURE UNION CORNER.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS.

1. Three principal feasts - Passover, Weeks, Tabernacles. Deut. 16: 16.
2. The month Abib. Deut. 16: 1.
3. Acts 7: 37; 3: 22.
4. Romans 10: 7, 8.

As we are this month having a talk about our motto for the year, we are not filling up the Scripture Union Corner in the usual way.

* *

GREETINGS TO DR. BARNARDO.

At this season of the year we very much wish Dr. Barnardo's Canadian Girls would send him their good wishes for a bright Christmas and a Happy New Year—if only there was a telephone long enough! But we hope he will

receive our good wishes through these pages as we wish him every blessing through the coming year, and renewed health and strength for the great work he has in hand. We would unite in saying

"GOD BLESS THE DOCTOR."

* *

IN LEISURE HOUR.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

BURIED RIVERS.

1. Don.
2. Trenton.

PUZZLES.

1. Frog.
2. Constituent.
3. Turkey.
4. Because they propagate.

BURIED CITIES.

1. Woodstock.
2. Brandon.



MARRIAGES.

During the past year we have received news of the following girls, amongst others, having been married:

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Mary Heale. | Rose Reid. |
| Jane Nash. | Ellen Nash. |
| Emily Curtis | Beatrice Lodge. |
| Jessie Letten. | Isabella Bransby. |
| Rose Marshall | Caroline Gardner. |

CHRISTMAS.

"In eastern Khan one morning gray
The Lord of Love an infant lay,
And far on Bethlehem's hills that morn
An angel sang: 'The Christ is born!'"
But round the manger's sacred hoard
The tide of travellers careless poured,
And still when souls new ransomed sing
'Rejoice, for we have crowned Christ King,'
The lead-eyed world in dull surprise
Blinks only, mutters, seals its eyes.
But far in heaven the angels say
'Rejoice, for these, 'tis Christmas Day.'"

CHRISTMAS PUZZLES.

1. My 1st is in trees but not in timber,
My 2nd is in weak but not in limber,
My 3rd is in month but not in day,
My 4th is in September but not in May,
My 5th is in play but not in work,
My 6th is in Grecian but not in Turk,
My 7th is in maple but not in oak,
My 8th is in break but not in broke,
My 9th is in cunning but not in smart,
My 10th is in lungs but not in heart.
My whole is a name to all children dear.

2. Scripture Drop Vowel Puzzle from Luke.
F.r.n.t.y...s.b.rn.th.sd.y.nth.c.ty.f
D.v.d.s.v...rwh.ch.sChr.sth.l.rd

3. My 1st is in mud but not in sand,
My 2nd is in toe but not in hand,
My 3rd is in run but not in walk,
My 4th is in chatter but not in talk,
My 5th is in year but not in week,
My 6th is in puncture but not in leak,
My 7th is in hat but not in boot,

My 8th is in harp but not in flute,
My 9th is in silver but not in gold,
My 10th is in shape but not in mould,
My 11th is in white but not in yellow,
My 12th is in man but not in fellow,
My 13th is in daughter but not in son,
My 14th is in pounds but not in ton.
My whole is what I wish you,
BEA JONESS.

* *

1. My 1st is in whiskey but not in rum,
My 2nd is in many but not in some,
My 3rd is in pillow but not in sheet,
My 4th is in copy but not in cheat,
My 5th is in yellow but not in white,
My 6th is in fighting but not in fight,
My 7th is in little but not in big,
My 8th is in waggon but not in rig,
My 9th is in young but not in old,
My 10th is in selling but not in sold,
My 11th is in china but not in tin,
My 12th is in wrong but not in sin.
My whole is what I wish all the readers
of UPS AND DOWNS.

2. My 1st is in proud but not in vain,
My 2nd is in silly but not in sane,
My 3rd is in daughter but not in son,
My 4th is in merry but not in fun,
My 5th is in prairie but not in land,
My 6th is in league but not in band,
My 7th is in danger but not in fear,
My 8th is in behind but not in rear,
My 9th is in prince but not in earl,
My 10th is in woman but not in girl,
My 11th is in legs but not in feet.
My whole is something we like to eat.

3. Scripture Drop Vowel Puzzle from Luke.
Gl.ryt.G.d.nth.h.gh.st.nd.n
...rthp...c.g...dw.lt.w.rdm.n.

EDITH HALLANDALE.

BEYOND.

I wonder, in the life that is to be,
If we shall utterly forget the one
We left behind? If all the years we spend
In sunshine or in shadow, joy or pain,
Shall pass from out our memory, and be
As though they never were? Ah, God forbid!
It seems to me that heaven would lack somewhat
Of highest bliss if we forget the means
Whereby we have attained to the fair end.
I cannot think that all the memories
Of this dear earth, with all its birds and flowers,
Its swaying trees, its rippling, running streams,
Its brooding hills, alike indifferent
To rain or snow, should ever be effaced;
I know that I should feel a sense of loss—
A something unattained—should I forget
My old, first home.

--[Florence Augusta Jones.]

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 7.)

for Mr. Tyhurst across from my place (Mr. Tyhurst has another Home boy, I think, on trial), that those were the happiest days in the lives of our boys. I know they were happy days with me, but still this is a go-ahead world, and Christmas comes as all other days, and now let us make the best of the one before us. I for one, although not joined the benedicts, will, God sparing and all being well, provide Christmas viands for six or seven of us this year. Last year at this time I was just in London and making my way across to Stepney. So good bye, wishing you all a merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year."

THE CHRISTMAS GREETING OF A BARNARDO BOY IN CANADA TO HIS OLD FRIENDS IN THE OLD HOME IN THE OLD LAND.

"'Shall auld acquaintance be forgot and never be renewed?' Now, boys who are at home and contemplate and hope to anticipate the joys of another Christmas, we would greet you with outstretched hands and open hearts. We would like, a good many of us at least, to be near enough to look into your faces and greet you on this happy day of days, face to face, and tell you the joys, pleasures, and also of the little hardships which we boys on this side of the ocean have here. We have room to walk miles without seeing any town; in fact, boys, we have chances in Canada which in England you cannot have. Boys in the old country, as we call it out here, we, the Home boys in Canada, greet you all. We wish you all a most bright and merry Christmas, also a happy and prosperous New Year. From one of the boys of '88. LEVI BONE, Pinehurst P.O."

AN ACCOUNT OF A CHRISTMAS DAY.

HARRY ROBBINS, Age 14. Party, July '94.

"The most enjoyable Christmas that I ever spent was the year of 1891. I was living at the time with a family in the county of West Sussex, England. It was a clear frosty morning, and I was up early. Of course I had hung up my stocking the night before, and was surprised to see it almost full. After breakfast I went out for a stroll. I walked to the town, which was not a great distance. Here I met a companion who was enjoying himself in the same manner. I joined him, and he took me to see several places out of town, that I had not seen before. Thinking it was time to return home, we turned back and reached the town just as the 'Hall' clock struck eleven. After parting from my companion I walked quickly home. After waiting a short while dinner was served, having eaten a share of meat and potatoes and other vegetables, in came a huge plum pudding which seemed as if it had been made too large for the saucepan. I suppose everybody can fancy what became of the pudding, so I will not trouble to tell. Dinner being over I got ready to go to church. The church was decorated for the festival and a special service was held. Before tea I had asked some other boys and girls to come to the house with me. After having a splendid tea, we played games and sung until it was time for them to go home."

AN ACCOUNT OF HOW ONE CHRISTMAS DAY WAS SPENT.

ALBERT E. YOUNG, Age 14. Party July, '95.

"The Christmas of 1895 was my first Christmas in Canada, and I liked it very much. We all know what Christmas Day is, the token of it is the birth of Christ. We all know at Christmas eve who comes down the chimney—Santa Claus—and he came to our house; so, in the morning I got up for all day and came down stairs. The first thing I did I looked on my plate and found some good things. Of course we did not work, only we did the chores there were to do; and when dinner-time came I had the very, very best of a dinner, but we did not have any roast beef or plum pudding, because Will had not killed our beef yet and therefore we had to go without; but, for all, we had roast chickens and potatoes and cake and date pie; and the rest of the day I was doing nothing but playing and eating candy and nuts. This should be one of the best days of all the year, for the earth received the greatest gift God ever gave on Christmas Day.

"CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

"I wish the boys in the old Home a 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,' and the masters also."

AN ACCOUNT OF ONE CHRISTMAS DAY I SPENT.

GEORGE A. GILDERSON, Age 24; Party April '90.

I remember well my first Christmas in Canada. It was in the year 1890 and was celebrated at the residence of Mr. P. Harris. There were about 20 guests. As I was included in the list of invited guests, you may be certain that I eagerly looked forward to the approaching event. At last the long-looked-for day dawned.

After we had partaken of breakfast the horses were soon hitched to the sleighs and we were speeding on our journey. After a six-mile ride we arrived at our destination. One after another the company arrived until the house was filled. After Christmas greetings were exchanged, the time was spent till dinner time with music and singing, while the cooks were busy preparing the Christmas dinner. The table literally "groaned" beneath the weight of the eatables provided, such as roast beef and turkeys, oysters and other palatable delicacies, not forgetting the old-fashioned Christmas plum-pudding.

After dinner "Santa Claus" made his appearance heavily laden with presents, and soon every person present was the happy possessor of some token of esteem from their friends. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent in playing games and other pastimes until tea was announced, after which a programme was provided consisting of music, singing, recitations, and dialogues, also an amateur negro minstrel show. I was elected "chairman," which proud position I filled to the best of my ability. Altogether a very enjoyable day was spent. It was away in the "wee sma' hours" that preparations were made for departure.

* *

MY GREETINGS.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

May every moment of your life
Be free from anxious care and strife,
May each blest Christmas love impart,
And peace reign monarch of the heart.

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS.

Longed for blessing speed to greet,
As on angel's flashing wing,
Wake for thee joy's music sweet,
This blest season hallowing.

MAY YOU HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A heart of happiness within you,
Content around and care away.
May every morrow's dawn continue
The gladness that is yours to-day.

R. G. DRURY, Grenfell, Man.
(Party, March '87.)

* *

WHAT PAYS.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth.
To strive with sympathy and love
Their confidence to win.
It pays to open wide the heart,
And let the sunshine in.
The 25 cents is to keep the other boys.

SIDNEY G. REED, Novar,
(Age, 11; party, Nov. '93.)

MY WISH.

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with us till we meet again.
I send 24 cents for a Christmas present to help the little boys.
Your loving friend,
FRANK REED, Novar.
(Age, 12; Party, April '93.)

* *

SEEKING FOR ME.

Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame,
Oh it was wonderful, blest be His name,
Seeking for me, seeking for me.
With my favorite hymn, I send 24 cents for a present to help other little boys.
ARTHUR BAILLY, Novar.
(Age, 11; party, March, '94.)

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE BARNARDO BOYS IN ENGLAND

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 19; Party June '90.

DEAR BOYS.—It is the privilege of us boys in Canada to send a greeting to you, through our valuable paper, UPS AND DOWNS, which, no doubt, you have heard of and perhaps read.

I am glad to get an opportunity of sending you a few lines for Christmas.

I often think of the boys in England, although there may not be many there that remember me.

This Canada of ours is a grand country, and very free; and if any of you think of coming here let me say to you, do not expect an easy life; there is a chance here for all that are willing to work, and especially those who would like to learn farming.

It was the best thing ever happened to me (except becoming a Christian) coming to Canada, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for it.

But I am forgetting Christmas. I would like very much to be with you at Christmas. One of the best Christmases I ever had was at Stepney in eighteen eighty-nine.

But amidst all your festivity, do not overlook why we keep Christmas. Take the blessed Jesus with you and you will enjoy Christmas as you never enjoyed it before. I will close with

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

* *

HOW ONE CHRISTMAS DAY WAS SPENT.

WILLIAM F. RESDEN, Age 14. Party, July '94.

I have spent two Christmas Days in Canada. I will tell you how one day was spent. I was in Muskoka. The sun rose clear and bright on the 25th day of December, 1894. We had a Christmas tree, and I got a lot of candies and apples. I also got a good knife, of which I was very proud. The snow was on the ground about six inches deep. In the morning I took my master's little girl for a long ride on my hand sleigh. Next door to us, about half a mile away, there lived another Barnardo boy. In the afternoon I was intending to go about a mile away to skate with three other Barnardo boys, but when I saw the snow was so deep I did not go, but went and played with our neighbour. We had a good time, and I thought I had done right, because he had no one to play with and the others had. At night I went to a tea meeting, and had a good tea. After tea there was a concert, and a lot of recitations and dialogues, also a good lot of singing. After it was over a big cake was sold by auction. Then "God Save the Queen" was sung and the meeting closed. Thus I spent one Christmas Day.

I wish you all, in England and in Canada, a Happy Christmas.

ANSWER.

A CHARADE

Contributed by Mrs. Haultain in our last number—
nian-u-fac(t)-tory.

TOPICS.

For Feb. { "A description of some part of the
Ottawa Valley,"
OR
"My Work in Winter,"
OR
"My opinion of winter and winter sports in Canada."

NOTE.—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN JANUARY 20TH, THOSE ON TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY NOT LATER THAN JANUARY 20TH.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

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

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together.
A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words. It need not necessarily reach this limit, but it must not exceed it.

Christmas Customs and Superstitions.

(Continued from Page 2 of Cover.)

These well known lines from Hamlet recognize these superstitions :

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is that time."

* *

The salmon was a great Christmas favourite, and Sandys mentions a Monmouthshire tradition to the effect that on every Christmas day, in the morning only, a large salmon appeared in the adjoining river, showed himself openly, and permitted himself to be taken and handled; but it would have been the greatest impiety to capture him.

Popular rhymes did not omit the

"sammon, king of fish,
That fills with good cheere the Christmas dish."

A Christmas dinner in those ancient days was a meal massive beyond our comprehension. Only by comparison can we estimate its proportions.

In Gervase Markham's English Housewife is a bill of fare, oft quoted, for an ordinary friendly dinner, to which the imagination may add the fitting accompaniments for the "king of dinners."

First course, sixteen full dishes: "a shield of brawn, with mustard; a boiled capon; boiled beef; a roasted chine of beef; a neat's tongue, roasted; a pig, roasted; baked chewets; a goose, roasted; a swan, roasted; a turkey, roasted; a haunch of venison, roasted; a kid with a pudding inside; a pasty of venison; an olive pye; a couple of capons; a custard."

To these add "sallets, fricases, quelque choses, and devised paste, as many dishes more to make the full service thirty-two dishes," which the housewife is admonished is "as much as can conveniently stand on one table and in one mess, and after this manner you may proportion your second and third courses, holding fullness in one half the dishes, and show on the other, which will be both frugal in the splendor, contentment to the guest, and pleasure to the beholder."

* *

The English gentlemen were wont to repair to their country-houses and keep open house at this season, "when good logs furnish the hall fire, when brawn is in season, and all revelling regarded, and beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard." Care was taken to provide "a noyse of minstrells, and a Lincolnshire bagpipe."

* *

Mummings were known very early in England, and were doubtless a remnant of the Roman Saturnalia, when men and women went about the streets dressed to represent all manner of cattle and wild beasts.

In the English country-houses disguises were provided for the guests. In 1348, at Otford, in Kent, there were furnished fourteen dragons' heads, fourteen swans' heads with wings, fourteen pheasants' heads with wings, and numerous mummers' tunics trimmed with gold and silver stars. Another year the heads were of wild beasts.

To take the place of the old heathen frolics, there were provided, under the auspices of the clergy, plays and mysteries, these being distinguished by the hidden or revealed meaning. These plays set forth the miraculous acts of the saints. Many farcical passages were introduced to enliven their monotony, often making them highly irreverent. In the Chester mysteries, Noah's wife absolutely declines to enter the ark without her gossip, and strengthens her avowal by swearing by Mary, St. John, and

Christ; when finally drawn in, she deals Noah a hearty box on the ear. These plays held their ground until the days of Shakespeare.

Space forbids a description of the Christmas pie, which our modern mince-pie, has entirely superseded. The Puritans would have none of the Christmas pie, declaring,—

"All plums the prophets' sons deny,
And spice-broths are too hot :
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot."

The Christmas revels came to an end with Twelfth Night, second only to Christmas in splendour of celebration, and with a sigh of relief, perhaps, and a pang of regret likewise, the spirit of the old Scotch rhyme fell upon all:

"Yule's come, and Yule's gane,
And we hea feasted weel ;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

OUR BOARDERS.

(Concluded from Page 8.)

vide a number of little items of news which we feel sure will prove of interest to our readers at large as well as to those to whom they relate. We are also able in this number to give ocular demonstration that our boarders are a sturdy, well fed, healthy looking lot of little lads, Mr. Gaunt having taken his camera with him on one of his recent trips.

In our first illustration we see Charles Hawk, Charles Wall, Sidney Fishbourne, Arthur Bray, Charles Skinner, William Clayton, Ernest Gay, Ernest Dunstan, Robert Taylor, George Cornick, Alfred Gurr, William Houghton, and Charles Law, who are attending school at Chaffey, and have a very warm regard for their teacher, Miss Campbell, under whose tuition they are all making splendid progress.

The boys in our centre cut are Percy and Frank Goodman, Joey Pinder, Arthur G. Goldsmith, Horace Cruttenden, John Shayler, William Wright, Alfred Hewlett, David Morris, Fred and Alfred Sherington. The building in the background is Allansville School, and fortunate indeed are our little men in having their early educational efforts directed by Miss Proudfoot, who has filled the position she occupies for a number of years, and is known as one of the most successful teachers in Muskoka. The kindly interest she displays in her pupils secures her the fullest confidence and affection of her young charges.

The group of sturdy little fellows in the left-hand column comprises those of our lads attending school at Brunel (S.S. No. 2), midway between Huntsville and Baysville. The teacher, Miss Heasley, speaks very highly of the boys, and that they are advancing rapidly under her care is evidenced by the interesting and well-written letters which we have received from a number of them. The names of those in this group are Alfred and Edward Harris, Willie Reeve, Michael Welsh, Robert Henry Rolfe, Albert Febbell, Joe Plear, Charley Hart, Tom Wilson, George Miller, Willie Sutherland.

Our fourth and last illustration shows a good picture of the stone school at Uford, a fine and well cultivated part of the country. The three little boys here are John and Robert Lowe and Willie James, who are spoken of in very favourable terms by their teacher. Robert Lowe was unfortunate enough to break his jaw some time ago, but we are glad to say he has fully recovered and is now as bright, merry and talkative as ever. The little girls in this picture are Mary Dixon and Carrie Lillywhite, whose portraits and interesting letters appeared in our pages quite recently.

In giving the names of those forming the various groups we have not attempted to introduce each individually. We have not the slightest doubt our young friends will be able to "pick themselves out."

* *

We learn from a recent report that the brothers Benjamin and Charles Kelloway, 9 and 8 respectively, "have thriven well during the past summer and are now fat, sturdy, well-developed boys"; also that their guardian thinks a great deal of them. A few more years' progress like this, and Benjamin and Charlie will be able to give a good account of themselves as wage-earners on the farm. They are now at Grassmere, and came out last year.

Mrs. D. C. Cunningham, of Barrie, who has quite a 'houseful of our little lads boarded out under her care, writes of her little charges: "They have not missed a Sunday from Sunday school as yet, and will sing a piece at the Anniversary Concert on the 14th of December." "They are all nice, well-behaved boys, and we are getting very fond of them." "The dear children have a very tender regard for Dr. Barnardo."

"George Griffith is well, and getting along nicely. He is quite smart at learning and likes school." This is the report of the good farmer with whom little George is boarded out, at the end of his first month in the country.

* *

"Says he is kindly treated and likes his home" is the word of Thomas Collins, 11, also of last year's first party. He is not as robust as our two previous friends, but is said to be healthy.

* *

George and Arthur Brittain, 11 and 9, have a comfortable home with Mr. and Mrs. Bulby, on the outskirts of Hamilton. They attend school, and we hear "the master speaks well of them and says they are regular and attentive scholars." This is encouraging news, and leads us to hope great things of George and Arthur, who came to Canada in the fall of '93.

* *

Thomas Charles Law is 8, and lives happily at Huntsville. "Grown fat and sturdy since I last saw him, looks exceedingly well; very healthy," says Mr. Gaunt in a recent report.

* *

"A good lad and well spoken of by his guardian" is the very satisfactory news to hand of eleven-year-old Joseph Pearce, who is well and happy at Grassmere.

* *

We do not receive the best of account of the physique of little Joseph Render, one of the "smaller fry," who came out last year. He is very bright and cheery however, and perhaps when he sees this, or his guardian reads it to him, he will try and get some roses in his cheeks. He will doubtless have a good look at himself in the group of Allansville children.

* *

Tommy Ringrose is the junior even of Joey Render, being only 6. We are told he is "a nice, smart, chubby, little fellow." And he has a first class home and is well looked after in every respect.

* *

Robert Whittier, 12, who came out in April, '94, is a smart, active, bright-looking lad, very healthy; in the third book at school, where he is a regular attendant. His guardians are an elderly couple at Port Sydney, "who are bringing up the boy as they would their own, giving him a thoroughly good training."

* *

John and Robert Mills and George Rodwell, who came out in '91, all live together in the home of Mrs. McLaren, at Bracebridge, from whom the boys are receiving every possible attention. "They are most intelligent children, and from the way they speak are being well trained."

* *

"A very good boy . . . treated in every respect as one of the family; lives well and is well cared for; being well trained in religious matters." This leaves nothing to be desired for Freddy Owen, 12, who lives with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, of Port Sydney.

* *

Charles F. Ball is 12; lives at Bracebridge—his guardians being Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thompson. These good people say they cannot speak too highly of Charles, especially Mrs. Thompson, who seems much attached to him. Charlie, on his part, has the warmest affection for his foster parents, and it augurs well for his future that he is under the care of such kind, Christian people.

* *

"Growing fast, looks healthy and well, being brought up under good, wholesome influence and training," would indicate that Walter V. Griffiths, 10, will be well equipped in every respect when he leaves the care of his guardian, Mrs. W. F. Sanders, of Bracebridge.

* *

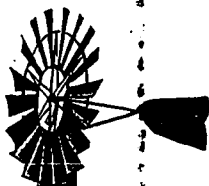
Bracebridge is also the home of Charles H. Potter, 10, who is "the picture of health," and described by his guardian, Mrs. Jas. Green, as a thoroughly good boy.

* *

"Guardians seem as though they could not say enough in his favour." This high praise is for Walter C. Boyd, 12, who enjoys all the comforts of a good Christian home, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leitch, of Utterson.

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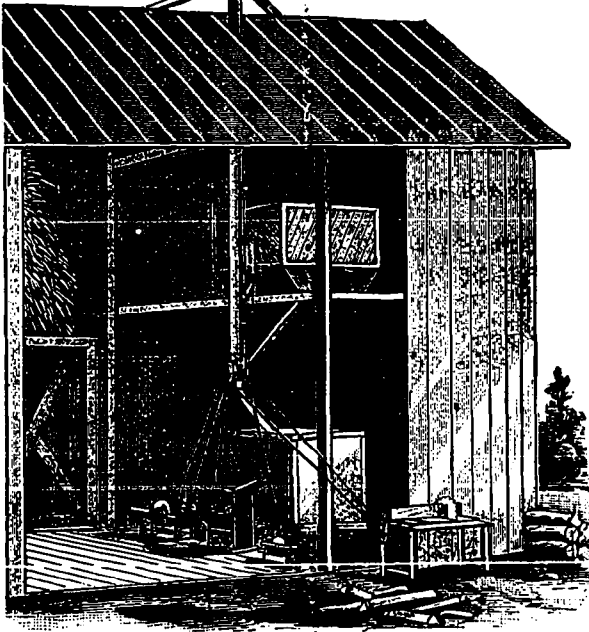
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