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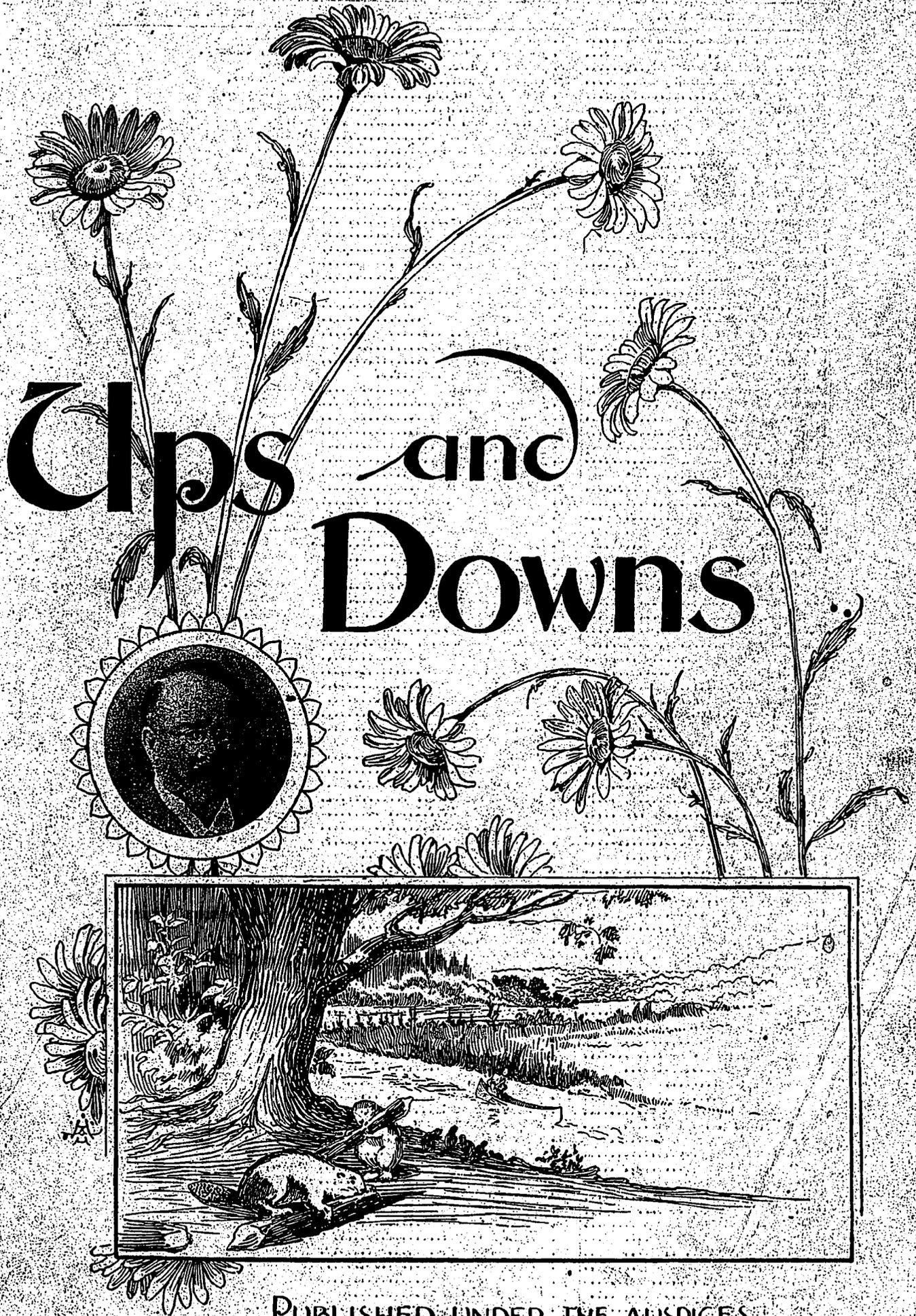
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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES AND THEIR STORY.—Page 16.



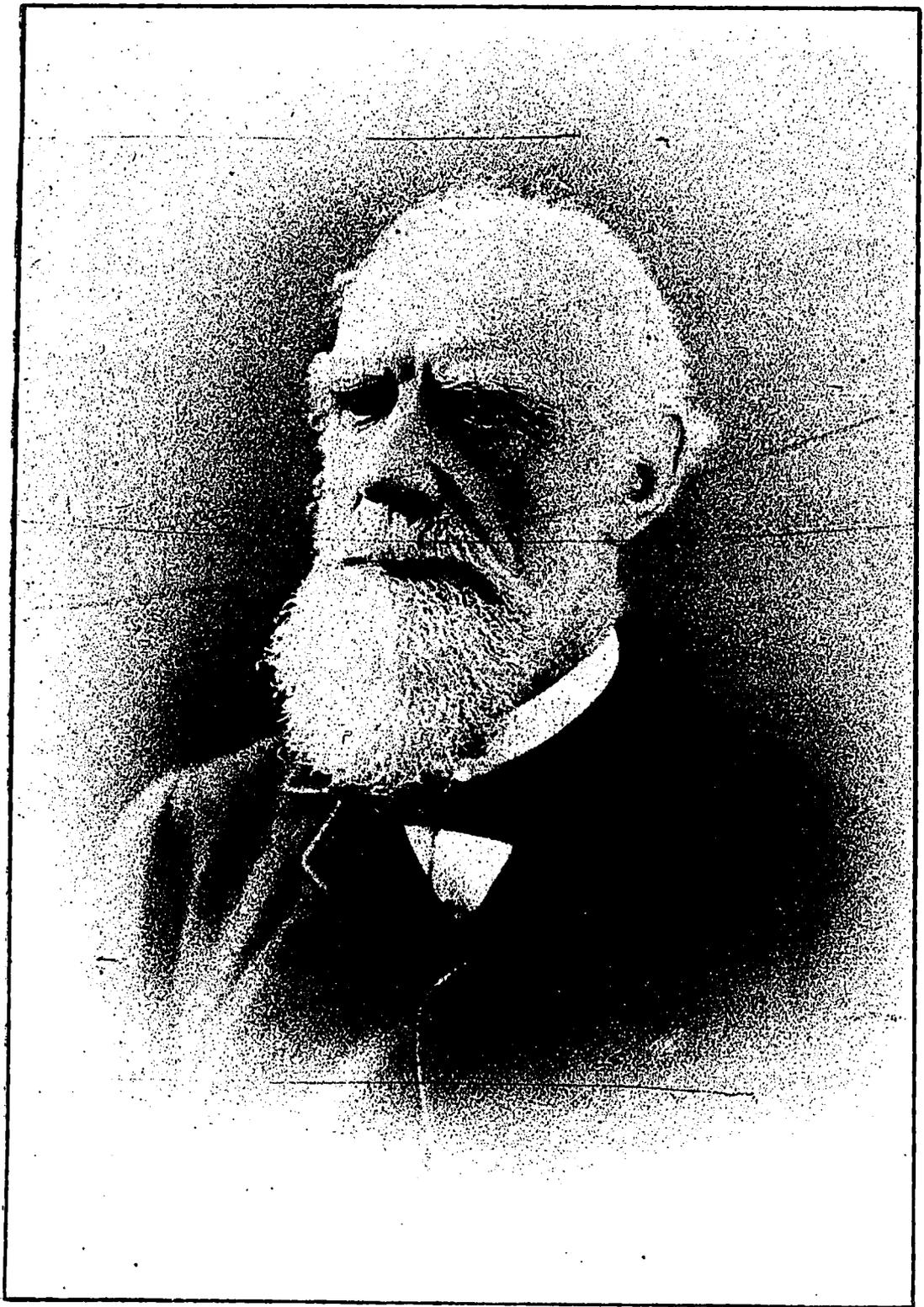
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OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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# OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY

The addresses given below are those of boys who came from England during the year 1897.

NAME OF BOY.	EMPLOYER.	POSTAL ADDRESS.
Ancombe, William Andrew	Mr. Eli Smith	Brussels.
Attwood, Joseph	Mr. Joseph W. Clarke	Box 404, Tilbury.
Barnes, Herbert Leonard	Mr. John D. Patterson	Rodney.
Barber, Charles Alfred John	Mr. Walter Clark	Campbellton.
Brodie, Peter	Mr. Wesley Sloan	Little Britain.
Bradbury, Ernest	Mr. Henry Hall	Millbrook.
Briggs, Arthur Victor	Mr. John Wilson	Barrie.
Briggs, Frederick Charles	Mr. Frederick Potter	Tottenham.
Coleman, Charles	Mr. Æmilus McCrea	Merrickville.
Cox, Henry William	Mr. Matthew Richardson	Caledonia.
Connell, William Arthur	Mr. Alex. McBean	Strathburn.
Campbell, James Joseph	Mr. John Dixon	Allanburg.
Corker, George Richard	Mr. W. M. Sharp	Nashville.
Dowdeswell, Wm. Henry	Mr. John Schaller	Rodney.
Dagg, William	Mr. Joseph Waugh, jr.	Hope Bay.
Davis, Richard	Mr. Robert A. Polk	Westport.
Freeborough, Robert Henry	Mr. Philip Hogg	Sonya.
Graham, Frank	Mr. Alex. Mustard, jr.	Leaskdale.
Howard, Charles	Mr. John Greene	Diamond.
Hunt, Arthur	Mrs. Eliz. Waters	Huntsville.
Marsden, Frank Arthur	Mr. Archie Duncanson	Strathburn.
Nowell, Frederick	Mr. James Fallis	Millbrook.
Prickett, Harry	Mr. John Baird, sr	Diamond.
Pepper, William Henry	Mr. Henry Thompson	Napier.
Pearce, Henry	Mr. James Piggott	Wheeler.
Pearce, John	Mr. William Williamson	Wheeler.
Pearce, Frederick	Mr. John King	Hillsburgh.
Powley, James William	Mr. Andrew Herman	Tavistock.
Penfold, James	Mr. Duncan A. Stewart	Belmont.
Penfold, Amos	Mr. Angus McInnes	Goring.
Rowe, William Charles	Mr. John T. Rogers	Box 41, Iona.
Richardson, Tracy	Mr. Adam Fenner	Ruscombe Station.
Richardson, Reginald	Mr. George Geisel, sr.	Ruscombe Station.
Rea, Thomas	Mr. Wallace Lockwood	Box 8, Melbourne.
Sherwood, George	Mr. Charles Wesley Roberts	New Canaan.
Southwell, Richard	Mr. William Plyman	Osaca.
Stimpson, William George	Mr. Robert James Parsons	Crampton.
Start, Sidney Ernest	Mr. Lachlan Johnston	Beaverton.
Squirrell, Lewis Charles	Mr. John Rinch	Newcastle.
White, Beaumont J. W.	Mr. Edward Way	Thomasburg.
Woodburn, Edward	Mr. Colin C. Stewart	Ailsa Craig.
Williams, Arthur	Mr. Frederick Dunbar	Millbrook.
Beresford, George Clifton	Mr. Malcolm Blue	Wallacetown
Buswell, Frank	Mr. Alex. Boucher	Dunrobin.
Boothroyd, Francis	Mr. Joseph L. Newlove	Brampton.
Bowell, Joseph George	Mr. Herbert Inglehart	Merton.
Brock, Archibald	Mr. Albert J. Kelly	Talbotville.
Collins, Frederick	Mr. John G. Johnston	Dromore.
Chaplin, Frederick Sidney	Mr. Samuel Emerson	Bervie.
Carter, Charles	Mr. J. A. Stewart	Belmont.
Divers, Charles Henry	Mr. James Murray	Mansewood.
Downer, Alexander	Mr. Irwin Morrison	Singhampton.
Draper, Charles	Mr. John Ewen	Walton.
Dennis, Henry Arthur	Mr. John Poff	Greenview.
Eastwood, John	Mr. Major Sharp	Nashville.
Fry, Frederick	Mr. William Stacey	St. Mary's.
Ford, Arthur	Mr. George A. Baird	Watford.
Griffin, Alfred	Mr. Melville Bateman	Burwell Road.
Grigg, John William	Mr. Walter Bradshaw	Bensfort.
Hines, Harry	Mr. George W. Harvie	Crawford.
Hall, George Henry	Mr. Richard R. A. Martyn	Douglas.
Heard, William	Mr. John F. Ford	Omagh.
Hartley, Joseph	Mr. T. H. A. Begue	Walnut Cottage, Dundas.
Honeybourne, Walter	Mr. Stephen B. Orson	Milford Bay.
Honeybourne, Charles	Mr. Charles E. Mann	346 Parliament St., Toronto.
Moule, William Edward	Mr. Albert Broadbent	South Buxton.
Newbury, Arthur Albert	Mr. James McGuire	Longbank.
O'Brien, John	Mr. John Emery	Rutherford.
Portbury, Joseph Ernest	Mr. William F. Young	Dunlop.
Richardson, Charles	Mr. Wesley Hunt	Galetta.
Shepherd, John Henry	Mr. Augustus Spaul	Clarksburg.
Smith, David	Mr. William A. Baker	Merrickville.
Stacey, William James	Mr. William T. Clarke	Napier.
Stewart, Oliver	Mr. Conrad Schmidt	Mildmay.
Touzel, Gordon	Mr. Albert W. Walters	Morpeth.
West, William	Mr. George Bowden	Forest.
Wagner, John Frederick	Mr. James Skinner	Ilderton.
Waite, Francis	Mr. James L. Dinsmore	Hillsdale.
Stanger, George William	Mr. George Bogg	Highfield.
Bond, John Henry	Mr. George O'Hara	Beatrice.
Groggins, Jacob	Mr. John Alex. McDermid	Stayner.
Howard, Bertie	Mr. William Walters	Morpeth.
Turtle, William Edward	Mrs. William Noble	Port Hope.
Badoock, Arthur	Mr. Crawford Reynolds	Oxford Mills.
Barnsley, Charles William	Mr. Raymer Petersen	Kingsville.
Barnsley, William Henry	Mr. W. L. Roskly	Cambray.
Bettison, Horace	Mr. Arthur Gracey	Stittsville.
Chapman, Frederick Henry	Mr. William Hannon	Utterson.
Dew, John Henry	Mr. Arthur G. Gould	Haley's Station.
East, Arthur	Mr. John McLeod	Glen Huron.
Henderson, Gerald Patrick	Mr. William David Sharpe	Oil City.
Lott, John	Mrs. Robert Harper	Falkenburg.
Lightwood, Francis	Mr. William Chalmers, sr.	Parkersville.
Lightwood, George	Mr. William Chalmers	Parkersville.
Lee, Robert Burn	Mrs. Eliz. Timegate	Deebank.
Meacher, Walter	William Hendrie & Son	Aldershot.
Mee, Thomas Harold	Mr. Robert Leith	Utterson.
O'Hara, William	Mr. Walter Balls	Utterson.
Rutter, Bertie	Mr. William Toms	Shirley.
Seafortth, Arthur William	Mr. David Skellington	117 Dundas Street, Toronto.



Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal,  
High Commissioner for Canada.



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Vol. V.]

JULY 2ND, 1900.

[No. 4.

## Editorial Notes

**"All's  
Well!"**

THE grass has not been growing under our feet during the past three months, and we can once more record good work and satisfactory results. The barometer stands high in every department, and with a demand for boys larger than we have ever yet experienced, good wages current throughout the country, an almost clean bill of health, and generally excellent reports coming in of the boys in their situations and foster homes, we can do no otherwise than ask our readers to unite with us anew in praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, whose goodness and favour have been manifested so continuously in every stage of the work, and have guided our feet alike in sunshine and in shade.



**The Latest  
Arrivals.**

At the date of our last issue the first emigration party of the present season—265 strong—had just left the shores of England. The party included 43 from the Stepney Home, 33 from the Youths' Labour House, 140 from Leopold House, 30 from the Little Boys' Home at Epsom, 4 from the Jersey Home and 15 extras. Among the latter not the least interesting additions to the party were a family of six individuals whose entire emigration expenses had been paid by the

two sons, who were placed out from the Homes six years ago, and have devoted their savings to thus helping their father and mother and younger brothers and sisters. The party also included the mother and young brother of two other lads, and three young women, sisters of lads who purchased their tickets to Canada and have secured homes for them on this side. Could there be desired a more satisfactory object lesson than this of the value of Dr. Barnardo's labours? A pleasant passage we had not, being favoured with but one solitary fine day during the voyage from Liverpool to Portland. Sometimes it rained, sometimes it snowed, always it blew. The skies glowered over our heads, the seas rose in their might against us from beneath. We were generally shut down in darkness, gloom, stench and sickness; water pouring down upon us always and everywhere, in spite of hatches and tarpaulins that availed only to exclude the escape of foul air and the entrance of fresh. Despite it all, however, we came up smiling in the end and landed as healthy and jolly a party as anyone could wish to see. The ship was the *Cambro-man*, of the Dominion Line, a staunch and smart, if not a very steady vessel. Leaving Liverpool on March 31st we reached Halifax on April 9th. The Manitoba contingent, thirty, five for the Farm

Home, and the same number for the Winnipeg Home, landed at Halifax and proceeded for the West under the very efficient charge of Mr. Struthers. The remainder, forming the Ontario contingent, went on in the ship to Portland, where they first set foot on American shores on the morning of the 11th. The United States officials—quarantine, alien and customs—dealt graciously with us, and the Grand Trunk representatives at Portland, than whom we meet none more courteous and obliging, gave us every facility for the entraining of the party, and sent us forward by a fast special that covered the distance to Toronto in twenty hours, enabling us to reach our destination on the morning of the 12th.



**An  
Insufficient  
Supply.**

AT the Home it was a case of quickly come, quickly go, and forty-eight hours sufficed to leave the premises well nigh again emptied. Seventy-nine little lads have been placed in foster homes, where their maintenance will be paid for until they are old enough to take situations. The rest have gone out to support themselves henceforward by the sweat of the face, and to contribute by their labour to the upbuilding of the wealth and progress of the Dominion. Following the distribution of the party came the rather perplexing task of making our peace with the many applicants whose demands we have been unable to fill, and whom we have again to put off for a later date. Some of these people, whose applications have been on our books for periods of from three to six months, were rather aggrieved at the disappointment, but the majority accepted the situation philosophically, and were satisfied with our assurance that we will do the best we can for them from the July party. The post cards announcing safe arrivals generally recorded favourable first impressions on both sides, and, with only one or two exceptions, this mutual satisfaction has survived the months trial, and

the terms of engagement proposed have been readily accepted.



**Values and  
Bargains.**

THE task of appraising values in drawing up agreements is always one of the most perplexing and critical that falls to our lot. We are called upon to fix a fair wage for the services of boys for a period in advance, generally of from three to five years, and while this would be a comparatively simple matter if boys would only grow and develop in some uniform ratio, it becomes a very much less easy operation when we have to consider that while some boys are backward and slow in growth, others shoot up in a year or two to almost a man's strength and capability. We have to study carefully the characteristics of each individual as we have noted and observed them, and we have not less carefully to consider the character of the situation. There are places where the work is much harder than others, and employers who expect more than others and should pay accordingly. To be sure, the agreement is not a hard-and-fast contract, but can be terminated on either side by a month's notice; but we never like to depart from the original bargain if we can avoid it. To raise the wages originally agreed upon, after an employer has had the trouble of teaching a boy his work, and when he is becoming useful, always seems an injustice on the one hand, while on the other hand, to have to reduce them is obviously calculated to discourage a lad and create in his mind an impression that his interests are being sacrificed. We have, therefore, to aim at the happy medium, allowing for the boy's initial inexperience and for the trouble and loss of time, and sometimes material, in training him, but providing for his receiving a full and fair value for his labour as he improves in usefulness. Our experience teaches us further that with certain gentlemen, perhaps especially those who themselves or their forbears originated from that

favoured land north of the Tweed, it is always desirable to allow a margin for a haggle. There are not a few amongst our clients whom we believe no power on earth, certainly no influence that we could hope to exercise, would induce to sign an agreement as originally submitted to them, but a dollar a month put on and fifty cents afterwards thrown off, gratifies the national instincts and clinches the bargain to the satisfaction of all concerned. We must not say more on this subject lest we should be giving away too much of the secrets of our business, but most of our readers can imagine that it requires somewhat of the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove to fulfil conscientiously our responsibilities to our young charges.



**Visits and  
Visitors.**

DURING the past three months our visiting staff has been at work in full force, and generally five men—never less than four—have been on the road in Ontario, and in the North-West, seeing our boys in their homes and reporting upon their progress and surroundings. In Ontario our veteran colleague, Mr. Griffith, has been covering ground with his accustomed energy and activity, and showing that advancing years are diminishing nothing of his zeal, thoroughness, excellent tact and accuracy of judgment. Mr Gaunt has laboured not less abundantly, and we must always place the highest estimate upon his devotion to his work, his high sense of duty and the genial kindliness of disposition that has made him so generally popular among those with whom he has been brought into contact. In connection with the Winnipeg Home, Messrs. Newman and Mitchell are at present engaged in visiting the boys in Manitoba and the West, and, while their experience is at present at an early stage, we feel satisfied that both gentlemen have their hearts in their work and that our boys will find them sin-

cerely devoted to their interests and friends in whom they can place the fullest confidence. The regular and systematic visitation of all children placed out has been one of the strongest planks in the platform of Dr. Barnardo's immigration enterprise. From the earliest commencement of his Canadian work he has insisted that every child in a foster home or situation shall be personally visited at least once in each year without notice or intimation to the employer or foster parent, so that by personal inspection and observation we may be assured that the boy or girl is being kindly and properly treated, and that causes of complaint may be ascertained and investigated. It is regarded not alone as the only sure means of protecting children against the possibility of illusage, but also as a valuable and essential method of keeping them in touch with those who are responsible for them and of bringing an influence to bear upon them that, wisely exercised, cannot fail to be helpful as an encouragement to well-doing and a check upon wrong and foolish courses. Frequently and urgently has this been impressed upon us at Headquarters, and we are glad to know that at present, in our visiting department, we are living up to the required standard and carrying out to the full extent the letter and spirit of our commission.



**Full and  
Detailed  
Reports.**

THE reports of the visitors are made out upon printed forms supplied for the purpose, and it will be of interest to our readers to know of what these forms consist. After filling in the boy's name and age, the date of his arrival from England, and the name, full address, and occupation of his employer, the following questions are answered in full detail:

What has been the state of his intelligence previous report, and is he now in good health and physical condition?

What is the condition of his clothing,

and has he a sufficient supply both for working purposes and for Sunday even?

What has been his conduct and his behaviour since previous report?

What complaints, if any, are made by his employer?

Does he appear to be making satisfactory progress?

Does he appear contented and happy?

Does he make any complaint?

Do you consider that he is treated with proper kindness and consideration?

Do you consider his surroundings to be generally satisfactory?

Does he attend a place of worship on Sunday and Sabbath school?

Does he appear to be under moral and religious influences at home?

What work is he chiefly engaged at?

Does he attend day school? What reader was he in last?

What are the terms of engagement?

Does his employer appear to be in sufficiently sound financial circumstances to meet payment of wages that will become due?

Does he correspond with relations or friends?

General remarks.

These questions are a fine sieve through which, we fancy, very little that is seriously amiss in the conditions of a boy's life can pass unnoted, and our visitors' reports fulfil their object in giving us a correct and careful description of each boy's position and surroundings. Several hundreds of reports have been added to our files within the past quarter, and, with few exceptions, they are such as can be read with pleasure and thankfulness. They tell of lads happily settled in their homes, advancing in usefulness and independence, with good prospects before them in life, and doing their duty faithfully in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them.



WITHIN the next few weeks the usual Farm Ho! Labourers' Harvest Excursions from Ontario to the West will, no doubt, be advertised by the Canadian Pacific and Great Trunk Railways, and, as has been the case for several years past, we anticipate that a good

many of our bigger lads will avail themselves of the extremely low rates offered to take a trip to the golden West. We strongly advise their doing so, and to make their minds up to stay there. As mere farm labourers the difference in wages between the East and West is perhaps not sufficiently high at the present time to offer any special inducement, but on the prairie lands of the North-West, as we have so often pointed out, our lads can aspire to rise beyond the position of labourers and have a grand opportunity of establishing themselves on farms of their own, where, under ordinary circumstances, they may hope in a few years to reach independence and prosperity. These notes are written on the railway train on returning across the prairies from a long journey to the West, and on every side can be seen evidences to confirm all that has ever been said in favour of the advantages and resources of the North-West, and the openings it offers to men of the right stamp. Everywhere men are to be met who came to the country with little or no capital, but to-day have fine farms, good buildings, teams of horses, hands of cattle and sheep that they can count by scores, in some cases by hundreds. The drawbacks of the country are insignificant as compared with its advantages, and while the West is no paradise or a land where success can be reached without labour and well-directed effort, it is essentially the country for a poor man to become a rich man, and for young men with brains, and who are not afraid of work, to start for themselves with the prospect of making good positions in the future. We beg to remind those who intend joining the excursions that most of the special trains leave Toronto during the afternoon of the days advertised, and as in most cases they will have time to spare in the city, they will be cordially welcomed at the Home during their stay, while on their arrival at Winnipeg we shall be pleased to

have them make their headquarters at the Home until they can settle where to locate. 115 Pacific Avenue is about seven minutes' walk from the station, and they will find Mr. White able and willing to give them full information and reliable advice for the direction of their movements, and a talk with him will probably prove very useful to any of the new-comers. A letter of introduction to Mr. White, while not in the least necessary to secure his good offices, will be gladly given or sent to anyone on application.



**A Welcome Prospect.** WE have yet another invitation to extend, or, rather, to renew.

We once more bid all our old boys welcome to the annual gathering at the Toronto Home during the second week of the Toronto Exhibition that this year will date from September 3rd to the 8th. According to the information we at present possess, there seems a considerable probability of Dr. Barnardo being in Canada at that time, and we have great hopes of his being in Toronto to greet and welcome his old boys. We have hoped this before and been disappointed, but we know that this year he has definitely decided to visit his Canadian institutions, if it is possible for him to leave England, and that August and September are the months within which his visit will occur. We have some foundation, therefore, to look forward to his being with us during Exhibition week, and to our being able to make an announcement to that effect later on; but in any case we hope a goodly number of our old lads will be able to accept our hospitality, and that the gathering will be as enjoyable and as great a success as any that have preceded it.



**A Successful Immigration Policy.** ANY question affecting immigration matters and concerning the settlement in the New World of people of any nationality from the Old, must always have

something more than a passing interest for readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and we make no apology for using our columns as the medium for offering our humble congratulations to the Dominion Government upon the conspicuous success that has attended their immigration policy and by means of which they have been able to settle in various parts of the West many thousands of Russian Quakers, Germans, Finns, Galicians, Swedes, Norwegians, and people from other European countries where the climate and the national habits and characteristics are calculated to develop good material for colonists. Much opposition has been offered to this policy chiefly for political purposes, and there are people who, apart from any desire to make political capital, look with disfavour upon an inrush of aliens, and are ready to believe that their presence involves the introduction of disease, crime and vice into the country. The same sort of narrow, prejudiced, dog-in-the-manger spirit that has inspired newspaper paragraphs attacking "Barnardo" boys is now dictating the snarling, captious little attacks that are seen against the European immigrants arriving in the West. We have had exceptional opportunities of observing the results up to the present of the importation of both the Galicians, Doukhobors and Scandinavians, and we are convinced that these people will make valuable and successful settlers. In the majority of cases they arrive with substantial sums of money, and they are as a class thrifty, honest, hard-working and law-abiding. They have no disposition for flocking into the cities and towns, but are eager to settle on land and develop their homesteads. Those who have been in the country for a few years have progressed to an extent that very few other settlers have equalled, and there have been remarkably few cases of failure or dissatisfaction. It is alleged against the Doukhobors that they object to militarism and in common

with some of the best and most patriotic men and women in England, and elsewhere, they have conscientious scruples against the enforced shedding of human blood as a means of adjusting international disputes and gratifying political ambition; but no one supposes they would refuse to defend their homes in case of invasion, and surely the readiness to bear arms is not the sole or final test of patriotism and good citizenship. We often come across people who, seeing a number of foreigners on an immigrant train dressed in garments of unaccustomed appearance, although very likely more sensible and suitable to the climate both in material and construction than their own, and travelled-stained from a long journey by sea and land, turn up their noses at them as undesirable citizens, forgetting that they themselves, or their fathers, probably looked equally grotesque and foreign when they first arrived in the country. The fact remains that the Government have achieved a great success in their efforts to attract immigration to the North-West and in inducing a highly promising class of colonists to settle in the country.

**Desirable and Undesirable Colonists.**

THE success that has been accomplished is the more remarkable from the contrast it presents to the results shown by the immigration statistics of the United States. There, as the outcome of all the restrictive regulations that impose upon new arrivals an almost intolerable amount of delay, annoyance, and, too often, insult, the influx of population from the Protestant states of Northern Europe, to which is owing the settlement and marvelously rapid development of the Western States, is a thing of the past; but, on the other hand, the catechism of thirty-one questions demanded of each immigrant, and all the other vexatious restrictions and requirements, have proved utterly ineffective in preventing the wholesale

importation, continued week after week and by shipload after shipload, of people from the lowest strata of European society and least qualified by birth, instincts and national proclivities to settle on land or to contribute to the healthy growth of the country. In place of the hardy and thrifty Swedes, Germans, Danes and Scotch, that in past years formed the bulk of the immigration to the United States, there are now pouring into the port of New York thousands of indigent Polish Jews, Italians, Hungarians, Southern Irish and kindred nationalities, who come out not to settle on land, but to form colonies in the cities and towns, where they support themselves either by unskilled labour or petty trading, and where their quarters are very hot-beds of crime, violence, squalor, disease and disaffection. This influx of undesirable elements is constituting a formidable and growing danger, and its degrading effects are becoming more apparent every year in American political and social life. The political influence exercised by the various nationalities—and which becomes irresistible from the fact that in most of the large centres of population any one of these nationalities can swamp the polls—has hitherto paralyzed any attempt to check the evil, and it seems as though it will require a very strong outburst of popular feeling in the United States to put in force the laws that protect the country from being the dumping-ground for the off-scourings of Europe. Happily Canada has no attraction for this class of population. The climate is too rigorous and the country, although possessing vast natural resources, has not reached the stage of development when it can afford a living to any but the industrious and capable. At present we are drawing in the right kind of people, and with the spread of education and with the efforts of the churches to extend their organizations to the remotest confines of settlement, we may hope to see the population of the Dominion not alone rapidly increasing,

but developing as a free, enlightened, honestly-governed Christian Commonwealth



**Great Expectations.** THE ball is still rolling merrily in our own Immigration Department.

A party of 120 girls left Liverpool on June 7th in the *Camboman*, and as we write the vessel has just been reported in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is expected that a large mixed party comprising about 120 girls and 180 boys will leave England on July 12th,

while a somewhat smaller party will follow a few weeks later. We are hoping to beat the record in point of numbers during the present season, as we certainly have in the demand, as measured by the number of applications. We have not touched the thousand limit in the number of the season's arrivals, but we are a go-ahead concern and we hope to "get there" yet. Certainly 5,000 would not have supplied the present season's demand, and still they come, almost every post bringing additions to the list.

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### Juvenile Immigration.

The following list, taken from the Official Report of the Dominion Immigration Department, shows the number of children sent out during the year 1899 by the various individuals or institutions engaged in the work of Child Immigration

Rev. R. Wallace	60
Mrs. Birt	161
J. W. C. Fegan, Esq.	52
Miss Macpherson	55
Dr. Stephenson	49
Church of England Waifs and Strays Association	80
Mr. Middlemore	98
Children's Aid Society	18
Self-Help Emigration Society	20
Bristol Emigration Society	15
Canadian Catholic Emigration Society	136
Liverpool Catholic Children's Protective Society	39
Homes of Refuge and Industrial School, Glasgow	3
Wellington Farm School	4
Kibble Reformatory Farm School	3
Northamptonshire Church Education Society	3
News Boys' Home, Liverpool	2
Working Boys' Home, Liverpool	1
Church Emigration Society	1
Dr. Barnardo	1



THE quarter of 1900 which has passed since the appearance of the last notes from Barnardo has been a right busy three months at the Industrial Farm ; and as the days lengthened, we have seen the earth changing completely her garb of tiresome browns and greys until we now have before our eyes a landscape worthy of the skilful painter's best efforts. The mild winter experienced in North-Western Manitoba, comprising, as it did, a succession of bright, frosty days, proved most enjoyable and a great surprise to the new arrivals at the Farm, who, like such a large section of the people of the United Kingdom, have always pictured a Manitoba winter scene as beginning with snow and ice and ending with ice and snow, varied perhaps by a few fierce-looking polar bears and reindeer thrown carelessly into the frosty foreground. The break-up, however, on March 28th, and the continuation up to the date of these notes of the most delightful spring weather, with hardly a frost worthy of the name, have forced even the old-timers to scratch their heads for a similar experience in their memory. Seeding began on April 6th ; and while the writer was blocked on his journey to Halifax to meet the lads coming out on the *Cambroman*, between St. John, N.B., and the sea coast, by one of the worst blizzards he ever experienced, the boys at Dr. Barnardo's Farm were merrily following the wheat drills under bright, sunny skies, having almost forgotten the fact that Winter does

at times make himself felt in this part of the globe.

In the memory of the writer there was never a finer spring for farm work than the season just past, and our boys, directed by Mr. Benjamin Longmore, the General Foreman, and his efficient staff, have a greater area in grain than has ever been put in upon the farm since its establishment. And as it would not be fair to pass over the statement of the above facts without mention of the young men who have been helpful in carrying out the work, the writer would specially mention Samuel Oborn, John Wright, John Barker and William J. Worrall as employees who would be a credit to any farmer in Manitoba, and he trusts that in the not far distant future these young colonists may succeed in establishing themselves upon land of their own. In the Live Stock Department, Thomas Putlock and James Quinn have given excellent satisfaction in looking after the cow-shed, John Parker and Charles Brady have done well with the pigs, and Arthur Brown as shepherd has been very faithful and attentive to his work at a time when great care and watchfulness are required in looking after the ewes and their young.

At Cherry Hill Branch, Mr. Hodgson and his boys have been doing good work in the way of fencing, road grading, etc., and the stock of young calves, pure-bred Shropshire sheep and Yorkshire pigs which they now have in the enclosures show that the foreman and his staff have not been idle

The poultry house at Cherry Hill has proved a great success, and the little flock of some three hundred chickens moving about the yards shows that Bidy has indeed been occupied. Mr. Hodgson is just now very fortunate in his helpers, for it would be difficult to find anywhere three more capable and faithful lads than Naylor, Keogh and Blasquez.

The affairs of the Office and House, under the efficient management of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, have gone on in a very satisfactory manner, and although the kitchen for a few hours missed the willing hands of Ernest Pearson, who left on May

23rd to take up an engagement in Lennard & Potts' hotel at Wabigoon, Ontario, a most promising successor to our old employee was found in Stanley Cooper, who promises to excel all his predecessors in the culinary department.

### The Creamery.

A large number of our old lads will recognize in the reproduced photograph included in these columns a portrait of Charles J. Ruddick, who came to the farm in July, 1895, and for so many years had charge of the cow-shed, and will be pleased to know that Ruddick has exemplified in a manner which cannot fail to be most gratifying to our esteemed Director, Dr. Barnardo, the great possibilities existing for many of his lads who come to the Manitoba Farm.

Ruddick, always thrifty and economical, made up his mind some two years ago that he would become a buttermaker, and, with that end in view, he not only took advantage of

all the free instruction offered him by Mr. Longmore at that time Creamery Superintendent for the Home—but began saving his wages most carefully, and with such success that he was enabled to pay his own expenses for a course in the Provincial Dairy School at Winnipeg during the winter of 1900. Coming through his examinations in a most creditable manner, Charley—as we all call him now, although I presume we will soon be forced to give him the title of Professor—has full charge of the creamery and is, so far, giving excellent satisfaction. For a few

years after our deplorable fire it was thought best to limit our creamery work to our own institutional requirements, and during the period of our rest a rival factory in Russell got well under way and promised at one time to meet the requirements of the people. During last winter, however, numbers of our old patrons appealed to Dr. Barnardo's representatives to place wagons generally on the road again, and, after some hesitancy,

the management decided to try and meet the requirements of these people by furnishing them again with all the facilities of a creamery equipped in modern style, offering at the same time prices for cream more in accordance with the value of the product than the quotations which have been in vogue in this district for some years, in fact, giving the dairyman all that can be possibly got out of the business. Mr. William Walton, an old experienced employee of the creamery, was given charge of the



Charles J. Ruddick, Buttermaker.

collecting, with the most satisfactory results so far as the enterprise has advanced.

As is well known to all patrons of creameries, the great difficulty to be overcome by the buttermaker arises in the work of testing and obtaining the accurate value of each patron's cream; and as our Mr. Ruddick took a special course in connection with this branch of creamery work, we believe he has the advantage of many operators in the province (certainly in the district), and apprehend but little trouble with our patrons on this important matter.

As a matter of course, the important event of the month of April was the arrival of the spring party of youths from the Old Country, and that the Manitoba weather clerk was kind and considerate enough to place at the disposal of our recruits a really enjoyable month will not soon be forgotten by the staff at the Farm, for weather conditions have a great effect upon the temper of human beings.

The party *ex Cambroman*, of the Dominion S.S. Line, numbered thirty-two, and were accompanied from London by Mr. George Mitchell, Superintendent of the Youths' Labour House, who gave the lads a fine recommendation for good behaviour on board ship, which character they as a party bore out on the long tiresome journey from Halifax to Russell. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company placed a tourist car at the disposal of the Homes on April 9th at Halifax, the youths with their luggage and food for the trip were established on board and the party rolled merrily out of Halifax at ten o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, April 10th; arriving at Winnipeg on Friday, April 13th.

The wait-over in Winnipeg, which is usually so tiring and monotonous for the lads, was enlivened on this trip first by an inspection of the town and then by a visit to our car of a representative of the well-known firm of John W. Peck & Co., at present furnishing the clothing for the farm, who measured all

the lads for Sunday suits and caps.

On Saturday morning a further treat was in store for the party, being nothing less than a hot breakfast at the Rossin House, where the lads were given seats in the dining-room with the admonition to "try and get the worth of Dr. Barnardo's money," and in this connection the writer believes that the lads did their duty. Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman charged this repast side by side, and if Mr. Bunhart, the proprietor, has no cause to regret his contract, the writer feels sure the lads had no grounds for complaint.

The tourist car, which had proved such comfortable quarters, we expected to lose at Winnipeg; but, through the kindness of the C.P.R. officials, it was allowed to go on to Millwood, where we found Mr. Longmore and his transport waiting to convey the new-comers to the Home, where they met with a hearty welcome from the staff and lads. As the individuals comprising the *Cambroman* party of March, 1900, are more than likely to come into notice through the columns of UPS AND DOWNS, perhaps the editor would grant space for their names and the towns from which they come:

- Frederick Blasquez, Belfast, Ireland.
- Arthur Brown, Hull, Eng.
- Arthur T. Bracey, Birmingham, Eng.
- Charles Bygraves, London, Eng.
- William C. Brown, Southampton, Eng.
- Thomas Costello, Newcastle, Eng.
- Stanley Cooper, Manchester, Eng.
- Edward Fisher, Sunderland, Eng.
- James Ferguson, Belfast, Ireland.
- James Flannagan, Birmingham, Eng.
- James Graham, Lurgan, County Down, Ireland.
- George F. Gavillet, Dublin, Ireland.
- Alexander Gavillet, Dublin, Ireland.
- John Gray, Newcastle, Eng.
- Henry Hughes, Birmingham, Eng.
- James Hodson, Birmingham, Eng.
- Arthur T. Hollins, Warwick, Eng.
- Robert Hayes, Liverpool, Eng.
- Ernest Hopkins, London, Eng.
- Arthur Johnson, Birmingham, Eng.
- James L. Lockerby, London, Eng.
- Ernest Lewis, Portsmouth, Eng.
- Joseph Mooney, Accrington, Eng.
- Frederick Morton, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.
- George Martin, Edinburgh, Scotland

Charles J. McAteer, Belfast, Ireland.  
 Alex. J. Ness, Belfast, Ireland.  
 William Owens, Edinburgh, Scotland.  
 Alfred Raban, Birmingham, Eng.  
 Ernest Sharp, Brighton, Eng.  
 Stephen Thorpe, Gateshead, Eng.  
 George R. Winkworth, Leamington,  
 Eng.

One of the important events of the month of May—particularly important to the Barnardo clan, as we are all such travellers, some of us, I fear, travelling about far more than our purses will warrant—was the transfer of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway of Canada to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. In this transfer a great many people see wonderful advances and improvements for the line, fraught with great benefits for the people living inside its territory. We trust these volunteer prophecies may prove well-founded and become accomplished facts; but personally we experience profound regret in losing Mr. W. R. Baker and his genial staff, who have ever shown themselves awake to the interests of Dr. Barnardo and his boys settled along their line and most sympathetic in their general dealings with the Institutions.

As a company, the Manitoba and North-Western—or as it was at first called, the Portage, Westbourne and North-Western—has had a checkered career. Many difficulties have been experienced by the officials to keep the wheels moving, and great credit is certainly due to Mr. Baker for the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the road since he became General Manager, and his first use of the official pruning-knife in lopping off branches of the tree which had even passed the stage of being ornamental but still required expensive sap to keep them alive, causes one to believe that had this honest, clear-headed and determined official been at the head of affairs from the inception of the enterprise, the Manitoba and North-Western Railway might still be in operation, with terminals not only on one of the great lakes but upon the Pacific Ocean as well. The

Canadian Pacific, it is true, in operating this line as a branch of their great system, can very much curtail the administrative expenses, and have already set about winning a place in the hearts of their patrons along the North-Western Branch by reducing the local passenger fare from four to three cents per mile.

The transfer of the railway is given as *one* of the important events of the month, and truly so, as the *great* event was the reception of the news that over Johannesburg waved the Union Jack. This news came over the telephone about eight o'clock p.m. on Thursday, May 31st, and was the signal for the wildest rejoicing among the lads at the Home. Guns were brought forth and a royal salute given, followed by bugle calls and cheers for the leading officers of the campaign. As darkness came on, a supply of fireworks was unearthed, a bonfire of coal oil barrels set agoing and full liberty granted to Dr. Barnardo's young farmers out in Canada to exhibit their loyalty to Queen and country in as noisy a manner as they might choose. Flags were flying at all points on the farm all through the first of June, and Saturday was declared a half holiday in honour of the great victory.

### Left the Hive.

Since the date of the last notes the following lads have struck out into the world on their own account, having been sent by the management to the situations mentioned below :

- Richard Parfitt to Philip Snell, Arden, Manitoba.
- Richard Gregson to James Stewart & Sons, High Bluff, Manitoba.
- Arthur Jenkins to Alexander I. Smith, McGregor, Manitoba.
- William Dochren to Alexander Kirkwood, Deloraine, Manitoba.
- Edwin James to Charles J. Fogel, Hornfeld, Manitoba.
- Richard Crammer to Samuel C. Jones, Yorkton, Assa.
- Anthony Macnaught to Walter D. D. C. Newdale, Manitoba.
- Nelson Morgan to Robert E. Brown, Curtis, Manitoba.

## Up and Down

John Smith to Charles F. Wardell, Alexander, Manitoba.

William J. Fairlie to Robert Nicholson, Whitewood, Assa.

Edward V. Matier to John Kenward, Birtle, Manitoba.

Joseph H. Porter to Mrs. P. B. Hazelton's Hotel, Neepawa, Manitoba.

Frederick J. Parker, to Mrs. P. B. Hazelton's Hotel, Neepawa, Manitoba.

Thomas Putlock to Oswald Andrew, Clanwilliam, Manitoba.

Thos. Bell to James Elliott, Elphinstone, Manitoba.

Ernest J. Pearson to Care Lennard &

Fotts, Wabigoon, Manitoba.

James H. Batt to Charles Pittaway, Russell, Manitoba.

William Hambrook to P. B. Hazelton, Neepawa, Manitoba.

Charles J. Clarke to John Peddie, Russell, Manitoba.

Prizes awarded during the quarter :

Fairlie,	Smith, John,	Hambrook,
Bennett,	Fairlie,	Hambrook,
Hayhoe,	Hodgson,	Bennett,
Lockerby,	Johnson,	Owens.

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## Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since our last issue, and include all contributions received up to June 20th :

Abbott, Leonard, \$1 ; Blake, Richard, \$1 ; Bould, Geo. T., \$2.45 ; Breese, Wm., \$4 ; Brett, Jos. T., 50c. ; Brown, Chas. Hy., \$1 ; Cutforth, Fred. Q., \$4.50 ; Cox, Hy. T. J., 75c. ; Digweed, Hy. G., \$1 ; Dickason, Walter J., \$2 ; Elkins, John T., \$1 ; Farthing, Regd., \$1 ; Farrant, Geo., \$5 ; Folley, Chas., \$1 ; Green, Walter, \$1 ; Garrood, Geo. T., \$4 ; Gardner, Wm., \$1 ; Grabham, Geo., \$1 ; Hearn,

Geo., \$1.15 ; Jervis, Geo., \$5 ; Lancaster, Alb. H., \$3 ; Ling, Saml. M., 50c. ; Outridge, Jas., \$3 ; Oakley, Charles, \$1 ; Owen, Edwin, \$11.15 ; Page, Fred. W., 75c. ; Poole, Wm., \$9 ; Parsons, Wr. G., 50c. ; Penaluna, Sidney, \$5 ; Perry, Thos. J., \$1 ; Panting, Herbert, \$9.40 ; Parker, Leslie K., 49c. ; Parker, Fred., 50c. ; Roberts, Percy H., \$1.75 ; Sykes, Samuel P., \$2.50 ; Sowden, Samuel, \$1 ; Tucker, Thomas, \$1 ; Taylor, Wm., \$1 ; Usher, Samuel, \$1 ; Vincent, Alfred, \$5 ; Winfield, Herbert J., \$1 ; Way, Wr. G. R., \$1 ; Williamson, Herbert J., 50c. ; Williams, Arthur, \$1 ; Watson, Thomas S., \$5 ; Young, Geo. J., \$1.

## The Founding of the Empire

There is an island on the sea  
    (And well we know its name and place),  
Where men are born in liberty  
    To champion Right for all the race.  
And God hath made them strong and free  
    To smite Oppression in the face.

He gave them might and skill to rule  
    Their vast dominions, scattered far ;  
He sent and kept them to the school  
    Where men must learn the art of war ;  
He made them cunning with the tool,  
    And with the sea familiar.

They built them ships, and round the world  
    Sailed they, and settled here and there ;  
And where their flag was once unfurled,  
    Whoever would became their heir.  
Usurping armies, backward hurled,  
    Found Britons ever fierce but fair.

Still on they went, and still they spread.  
    Daring the challenge and the blow,  
To leave their living where their dead  
    Fell, fighting valiantly the foe ;  
And where was chaos they instead  
    Saw order, justice, progress grow.

Unmindful what the morrow brought,  
    They laid their plans with bold design ;  
Explored, developed, worked or fought,  
    Till rose an Empire from the brine ;  
Nor hateful tribute ever sought,  
    Nor laws enforced but were benign.

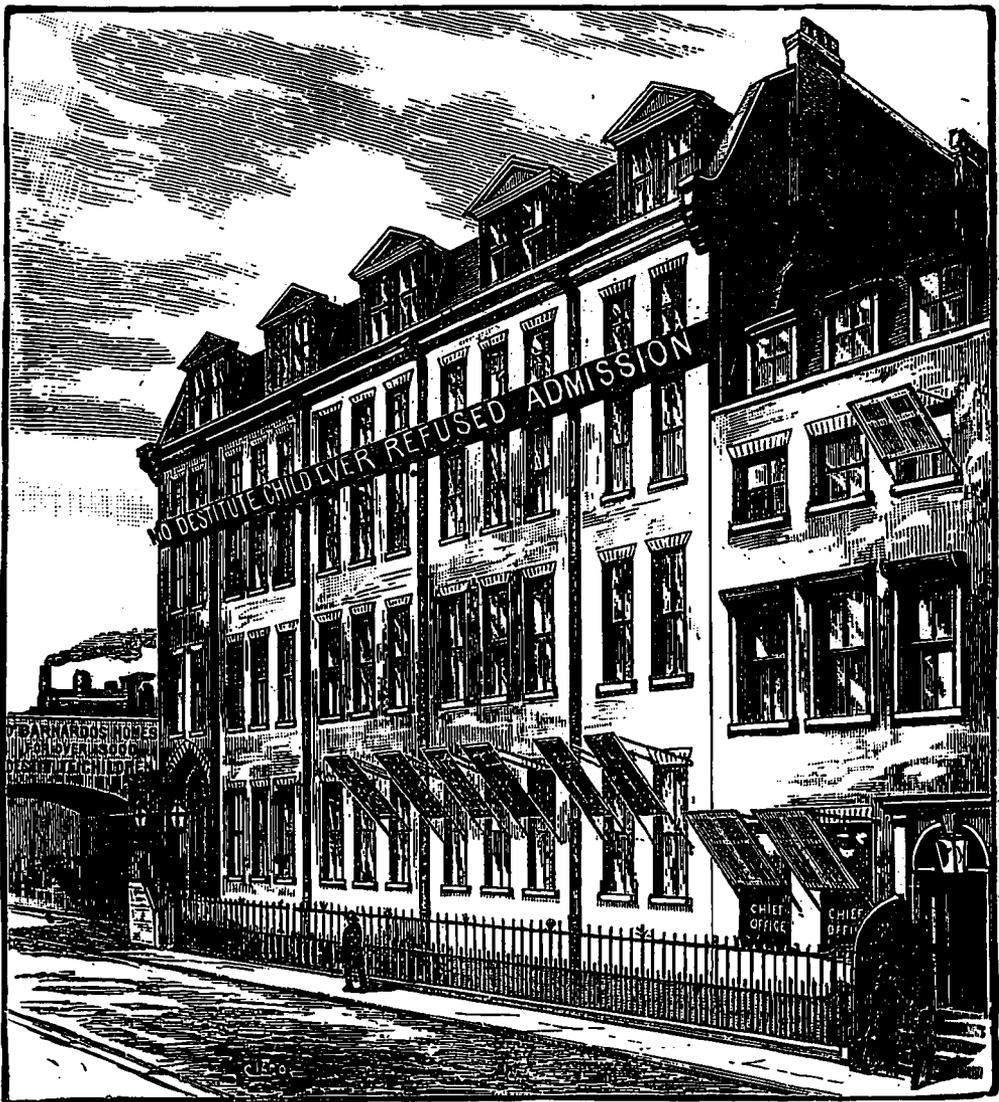
They scourged the slaver on the sea,  
    They chased the pirate to his den ;  
They were the first the blacks to free,  
    And lift them from the brute to men.  
Executors of God's decree,  
    They heard, to do it there and then.

Whose is this island, that hath done  
    Such deeds as ne'er before were known,  
That made of diverse peoples one  
    This branching oak, from acorn grown,  
Answers aloud each England's son,  
    " Thank God, that island is my own !

## Concerning Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE story of Dr. Barnardo and his work has been often told and read, and in every part of the civilized world is justly regarded as a triumph of wisely directed Christian effort, and as one of the most successful and most fruitful of

successes are the fruit of that effort, the history of the Homes is that of the bridge that carried them over and of the means that in the good providence of God were employed on their behalf, and to which they are indebted for their present pros-



Front view of Central Offices and Boys' Home in Stepney Causeway.

the many philanthropic enterprises that have been the outcome of that awakening of Christian activity which has so gloriously signalized the reign of our Gracious Queen.

To the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*, the boys and girls whose lives and

perity and for the bright prospects that lie before them in the future. As such it must have for them a very special and living interest, and although many of the incidents attending the growth and development of the work are familiar

enough to some of our older boys and girls, there are many who will like to hear again how the Homes first came into existence, and how one branch after another was added as fresh openings presented themselves, until, from very insignificant beginnings, there has arisen that vast and still-growing organization that has taken its place as one of the great National Institutions of the British Empire.

Dr. Barnardo had scarcely passed the threshold of manhood when in a most remarkable and providential manner the call came to him to devote his life and powers to the work of child rescue. Like David of old, he was little more than a stripling when he went forth to do battle with the giant evils of child misery, suffering and degradation in East London and elsewhere, and the stones in his sling—the weapons of warfare that have proved mighty in the hand of God for the accomplishment of His purpose—have been his consistent faith in the power of prayer, his untiring zeal, exhaustless energy and the sense of conviction, with the power of inspiring that conviction in others, that his mission is from God, and despite all obstacles and discouragements is destined to go forward and to fulfil its great end in the world. The Doctor, as his boys and girls of late years have known and admired and loved him, must have been a very different sort of person in 1866 when, as a young medical student, attached to the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road, he first opened that door that has never since been shut in the face of any destitute child. Some time previously he had been brought to the knowledge of Christ, with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a young convert had offered himself to the mission field, and was looking forward to going out to China as a medical missionary. But the outbreak of cholera in London caused the fulfilment of his plans to be postponed, and as a member of the volunteer band that attended to

the needs of the cholera sufferers, Dr. Barnardo formed that intimate acquaintance with the needs of the poor of the East End that so eminently qualified him for his work in later years. In house-to-house visitation he learned to know how the poor, and the children of the poor, lived and died in the dark places of the world's Metropolis, and here it was that the bitter cry of the outcast and distressed was borne in upon his heart. It was at this time that, in addition to other activities and without withdrawing from his professional studies, the young medico opened a small ragged school, where on Sundays and during two evenings of the week he gathered around him a few rough lads in a room in the lowest quarter of Stepney and sought to influence and instruct them in the things that belong to the life that now is and that which is to come. The ragged school was a small, unobtrusive effort, but it was the earnest of great things to follow. There appeared in the class one evening a lad, Jim Jervis by name, attracted by the prospect of "a warm" and possibly a shelter for the night. The sequel is told as follows by one of the best known writers of the day,\* quoting largely from the Doctor's own narrative :

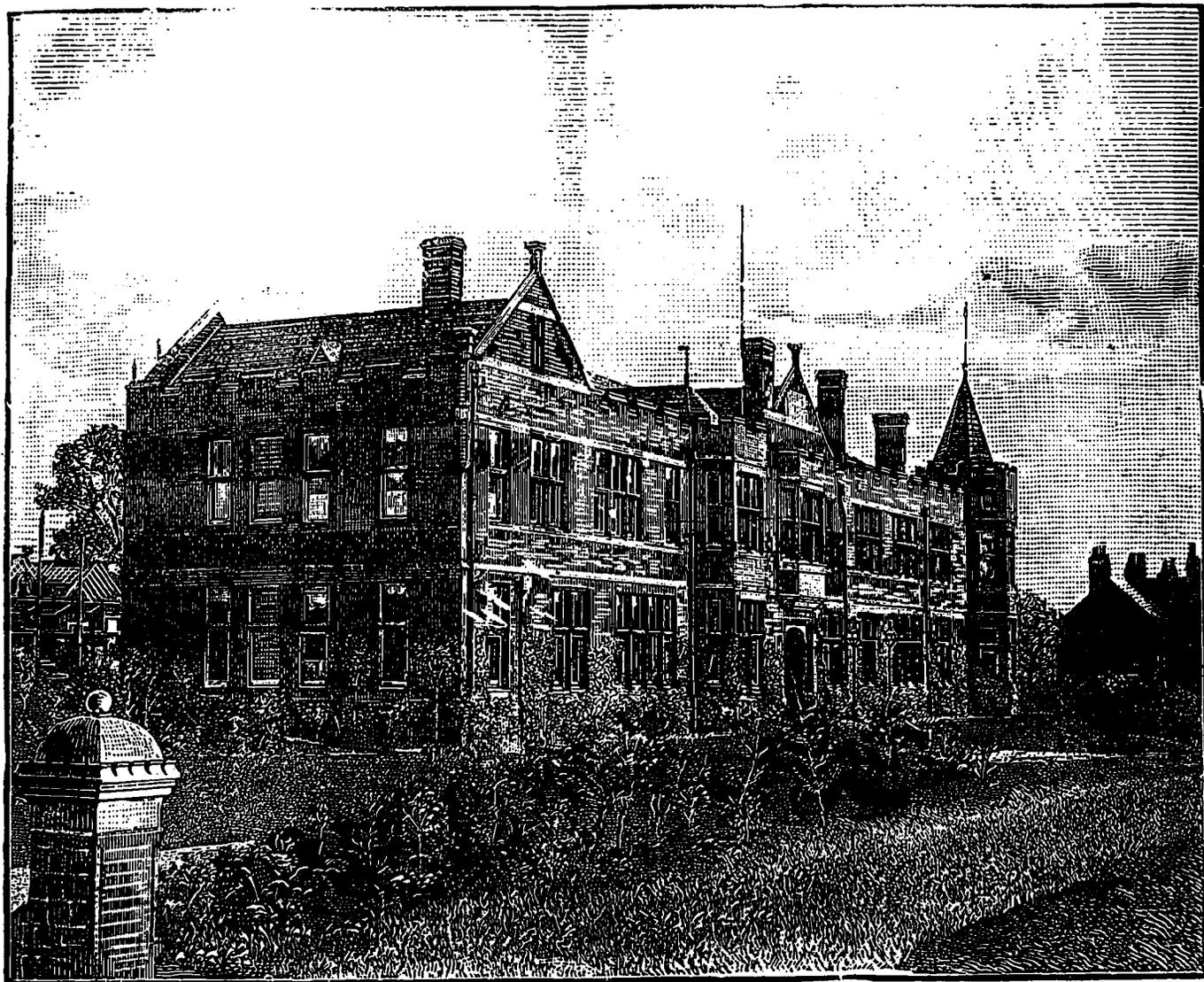
It was a raw winter night and a keen east wind was shivering through the dimly lit streets, when all the scholars having left the room, little Jim still lingered, casting a longing look at the fire. He had neither shirt, shoes nor stockings. Small, sharp eyes, restless and bright as a rat's, gleamed out of the care-worn features of an old man which surmounted the spare, stunted frame of a child of ten. It was the child, not so much of the slum, which is the fetid lair of the Savage of Civilization, as of the street—the desert of the City Arab.

The doctor having finished his teaching, and weary enough with the nervous exhaustion of keeping the attention of a pack of young rowdies, somewhat peremptorily ordered the boy home.

Then Jim pleaded piteously to stay. "Please, sir, do let me stop. I've no home nor 'arm."

Stop! in the name of the Lord! The doctor seemed abashed. Barnardo.

\* Mr. W. L. G. (1871), p. 23.



Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck 9th of August, 1896.

"What would your mother think?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"But your father?"

"Ain't got no father."

"Stuff and nonsense, boy; don't tell me such stories! You say you have not got a father or a mother. Where are your friends, then? Where do you live?"

"Ain't got no friends. DON'T LIVE NOWHERE."

And when little Jim had thus delivered his message, the man to whom it was delivered was sure he was lying. For the young medico, with all his experience of Stepney, had at that time never heard of the great Bedouin tribe of the Don't-Live-Nowheres.

Assuming his most inquisitorial air, the young doctor proceeded to cross-examine Jim in order to convict him of scandalous falsehoods. But Jim was a witness of truth, and not to be confounded. He told his simple story and stuck to it, begging lustily to be allowed to sleep all night by the fire, which seemed—no wonder so fascinating in its light and warmth

And as he was speaking, a sense of the meaning of his message suddenly smote the young medico to the heart. For the first time in his life there rushed upon him with overwhelming force this thought: "Is it possible that in this great city there are others also homeless and destitute, who are as young as this boy, as helpless, and as ill-prepared as he to withstand the trials of cold, hunger and exposure?"

Is it possible? He must promptly put it to the proof.

"Tell me, my lad, are there other poor boys like you in London without a home or friends?"

He replied promptly: "Oh! yes, sir, lots—'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count."

Now the young Barnardo did not like to be hoaxed. So being of a practical turn of mind, he bribed Jim with a place to sleep in, and as much hot coffee as he could drink, if he would take him there and then—or at least after the coffee had been drunk—to where the Don't-Live-Nowheres sleep. His incredulity was natural. How often I remember that marvellous

tales of what could be seen here and there dissipated into thin air when asked to be taken to see them! Jim, however, knew his facts, and could produce his vouchers.

After drinking as much coffee as he could swallow, he imparted to his teacher—who was now the taught, learning a far greater lesson than he had ever given—the reasons why he was sure that Jesus Christ was in very deed the Pope of Rome, for hadn't his mother crossed herself when she named the Pope, and the black dressed man who came when she died crossed himself when he said Jesus, and was that not enough proof to satisfy anyone? Now, although, from his youth up, the Pope of Rome has been Antichrist in Barnardo's eyes, at that moment it was absolutely nothing to him whether the boy

that wor wuss nor Swearing Dick served me!"

At last, half-an-hour after midnight, they sallied forth on their quest for the sleeping quarters of the Don't-Live-Nowheres. Jim trotted along, leading his new-made friend to Houndsditch, and then diving down the shedlike alley of the 'Change that leads by many passages from Petticoat Lane. Here they were at last, but where were the Don't-Live-Nowheres? Barnardo thought that he had caught Jim out. There was not a soul to be seen. He struck matches and peered about under barrows and into dark corners, but never a boy could he discover. "They durstn't lay about 'ere," said Jim in excuse, "cos the p'licemen keep such a werry sharp look-out all along on these 'ere shops. But



Oxford Cottage, Girls' Village Home, Ilford.

was a Roman Catholic, or a Jew, or a Mohammedan. He was moved by one fact only—the poor little chap's utter friendlessness. His touching confidence in the strange teacher when he found he was likely to be his friend fairly took Barnardo's heart captive. So let the Don't-Live-Nowheres sleep where they might, Jim must at once, without losing a moment, be rescued from that heathen darkness. So he turned to and told little Jim as graphically as he knew how the story of the Passion of our Lord. The lad was interested, for the tale was new, and to him it might have been the story of a poor bloke in the next alley. But when it came to the crucifixion, little Jim fairly broke down, and said, amid his tears, "Oh, sir,

we're there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em if we don't wake 'em up."

But Barnardo could see nothing. A high dead wall stood in front, and never a lad was to be seen.

"Where are the boys, Jim?" he asked, much puzzled.

"Up there, sir," replied Jim, pointing to the iron roof of the shed, of which the wall was the boundary.

How to get up was the next question, but Jim made light work of this. His sharp eyes detected the well-worn marks by which the lads ascended and descended—little interstices between the bricks, whence the mortar had fallen or had been picked away. Jim rapidly climbed up first, and then by the aid of a stick which he held down for me, I too made my ascent, and at length stood upon the stone coping or parapet which ran along the side.

There, exposed upon the dome-shaped roof, with

## Up and Down

their heads upon the higher part and their feet some what in the gutter, but in a great variety of postures some coiled up, as one may have seen dogs before a fire; some huddled two or three together, others more apart—lay eleven boys out on the open roof. No covering of any kind was upon them. The rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothes, apparently quite as bad as, if not even worse than, Jim's. One big fellow who lay there seemed to be about eighteen years old, but the ages of the remainder varied, I should say, from nine to fourteen. Just then the moon shone clearly out. I have already said it was a bitterly cold, dry night, and as the pale light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys, and as I, standing there, realized for one awful moment the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were perhaps but samples of numbers of others, it seemed as though the hand of God Himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life

on the subject, said: "Shall we go to another lay, sir? There's lot's more."

But Barnardo had seen enough to know that the Don't-Live-Nowheres existed and to realize how they existed and where they slept.

The sight of these up-turned piteous faces on the iron roof of that shed, glimmering wan through their dirt in the wintry moonlight, haunted Barnardo. Silently and before God he vowed to dedicate himself henceforth, while life lasted, to save the Arabs of the streets. The Chinese must seek other missionaries; his work lay nearer home. But what could be done and how could he do it? It seemed



Home For Girl Orphans, Exeter.

upon the streets of London. Add to this that a passionate sense of the unfairness of things flooded my heart and mind as I stood that night upon the roof-top. Why should these eleven have nothing, and I and countless others have all we needed? It all seemed so unfair, so wrong, the problem was so mixed. I was fairly dazed at the thought of it, and only found relief when I gave up trying to solve it and thought I must do just the one duty that lay so manifestly at my door—save this one poor lad whatever might come of it.

Jim looked at the whole thing from a very matter-of-fact point of view.

"Shall I wake 'em any?" he asked.

"Hush!" said I, "don't let us attempt to start 'em," and as one of them moved uneasily I hurried away.

Regarding this street, Jim blithely announced, without any reason or special explanation

indeed a forlorn enough task. But the seed had been sown, and the Sower who could employ Jim Jervis as His messenger could provide for the rest. Speaking of this long afterwards, Dr. Barnardo said:

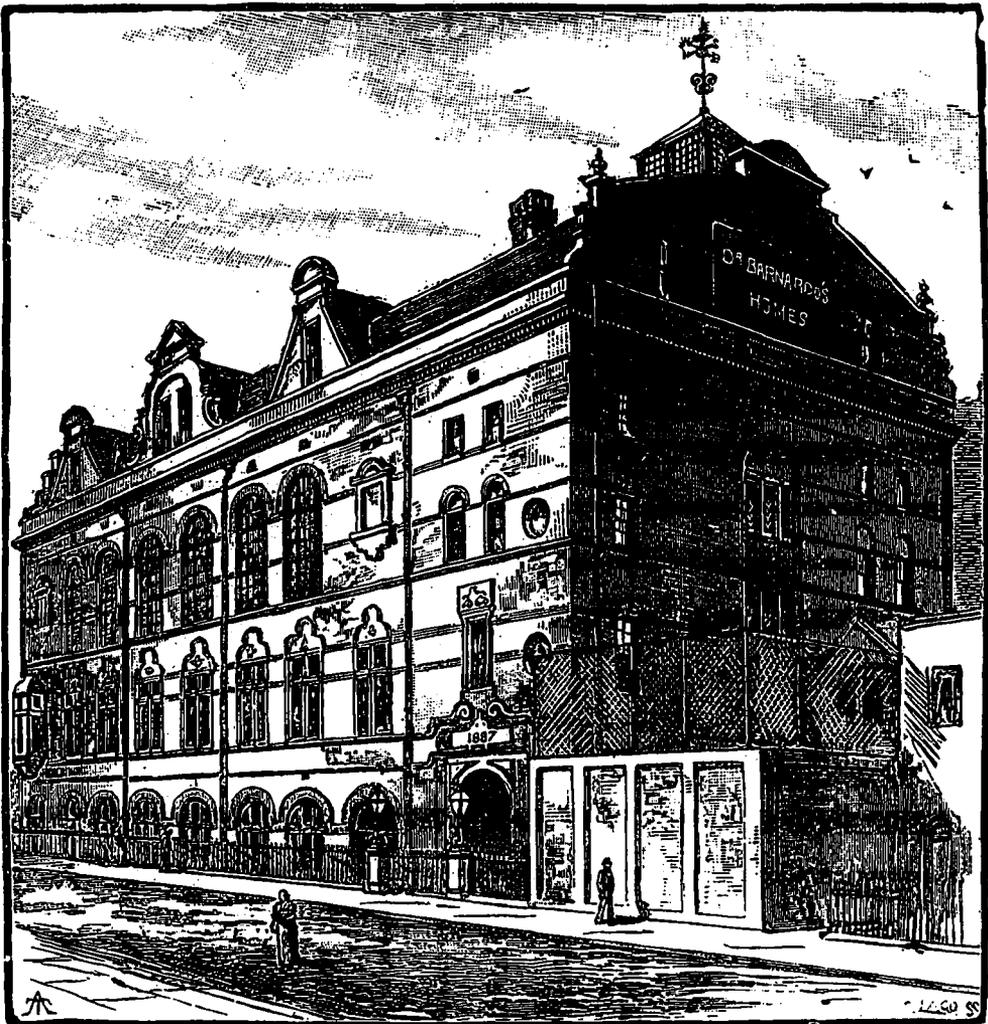
I knew no one then who could render me any help in the rescue and care of these boys. I was, comparatively speaking, friendless and unknown in London myself; but our Heavenly Father who feeds the hungry ravens, and whose open hand supplies the young lions when they roar, heard the prayer of my heart,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

## Dr. Barnardo's Homes

The answer was not long in coming. Some weeks afterwards, Barnardo was at dinner at a great man's house, and, opportunity occurring, he spoke warmly of what he had seen and knew. For he had then seen other "lays," and he knew of what he spoke. His host and his fellow-guests were incredulous. "Do you mean to tell us that this very night," they said, "raw and cold and wretched as it is, there are children sleeping out in the open air in London?" "I do," said Barnardo. "Can you show us them?" he was asked. Albeit somewhat shrinking lest the "lay"

but a policeman standing by told him it was all right. "They'll come out," he said, "if you give them a copper."

A halfpenny a head was offered, and then from a great confused pile of old crates, boxes and empty barrels which were piled together, covered with a huge tarpaulin, seventy-three boys crawled out from the lair where they had been seeking a shelter for the night. Called out by the offer of a halfpenny, there they stood, beneath the light of the lamps, a sorrowful and mournful regiment of the great army of the desitute, confronting an even more



West Elevation of Bower Street Addition.

might that night be drawn blank, he stoutly declared that he could and he would. So cabs were summoned and a score of gentlemen in evening dress fared forth towards Slumdom, piloted by Barnardo. Through the city they drove on and on and on, until they reached a space by Billingsgate market, where he knew the lads slept by the score.

A strange sight it was, that of these West-end revellers straying to Billingsgate seeking outcasts—and finding none. For there was not a boy to be seen. For a moment Barnardo's heart sank within him,

sorrowful and mournful regiment of the well-to-do. "I pray God," said Dr. Barnardo, "that I may never again behold such a sight." But it was a vision, which, although apocalyptic in its horror, carried with it a glad promise of better things to come. For Lord Shaftesbury was of the party, and with him were many of the best philanthropists in London.

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

As may well be imagined, I had a very hard day. A little house in a dead street was first

## Work and Home



Cairns' Memorial Cottage. Girls' Village Home, Ilford.

opened for some twenty-five boys. We did the repairs ourselves. Many a happy hour was spent in white-washing the walls and ceilings, scrubbing the floors, and otherwise putting what seemed to me at that time a veritable mansion for capaciousness into suitable condition for the reception of my first family. Then I spent two whole nights upon the streets of London, and casting my net upon the "right side of the ship," brought to shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept such help as I could give them.

Such, then, was the beginning of the work which has since befriended nearly 40,000 boys and girls, that at the present time is entirely supporting 5,300 in the various Homes, and which comprises ninety-six separate institutions and eighteen mission branches. To follow in detail the growth of the work during the thirty-four years of its existence would exceed the limits of our space, but we may briefly refer to a few of its principal developments. To the original house in Stepney Causeway first opened as a Home there was shortly added another, and boys began to be sought after or to apply themselves for admission, not only from the East End, but from other

and distant parts of London. Generous friends began to rally to the support of the Homes, and funds were placed at the disposal of their young founder that made it possible for him to begin a similar work on behalf of girls. The story of the establishment of the Village Home at Ilford is thus related by Dr. Barnardo himself :

After much prayer and earnest waiting upon God for direction, the resolution was at length taken to build a number of *small cottages* for the reception and training of these girls, and to establish in them a mode of living as near to that of an ordinary family as possible. A very generous friend of my work among the children (John Sands, Esq., jun.) presented a house (Mossford Lodge, lying with the surrounding plot of land at the extreme west of, but not included in, the Village site), on lease free of rent for twenty-one years; and in that house, in faith and prayer, the experiment began. When the project of extending the work by building cottages was mooted, grave delays arose, and much exercise of heart was felt as to the Divine Will. At length a dear friend (Æ. D.), who has fallen asleep but a few months

since, gave me money to build the *first cottage* in memory of a deceased daughter. That gift came in direct answer to prayer, and in a manner that could only be described as providential. And then the further extension of the scheme began to be laid more fully upon Christian hearts, and one by one cottages were added to the growing Village, till now I have, as already stated, forty-nine homes in working order, with four other buildings, the whole tenanted at the close of 1888 by 796 little rescued girls, with accommodation for over 300 more.

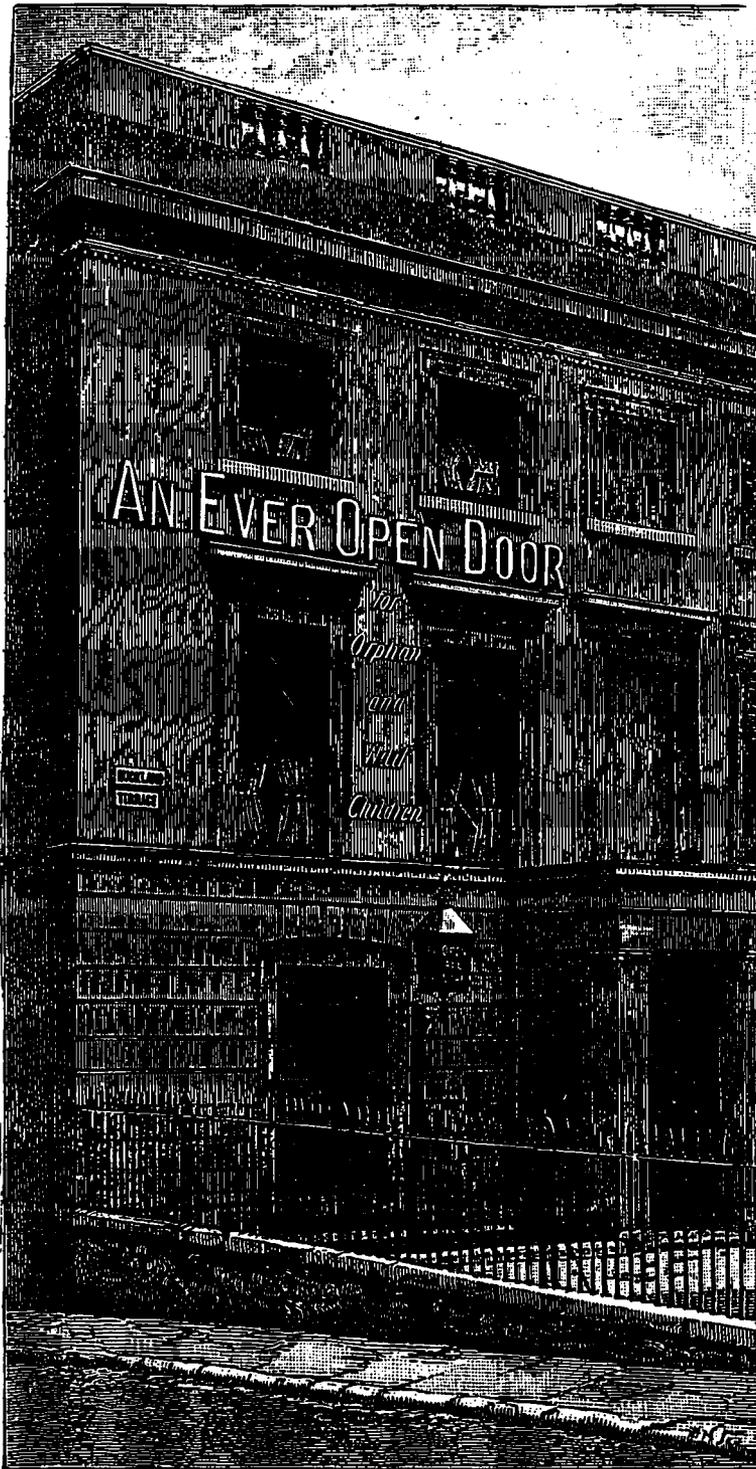
The first eleven cottages were built at a cost of £520 each, but as the result of the experience gained, the succeeding buildings were enlarged and the internal arrangements considerably modified and improved; this necessarily implied an advance in price, and the later buildings averaged £900 each.

*Each cottage now contains* on the ground floor a mother's sitting-room, a sitting-room and play-room for the girls, a large dining-room for the family meals, and a kitchen, scullery, pantry and storeroom. Upstairs there are either five or six bedrooms, four of which in the older cottages, and five in the new, contain each from four to six single beds, the remaining one being the "mother's" room. There is further, of course, a bathroom and necessary offices in each building. The daily life of the Village is as homelike as I know how to make it. Each group of girls is ruled over by a "mother," usually a Christian lady, who has offered herself to our Lord in His service among these destitute little ones. The relations sought to be maintained between the "mothers" and their charges are mainly those of loving obedience. In the recreation room of each house every child has its little cupboard, in which the array of childish treasures speaks to the heart of pleasant days and happy play-hours. All the new cottages are two-storey buildings, in the Elizabethan style, with cosy-looking overhanging eaves. The older portion of the Village consisted of a rectangle of houses surrounding a plot of ornamental garden; the later houses were built on an oblong plot, forming an offshoot at nearly right angles to one end of the original plan; so that the village is now L-shaped, with the Governor's house occupying the top corner, and Cairns' Memorial Cottage the inner angle. Mossford Lodge, the nucleus of the whole subsequent developments, stands in its own grounds, a little distance from the actual site of the Village.

Since the above was written twelve years ago, there has been added to the Village the present large and handsome school buildings, erected at a cost of eight thousand pounds, and the gift of a

single donor, and the beautiful Children's Church, dedicated and opened in 1894, and described as one of the prettiest structures of a similar kind to be found in England.

The same years that witnessed the establishment and rapid growth of the Homes at Ilford saw the equally rapid development of the Institutions in East London. Stepney Causeway, the narrow little East End street that was the cradle of the work, has remained the Headquarters of the work, but the original premises have been enormously enlarged. Bit by bit the adjoining properties have been acquired by lease or purchase; new and capacious buildings have taken the place of the squalid, mean little dwellings that originally occupied the ground, till now the property of the Homes extends from No. 8 to No. 26 on the west side of Stepney Causeway, and the premises cover three-fourths of the large rectangular block bounded East and West by Stepney Causeway and Bower Street and North and South by the Commercial Road—the main artery of traffic between the City and the docks—and the Great Eastern Railway. The Bower Street Building, erected in the year 1887, is one of the largest edifices in the East End, and is a landmark for miles around. It contains swimming bath, library, play-room, numerous class-rooms, workshops, board-room, and Director's office, the offices of several important departments of the work, and the very pretty little chapel that is now in regular use for services both on Sunday and during the week. The buildings in which the boys are domiciled contain accommodation for 400 boys, the sleeping space being divided into four immense dormitories—light and lofty rooms containing each a hundred beds. Below the dormitories are the dining-hall and lavatories, and, in a separate building, the capacious kitchens and baker's shop. Twelve well equipped training shops are provided at the Stepney Causeway



Ever-Open Door, Plymouth.

Baker.  
Blacksmith.  
Brushmaker.  
Carpenter.  
Engineer.  
Harness-maker.  
Matmaker.  
Printer.  
Shoemaker.  
Tailor.  
Tinsmith.  
Wheelwright,

and 250 boys are now employed in these various handicrafts. The inmates of the Home wear a uniform—dark cloth with red edging and cap bearing the name of the Home in front, and military drill is an important feature of the discipline of the Institution.

At the general offices in Stepney Causeway is centred the management of all the ninety-six branches and agencies of the Homes, London, Provincial and Colonial. An immense amount of detailed work is dealt with, giving full occupation to a staff of over 120 persons. Donations in money and in kind are received and ac-

Home with competent masters to superintend. All the boys in these shops, with few exceptions, are apprentices, bound under regular articles of indenture, and, by the time they leave the Home, are able to take situations as skilled workmen. The following are the trades taught in the various workshops :

knowledge; correspondence, ranging from 300 to 5000 letters per day, from all over the world, is dealt with; applications by letter on behalf of candidates for the benefits of the Homes are decided upon; personal applications are received and investigated; stores are purchased, warehoused

and distributed, as wanted, over all the Institutions; the publications of the Homes are kept and sent out; all the arrangements for the movements and transference of children in the Homes, including boarding-out and emigration, are carried on; questions of administration are dealt with, and the records of the Institutions here find a place. It may be mentioned, as indicating one department of its activities alone, that there were received here during 1898 no fewer than 181,928 letters and parcels, the latter containing

large number of little sufferers in every stage of sickness and deformity. For many years after the establishment of the Homes, the old building at No. 19 Stepney Causeway was sufficient for infirmary purposes, but in 1887 the necessity for increased accommodation had become urgent and the erection of the present building was commenced. It was designed as a fitting memorial of the Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen, and takes its title from its connection with that historic event. During the year 1898, 645



A Glimpse of The Girls' Village Home, Ilford.

91,607 separate articles. The letters and parcels despatched numbered 225,715, while 1,120,184 different packets of publications were sent out during the same period.

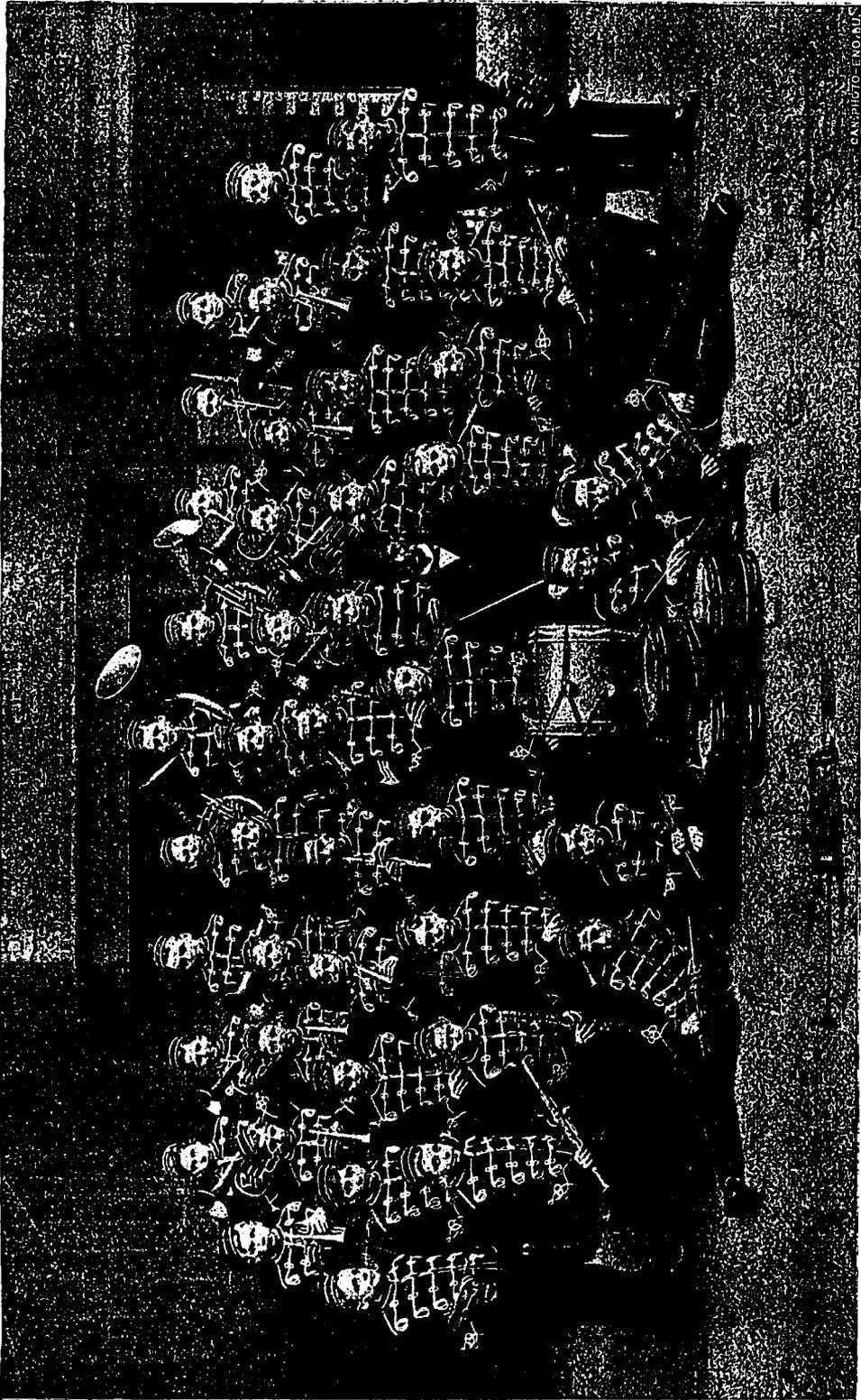
On the opposite side of Stepney Causeway, and facing the general offices, stands Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Children, a handsome and lofty structure occupying Nos. 13 to 19 Stepney Causeway. Disease and physical defect are not barriers to admission to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and at all times accommodation has to be provided for a

surgical or medical in-patients were cared for in the ten wards, eighty-seven major operations were performed and 266 minor operations, while 13,718 cases were treated in the out-patient department, all of these coming from the various London Homes for lesser ailments and surgical dressings. The Institutions in Stepney Causeway and at Ilford are only the more prominent in a list that includes separate Homes for children of both sexes, and of various ages, from infancy to the verge of adult life, for cripples and

## Up and Down

for convalescents, for the incurable and the blind ; Receiving Houses in a score of the principal cities and towns in England ; Industrial Bri-

unemployed to decent employment ; Rescue Homes for girls ; Free Lodging Houses for children in the poorest districts of London ; Mission Halls ;



The Boys' Home Band.

gades for assisting boys who are struggling to become self-supporting ; Shipping Agencies and Free Registry Offices for assisting the

Pure Literature Depot and Coffee Tavern ; Boarding-out Centres in various parts of England, and Distributing Agencies in Canada. Mr.



Youths' Labour House, Commercial Road, London, E.

Stead's tree, with its mighty and overshadowing branches on which hang the different developments of the work as the fruit that has sprung from the tiny seed sown in the message of Jim Jervis, is an apt representation of what has been accomplished for the children's cause in the thirty-five years of Dr. Barnardo's work.

Obviously we can attempt nothing more than a bare allusion to the greater number of these various outgrowths of the work.

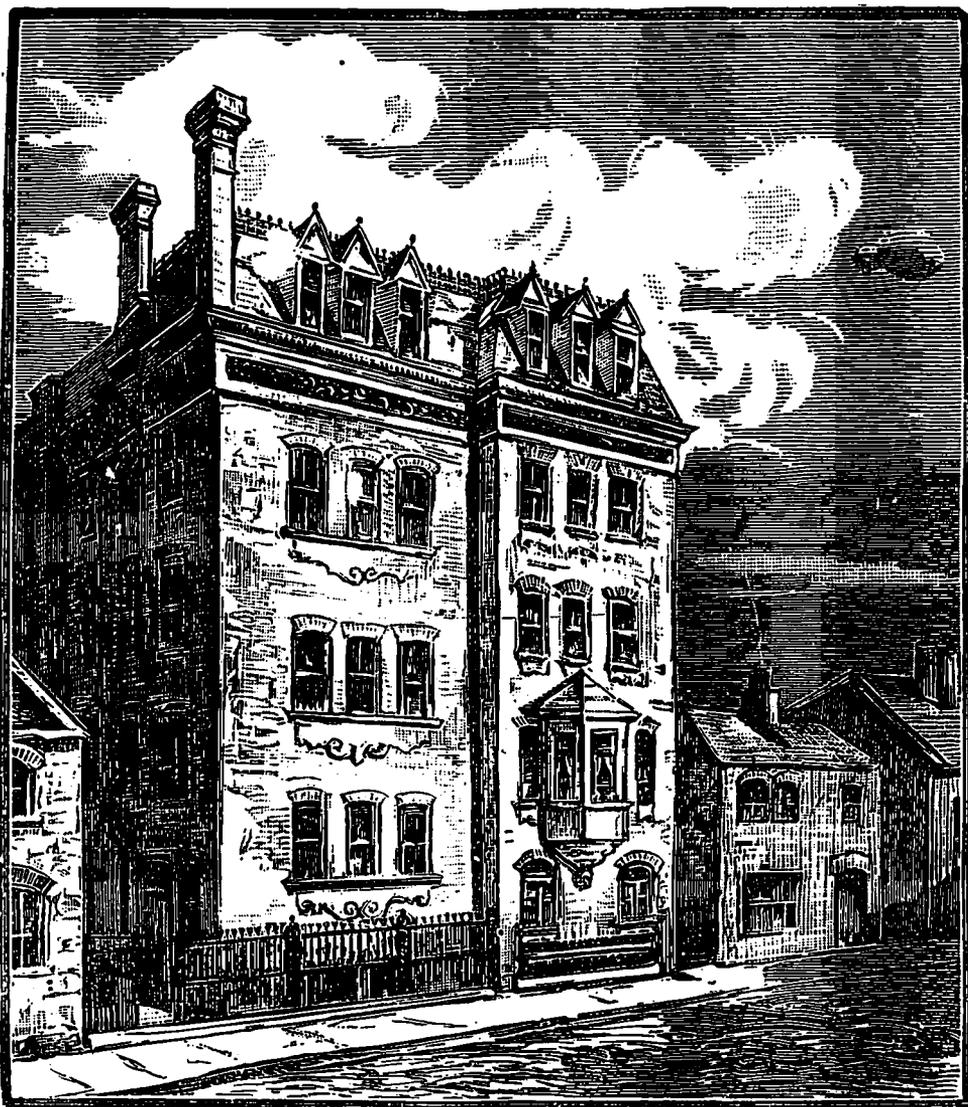
The Youths' Labour House was opened in 1881 for the reception of lads of seventeen and upwards, as a means of assisting young fellows of this age who had become destitute from lack of employment or other cause, but who have not lapsed into crime, to recover their independence

It is described as less a training than a testing Institution, where lads are kept for a short period only with a view to ascertaining whether they are deserving of help and disposed to do well, and if they prove themselves to be honest, industrious and decent, they are either assisted to emigrate or employment is found for them in England or at sea. Since the Labour House was opened over 5,000 youths have passed within its doors, and of these the great majority have proved themselves worthy of the help extended to them at a very critical period and are giving promise of becoming respectable and useful members of society. The Youths' Labour House is at 622 to 626 Commercial Road, Linchouse. The industries comprise wood chopping, box making and the manufac

ture of aerated waters, the revenue of these industries for last year being £1,188 5s. 5d.

Leopold House Home for Little Boys, 199 Burdett Road, Bow E., is actually the largest of Dr. Barnardo's London Institutions, containing accommodation for 450 children. The inmates are boys from eight to thirteen years of age. Being so

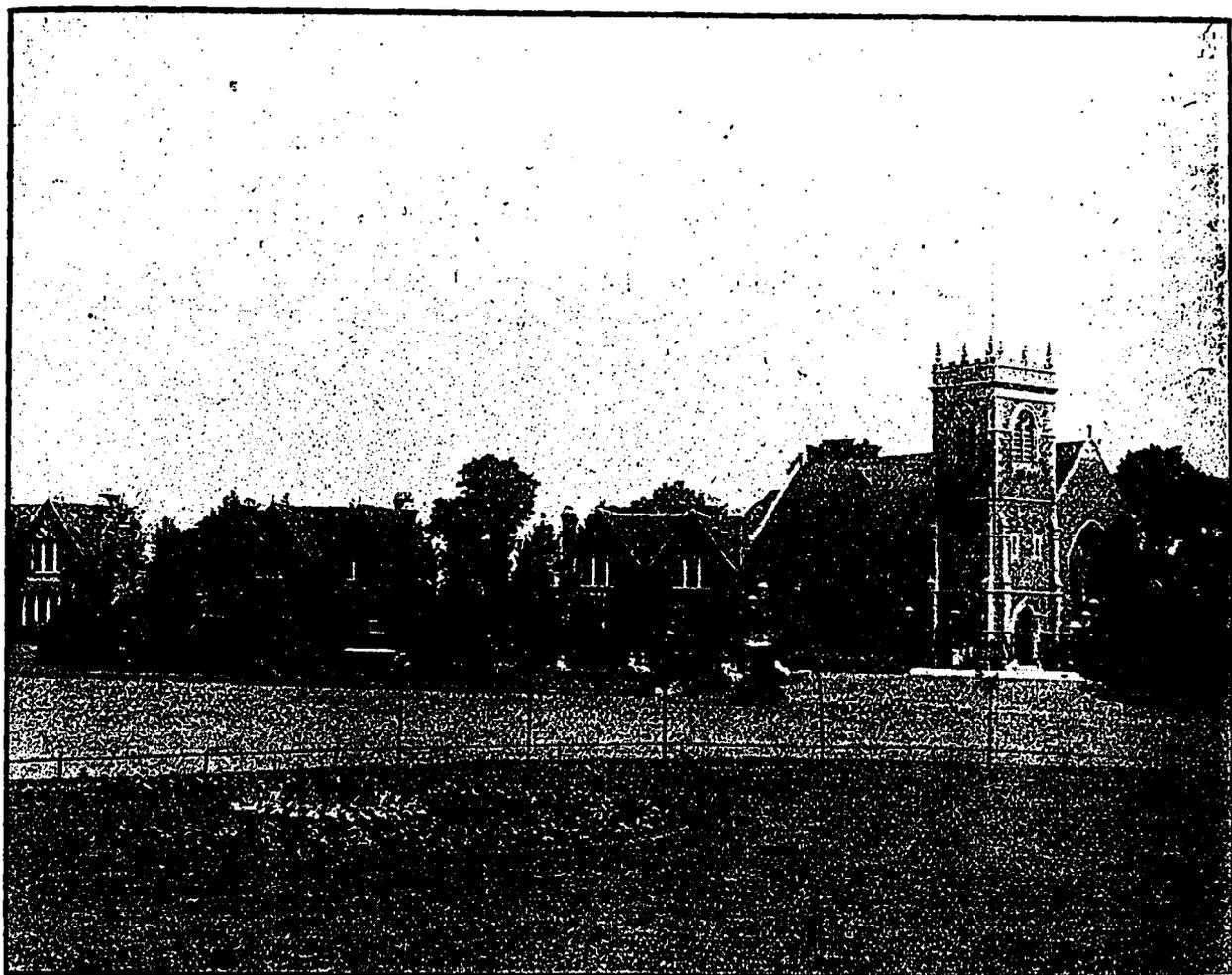
lin have made a reputation for themselves at public meetings and entertainments in all parts of the Kingdom. The buildings at Leopold House have undergone very extensive alterations and additions since the premises were first occupied by Dr. Barnardo in 1883, and now include the following rooms: a large upper dormitory, containing 200



Her Majesty's Hospital for Sick Children, Stepney Causeway.

young, they are not taught trades at Leopold House, school work, drill, gymnastic exercises and play forming the daily routine. Musical training is a specialty, and the Drum and Fife Band, the Hand-Bell Ringers, the Highland Bagpipers and performers on the ocarina and mando-

beds, with linen-room attached and apartments for the master and matron; lower dormitory, with seventy beds, containing also a matron's room; dining hall, with seating space for 450; plunge bath in which eighty boys are daily bathed; spacious swimming bath (with dress



Children's Church, Girls' Village Home, Ilford.

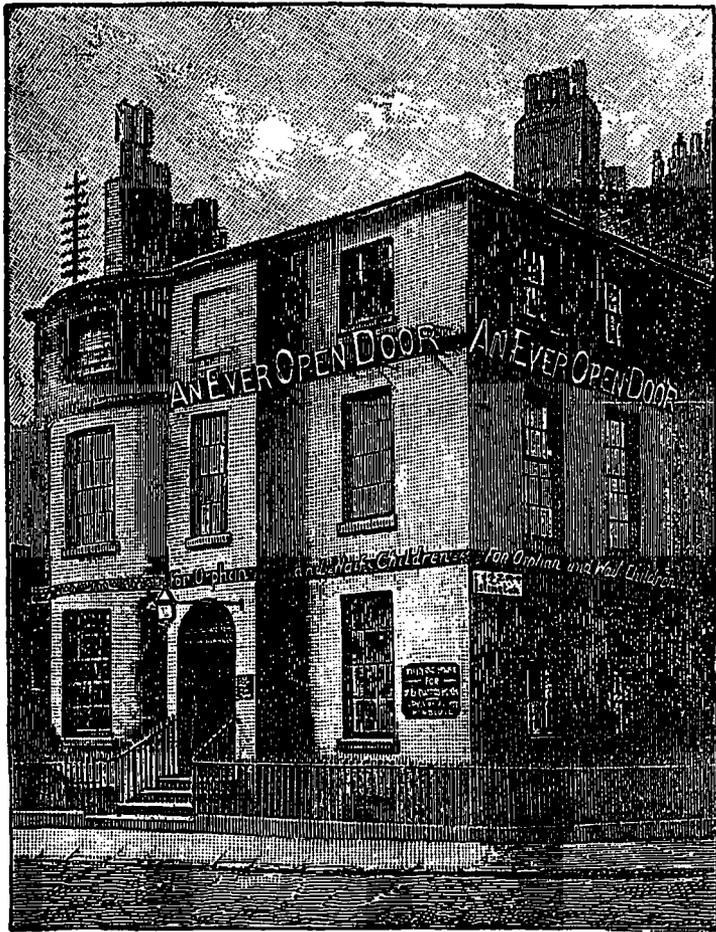
ing-rooms); school and two smaller class-rooms, with accommodation for resident schoolmaster; kitchen, in which the food for the whole household is prepared; six small dormitories; superintendent's and matron's apartments; office, and a play-room. All these, of course, in addition to various offices and a very commodious playground.

No account of Dr. Barnardo's labours and achievements would be even partially complete that omitted to mention the Edinburgh Castle People's Mission Church, with Coffee Palace attached, declared open by the Earl of Shaftesbury on February 14th, 1873, and transformed from one of the most notorious gin palaces and dance halls in the East End to a source of gospel light and a centre of educational and rescue effort. There for the past thirty years the Gospel of Christ, with all its blessed

humanizing influences and gracious hopefulness for this life and the next, has been proclaimed to the masses, and the Edinburgh Castle has been the headquarters of an active and far-reaching evangelistic work, and of a network of agencies for the benefit of the poor and struggling neighbourhood in which it is situated. The original hall has been rebuilt and twice enlarged, and now seats over 3,200. It is lighted with electric lights and is one of the most commodious and best arranged halls in the East End of London. Every year hundreds of true and definite cases of conversion have been witnessed, and many thousands of lives have been changed, comforted and strengthened. The mission work carried on here, like the rescue work carried on by the Homes, is wholly unsectarian and undenominational (or rather, interdenominational) and

the preachers include representatives—clerical, ministerial and lay—of almost every Protestant and Evangelical section of Christ's Church. The morning service on Sunday is always attended by the boys from the Stepney Home, the Labour House and Leopold House, and their bright young faces and capital singing add much to the attractiveness of the worship. There is besides a well-trained adult mixed choir and a

But these regular Sunday services are only a small fraction of the Castle operations for the good of the people. During fine weather there are three open-air services every Sunday and one each Thursday, at which many an arrow shot at a venture has found a joint in the harness, and led to changed life and character. Other services and engagements in connection with the Castle may be briefly summarized:



Ever-Open Door, Liverpool.

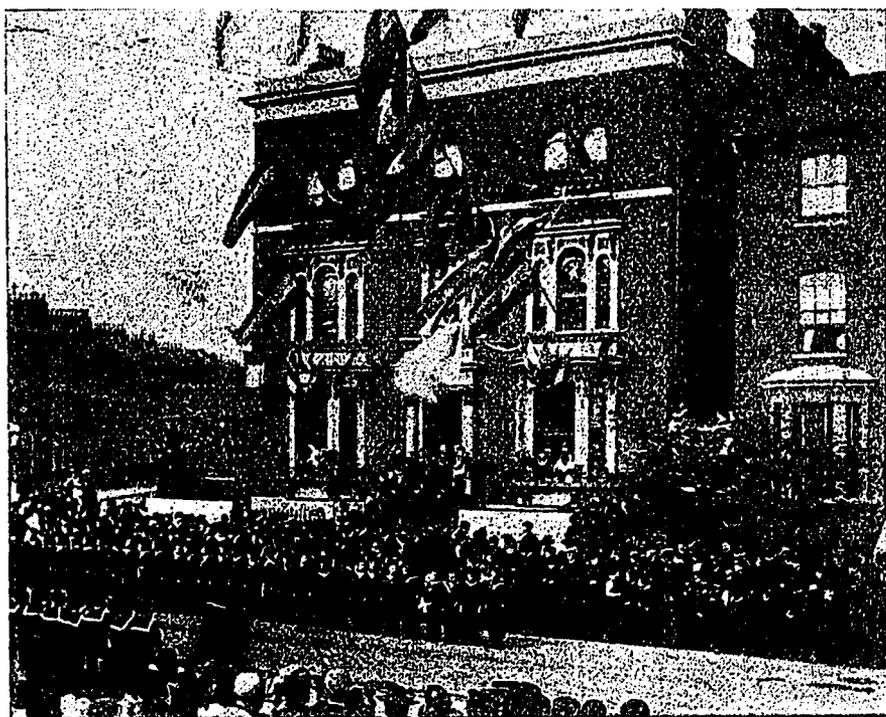
good organ. Each Sunday afternoon is devoted to a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" Class, which is now one of the most influential meetings held in connection with that remarkable and successful movement. In the evening there is always a very large congregation, which constitutes of itself a sufficient answer to the charge—somewhat frequently thrown at Christianity in these modern days—that it fails to attract the working classes.

Sunday's services include, in addition to those above mentioned, a morning and afternoon Prayer Meeting, a Children's Service at 11.30, and a Bible Class at 3 p.m. Each Monday evening a popular Lecture and Concert attracts an average attendance of 1,500 or more. On Tuesday the Band of Hope is attended by some 300 young people, and the Gymnasium is also open, in addition to a Mothers' Meeting and a Young Men's Meeting. On Wed-

nesday there is choir practice and classes. A Service is held each Thursday evening in addition to an Open-Air Meeting and Gymnasium Practice. Friday's highly successful Bible Class, under the leadership of the Secretary and Superintendent, Mr. S. E. Burrow, helps well to maintain the spiritual tone of the work. There is also Band and Gymnasium Practice. The Saturday night Prayer Meeting is specially designed for workers in connection with the Homes and Mission, and it draws together an attendance of some 300 each week. Besides the

subject of the spiritual character of the work of the Homes, we quote the following from a recent report issued by Dr. Barnardo :

I have never forgotten the significant fact that the whole of the wide-spread work for God now in my hands took its rise, in 1866, from a Ragged School. There the seed-thought was sown, which, under the Divine smile and blessing, has sprung up into a tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the waifs and the outcast. That tree has grown in a *distinctively spiritual atmosphere*. It has been watered and tended in the spirit of prayer and of love to Christ, and *God has given the increase* to it not merely as to a social and philanthropic institution, but as to a spiritual agency.



Leopold House, with boys forming Guard of Honour for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

above are to be noted weekly meetings for Gospel Temperance, a Benefit Society, Rechabites and Phoenix Lodges, and Factory Girls' Classes conducted by Deaconesses. The following are the statistics for the year 1898 :

Number of Religious Meetings	970
Aggregate attendances at same	385,636
Number of Temperance, Social and Educational Meetings	438
Aggregate attendances at same	91,240
Total number of Meetings	1,408
Total number of attendances	477,314

In dealing more closely with the

I count it comparatively little, though it is much, to bring out the children of neglect, whose lives have been unsunny and untended, from the darkness of the slums, to save them from physical wretchedness, and to put them in the way of becoming respectable members of society. It is much that the inmates of the Homes learn to give up vicious courses, that they are taught to obey, to do their duty, and to assort with a decent and an orderly life; but it is not all, nor indeed more than the outward and visible sign of what I most earnestly covet and labour for—a CHANGE OF HEART. In all my work among the little children so helpless and so pitiable, among the lads so encircled with daily temptation, among the girls for whose feet are so many pitfalls—among the sick

## Ups and Downs

and suffering so wearied and care-worn with the fret and feebleness of life, among the adult poor whose daily round is such a cramping struggle, among all these alike I and my helpers are holding forth the Word of Life, and inciting to a real heart trust in the finished work of the Redeemer as the one salvation, as the only solace, as the alone comfort for time and eternity. The Christian faith desires something more than merely social or even moral reform. If nothing more than this be gained, I am sadly disappointed, and the work will fail of its most enduring harvest. My heart's desire and prayer to God for the children is that they might be SAVED, not only for the present life, but also for the life to come; and I know not how the latter can be affected except through such an education, prayerful training and example as shall connect each child's heart by faith and love with the person of Christ as a crucified and risen Saviour. Indeed, I have but little confidence in any reformation which does not begin in the heart, and, working outward, by Divine grace change and renew the affections and will first and then influence the habits and conduct.

To impart a *real*, not a merely emotional or intellectual, knowledge of a personal Saviour is the aim I and my co-workers have ever in view. Of course, every endeavour is made to avoid the special danger among susceptible children of cultivating the *form* of godliness without its *power*. The *spirit of prayer* is inculcated and the *habit of daily prayer* enjoined, whilst reverence for Divine things and love for the Word of God are carefully instilled into the minds of all my young people. They are taught the duty of prompt and unquestioning obedience to the moral law, and also to subject their awakened consciences to the precepts of Holy Scripture, so that a prayerful and God-fearing life, having its foundation in a true knowledge of the Saviour as their Redeemer and Friend, may, by God's blessing, result. It is perhaps never well to try to "number Israel," and I have always avoided mere statistics in this all-important matter; but I may simply here note with gratitude that there is not a single one of the Homes under my care that cannot put gladly upon record its encouragements in changed lives and in regenerated hearts.

But in multitudes of cases even where no results are immediately *apparent* the work has not been in vain, for residence in the Homes is often merely a time of sowing; the harvest comes not till the after years. Alike at Stepney, at Leopold House, at Sturge House, at Ilford, and at the Labour House the Gospel lessons taught frequently make their power and influence savingly felt only "after many days." Yet it is one of the most cheering features of my work to observe in the letters received from time to time from former inmates now out in the world and

battling with its trials and temptations, in England, in South Africa, in Canada, or elsewhere, how the Word has leavened their lives, and how many of the lads and girls long after they have left me joyfully set to their seal that they have at last received the Saviour's message in the faith and the love of it.

The Edinburgh Castle services, which, as already stated, all the boys of the London Homes attend at least once every Sunday, have in many instances awakened and convinced, and in others strengthened and confirmed the young hearers, whilst the regular daily religious instruction in the several Homes, and especially the Bible Classes held weekly by the ladies of the Deaconess House, have been more particularly owned as instrumental means of blessing. The Gospel of Christ in all its fulness and freeness is through these means earnestly set before the lads, without any sectarian bias. My object is not so much to inscribe new communicants on the rolls of some particular church, even though it should be that to which I am myself attached, but rather to use those means by which our Lord may confirm the Word with signs following, and add to *the Church* daily such as shall be saved.

We must close our very fragmentary and incomplete sketch of Dr. Barnardo's work by attempting in the briefest terms to reply to the question so often put to us by friends in Canada, How is it all kept up? The Homes and all the immense and wide-spread activities associated with their work are entirely dependent for their support upon the free-will offerings of benevolent people in all parts of the world. The Institutions receive no endowment or State aid. They live from hand to mouth without a shilling of reserve funds, and depend upon the daily supply to meet the daily need. Often has Dr. Barnardo been reduced to the very direst straits to meet the demands for food only for his great family. There have been seasons of the deepest anxiety when scarcity of funds has grievously crippled the work; but, as Dr. Barnardo writes in the last number of *Night and Day* in reference to the terrible falling off of income during the present year, owing to the appeals made on behalf of the various war funds, "We are assured by more than thirty years' experience of our Father's care that we shall not ultimately



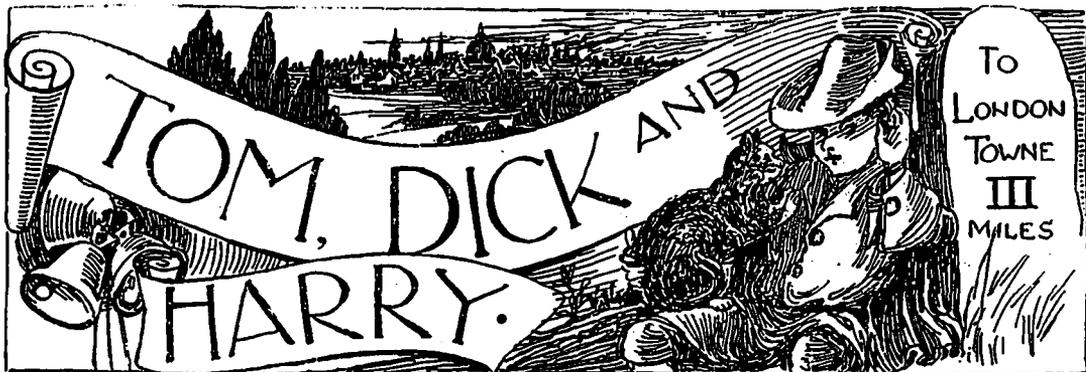
Curling Cottage. Girls' Village Home, Ilford.

lack, although for a while faith may be severely tried." Some idea as to how the money comes is gathered from an analysis of the income of the year 1899 as shown in the Report of Committee. The total amount received during the twelve months in donations from all sources was £147,094 5s. 9d., equal in Canadian currency to \$714,878.24. This amount was contributed in 94,530 separate gifts, and of this total 68,240 were for sums under £1. Thus over 72 per cent. of the total income of the Institutions is contributed in comparatively small amounts, showing that the Homes are not supported by the wealthy few, but derive their revenue from the generosity and sympathy of the lower, middle and poorer classes of the community, who give often at

the cost of considerable self-sacrifice. It is a work for the people, supported by the people, world-wide in the scope of its efforts, world-wide in the sympathies that it awakens.

Great things have been attempted, great things have been accomplished, but much remains to be done, and those who read *UPS AND DOWNS*, and whose life experiences bear testimony to the value and success of Dr. Barnardo's labour of love, will unite with us in the hope and prayer that he may be spared to see yet greater things than these, and that, as in the past so in the future, the blessing of God may be abundantly bestowed upon him and crown all his undertakings on behalf of the needy, the suffering and the fallen

ALFRED B. OWEN



**N**AGGING! It's all very well for one to say what a lad should or should not do, but what but surly, rebellious behaviour can be expected of a youth who has a nagging mistress, who is continually complaining and scolding over trifles the whole day long, seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year? This is the gist of a long, rambling letter received from J. K., who, in pouring forth his troubles into my sympathetic ear, seeks consolation and condolence.

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To be the object of persistent nagging is very trying to a person of spirit, particularly a young person not given to self-examination. We are all apt to resent it as an unnecessary hardship, and, as a protest against it, to become confirmed in perversity. It certainly is not conducive to reform, since it invariably arouses a feeling of hostility rather than obedience toward the person who indulges in nagging, and thus shows no patience for, or toleration of, the faults of others.

+++

Nagging indicates, besides a lack of self-control, a nervous, bilious or dyspeptic temperament, and the person addicted to it is of all men most miserable. Such a person is to be pitied, because while the complacent man has wisdom, whose "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," he or she will not see the pleasant side of human nature, but instead goes out of the way to pick a thorny path through life in which the briars and

brambles of personal faults are a constant source of annoyance and vexation. Poor creatures, how they do suffer! I have much sympathy for J. K.; but for his mistress—otherwise a kind, motherly body—I have no abuse, but rather sincere commiseration. Poor, misguided old soul, she has set herself the impossible task of converting a big lump of a good-natured, careless chap into a plaster saint, whose head for a halo is surmounted by a "cow's breakfast" straw hat, and whose holiness consists of a cavity somewhere below his mouth, to the filling of which thrice daily he is more than religiously devoted. And she hopes to accomplish this by nagging! She cannot understand a youth with the stomach of an ostrich that could digest a boiled boot, and she would have him forget his stomach and think only of minding his P's and Q's. Whereas he, the hardy, lusty cuss, eats his fill and does a good day's work, and lets it go at that, avoiding her as something that will not let him alone, but buzzes round him like a mosquito looking for a vulnerable spot to sting. "And these are contrary one to the other." But if scolding and worrying and fretting and fuming will make him attend to all the little things which he now ignores, she means to accomplish her purpose, though she worry herself into her grave in doing it. Her intentions are the best, although, unfortunately, she cannot see that she frustrates her own ends by nagging at a chap who might be led when he refuses

to be driven. Don't whip a baulky horse—coax him; that's the way to make him go.

† † †

In the meantime, I can only advise J. K. to possess his soul in patience, and in humouring the old lady by trying to be more careful and particular, give her credit for taking an interest in his training by making herself miserable in showing him how to be happy. I have observed that nagging people, if you will go far enough out of your way to understand them, will be found to be kind and really *anxious* to do one a kindness by improving one, however ill-advised the method adopted to do it. Mrs. Allnerves, though not a congenial companion, is a good opposite to offset a phlegmatic disposition and stir it into action. A goad for the ox and a nagging wife for a sleepy husband. "I'm in a peck of trouble," said the pebble on the beach; "the sea won't let me be still a moment, but keeps rolling me backwards and forwards till I'm sore all over with rubbing against the other stones and sand. If it weren't for the sea I should be content and at rest." "Silence, ingrate!" replied the sea, "when I'm taking all this trouble to make you round and smooth."

† † †

When sulkiness and moroseness ensue as the result of a hostile attitude habitually assumed towards a nagging taskmaster or mistress, the superintendent would, I presume, attach the blame where it belongs; and I should not like to say that it is the lad who is to blame. A blundering, careless boy, who never minds what he is told; whom to teach is more trouble than to do the work one's self; who is stupid, pig-headed and intractable, is, I grant, exasperating to an excitable person; but to reproach him at every turn and address him in an habitual tone of remonstrance is a mistake and a sign of weakness. We can forgive a lad who retires into himself and turns a deaf ear to the querulous tongue that is never still and for

ever chiding; but the lad who is by nature sullen is sure to be disliked by everybody wherever he goes. He usually has a look that would turn honey sour and curdle the milk of human kindness in anyone who might be disposed to do him a good turn. I am not going to give any name, but a certain boy whom I have in mind will know whom this is meant for. Of course, if the cap fits any other of you fellows, by all means wear it and see how you look with it on.

† † †

Who does not like to meet a bright, cheerful, open countenance, that greets you with a smile and fills you with a sense of freshness like an early summer morning after rain? Who likes to see a gloomy, scowling face that suggests symptoms of chronic stomach-ache and a morbid ill-humour? Nobody. Such a face, surcharged with malignant hatred, is like a thunder-cloud full of angry mutterings and forked lightning. This kind of a person we regard with aversion; we wish to have no intercourse with him; he is a boorish, ill-mannered fellow, and we promptly "send him to Coventry," as one with whom nobody will associate.

† † †

Boys, if you wish to live in a happy, cheerful world, be happy and cheerful yourselves: "it's catching." "There is a happy land *far FAR* away" for the person who is the personification of woe dipped in vinegar; and the worst of it is that it will never be any nearer until he becomes a naturalized citizen of that happy country by forswearing allegiance to the powers of darkness. When we read in the Bible that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," may it not mean that we may have a foretaste of heaven, even here in the flesh, if we can only realize the joy and sweetness that may be found within ourselves? A sullen disposition more often than not comes of a foul mind, and the person whose mind is foul is, like a bad egg, full of putrescence. Laugh! Give me the fresh egg every time.

This brings me to the subject of temper—bad temper, I presume—as a subject upon which I have been asked to pass an opinion. Being myself a firecracker with a very short fuse, liable to go off with little provocation, you will naturally expect that I shall let you down easy—you, the other fireworks. So I shall. You don't suppose I should like to come a cropper myself, do you?

† † †

Now, all hasty, hot-headed people are like fireworks. And one good thing about fireworks (especially firecrackers) is that they are quite harmless, provided you don't hold them too long. There's your squib, the spitfire with a grievance, a fountain of fervid eloquence, sprinkled at intervals with sparks of wit, and loaded at the end with a peroration that goes off with a bang and leaves you in a deeper darkness than at first. (Oom Paul let off three of his squibs in various cities of the United States quite recently.) The rocket is the man who leaps in the air and bursts forth in a smother of red, blue and green ejaculations and then flops. This firework is set off with the aid of a beer bottle. See that he does not fall on you, and you're quite safe. The St. Catherine wheel (was there ever one that wasn't a failure?) is going to do wonderful things as soon as he gets started; but after several starts he makes a turn or two and fizzles out most ingloriously. One tap on the nose usually settles him. The fiery serpent gets beside himself with rage and rushes here and there like a madman in a most alarming manner. Give him a wide berth and a little time, and he will peter out before you die of snake-bite. Don't monkey with the bomb he's loaded every time. He's a bad man to run against; don't oppose him, or he will knock you down. Give him the right of way before he takes it. Don't argue with that kind of a firework. The firecracker, as an individual, goes off with one bang with out any fuss or fizzle. Only old

women are frightened by this innocent outburst. To have any fun out of firecrackers you must let off a bunch together, and then perhaps you'll see a little excitement.

† † †

The man or boy who has not any gunpowder in his make-up is a pretty tame affair. He will never set the Thames on fire. When he goes off, nobody ever knows it, and so nobody ever misses him. He simply fades away like a farthing rushlight and is seen no more. He knows not anger; he is like a dead, dry stick; bend him and he breaks, for lack of the pliability of passion. He cannot rise to the dignity of righteous indignation; he looks with a lack-lustre eye on good and bad alike. He is "a button short"—he is "not all there." Even a tool is useless until it has been tempered. Depend upon it, temper, passion even, has a useful and legitimate place in man's economy, or it would not be there; it is the abuse of it—the perversion of this force of character wherein consists the sin.

† † †

"Anger," says Tillotson, "is a short fit of madness."

"When anger rushes unrestrained to action,  
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way."

We see every day the direful consequences of unbridled passion. The steam of a locomotive makes it go; it is its motive power. If it is not kept under control the whole machine rushes forward to destruction. Fury, apart from the damage it may do, is a reckless waste of live steam, that ought to be put to a useful purpose. I need not preach a sermon on the evils of ungoverned anger; I give the reader credit for enough intelligence to know what is right and what wrong in this matter. But, as a parting word, let every lad pause with his hand on the throttle of his passions and ask himself this question: Do I run the engine or does the engine run me?

*Dick Whittington*

# Home Chat

**A** GOOD start does not always win the race, but it is an important factor of success in the case of new arrivals in a new country. Evidently most of the lads of our April party have begun well in their Canadian careers. Here are a few extracts from a bulky pile of letters and post cards, labelled for office purposes "1-1900," signifying to those concerned that they relate to boys of the first party of the present year :

The boy, John Swainland, came all right, and has taken well to his new home. A nice little lad, and, I think, a good one. We are pleased with him, and will do our best for his welfare.

We are well pleased with the boy you sent us. He is a very kind and obedient little fellow. We will do our best for him.

Our little friend, Charlie J. Bransgrove, is the boy thus referred to.

I enclose you the agreement regarding Maurice Spooner, and would say, so far, we find him smart and willing to learn and are well pleased with him.

We have had Thomas Latchford for a month now. We have no fault to find with him, and like him very well. He likes this country real well and seems contented.

ESSEX, May 8th, 1900.

Sidney Francotti is a very nice little boy, but such an odd name that he wants to go by the name of Sidney Thornton. Well, he likes farming and he likes his new home. He says he would not like to go back to England. He is very fond of horses, and to do anything with them pleases him. Well, Sidney is not as large a boy as I wanted, but am glad that I did not get an older one, and am sure that I could not have gotten a nicer one if I had picked out one myself. If he remains I would like to adopt him as one of our own, and will do all I can for him, and predict a great future for him. We take him to church and Sunday school every Sunday, and he is very attentive and learns the Golden Text and verses. He learns them very readily. We expect to send him to school after the holidays and will give him all the education we can, both earthly and spiritual.

Yours truly,  
C. S. Titcomb

Sidney gives us first impressions of his surroundings as follows :

I have been at my new home a month, and like it very well. My father and mother are so good to me. I live on a farm. We have a big fruit orchard. We have a dog and two cats. We have two little children ; one is a girl and one is a boy. I love them very much. I have been dropping potatoes to-day. I am getting real fat. I get a lot of food to eat. My mother is making me two new blouses to-day.

I received the boy, Sidney H. Burnby, you sent me all right. He is a smart little fellow. I like him splendid. He is greatly taken up with everything, but is afraid of the stock, but will soon get over that. Of course, he has everything to learn, and it requires a lot of patience to learn him ; but he is willing to try, and he likes the place and does not want to hear a word about going back to the Home.

Robert W. Greenwood arrived safe. I thank you very much for selecting such a bright boy. We have all formed quite an attachment for him.

Received my little boy, Edward G. H. Patching, all right. I am very much pleased with him so far. I thank you very much for sending me such a nice little fellow. I will take good care of him, and he will have a good home.

Reports not less satisfactory than those received of the younger boys have reached us respecting several of the senior members of the party.

Albert E. Ludwig will be remembered by many of the old Stepney boys, and they will read with pleasure the account that Albert has given us of his first experiences :

I am getting on at my work fairly well at present. I have not broken any horses' legs yet (or have I any hopes of doing so) although I have been at ploughing, harrowing, and rolling nearly all the time I have been here, so you see I am getting on all right at present, and I know you will be glad to hear of it. I find farm work far more healthier than printing, and I am not sorry that I took your advice and took to farming.

P. S. Plenty of work to do, and I can't but not least, plenty of grub.

Albert's employer, Mr. Thomas Ribey, writes of him :

Must say I have found him more satisfactory than I had expected, and have every reason to believe it will continue. Send more like him to Canada.

Mr. Michael Stoskoff, of Carlingford, with whom we placed Randal Fox, thanks us for our "fine selection," and Randal thanks us for our selection of a place for him, so that we are in the happy position of having satisfied both parties.

George May and James Edward Lawrence, both well-known in musical circles at Leopold House and elsewhere, have been placed, by their special request, in the same neighbourhood. We have received from both lads very cheerful accounts of their new homes. George writes us as follows :

I like my place very well, and master and mistress. I am getting on fine with the farming. Lawrence comes over now and again.

With the kindly co-operation of the clergyman of the district, Rev. G. F. Hibbard, we have opened up a fresh little constituency at Springbrooke, in the county of Dorchester, in the Province of Quebec, and four lads from the last party, the brothers Robert and William Tears and John and Henry Worthington, were sent to homes in that district that had been recommended by Mr. Hibbard. That gentleman writes us :

Unfortunately, owing to scarlet fever in my family, I have been prevented from seeing much of the boys you sent to our farmers; but from what I have seen and from what I hear, they are evidently fine little fellows, and seem to be very happy. The boys will all be sent to school next winter. . . . All the applicants appear to like the boys very much.

Henry Worthington reports of himself :

I am getting on all right. They bought me a nice pair of boots and nice lot of things. I like this place very much and I do not like to leave. If I get much fatter my overcoat will be very small for me next winter. We have got a nice lot of honey from the bees. I am learning to ride on horseback.

Of James William, from Mr. Jurgent writes :

I am well pleased with little Willie you sent me. He is a dear little fellow and very willing to do anything he can. He is very good-natured. I don't think that you could have sent me a more suitable one than you did. I would like to adopt little Willie and make him my own, and I will do well for him.

Going back from our latest to almost our earliest arrivals, we lately had the pleasure of paying a visit to George Fisher in his snug little home in Manitoba. The baby did not respond to our advances, but from George and his wife we received the most cordial welcome. They are both great workers and careful managers, and we were glad to see unmistakable evidences that their affairs are prospering. George has a fine team and a nice little band of stock. His crops are looking well, and a few good years will see George on the way to become a rich man and a successful farmer.

Henry Timmath, one of George's contemporaries in the country, is following in his footsteps and recently gave us a call at the Home on his way to Boissevain, Manitoba, where he expects to take up land. His wife remains for the present in Ontario, but will join him later on. Henry is a fine, level-headed young fellow, who will make his way in the West.

Another visitor to the Home on the same day as Henry, and also west-bound, was Frederick C. White, on his way from Millbrook to Alameda, Assa. While in Toronto, Fred. transacted a little banking business, depositing \$400 in the savings bank, and this amount does not by any means represent the whole of our friend's capital. We hope soon to hear that he is employing his capital in starting himself on a homestead of his own, and we are satisfied that he will do well wherever he may pitch his tent. We have heard of Fred. since he left through Charlie Harris, who has been working his own farm at Alameda for several years past. Respecting his own affairs, Charles tells us that he has thirty acres in crop and expects to

break twenty-five acres more during the present season. His wheat was looking well when he wrote, but badly in need of rain. He is arranging to bring out his sister from England to join him, and we expect to have the honour of escorting the young lady with the July party.

From a report of Mr. Griffith's we learn that Willie Cole, of the April, 1885, party has lately rented a farm in the Township of Otonabee, not far from Peterboro, in the district in which he has lived ever since he left the Home fifteen years ago, a very small and rather delicate youngster. Among other old lads of whom we have recently had news, we may mention George Waggett, doing well at Nanaimo, B. C.; Charles Neville, settled on land in the North-West, and able to send home good accounts of himself to his old friends at Lakehurst, Ontario; Frank Hibbert, doing a good trade as a butcher in the neighbourhood of Shrigley, Ontario; and Antoine Arnold, who writes us of his little property at Dwight, Muskoka:

Last fall I built a new frame house, and we are very comfortable. People tell me that we have one of the prettiest places around the lakes. I wish you could come and pay a visit to us.

George Ireland is another of our backwood farmers, who, like Antoine, has been improving his property, and is evidently making headway. In a letter lately received from him he tells us:

I have worked thirteen years within two miles square, and got all that I could do—very often more. I bought a piece of land two years ago. There was a log building on it. I tore the old building down, and built a nice little frame house 17 × 27. I have three rooms upstairs and three downstairs; and I have a good stable 16 × 24. It is in a nice place. I have three little boys. I have bought 100 acres of rough land. I thought I could make an easier living than working for a farmer. I am going to rent my house when I get the right kind of a person that will take care of it. The rent of it will bring me in a little.

It gives us sincere pleasure to publish the following communication

that reached us a short time ago from the employer of Percy S. Adlington at the close of his five years' engagement:

In regard to Percy, he has just about served his time, and he has served it well. He does not owe me a dollar, as I think he has well earned it. He has never given me a word back since he has been with me. He has got a host of friends. He is a boy that is well liked by everybody. He is not a very strong boy, but he is honest and upright. You can trust him anywhere. He has no bad habits, and when you leave him to do work alone he is just as good as if you were there, and he is a first-class hand with horses; can drive a team anywhere, and is a first-class hand with stock. Has good judgment in feeding. In fact, I don't think he can be beat either in this country or Old England for honesty. He is a very manly boy, and he would not have to look an hour for a place to work. He is going to stay with me another year at good, fair wages.

Mr. Peter H. L. Bradt, of Pelham Union, is an old client of the Homes, and in recently applying for another boy gave us the following very satisfactory report of William Jacobs and David McNaney:

William Jacobs is leaving me on April 1st. I paid him \$100 for the past year. He is offered \$125 for eight months, and thinks he will do better than remain with me at \$100 a year. David McNaney seems contented to stay with us. He has been an excellent, good boy so far. If I can get another as good, I have no fear but that they will get along well together. David is now quite handy at almost all kinds of work about the farm. William Jacobs is also a good boy. He is now as well respected as any young man in this vicinity, and is in a position to command the highest wages as a farm hand.

A communication of a similar kind that came to hand a short time ago will be read with interest by those who remember William Hollway, a Stepney boy of the first party of 1895. William migrated with his employer to Neepawa, Man., and the letter from which we extract the following is dated from that thriving little Western town:

He is a good, hard working boy, and honest and truthful. He is one of the boys Dr. Barnardo may well be proud of, and we shall always be glad to see Willie make his home with us if he is sick or out of employment. I might just say here that we have had him for the summer at

\$17 per month, or one hundred and twenty dollars for seven months.

Death has left several gaps in our ranks since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, and our mortality has been heavier during the past spring than ever before in the history of the work.

A severe attack of pneumonia proved fatal to Hugh Sanderson, at Huntsville on March 12th, and three days later the remains of our little friend were borne to their last resting place in the presence of a large assemblage of neighbours and friends.

David Hawke succumbed to the same malignant disorder on March 14th, having been nursed and attended with the utmost kindness and watchful care by his late employer, Mr. James E. Schram.

William Price, an old Manchester boy of the second immigration party of 1885, was literally blown to pieces in a mining camp in British Columbia as the result of committing once too often the act of recklessness common enough among miners—thawing out a dynamite fuse before a fire.

Albert James Carpenter died from an attack of brain fever on March 28th. Only a fortnight previous to his being seized with this attack we had received a long and interesting letter from him enclosing a contribution to the Literary Department of UPS AND DOWNS. He had always been one of our regular correspondents, and his letters showed a remarkable degree of intelligence and mental ability. The fatal attack was extremely sudden and severe, and within an hour of our receiving the letter saying that he had been taken ill a telegram was delivered announcing his death.

A horrible mill accident caused the instant death of Charles Carpenter, a namesake but no relative of James', on May 19th. Charles had been employed for some time previously in Goldthorpes' saw mill near Dunganon, County Huron. He was attending to his duties in the mill on the date mentioned, when

by some mischance he was caught by the foot by the large circular saw and his body severed in two. At the time of his death Charles had been in Canada nearly ten years, and in a recent issue of UPS AND DOWNS we made the announcement of his marriage to the daughter of a well-known family in the neighbourhood. We invited our readers at the time to join us in congratulating the young couple, and they will now share our sympathy with the young wife whom this sudden and terrible calamity has so soon left a widow.

Scarcely less sudden was the call that came to Thomas Rayment, aged twenty-two, and the cause of death was again pneumonia following influenza. He had appeared to rally from the influenza, but a relapse occurred, and the collapse with the complication of pneumonia brought on the end very rapidly. Our poor friend was buried on April 12th. Everything possible seems to have been done for him during his illness by Mr. and Mrs. Dormer, with whom he was living.

After several weeks of suffering John Hillier, aged thirty-two, died in Barrie Hospital on March 31st. "Pongo" was a well-known character at Stepney fourteen years ago and up to the time of his emigration in 1888. Since his arrival in Canada he has worked steadily in the same locality, and everyone in the neighbourhood seems to have had a kindly word for him. His grave is in the Protestant Cemetery at Barrie.

A telegram from Winnipeg received just as we are going to press informs us of the death at the General Hospital there of Charles William Hawkins as the result of dropsical affection and heart disease. Charlie was taken ill early in May at his place near Portal, Assa., and Mr. White, the Superintendent of the Home, went out to Portal and brought him back to Winnipeg. It was considered advisable to obtain his admission to the Hospital as a means of securing for him the best



An Early Yearbook of the Order of the Broom  
A Quintette of the Order Members: E. B. ... ..

available treatment; but the case was considered as hopeless from the first, and we have been prepared to hear any day that the end had come. Charlie had two brothers in Ontario, Robert and William. The news of his death will be a sad grief and shock to them.

In addition to the above we have only recently learned of the death of an old lad whom we had not heard of for several years past. Jean Baptiste Fournaux arrived from England with the first party of 1884. He had developed into a big, powerful young lumberman, and worked chiefly in the lumber camps in Northern Ontario. Several letters that we wrote to his latest address remained unanswered, but it was only when Mr. Griffith was recently visiting in the townships north of Peterboro, Ontario, that we learned that Jean was drowned in Georgian Bay three years ago. We have been unable to obtain any particulars of the sad occurrence, but we fear there is little doubt of the correctness of the report.

Seven in all have thus joined the "silent majority" and have crossed the dark river before us. They are hidden from our eyes in this world, but their spirits are in His hands who has broken the bands of death and has brought life and immortality to light. We would believe of them that their souls have passed into that land whose dwellers shall hunger no more nor thirst any more, where there shall be no more sorrow or pain, and where God himself shall be with them and be their God.

It went to our heart to have to reject for lack of space in our last number so many letters from our youngsters in the North-West, which had been especially written with the expectation of seeing them in UPS AND DOWNS. Certainly editors are not generally credited with either hearts or consciences, but besides the fact that the editorial function is somewhat of a side issue with us, we are rather young in the business and have not yet become

case hardened, so that it really grieved us to have to cause disappointment to so many contributors. Strictly speaking, these contributions are out of date and should be considered as dead matter, but, even though we are committing a departure from established usage, we propose to revive a few of them, knowing that they will be read with general interest and pleasure:

WOLSELEY, Feb. 27th, 1900.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I like living in this country, the climate is so healthy. I am growing so healthy and strong, I will soon be a man; never sick and always able to be at work. I like working on the farm. I understand pretty near all about tending to stock. I know how to feed them. I fatten one or two cows every year for beef. It is so nice to have a good fat cow to eat every winter. I can milk, churn and make butter. I can harness up a team and go for a load of hay or straw myself without anyone helping me. I expect to learn to plough and harrow this summer. I intend to take up land when I am old enough and start farming for myself. I expect to have my mother to come out and keep house for me. The crops last year were very good. We threshed two thousand bushels of wheat and eleven hundred bushels of oats. We are having a splendid winter—not very cold and just enough of snow for sleighing. I think this is just the place for good boys, as in a few years they can have a home of their own.

HARRY H. NICE.

DEAR SIR,—Harry is a good boy. A great fellow to tend to the cattle and look after the place. I can go away from home and know that everything will be all right. He goes to Church some Sundays and to Sunday school every Sunday. I have not overstepped the mark in my recommendation. Harry is my right hand.

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) JOHN H. RIGNEY.

OAK RIVER, Feb. 26th, 1900.

A. OWEN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—George has received your letter some time ago, and you certainly must excuse him for not answering sooner. He has a sister in the Old Country, so if you happen to find her bring her along with you. He is a very good boy. He is going to school and will be able to go right along now. We want him to get a good education. I think he is the finest-looking boy in Manitoba, and we all hope he will be a good boy. There is nothing mean about him. If he is spared until summer he will send you one of his photos, so you will see how he has grown. The boys all have good homes that are in this part. George is very fond of horses, and he has one of his own, and he can drive

splendid. He always takes my mother to town. He calls her "Grandma." It would be very hard for us to part with him, we are so attached to him, and he says he will never leave us. I think he will make a fine farmer.

Yours respectfully,  
(Sgd.) ISABELLA F. BLACK.

OAK RIVER, MAN.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—Your very kind letter to hand some time ago. I was glad to hear from you. I like my place very well. There is just Grandma and Grandpa, Mr. and Miss Black, the hired man and myself—that is the family in the winter; but in the summer we keep two men, so this summer I am going to have my cattle in a pasture field. I won't have to herd any more. I will have to go to school. I am going to school now and like it fine. They all want me to be a good scholar. I wish you could find my sister. She could come here with me.

(Sgd.) GEORGE B. REVELL.

DUNDEE, Feb. 22nd, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter some time ago, asking me to write a letter. I am not a very good writer, but I will do the best I can. I am learning how to work on the farm. I can plough and drive the cultivator with four horses. I felt pretty big then. I do the chores. We have twenty-five head of cattle and five horses, and I clean out the stable with the horses and the sleigh. I went to Winnipeg last summer and went to the Home to see Mr. White, and he was not at home, and I got a ride on the street car, and it was great. Mr. Newman was around and I was glad to see him. We had a good time here last week. We had a wedding and piles of cake, what boys like. I go to Sunday school and church. In the winter we go in the cutter. There are four boys from the Home, and we are all in the one class. There was a Christmas tree, and we all got presents. I have grown to be a big boy. This is the place to send the boys.

(Signed) GUISEPPi OFFREDI.

DEAR SIR,—As Guiseppi is writing, he wanted Mr. Murphy to write too; but he got sleepy or lazy and went off to bed, so I will give you a short account of him. He has been here nearly two years and has done very well. He is very willing to work and is learning fast. He is very fond of the horses and is quite a teamster. Last winter he was happy with a hand-sleigh, but he has got past that. He has grown to be a big boy and is quite contented. He would like to hear from his brother. He was at Lake Erie when last he heard from him. He takes a great interest in the UPS AND DOWNS and enjoys the boys' letters.

Hoping he may continue to be as good and faithful. (Sgd.) MRS. MURPHY.

Since the above was written

Guiseppi's brother, Battista, has joined him, and the two lads are now living near together.

MOOSEJAW, N.W.T., CANADA,

March 1st, 1900.

SIR,—I have just sat down to write a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I have been here eleven months and like my place very much. We are wintering fifty head of cattle, which are all fit for beef now. We live about eighteen miles from town and have a fine ranch. I believe this is the makings of a fine ranching country, which, for myself, I like the country very much and would advise all boys to come to the West if possible, as I think it is just the country for them. I have grown eight or nine inches since I came here and have not had a day's sickness since I came here. One of the first things I saw after I came here was a big prairie fire which burned an awful lot of pasture. It came within a mile of our ranch, when the rain came on and put it out. It was no doubt that God was good to us and did not wish to see our cattle suffer for pasture. There were several large prairie fires through this part of the country last fall, but the people managed to put them out so as to save plenty of pasture. You can see the country black for miles after a prairie fire. I never saw any of those fires in England. The foxes, wolves and badgers are very plentiful in this part of the country. I trapped quite a few of them this winter, and their skins make fine robes and gauntlets. I intend to get my picture taken next summer and send it to you, to let you see how the climate agrees with me.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) HERBERT PRIME

INNISFAIL.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your very kind letter. I am very comfortable. We had a very wet summer. The creek flood carried away a bridge. It was nearly impossible for to get hay, and we had to plough a drain to drain the water. The crops were very hard to harvest. My work is sawing the wood and helping to clean the stables and feed the cattle, and so on. I did some gardening and had different kinds of vegetables. I have been here one and a half years and have been very healthy, and when I left home in England I measured four feet four inches. I measure now four feet ten and a half inches. I go to town on a pony for the mail. I spent a merry Christmas. I must close with my kind love and every good wish.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) J. LYERK

We had the pleasure of visiting John in his home about three weeks ago, and can certify to the fact that John has earned a high place

in the "excellent" class. We believe him to be as faithful, honest and good as he looks, and a lad who is an honour and credit to the Homes.

Our young friend, Mark Cockle, delivers himself as follows of his views of the country and of his present circumstances in it :

I have been in my present home since October 3rd, 1898, and I am well satisfied with my home, as I am kept clean and comfortable and full and plenty to eat and any amount of clothes. I go to school every day and church on Sundays. I call Mr. and Mrs. Owens Pa and Ma, as they are like a Pa and Ma to me. I do a few chores in the house and help a little outside. We have only one little girl at our house, and she is teaching me music on the organ. I have fine health—hardly ever sick. I like the country well. It is just the place for boys to make their home, as the climate is healthy, always a fine, refreshing air. The principal crop in this part is wheat, but the farmers around where I live they go in for mixed farming such as hogs, cattle, horses and sheep and poultry with wheat, oats, barley, the root crop, turnips, mangels and potatoes. There is an abundance of wild fruit every year such as strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, plums and blueberries. I am of the opinion this country is the garden of the world, and the home for all good boys to come to make a home for themselves.

Mark's employer, Mr. Elijah Owens, of Manitou, gives us the following report of him :

MANITOU, March 7th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with the boy I got from your Home. He is the makings of a smart man if he is properly looked after. Of course, he, like all other boys of his age, has to be kept in his place. I am bringing him up just the same as if he was my own boy, take him out with me and teach him how to handle horses. I am very anxious to give him schooling, although he is rather slow to learn. I would say this is the right country for boys of his age to come to, and let them get into good homes till they are able to look out for themselves.

We well remember Master Cockle as a shipmate, and a certain small red head that could always be seen in the forefront of any mischief that was on the board. We can recall several private interviews that took place during the voyage that were physically painful to our young friend and mentally to ourselves, in

which the back of a hair brush played an important part, and when he received our admonitions in a horizontal position and with a portion of his anatomy turned up to our gaze that is seldom exhibited except on such occasions. In spite, however, of these little circumstances, we always had the same opinion as Mr. Owens in regard to our little friend's "makings," and we believe we shall see him grow up to be not only a smart man but a good man and a useful citizen.

The following letter is flattering to both James Hill and ourselves, and we much appreciate the kindly and candid spirit that has evidently inspired the writer :

BEAVER HILL, THEODORE YORKTON,  
N.W.T., February 15th, 1900.

A. B. OWEN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—From past experience, I must admit I have not had a very bright opinion of your boys ; but I find it is anything but justice to put them all down as failures because one turns out unsatisfactory, so that it is with great pleasure I now write to tell you that the lad, James Hill, you sent me last August is doing very well indeed. Of course, he is not perfection. He would be a wonderful boy if he was, probably the first of his kind. He is very small for his age, which, no doubt, is no fault of his, and he had a good many unpleasant ways which he certainly could help, and which I am pleased to say I think he is doing his best to conquer. I must also say he is a very willing boy and tries to do his best. He is a lively, good-natured lad, and affectionate, so that I do not think you could have sent me a better lad. One thing I must tell you : I have become more informed and interested in you and your work since he has been with me, chiefly from reading your UPS AND DOWNS, which must be a very interesting paper for your boys. I was quite surprised at the bright and intelligent looking group of lads in the last one. I am sure you, as Managers, deserve every praise for the able way you take the boys in hand. They certainly ought to feel very grateful and proud to belong to the Home and to have such gentlemen to call their friends, and friends in need, probably, in every case.

Wishing you every success and prosperity through the present year, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

C. EVEREST.

Accompanying Mr. Everest's letter is one from James, giving a remarkably sensible and interesting

account of his work and surroundings, which are very similar to those of most of our other lads in the West. James is evidently somewhat of a sportsman, and tells us that his master is getting him a light rifle, so that when he writes again he will be able to tell us "how he is getting on as a hunter."

Charles J. Bright, whose handwriting, by the way, is exceedingly good for a boy of his age, tells of the profusion of wild fruit in the Qu'Appelle district, of the big "smudges" that he builds to keep the flies from the cattle, of the yield of the crops, of his summer bathing and of his work in looking after and herding the cattle. We can give Charlie credit not only for his writing but also for being able to compile a very interesting and readable narrative.

Albert Henry Dollin writes in a sensible, philosophical spirit of his experiences, telling us that he should like the country if it were not so cold; but "we have to take just what comes." His master threshed 1,468 bushels of grain in one day, which, as Albert observes, was "not so bad."

Joseph Lewis was placed in Manitoba after having been boarded out for over two years with Mrs. Graham, of Port Sydney, Ontario. Joseph had a good foster-mother, who, we believe, sought to do her duty faithfully by him, and we are glad to know that he is turning out a credit to her training. His master, Mr. James E. Walkley, of East Selkirk, says of him:

Both Mrs. Walkley and myself have found Joseph to be a very good, obliging boy, cheerful in his work, and he goes about his daily duties whistling away. We would be doing very wrong if we did not say he is an A1 lad.

Josey sends us a letter in which he gives information of a practical kind in regard to the country and its agricultural resources. He says:

I think I will tell you a little about my experiences. I arrived in East Selkirk on September 4th, 1899, after spending two years in the Muskoka district. The fa-

mers here were just getting through with the haying. The hay that they use here is what is called in Ontario "beaver hay," and the cattle do as well on it as on the tame in Ontario. In fact, the cattle that I am attending to this winter are doing as well on hay and water as the cattle I saw in Ontario on grain and roots. I like the fall weather far better than in Ontario, and I cannot see any difference in the winter; but people say that this is a mild winter. There is lots of vacant land out in this country, and lots of mosquitoes in the summer-time. All kinds of grain and vegetables grow to perfection in this country. The principal wood here is poplar, which makes a good, quick fire, but does not last very long. We are troubled a good deal in fall with wild-fires, which destroy a good deal of hay and timber. And now I think I will draw to a close, for I am getting very sleepy.

Your sincere friend,  
JOSEPH LEWIS.

Joseph's photograph accompanied his letter, and we should have been delighted to reproduce it, but unfortunately we have come to the limit of our appropriation for artistic purposes and dare not incur any further expense at the present.

Willie Laurence has found a home with a German family, and, like most of our boys who are with Germans, he is happy and thriving. He tells us that his master says he is getting "wide and long," and we can quite credit this description of his dimensions. His master has not felt equal to writing a lengthy report of Willie's conduct and progress, but he has attached a footnote to Willie's letter that is as satisfactory as it is short and to the point:

STRASBURG, ASSA., March 4th, 1900.  
DEAR SIR,—Bill is all right.  
Yours truly,  
FRITZ HEV.

William Price is another boy who is evidently "all right." The following is the account given of him by his master, Mr. Robert Gunn, of Green Ridge:

DEAR SIR, WILLIE PRICE, who came from the Home in Winnipeg nearly three years ago, is still with me. When he came to me he was a very smart boy, but has grown to be quite a stout, big lad, and is very healthy. The first winter he attended school for two months and did very well. He has acquired a good taste for

reading. He is now able to do a good deal of work, helped well in haying and harvesting last year and will be able to drive a team this year. This is a great field for your boys.

Wishing you every success, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
ROBERT GUNN.

Sidney Howes, writing on March 10th, says :

Dear old Spring will soon be here. I long to have hold of the handles of the plough and the seeder again. I like the country fine. I think anyone can get along all right here as long as he is steady. Give my kind love to all in and around the Home.

Mr. Arthur Weller, of Two Creeks, "begs to state" that his boy, Frederick Anderson, is "greatly improving in his work and conducting himself as he should do," while Freddie writes as follows :

DEAR SIR,—I send these few lines to tell you Canada is a good country and Mr. and Mrs. Weller are very kind to me, and I like the farm very good, and thank Dr. Barnardo for sending me out here. When I came out first I was weak and small, now I am growing tall and strong. I must close now. Good-bye Believe me,  
THOMAS FREDERICK ANDERSON.

Mr. William Spring, of Belmont, Man., has two boys, William Deeks, who has been with him for over two years, and James Seymour, who is one of the recent transfers from boarding out in Muskoka. Both boys have given us very pleasant and cheery accounts of their home, while Mr. Spring writes of them :

I must tell you that I am well pleased with the boys. William James Deeks is very handy, and can put his hand to most anything on the farm and is very trustworthy, and the boy I got last is a very good boy—that is James Benjamin Seymour. He is learning fast and is going to make a good boy. They like their home and I like them. They help milk and do chores. Will milk about twenty-five head of cows this summer. It is a fine thing for the boys, to have a man like Dr. Barnardo to look after them.

James Walter Dunger has given us a very sober, sensible account of his ups and downs, from which we gather that James is well satisfied with his present lot in life, and is likely to make good use of his opportunities. Two letters accompanied

his own that are a very satisfactory commentary upon what he has written of himself :

It gives me much pleasure to write to you regarding James Walter Dunger, who has been with me during the past ten months. I am very well pleased with him. He is a smart, intelligent boy, and is quite anxious to learn how to do the different kinds of work assigned to him. He is also of great assistance to my wife, as he is able and willing to help her in performing her household duties. He is obedient and well-behaved, and I have hopes that he will become a useful citizen of this country.  
Yours truly,

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

MY DEAR SIR,—It also affords me pleasure to confirm what has been said by Mr. Campbell concerning James Dunger. I have been boarding with Mr. C. for almost the whole time James has been serving him, and am in this way in a position to know him very intimately. He is a very cheerful boy, but also looks upon life in a serious way. His conduct reflects credit upon the Institution which has brought him to this new country. Yours very truly,  
JAMES MCCREA,  
Presbyterian Minister.

Mr. Herbert Sykes, of Carievale, Assa., the employer of Alfred Bowden, tells us that at his first sight of Alfred he was considerably dismayed, thinking we had sent him a "rather large-sized baby," but he soon found that Alfred was "all there." We fully concur in this description of our young friend, and we believe that if there isn't much of him, what there is is good stuff.

Robert Hunt was disappointed in not seeing his last letter in UPS AND DOWNS, and we mustn't let him have this disappointment again, especially as his letter is not very long and contains some very sensible observations :

RAPID CITY, MAN., March 5th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of January 27th to hand. I was pleased to receive once more your kind and welcome letter, and I am well and getting on all right, and I think this is a grand country—far better than England, and I am going to buy a farm when I get enough of money. I will buy it before I go back to the Old Country. Canada is better than the Old Country, for boys can make a good living for themselves if they only work. I can drive a team of horses and harness them up myself, and I can ride horseback, milk cows and do lots of other things. I have a very nice place here. This has been a very

nice winter, not near as cold as last winter. When I got UPS AND DOWNS I looked to see if my last letter was in it, but it was not there. I hope you will put this one in. I go to church every second Sunday. We had very good crops here last fall. I hope we will have as good next fall.

Wishing you success, I remain,  
Your sincere friend,  
(Sgd.) ROBERT J. HUNT.



William C. Rowe.

THE portrait of our friend, William C. Rowe, that gives adornment and picturesqueness to the present page, was sent to us by way of exchange of compliment. William was anxious to obtain the photograph of himself taken on his admission to the London Homes four years ago. We were able to gratify his wish, and he has now in his possession a picture that forms a most striking contrast to the present edition of himself. The four years have done great things, not only for William's looks and physical condition, but for his circumstances in life generally. Four years ago times were pretty hard, and the world was a cold place for him, but to-day William is prosperous and independent, settled in a good situation, where he is treated as a member of his employer's family, and hoping,

before long, to help in bringing out some of his relations from England.

In connection with recent changes in their situations we have received most satisfactory letters from the employers of two of our lads, and with these we must take leave of the West, lest our larger family in Ontario should think themselves slighted:

DEAR SIR,—I am giving up farming, and have sold all my stock and implements and purpose starting a butcher shop at Hamiota, so the boy, Fred. Jas. Townson, that I have will not be needed any longer. Now, I wish to state right here that although I had trouble with Freddie when he came to my place first, he has now overcome the trouble, and is a fine boy. I can say that I never heard a bad word come from his mouth, and that is worth a lot and will go a long way for his future welfare. The neighbours have asked me to recommend them to you, as no less than four want Fred. Now, I think out of the four that of Mr. J. G. McConnell would be a first-class place for him to go, so if you wish to correspond with Mr. McConnell, Hamiota is his address.

Yours truly,  
A. W. LEE

ARGYLE P.O., MAN., April 10th, 1905.  
DAVID WHITE, ESQ.,

Supt. Dr. Barnardo's Home, Winnipeg  
DEAR SIR, The young boy, Fred. Cowley, who was at Wm. Alex. Irwin's, has come to my place and appears to be well satisfied with the change. I am well pleased with the way he takes hold of the work and the care he takes of everything round the place. If things continue as they have been since he came here both him and me will put in a very pleasant year together. He promises to be one of the best young men in the settlement, and I shall be much disappointed if he does not make a prominent place for himself in Manitoba yet.

I am, yours respectfully,  
(Sgd.) W. J. CAMPBELL.

Scarcely a week has passed without our hearing of more of our old lads who are doing service for their Queen and country with one or other of the Canadian contingents in South Africa. Harry Crane has gone out as bugler in the Governor-General's Body Guard; Warwick Saward as a member of "C" Battery of Artillery; Walter Duncall with that portion of the contingent that was recruited in Peterborough; Henry Daniels with "A" Battery

from Kingeton, and Charles H. Phillips with one of the other divisions that composed the first contingent. Charles Phillips and Walter Duncalf are reported to have been wounded, but we cannot give any definite information as to the truth or otherwise of these rumours. May God bless and spare our gallant lads and bring them safely back to their homes in Canada.

It gave us great pleasure to receive a letter a short time ago from Edward Jefferson, in which he gives a cheerful and grateful little retrospect of his experiences during the past eleven years. We cannot reproduce the whole of his letter but we make the following extracts :

It is a long time since I wrote to you before. I suppose you will think I have forgotten that I came from the Home. Not a bit of it. To-day I am thankful to Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out here. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I believe I have done well since I came out here. I have been in this place nine years the end of this month. As you are aware, I went back to England since I came out, which took quite a hole out of my savings. However, I do not regret it, as I found out where my sister was. I know I can never repay the Home for giving me a start in this country. I have now a fair sum in the bank, and I have a splendid character for steadiness, which I prize more than the money. I hope before another year to start on my own hook.

Henry T. J. Cox is one of our correspondents whose letters are always welcome. The following is Henry's report of his spring work :

NESTLETON P.O.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line to let you know that I am still well and hearty, able to eat three meals a day and follow a team between meals. I have had no chance since I have been in Canada to blow about spring work and how much one can and ought to do. I have to run the team here as we have only got three horses, but I put in fifty-three acres of crop myself in twelve days and a half. When I say put in, I mean cultivated, sowed and harrowed. I cultivated thirty-three acres ahead of sower, harrowed sixteen acres ahead of sower, the rest I sowed on the fall ploughing, and harrowed forty nine after sowing, and rolled remainder without harrowing it, so that was not so bad for a team twenty and twenty one years respectively. I have not yet told that I left Mr. Samells, Sr. on April 7th, and I am living now with a Mr.

Bartlett down against the lake shore, Seugog Lake. I mean I hired for seven months at \$13 a month, and Mr. Bartlett appears to be a very nice man also the rest of the household. I saw Mr. Reazin last winter just before I went to Mr. Samells, Sr. I am about two and a half miles from post office or church or store, away out of the world. Now, when you read the fore part of this letter don't for one moment think that I am blowing, but I actually did all I said and never started till seven in the morning and quit six o'clock sharp, unless one night I worked till twenty minutes to seven.

Although we just said we must take leave of our lads in the Prairie Provinces, we must be allowed to publish a letter that lately reached us from William Why, a lad who went up to Manitoba this spring after having completed his apprenticeship in Ontario in a highly creditable manner and thereby earned Dr. Barnardo's silver medal :

I am well and hope this will find you the same. I got to the end of my journey. I didn't go to Treherne. I changed my mind and I came to Brandon. I got in Brandon Thursday night about eleven o'clock. It was the last of March. I stayed in Brandon that night and the next morning I took the train on the Northern Pacific and went to Wassewa and I got work on April 2nd, and started work on the 3rd. I am not a bit sorry I came out here ; if I had stayed in Ontario I would not have got more than \$12 a month, where I am getting \$22 a month for seven months. Wages are good out here this summer. I like this country as far as I have seen of it yet. I think it is a very nice country. I don't think I could have struck a better part of the country if I had tried. I have got a first-class place, I think. I saw some pretty wild sights coming over on the train. It was a nice trip. It is nice ploughing here, it is so level. I plough with three horses. We have quite a lot of ploughing to do, but we are getting it pretty well over. I guess I will draw my letter to a close for this time. I remain as ever,

Your sincere friend

(Sgd.) WILLIAM WHY.

My address, care of Harry Low, Ninette, Man.

Among the boys, big and little, of whom we have lately heard through the reports of Mr. Griffith, Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Reazin, there are many who deserve honourable mention, but consideration of space will prevent our referring to more than a few of the number, and we must

confine ourselves even in these cases to very brief extracts from the visitors' notes :

William Eggleton is described as a "great, strong, healthy, intelligent-looking lad, able to do any kind of work on a farm, conduct good. Hired for \$11 a month, but worth a good deal more. Will make a good citizen. Has been spending his money rather foolishly, but says he has come to the end of this sort of thing and is going to save a considerable portion of the present summer's wages."

Charles E. Farley—"An extra fine lad of gentlemanly appearance ; a member of the church and respected and thought well of by everyone."

Thomas Wilkins—"Earning \$15 a month for the present season. Expects to join his brother in Manitoba in the autumn. A young fellow of excellent character. Will get on well in the world."

Alfred Harding—"Met just returning with his team from ploughing. Is in the best of health. Engaged for a year to receive \$100 with board, etc. Is well behaved and can be depended upon."

Edward Matthews—A well-grown, stout, healthy lad. "No fault to find." Employer says he is intelligent and very fond of reading ; if he had a chance at some other business would make a "grand man," but Edward likes farming and prefers to stick to it.

George H. Taylor—"Found him ploughing. Seemed to be doing his work in first-class manner. Is a stout, healthy young fellow. Discusses his affairs intelligently ; is well spoken of by his employer. Has been several years with same family and seems very comfortable."

Percy Capps—"Healthy and fat. Can plough and harrow. Evidently attached to his home. A quiet, nicely-mannered boy, useful and well-behaved."

George Wilson—"Is now doing

ing the trade of carriage ironing, and getting \$14 a month with board, lodging, etc. Has grown to be a big fellow, weighing over 160 pounds. Is very steady and well spoken of in the town. Has taken out an insurance policy on the twenty-year endowment plan, and is keeping up the payments regularly."

Henry Boothroyd—"In the best of health ; can plough and do almost anything on a farm. Has a comfortable Christian home. Is fond of the children and they of him. Had to take him to task for not writing more regularly to his mother."

Percy Andrews—"A stout, healthy, active lad. Said to be truthful and well-behaved. Has a good supply of clothing. Found him and his employer ploughing, and Percy's work compared favourably with his master's."

George A. Francis—"A trusty, faithful worker. Is well satisfied with his home. Was busy seeding with a heavy team of horses. Will have completed his engagement next April."

Alma Hartfield—"Growing fast and in the best of health. Gives very cheerful account of himself, and evidently has a good, comfortable home. Handles his horses well and is a very useful help to his employer."

Frederick R. Brice—Is working a farm that has become the property of his wife under the will of her grandfather. Undoubtedly Fred. will agree with Solomon that whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and we are not surprised that he should be described as a "cheerful, good-looking, healthy young man." Mr. Griffith adds that he is a first-class farmer and bears an excellent reputation in the neighbourhood of Stayner.

Mr. Griffith reports a very pleasant visit to his nephew, Ernest Frederick Griffith, of whom it is said by his employer that "no better lad ever came from a Home."

A family gathering was in progress when Mr. Griffith called, and it is observed that all seemed fond of Ernest, and had a good word to say for him.

Our old friend, Ernest D. Tovee, has abandoned farming for the present and is now employed in a large piano factory at Peterborough. Ernest has now been eleven years in Canada and, we hear, has developed into a smart, intelligent, good-looking young man.

A most satisfactory and encouraging report followed Mr. Griffith's visit to Reginald Farthing. We presume Reggie's family name is originally derived from the coin that tradition states was added to the currency to enable Scotchmen to contribute to charitable purposes; but whether or no, there is assuredly a very sound and sterling ring about the present Farthing. Reggie is as promising and well-conducted a lad as we could wish to see; grateful for all that has been done for him in the past, and determined to make good use of his opportunities. He has learned his business and received his early training in the country under a kindly and whole-souled man in Mr. Alexander Thompson, of Lakehurst, and is now well started in life.

Reginald Donovan is said to be able to command the highest wages going as a farm hand; has a comfortable home; bears an excellent character; weighs 165 pounds; is thinking of taking a run home to England in the fall to visit his brothers and sisters, with whom he is in regular correspondence.

The brothers, Alfred and John Anderson, living near together at Seckerton, are both fine lads and turning out well. Alfred is said to be attentive to his work, kind to the stock, willing and trusty. John completed his engagement on April 1st, and soon after receiving his hundred dollars wrote us that he wished to donate ten dollars to the Homes.

John Allen has a good position in Sarona as clerk in a grocery

establishment. Has been four years in his present situation and bears an exemplary character.

Arthur Sarson was found working his team in the field. Is described as a big, powerful young man, and looking the picture of health. Is a member in good standing of the church and in every respect is a credit to the training of his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, of Buckenhill.

Mr. Gaunt, who had much to do with Harwich M. Boon as a little boarder in Muskoka, lately visited him in his present situation with Mr. Richard Roberts, of Lynden, and tells us that Harwich has "grown out of all knowledge," and although only seventeen years of age is almost a man in stature. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were profuse in their praise of the lad, who is said to be a quiet, well-mannered young fellow, and in whom his employer "can place every reliance." Harwich's brother, Ephraim, was visited by Mr. Gaunt on the same trip, and found to be getting on fairly well and comfortably settled in his home. His employer complained of his being a little forgetful, but Mr. Gaunt expresses his opinion that there isn't much the matter. Ephraim had to follow an extra good lad in George H. Martin, and possibly too much is expected of him. Boys like George are not to be met every day, and we have no cleaner pages in our registers than those of which his name stands as the heading, and in which the latest entry is the addition of \$100 to his already substantial account in the savings bank and his donation of a dollar to the Homes.

The brothers, William and Charles Henry Potter, are two highly promising boys whose lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. Charles is with Mr. Temple, of Jerseyville, and the following is Mr. Gaunt's description of his surroundings: "A splendid farm of some 200 acres, managed in the most approved methods. Large barns, well fitted up. A model farm in all respects.

## Home Chat

Have some thirteen horses, forty horned cattle and a lot of smaller stock, comfortable, well-furnished dwelling house. A first-class situation, where boy has exceptional privileges." Willie is said to be satisfied with his home and to be giving satisfaction, and both lads are a credit to the training of their foster-parents in Muskoka.

We are very pleased to publish the following letters from Mrs. Vollick, of Fruitland, the foster-mother of two of our little boys who are with her at the present time, and a lady who has proved a kind and good friend to those who have been under her care in the past :

We are very pleased with the little boys, Charles A. Verinder and George W. Verinder. They are obedient and honest—fine qualities for any boys to have. We are very fond of them, and they are quite contented. I got a letter from George Leaming, and it is such a nice little letter I thought I would send it on to you. I would be very pleased to see it in UPS AND DOWNS, for I know he would be delighted.

Yours respectfully,  
(Sgd.) E. VOLLICK.

ALBERTA, May 30th, 1900.

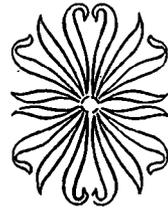
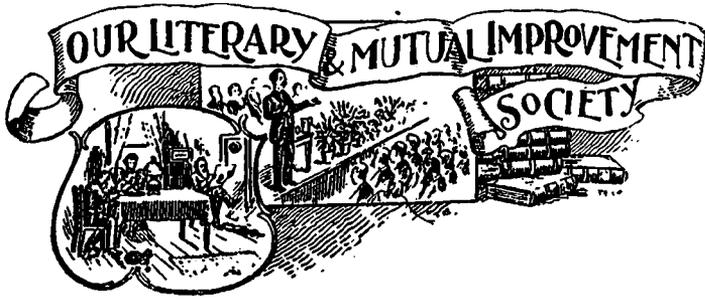
DEAR MOTHER,—I thought I would write at last. The reason I did not write is because when I got to Toronto I stayed three or four days, and when I came on to Winnipeg I stayed nearly a month in the Home, and did not get a chance to write.

I was messenger boy at Winnipeg, so I know the city pretty well. Mr. Owen had to come out and find me a place, then I came. He found me a good one. The man I live with is Mr. Page. He has 300 or 400 head of cattle and over sixty head of horses, and he lost forty head. There are lots of gophers here. You can see them run all over. I set traps for them and catch them, too. We live three-quarters of a mile from Henry. I have seen him once, but not long enough to have a good look at him; but I will be going to see him soon, and have a chat. I live about as far from the lake as you do from Mrs. Davies. I can just go out in a boat a little ways and can see his place. I am working in the house, but I milked two cows this morning. Mr. Page has cow-punchers to ranch his cattle—I mean cow-boys. The first day I reached Red Deer I made thirty-six cents, and I went straight and bought a knife. It is a fine one, too. Hoping you are as well as this leaves me, and hoping I shall always remember your kindness to me. You did not give me Ethel's photo; will you please send it? My address is

GEORGE LEAMING,  
Care of Mr. Page,  
Rine Hurst Ranch,  
Pine Lake P.O., Red Deer, Alta.

We have just received news of Thomas Hutt, and hear that he is now Sergeant-Major of one of the crack regiments of the United States army. He has lately written from Hot Springs, Arkansas, but will very shortly be returning to his former post at New Orleans.





THAT our boys are loyal and intensely sympathetic with British institutions is best shown by the fact that some of them are now in the field, risking life and limb in their patriotic endeavour to uphold the integrity of the British Empire, and contributing to the defeat of a foe who, on the pretext of fighting for their national liberty (which, by the way, they were in no danger of forfeiting so long as they were disposed to deal fairly and justly with British subjects), were covertly aiming at supplanting British rule in Cape Colony and, indeed, in the whole of South Africa. But that this sentiment is not confined to the few who took up arms in vindication of British rights, but shared alike by those whose labour contributed its quota towards the maintenance of our Contingents at the front, is best proven by the manner in which their sentiment runs riot in the essays for this quarter. They were asked to give their opinion as to the policy of sending Canadian troops to assist the British forces in South Africa, and state on what grounds they consider the Canadian Government was justified in making common cause on this occasion with the Mother Country. In every case the sentiment was all that could be desired—patriotic and manly, if somewhat effusive. Perhaps diffusive would be more correct, since in their general discursiveness they missed the main points which more impartial judgment should dictate in justification of our participation in the war. With many of them the mere fact that a foe was in the field that must be crushed, was

enough to arouse their ardour and sanction recourse to war. Wherein they erred or failed to appreciate the obligations of Canada, it was owing to their feelings getting the upper hand, and this may well be overlooked in one who believes in Britain's love of fair play and a deliberate stand for what it deems the right, regardless of consequences. The issues at stake—of momentous import to the interests of civilization—are too vast and far-reaching for Britain to suffer defeat as the result of the apathy of Britons. We must, therefore, commend our boys for their hearty expressions of loyalty, though we might wish the natural impulse of youth had been tempered more with reason.

Our esteemed correspondent, John A. Conway, came near carrying off the prize again with, for such a subject, a temperate, well-worded essay, beginning with "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc.

Arthur Ransom, another winner in a recent competition, declares the Boers to be "a cunning, deceitful class of people," hopes they will be defeated and "that the Union Jack will be hoisted forever in South Africa, and may peace, and truth, and liberty dwell in the land," to the latter clause of which, at any rate, we can say, Amen. After, which, in an optimistic strain, he assures us in a poetical quotation that "There's a good time coming, boys a good time coming."

W. E. Moule gets somewhat tangled up, but it is plain to be seen that he has some pronounced ideas in the matter. Not only does he concur in the sending of Canadian

troops to do battle for the Empire, but he commends Sir Charles Tupper for taking the initiative in having our volunteer soldiers' lives insured for the benefit of their relatives. Speaking of Canada's duty toward the Mother Country, he says: "Let me illustrate. Suppose you was seeing somebody jump on your mother, would you not jump in and help her to win?" While we would rather jump far enough to beat the record in order to avoid entertaining such a proposition, we must acknowledge the force of the simile, and, perceiving the drift of the argument, give him full credit for filial devotion. After glorying in the exploits of our soldiers and invoking the blessing of God upon all who are fighting for Queen and country, he treats us to a long poem on the war, of considerable merit; but whether it is original or a quotation is conjectural.

Charlotte Wilson, of St. Catharines, Ont., affords us a pleasant surprise in thus entering the lists to compete for literary honours. Her composition is what the printer would call "good copy," and while, in view of the excellence of the essay which takes the prize, we cannot conscientiously proclaim her the winner, as perhaps we might if we followed personal inclination, we have decided to print it, so that the reader may see what our girls can do, and that our other girls may be assured that they are free and welcome to compete. Here it is:

It was indeed a grand and glorious policy that showed the unity of Mother Country and colony, for "in union there is strength," and, seeing the readiness of the Canadians to uphold the honour of the British flag, possibly many another envious country has been led to believe that England has yet many men ready to defend and serve her.

The policy of sending Canadian troops to South Africa showed England's faith in Canada's loyalty. The willingness of the Canadian troops to go demonstrated the love of the loyal Canadians for their Mother Country, and seemed to knit the hearts of Canadian and Englishman even closer together, if it were possible. England and Canada alike had one cause, one country and one Queen, and not in vain

was England's call to her loyal Canadian sons, or feeble the response.

In calling for Canada's aid England showed her trust in them, and that what affected her affected them as well. And when the call came, yes, and even long before, the Canadian soldier boys were ready, aye, ready, for a Canadian can be a soldier, too.

Many a gallant lad from Canada and England, too, has fallen in the strife to rise no more; but not in vain were their lives given up for their loved Queen and country; but woe unto that nation from whom the offence cometh. And oh! how often after the din of the battle's over.

As the sun in amber framing sinks towards the golden west,

The soldier's life is waning; soon he too will be at rest.

"Thy will be done," he mutters, lying slowly, stiffly down,

To his hot lips quickly pressing first a gray lock, then a brown.

Is there any reason why the Canadian Government should not make the late war a common cause with the Mother Country? Did it not involve the son's when the mother's honour was at stake, and are we not one at heart, with one Queen engraven on the hearts of English and Canadian alike?

I affirm it would be an insult and an outrage to loyal Canadians if the Government had refused to sanction their responding to duty's call to defend the dear old Mother Country.

The Government was indeed justified in making this a common cause, and so may it be always, for the British and Canadian have one flag, one country and one Queen. Where the honour of these is at stake, there should be found the Canadians close at the side of the English. So, let us hope it will ever be in sorrow and rejoicing, in war and in peace, until earth has passed away, and no longer waves

"The flag that's braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze."

The author of the following, which entitles him to the prize, modestly signs it with a *nom de plume*. While we may venture to say that he lives in Ottawa, we must not divulge his name without his consent, though we fail to appreciate the motive of such retiring secrecy. Good things need no recommendation; the merit of this essay is apparent:

The policy of sending Canadian troops to assist the British forces, and grounds to justify the Canadian Government in making common cause on this occasion with the Mother Country.

The Britisher, all the world over, prides himself on belonging to an Empire

upon which the sun never sets. It matters not what his colour, race or creed, when once the principles of British institutions are instilled, he feels no longer that under the flag of any other nation he can increase his liberty or freedom. The people of Canada enjoy the liberties of British subjects to their fullest extent, indeed more so, perhaps, than the inhabitant of the British Isles, for when the South African war was forced upon Great Britain, Canadians were not called upon to take any part therein. It remained to the mature judgment and commonsense, the loyalty and ardour of Canadians, to voluntarily offer their services when a sister colony was invaded by a foreign power, which was not only the enemy of Great Britain but an enemy to the progress and liberty of mankind.

We in Canada invite the people of all nations to come in and share the liberties of our Constitution, and the blessings which Providence so liberally bestows upon us, and compete with us in the making of the Greater Britain that we are destined to be; while our brethren, the Uitlanders, who have made the Transvaal of to-day, were denied any part in the government of that country. This fact alone was enough to arouse the sympathy and righteous indignation of Canada in the matter; but it was when a foreign foe declared war against our Mother Country and invaded our territory that the military ardour of Canadians could no longer be restrained, and thousands of young Canadians, irrespective of their social conditions and rank, and though enjoying unnumbered blessings, marched to the front and were soon in the thick of the fight.

It was, in our opinion, just and right that fair play should be meted to Britain's sons. We are defended by her army and navy at no cost whatever to us, and no nation, however powerful, can treat us with impudencé while we have the British Lion at our back. Had Parliament granted millions of dollars as a contribution from Canada to the war it would fail to have the good effect that results on account of the action of our Canadian sons in the field. Foreign powers have questioned the unity of the Empire in time of war, but the Colonies have answered that in no uncertain sound. The Home Government might, perhaps, be inclined to question whether the protection of the Colonies compensated for their strength and assistance. That, too, has been set aside when it is acknowledged that Canadians in the field are on a par with the best British regiments, and for endurance and valour

they have shown themselves to compare favourably with any of Britain's military heroes.

Let us hope that Canadians at all times will be ready to relieve the oppressed, believing as we do that righteousness alone exalteth a nation.

CANUCK.

How often do we hear it said of an eccentric person that he is a "crank." How often have you yourself made use of the same epithet in alluding to one whom you disliked? Now, what is a crank? Can you describe one? If you can, this is *your* opportunity, for to the boy or girl who can give the best definition of a crank, we will give as a prize a good standard dictionary. We are accustomed to use words in a loose manner, with little regard for their true meaning. Now, you who so frequently call people cranks, tell us what you mean by the term. Who's our best epigrammatist, we'd like to know? You may be funny, serious, ironical or sympathetic, you may write in prose or verse, only do, please, be clever, and tell us as concisely as you can what a crank is. *Punch*, the English comic paper, offered a prize for the best advice to a person about to be married, and it was won with the single word "Don't!" Can you equal this for brevity, humour and significance? Try and see what you can do. You may be a humorist, philosopher or an etymologist, and not know it— who knows?

Have a whack at the cranks. More fun than old Aunt Sally! We will print every definition that is worth one's while to read. "Hi, there! Take a shy at 'em. Every time you miss, you hit, and every time you hit you get a cocoanut!" Everybody entitled to one, two or three definitions, which must reach the Editor, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, Ont., not later than September 1st.



# OUR GIRLS

## Letter from Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe.

DEAR GIRLS,—As we expect to give up our work in Canada next August, before leaving we should like to send you a few words of farewell; and as we cannot write personally to each one of you, we are thankful for the opportunity offered to us of doing so through the medium of UPS AND DOWNS.

How quickly time has flown, and yet how much has taken place since October, 1896, when we began our work amongst you at Hazel Brae! No less than eight parties of girls have landed on these shores since that time, numbering about 724 girls, and nearly all of these are now placed out in different homes, with every opportunity given them to begin a useful and honourable life. We are sure that their hearts must go out in gratitude, first of all to their Heavenly Father for His goodness in having led them so far, and then to Dr. Barnardo, His honoured instrument, who has spared no pains to give them thus a good start in life. But, dear girls, as a parting word, let us remind you that the frail bark of your life thus launched will never reach the desired haven unaided by God; you must have a safe Compass and a Guide to enable you to steer clear of all the shoals and quicksands which will beset you on your journey. Let us again point you to the only One who can be such—the One who has said, “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.” We would urge any of you

who have not as yet given your hearts to the Lord Jesus unreservedly to do so without delay, and allow Him alone to reign. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.” This is the true secret of happiness and rest—to place the tiller of your frail bark in the hands of the great Captain of your salvation, and trust in Him alone to guide you safely to your desired haven. We feel thankful that God in His providence has allowed us the privilege of working amongst you at Hazel Brae for nearly four years, and if we have been enabled to help any of you on the upward way, to Him be all the praise. We shall ever continue to take a deep interest in your welfare, and as we bid you farewell we pray that God’s blessing may rest upon each one of you, and that we may meet many of you in that safe haven where partings shall be no more.

Your sincere friends,  
W. AND J. METCALFE.

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## Hazel Brae Notes.

We are sure that all girls who have passed through Hazel Brae, or in any way have had the opportunity of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe since they have been in Canada, will read the foregoing letter with much regret, and will feel that they will lose a true friend when Mrs. Metcalfe leaves us. They will also miss the bright face and merry voice of Jackie, who has so enjoyed the swings, and the garden,

## Up and Down

and many merry games with the little ones.

Hazel Brae is just now looking its best with its smooth lawns, shady vines and bright flowers, to say nothing of the cool, green grass of the meadow, and the seats under

bath made everything beautiful in His time."

With the summer our thoughts turn again to the preparation for, and expectation of, new arrivals. Probably before this magazine is in your hands our first party of girls



Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Metcalfe and "Jackie."

and trees. How so many of you have spent pleasant hours. As we look around and see the many tokens of God's goodness in the brightness and beauty of the earth, we are daily reminded that "He

this year will have arrived, and a good many of them will be already settled in their new homes. We shall hope to publish a list of names in this issue, if they are here in time

We expect that this first party will travel under the care of our old friend, Mrs. Brown, and we are hoping to welcome her back in renewed health, and with her accustomed energy.

Miss Gibbs is enjoying a holiday with her friends in England. She hopes to meet there our mutual friend, Miss Code, and we anticipate for her a good many questions about many different girls in whose progress and welfare Miss Code is still interested. It is to be hoped she will be able to give a good report of all. We shall be pleased to see her amongst us again later on.

If our readers will look back to the January number of *UPS AND DOWNS* they will find amongst the photos there one of Ruth Smith and another of Mary Simpson. These two girls are now in England, having gone across with Miss Gibbs, Ruth on account of failing health and a desire to be with a married sister, and Mary to visit her mother and to enjoy a well-earned holiday. She wisely took our advice and left enough money behind to pay for a *return ticket*, which she will probably need before long.

We have heard of one or two cases of illness amongst our elder girls. (We fear the young people are not always as wise and careful about their health as they might be.)

Annie Boucher (July, 1898) has been suffering for some time with pains in the feet and ankles. She is at present in the hospital awaiting the putting on of a splint and fitting of a special boot. Poor Annie finds this waiting time very tedious and longs to be about and at work again.

Eliza Edwards (1892) has had a severe attack of rheumatism. She seems to have been most kindly attended to and waited upon by the family with whom she has lived since she first came to this country. We are daily hoping to hear that

she has quite recovered and at work again.

Mary Ramsay (1897) has been very ill at Hazel Brae, but we are glad to be able to report great improvement, which we hope will soon be complete recovery. Her younger sister, Violet, came to see her, and stayed a few days. We were pleased to see how much she had grown and developed during her residence in this country.

We have also had the pleasure of seeing Dorothy Milsom, the little girl who spent the winter travelling with her mistress in the North-West. This lady is at present staying in Winnipeg, where Florence Bigney, another of our girls, has gone as general servant, leaving Dorothy to attend to the children.

We had several visitors and callers on the 24th. Amongst them were Nellie Clay, Jessie Urquhart, Annie E. Buck and Lucy Rose, who spent the day at Hazel Brae and enjoyed the fireworks in the evening. Sarah Bennett, Annie Farrell and M. A. Jeffrey also called in for a short time.

We have heard of several marriages this spring amongst our girls. To each and all we offer hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Alice Blaber and Edith Fiske have married brothers, Charles and Henry J. Scates, both Barnardo boys. Ada Turner, Mary Ann Winterson, Lilian Fulcher (1885), Mary and Alice Wheeler are all now known by other names.

We are glad to notice a suggestion from one of our subscribers that she would like *more news from England and the North-West* in *UPS AND DOWNS*. We hope any readers in the North-West will take this hint and send us accounts of their experiences there, their impressions of the country, its advantages, and so on. We shall be glad to publish them for the information of any who may later on be wanting to go. And we hope our friends in England

will not be too busy to send us reports of their doings over there; items of news from the old Home will be very acceptable to those who still remember it with affection.

We have before called attention to the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. F. Squairs. We much appreciate their kindness and their thoughtful efforts to give our girls the pleasures of a happy re-union and of spending an enjoyable afternoon. In the name of Dr. Barnardo and the girls we offer them our grateful thanks.

#### A May Picnic.

The girls living around Bowmanville had their annual picnic at the residence of Mr. Squairs on the 24th. There were eight girls and two boys present, besides a number of friends of Mrs. Squairs. In the afternoon we played games—Puss wants a corner, Post, Jacob and Rachel, Hide and Seek and several others. We also had a programme in which the girls took part. Martha White sang and recited, Florence Clare and Mabel Stringer sang and Maria Abram and Mary Sweeting recited. Mr. Squairs and Mr. Barnett both spoke very nicely to us, after which we sat down to a very nice tea on the lawn. We then had some more games, chiefly racing, when we separated with cheers for the Queen, Mr. and Mrs. Squairs and ourselves. We all appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Squairs' kind invitation to come again next year. The girls present were Florence Clare, Mary Stubbs, Alice Parsons (1896), Mabel Stringer, Martha White, Maria Abram, Mary Sweeting and myself. Willie Allen and James Kibble were the boys.

EDITH HALLENDALE.

A very familiar and well-remembered face to all who have passed through Hazel Brae of late years is that of Miss Pearse, and the little ones especially (or those who *used to be little ones*) will be pleased to read the following letter from their former teacher:

HAZEL BRAE, June 13th, 1900.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLS, —Miss Love Jay has kindly made room in this quarter's UPS AND DOWNS for me to write to you. When you read my signature you will not fail to remember me, and as I write such a number of little faces come up into memory's vision I wish I could

have answered the many kind little letters which find their way to Hazel Brae from many of you, but "procrastination," that "thief of time," wouldn't allow me; still I do think of you all, and have many times regretted that I did not help you more and enter more fully into your childish pleasures and troubles. Many of you have grown into young women, and actually some of you little ones are earning wages. Dear, dear! how old it makes me feel! When some of you come to see us, grown up young women, it is no wonder I fail to recognize the little girls who left for the first time, "afraid to go," wondering what her place would be like, etc. I see many of your names in the UPS AND DOWNS, and am always glad to see you are trying to grow up useful women.

Have you forgotten the good times we used to have in the parks and on the roads around Peterboro, and the jolly games we had in the schoolroom, too? Now, although you have grown so big, I am going to write to you just as if you were the little girls again, and tell you a little of the Home and myself. The old schoolroom where you lived most of the time is just the same in many ways, but the floor has been painted since some of you were here, also the tables and forms, so that I fear the present inhabitants do not enjoy the fun of skipping in it as you may remember doing. The bedrooms are just as of old, but other little girls occupy the cots you once slept in (some of you will remember the pillow fights you used to have for a few minutes occasionally). Then the outside of Hazel Brae is lovely—the meadow with your old swing, and the orchard, too. It is very full this year, and the apple trees betoken a good harvest of apples. Everything around is beautifully green and the large peonies and iris are adding to the beauty. God's world is beautiful, isn't it? If only we could keep ourselves in the love of God, we could be just as beautiful in our lives, and

perhaps more so. Some of you are making the lives of those with whom you live brighter by your thoughtful, helpful ways, just as the flowers are brightening up the old earth.

I suppose you are looking forward to your summer Sunday school outings; perhaps some of you are visiting sisters, as I know you do at times. You must write for the UPS AND DOWNS and let us know how you spent the time.

I must tell you of a very enjoyable two weeks' visit I have just had with a friend of yours. You will remember your friend, Mrs. Haultain, who so often writes in your paper poetry or riddles. I went over to Niagara Falls, and oh, girls! I wish I could take you in fancy with me. It would be impossible to describe the magnificent waterfalls and varied scenes all round. One day we took a carriage and went to the Three Sister Islands, and the roaring, foaming water rolling and dashing over the rocks awed me. It made me think of our Almighty Father, who, although He is so wonderful and mighty, yet He loves us, and I found myself, as I watched the foaming torrent, longing to be more worthy of the love of so great a God as ours. Well, we roamed over the Islands and took a few photos. I had mine taken, too. We took our old coachman's photo as he stood on the bridge. He is quite black, and after we had taken it, he said to Mrs. Haultain, "Lady, you take my photo, but my photo is in Heaven. Jesus is there, and He says I am to be *like Him*; there's my picture, lady. My old black face and your white one won't be like this then; we will be just like Him." He seemed such a happy old man.

Another day we drove across the bridge and saw the falls from the American side. I would like to tell you more, but I am afraid I have written too much now. I would ask you to remember Mrs. Haultain in prayer, that God will comfort her in her great sorrow. Also remember Miss Quinn in China and Miss Woodgate in England. Perhaps

some of you can remember as far back as the days of Captain and Mrs. Annesley. I saw them in England three years ago, both growing older, of course, but they remembered many of you.

Now I must say good-bye, and perhaps some day we may meet again in the "Father's Home." We have a very few girls now, but before this reaches you we expect other little faces will be seen in the school-room, playground and meadow, in the places of you who have left so long ago. From your old friend,

ADELAIDE PEARSE.



Maud Denison.

### In Memoriam.

MAUD DENISON.

Again we have to record the death of one of our number. Maud Denison passed away on Friday, April 27th, in her nineteenth year. Many of the girls will remember Maud; she came out with the November party of 1894, a bonnie, healthy, merry girl. She went very soon to live with Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, of Niagara Falls, and remained there nearly three years, winning for herself a warm place in the affections of her kind employers.

When, for her own sake, it was

thought best she should be removed from Niagara, both Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, as well as Maud, felt the greatest pain and regret at the separation.

She went then to live in a clergyman's family in the town of Trenton. She left there early in the spring of this year, and went to live with Mrs. Irving, of the same place. She had one month of good health here, learned her duties, and asked leave to do the washing, that she might have higher wages. Somewhat against her judgment Mrs. Irving yielded, and with the first wash Maud contracted rheumatism.

No doubt, she had had it before, for it was remembered how she had complained of a pain in her foot early in the winter. Now, however, it took a strong hold on her constitution, and before many days our bright Maud was raving and tossing on a bed of pain with rheumatic fever, mind and body alike affected.

All that the tenderest care could do was done, two medical men held a consultation on the case, a trained nurse engaged, and no expense or pains was spared to restore her. Both Mr. and Mrs. Irving wore themselves out in those four weeks of agony, striving to alleviate her sufferings, and to lead her to happier thoughts. No one could soothe her like Mrs. Irving, who often sang her to rest—rest of very short duration, yet every minute of natural sleep was a gain.

At last it was thought she could bear removal to Belleville Hospital, and might benefit by the change. Tenderly, carefully and lovingly the journey was made, but without avail. Maud was only there twenty-four hours, when we trust she heard the Heavenly summons, and sank to rest.

We laid her down, amid springing grass and budding flowers, in the beautiful Belleville cemetery, and though our hearts were heavy, we were consoled by the words of the officiating minister, Mr. Jones, who

said there was no mistake—she has gone in God's time.

Little scraps of her talk comfort us. She asked one friend to make her look nice, for Jesus might come in the night; and once said to Mrs. Irving, "Perhaps I was saved last night." Then she seemed afraid of sinning by use of hasty language, so we hope her conscience was really quickened Godward.

Often in the pain of those last weeks she would say, "It will be a warning to Violet," meaning her friend, Violet, who also lives in Trenton.

Dear girls, will you not each one take the warning to heart and learn by Maud's early and painful death how suddenly the call may come, and how impossible it is among the terrors and pain of illness to find any comfort like that of knowing your sins are pardoned and you are meet through Christ's meekness for the eternity of bliss.

We are glad to add the following tribute from Maud's former employer, with whom she had lived for three years :

We were all deeply pained by the sad news of Maud's death. Such a strong, hearty girl as she was when she left us, we can hardly realize that she is gone; and to die among strangers makes it seem more sad. We sincerely wish she could have been with us in her last moments. We feel just as if one of our own family had been taken, and are constantly meeting with something to remind us of her. I feel her sad death very keenly, for to me she was always specially kind—ever thoughtful to anticipate my wishes and constantly doing me some little act of kindness. Our great regret is that we ever let her go from us—that meddling people should have made it necessary. We had our little troubles with her, but she was always in the main a good girl, with no vices and fewer faults than most girls of her age and advantages. We always hoped that some time she would come to live with us again. Only last week, during house-cleaning time, I picked up a package of her papers, and Mrs. M— would not allow them to be destroyed, for, said she, "Maud will be back sometime and would like to have them." But the all-wise Father has decided otherwise, and we know what he decides is best. Though the news was so very sad, we appreciate very much your kindness in sending it to us.

### Girls' Donation Fund.

The following letter has been received in acknowledgment of the girls' donations for the year ending May 1st, 1900, which have been forwarded to Dr. Barnardo:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—Dr. Barnardo has duly received your draft for £27 14s. 8d. (\$136), being the amount of the annual Girls' Donation Fund up to May 1st of this year. On his behalf I gratefully acknowledge this addition to our exchequer, and beg to enclose herewith our official receipt. I am sure you will, if opportunity occurs, take occasion to express Dr. Barnardo's gratitude for this token of sympathy and kindly remembrance on the part of his old girls. With kind regards, believe me to be

Most faithfully yours  
(Signed) JOHN ODLING, Secretary.

Donations received since last issue:

Emily Manning, \$5; Amelia Brian, \$1; Violet Norman, 25c.; Edith Storr, \$1; Kate Rennells, \$1; Emma Roberts, \$1; Jessie Urquhart, \$1; Emma Lewis, \$1; Margaret Whitnell, \$1; Mary L. Bolton, \$1; Alice Long, \$1; Lilian Sheriton, \$1; Agnes Attwood, \$1.75; Charlotte King, \$1; Florence Hughes, \$1; Rose Gutsell, \$1; Margaret Fitzgerald, \$1; Daisy Compton, \$1; Mary Kay, 75c.; Mary Ross, \$1; Emily Pusey, \$1; Florence Thomas, \$2; Caroline Larner, \$1; Harriet Briscall, 75c.; Louisa Harrison, \$1; Gladys Verner, \$1; Lilian Parks, \$1; Beatrice Woodford, \$1; Miriam Killick, \$1; Florence Curtis, \$1; Annie Farrell, \$1; Emily Perryman, \$1; Annie Smith (1899), \$1; Alice Parsons (1897), \$1; Daisy Thorne, 75c.; Ethel Summers, 75c.; Kate Fowler, \$1; M. J. Clark, \$1; Alice Hornby, \$1; Rose Ham, \$1; Lilian Jane Forrester, \$2; Ellen Olver, 50c.; Margaret Rigby, \$1; Annie Bickerstaff, \$1; Emily F. Judge, \$1; Emily Conway, \$1; Blanche Poyser, \$1; Eliza Coles, \$1; Jane Langford, \$1; Sarah Newton, 75c.; Nellie Clay, \$1; Maria Rumney, \$1; Louisa Mackay, \$2; Photos of Hazel Brae, \$2.20.

### Notices to be Remembered.

UPS AND DOWNS is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October. The price is twenty-five cents per year, and all who wish to continue taking the magazine must renew their subscription yearly. These should be sent to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

Girls are asked not only to

UPS AND DOWNS but to contribute something for insertion therein, and thus help to make the magazine interesting to other girls. All letters, essays, puzzles, etc., for this purpose should be received at least three weeks before date of publication, and should be written separately from any other communication.

Photos of Hazel Brae can be obtained at ten cents each by either boys or girls, by applying to the Secretary, Hazel Brae, Peterboro.

All girls are asked to contribute once a year to the Girl's Donation Fund. The amount should be in proportion to the wages earned, but we think *all* can afford, at least, *one dollar* per year.

Any change of residence or difference in post office should at once be communicated to the Secretary. This may prevent a visitor taking a useless journey and perhaps a long drive, and will also help to ensure letters reaching their destination safely and quickly.

Bank books should always be sent to the Home whenever money is deposited or withdrawn. They will fit into an ordinary-sized envelope, and will require a two cent stamp.

Especially always remember we wish you to look upon all connected with the Home as your friends. Do not believe anyone who tells you otherwise. Our counsel and help are always at your disposal to the best of our ability and for your best interests.

### Girls' Photographs.

I am afraid some of you will be disappointed again when you open the magazine, and I think I hear some girl saying, "My picture is not in again." I can only say I am very sorry; but do you know that already this year about forty photographs have been sent to us, and I expect each girl who sent hers hoped to see herself in the magazine. Have patience still and perhaps your turn will come soon.

Mary Pecton has always had



Ellen O'Brien and Mrs. Watson's Little Child.



Mrs. Jonathan Fuller's Children.



Mary and Joseph Precious.



Gertrude Hallendale.



Bessie Grubb.

her place amongst our *best* girls in Canada. She came out in October, 1896, and was placed in an English family living in Burford, where she stayed until her master and mistress returned to England in the fall of 1899. Mary gave good satisfaction to her employers, and we do not remember any complaint the whole time. She had also a very good reputation amongst our group of girls in the neighbourhood. One excellent feature all along has been her love and care for her younger brother, who was living with a farmer some seven miles distant. We have known Mary walk the greater part of the way there and back in order to see him now and again and to assure herself that he was "all right." Now she has her heart's desire in this matter and is living quite near, where she can see him frequently and have an elder sisterly care over him.

Bessie Grubb came to Canada in 1897 from one of our institutions for little ones in England, where she had been employed as maid. At first Bessie found it somewhat difficult to adapt herself to Canadian requirements, but she stayed in her second place for a year and has been in her present one (the third) since August, 1898. Now, like some other of our young women, she is casting longing eyes towards Manitoba, and perhaps before another summer comes around she may have taken flight westwards. Being a strong, healthy young woman, and having now a very fair knowledge of farm life and its duties and work, she will have no difficulty in obtaining a good home and good wages there, and we wish her God-speed if she does decide to go.

Ellen O'Brien would not be quite happy without her little charge, and I think you will agree that they make a pleasant picture together. Ellen has been in her present home in Kirkwall, Ontario, for more than three years, and each successive report speaks of her as happy and

contented, loving and being loved. Ellen, too, is fortunate in having a brother living two miles away, who spent Christmas with her. She says there are a lot of girls in Canada who know her, so they will be pleased to see the photo and to hear good things of their former little friend.

Gertrude Hallendale was one of the 1893 party, when she came out as a little girl of eleven. Judging from the present photo, she has no cause to repent having come to Canada. We wish we could have shown you her sister, Edith, at the same time, for both girls have done exceedingly well and are a credit to the Home. Edith is still in her first place to which she went in November, 1893. Gertie was for more than three years in one family in Bobcaygeon, and for the last three years has been in the neighbourhood of Little Britain. Though she has somewhat outgrown our regular visiting list, she is always pleased to see someone from the Home, and the last report (May, 1900) says: "Gertrude seems to have quite a happy life; busy, of course, at this time of the year, but well protected and cared for."

These happy little people spend their glad, bright days where peaches, apples and grapes abound. They know where the bluebirds and the golden robins build their nests, and where the first strawberries ripen in June. Yet they have learned to be careful and watchful for electric cars, for close past their door, many times a day, they see, without one thought of wonder or surprise, one of the greatest wonders of the age. They are grandchildren of the Home. Their mother, Mrs. Jonathan Fuller, was Ethel Parsons, eldest of three sisters, who came out to this country in 1884. She went at once to Grimsby, and has spent most of her life since then in that neighbourhood, and now has a pleasant home, a kind husband and these bonnie children to make her a happy Canadian woman.

Notes from Visitor's Diary.

Spring, beautiful, bright and glad, full of joyous promise and abounding in beauty. What better season can there be for seeing some of these human flowers transplanted to Canadian soil, either to add to its beauty, or be, like ill weeds, a blot on the fair creation? Our girls are not of the weed class; they do not usually grow apace, but slowly and surely, and with careful training such as so many are getting, will make good and noble women.

Suppose I tell you of a few I have visited lately?

Alice Ford (August, 1896) is particularly jubilant over her new home. "It is so pretty," worth keeping nice, she says. Then Mrs. D— is so good to her and takes pains to make her look nice. She wants to stay always in such a pleasant home. Mrs. D— is pleased with Alice and thinks she will be a good, capable housekeeper.

Elizabeth Davidson (July, 1898) is well and happy. At the time of my visit her mistress was sick and depending a good deal on the care and companionship of Lizzie, who seemed quite anxious to be all that was needed.

Annie Ashdown (September, 1899) — Annie was away at school, but I heard she was a dear little thing, so was quite prepared to find a happy, neat little student who thinks Canada a very lovely land.

Lily Ham (July, 1899) looked so well and happy as she came running home from school, eager to see the new hat mother had brought from the store. She is much loved in her new home, and, I trust, will repay her kind friends with daughter-like affection.

Lizzie and Florrie Eagliu (July, 1898). — Although the sisters are in the same township, they are a good way apart. Lizzie is a tall, neat girl, doing well and looking the picture of health. Florrie is well and very happy, the companion and comfort of her mistress, who is

lonely and sad-hearted. Florrie has lots of good times, can ride on horseback, and has visits from her mistress' grandchildren very often.

Alice P. C. Parsons (July, 1898) is well and strong, promising to be a big woman by-and-bye. Cleaning time is not the best for seeing girls, but if they look well then we are satisfied they will make a real good appearance in their pretty summer dresses.

Clara Donnelly (August, 1897). — A bright, clever girl; a little under the weather at the time of my visit, but better now. Promising to make a clever, good servant.

Violet Ramsey (September, 1897) still finds her home in Deseronto, and is well-esteemed, happy, and growing a big girl.

Nellie Nixon (November, 1894). — Strong and healthy, glad and good. Nellie has promise of being a fine woman and doing well for herself and a credit to the Home.

Annie Pascoe (October, 1893). — Mrs. G— is well pleased with Annie, and Annie likes her home well, and looked so neat and clean in her pretty print dress.

Alice Stokes (August, 1896) likes her home in a doctor's family, and is very fond of her cow, who did not like me to come at milking time when she wanted Alice.

Agnes Little (October, 1896) has a great joy in her life. She has won the affections of a wee mannikin, who actually prefers her to his mother. Mrs. B— does not object; she gets time for lots of needlework whilst Agnes plays with baby.

Rebecca Thomas (September, 1898) is well and happy. Mrs. A— is hopeful of making a clever, capable woman of her, and Rebecca is ambitious enough to try to be the best.

Mary Scott (July, 1899) is a happy little woman, with pleasant surroundings of fruit and flowers.

Kate New (July, 1899). — A boat-ride over the Bay of Quinte brought me to this home, where I found

Kate surrounded with every comfort, well liked, and, for her part, content and happy.

Florence Tunncliffe (October, 1897).—Mrs. W— is very fond of Florrie; she finds her trustworthy and teachable. I teased the wee boy so much, he ran screaming to get his father to keep me from taking his Florrie away.

Maria Rumney is very happy with Mr. and Mrs. B—, and has a good, quiet home she will do well to keep.

Christina Vine (July, 1899) thinks Canada lovely. She sees it through a golden haze of love, and looks out from her hillside home on fruitful fields, and has the nearer joy of a darling baby, who thinks his Teeny just lovely.

Emily Judge (August, 1897) is a little girl who is setting some elder girls a real good example. She is building two good things—a bank book and a good name, which is better.

Sarah Thornton (October, 1897) seems like a thrifty little house-keeper. She was making a pudding, which looked very good, and had everything so neat and tidy ready for the return of her mistress.

### Correspondence.

If our photos are numerous and difficult of selection, what shall be said of our correspondence. Letters, letters, letters of all kinds, and always increasing. Some few containing grave complaints from mistress or girl, and causing worry and anxious thought, some telling of the slowness and inexperience of girls, some asking for advice, some telling of the new surroundings, the buildings, horses, cattle, poultry, etc., all so interesting to beginners, some referring to terms, some sending money to the bank, others asking to withdraw cash, and a hundred-and-one other subjects, and, happily, a very large number expressing satisfaction with the girls or with the homes in which they are placed. Looking over these, we

select the following almost at random:

Beatrice Thomas (September, 1895) was with a clergyman in Ottawa from her arrival in Canada until September, 1899, when she had to give up on account of failing health. She seems, however, to have regained her strength and to be having a pleasant summer. The following letter was written May 20th:

ALGONQUIN PARK, CANOE LAKE, ONT.

MY DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—We are at Canoe Lake, and I like it very well. We are on an island, and there is no one else on it but Mr. and Mrs. G— and myself. I am not lonely; we have two dogs, and I always take one of them out with me when I go. The lake is over sixty feet deep. I never go on it, but everything is lovely. The trees are just beginning to bud, as it is rather cold yet. Florence is very happy in her new home. Mrs. P— is very pleased with her and said she does everything well; she has no fault to find with her. I am very glad and I know you will be too. I told you in my last letter that I was going to be confirmed this year. We are going to town for some weeks and then coming back again. I would like to hear from you soon. Will you kindly remember me to Miss Gibbs? I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) BEATRICE A. THOMAS.

Lizzie Preece, a little girl from last year's party, has had to make a change lately, and her mistress writes:

I have received your letter concerning Lizzie Preece. I would not have parted with her only that I am about to leave the city. She was a kind, pleasing little girl and was always willing to do anything for anyone of my family. I sincerely hope that Lizzie may prove a trustworthy and obedient maid and in all things prove a faithful follower of our blessed Master. Enclosed you will find a quarter for UPS AND DOWNS.

We think Lizzie has been transferred to a kind mistress and to a home, where we expect she will be very happy and very good.

Ellen Parker (August, 1897) contently appreciates her privileges. If her mistress thinks as highly of her, we shall not have to trouble about finding another place for Ellen for some time.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you

how I am getting along. I have not written to you for such a long time, so I thought I would write now. I have been in my place for over two years, as you know. Mr. and Mrs. M— are very kind to me; they treat me like their own child—my own mother could not be better. I hope you enjoyed yourself on the Queen's birthday, because I did. Mrs. M— has a horse and buggy and yesterday she took me out for a long drive. Now I have told you this so as you can judge for yourself how good she is. I wish you could come down and see the nice bedroom I have got. You would say that it was the nicest room you ever did see. I hope the girls in the Home are well. I am very well myself at present. Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe, and tell them I have not forgotten them, and please accept my love yourself. So good-bye,

ELLEN J. PARKER.

As we have no less than *three* girls in Canada named Alice Parsons, it may be as well to explain that the writer of the following, with her sister, Lizzie, came to Canada in August, 1897 :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am now going to send to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS a description of the place where I live. I live in the county of Peel, and I think it the nicest farm around here. My mistress named it "Pleasant Valley Farm." The farm consists of 218 acres, three barns, three houses (two frame and one brick), and there is an old mill on the farm which is about seventy years old; but, of course, it is not used now. We have six horses, thirty head of cattle, forty-three hens, thirteen pigs. It is named "Pleasant Valley" because it has a valley running through it and the west branch of the Humber river, so you see there is lots of water for the cattle, and there are also three orchards. I will not say any more about the farm, for I might make the readers jealous. I like my place first-rate. I go to church and Sunday-school. I am sixteen years old and I weigh ninety-nine pounds. Both my master and mistress say I have grown a lot since I came here. I have been here one year and a month.

Will you please take \$1 from my wages fifty cents for me and fifty cents for my sister, Lily, for Girls' Donation Fund. I think if more news from the North-West and from England was put in our paper it would help to make it more interesting. I am thinking of going to the North-West when I get older, and my sister will be older too, and perhaps she will go with me. I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close, hoping all are well at the Home. I remain, Yours truly,

A. PARSONS.

has for more than four years had the advantage of learning something of Canadian family life and attending school in Muskoka. Having now attained to the dignity of "earning wages," she has been placed in a good farm home, where she seems likely to continue in well-doing. When sending her to Peterborough, Mrs. S— writes :

Please let us know how she gets on. She is a splendid, good girl with children. I hope you will find her a good place, as she is a very good girl. She goes with our best wishes for her prosperity. We hope to see her again and that she will turn out a credit to both us and your Home.

Her present mistress writes :

It is just one month yesterday since Elsie Haley came to us. She has proved herself to be quite a smart, good-natured little girl, and we like her very well.

Mary Francis, who came out as a wee, tiny girl in 1892, has lately arrived at the importance of having wages of her own, and is evidently rising to the responsibilities of her new position. Mary has two *very good* older sisters, who are anxious for her welfare, and to whom she looks up with pardonable pride. Mary has lately been at the Home for a few months. The following is her first real letter since she started out for herself. She has been transferred from one doctor's family to another doctor, a friend of the former, where the family is smaller and the requirements less :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well and happy at my new home, which I arrived at on Monday. I liked it very much at Mrs. T—, but I was not big enough to do the work she would like me to do. She wanted one that could bake bread, because they did not like baker's bread, and one that could do washing and ironing; but she told me when I could do all that, if I was out of a place, and if you would let me, I could go back. I went to the Presbyterian church and Sunday school, and did not miss one Sunday while I was there.

Here I answer the front door and telephone all the time when the Doctor is away, which is pretty often, because the people seem to telephone and come after him more when he is away than when he is at home sometimes. Dr. T— (her former employer) sometimes telephones,

and I answer. He will say, "Hello, Mary, is that you? Is the doctor in?" and if he is I will say, "Yes," and then he will speak to him. I am going to try and come to Peterboro on July 1st, if I can get away, but my mistress does not like to be bothered with the telephone, as it is often a case of running messages. Sometimes one place will ring up for me to call up another place, and I have a paper with it on, and I have to keep it and must not lose it. I must not take up too much time, as I want to ask you if you will kindly let me have my wages this month, as I need a print dress for Sunday, and some other clothes which I need very badly. This is all I have to say, so good-bye. Please give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and Jackie. Yours truly,

MARY FRANCIS.

The following is an extract from a letter written to a sister in England by J. G., who came to Canada as a little child in 1885, and who has been since November, 1886, in the same family. The letter speaks for itself and needs no comment:

I have got a home that is a paradise on earth. Do not fret about me, for I am enjoying life. I would be the happiest girl on the face of the earth if I could only see my mother. I am in the same home and intend to remain. I often think, Rachel, that my foster parents are my real parents, or they never could love me as much as they do. People tell me that I am spoiled. I have every luxury in the world. My parents are both well off, and you know I am the only child except a boy that they adopted, but who is married these ten years. I hope you are a Christian girl, as I am trying to live a Christian life. A chum of mine and myself wheeled up to an entertainment last night, and we stayed at the pastor's house. When you write tell me what you look like. I have been in my home over fourteen years, and I never was away more than two nights at a time. The young gentlemen that I keep company with got a grand medal in college. He got the highest marks. He is going to be the manager of a cement factory.

Another of our early arrivals from whom we have not heard for years has just written to us from Manitoba. Any of our readers who came out in 1886 may remember her as Lydia Rowe. She was married in 1893, and seems to have settled down very happily in the far West:

DEAR MISS CODE, You will almost have forgotten me by this time, but I have not forgotten the Home yet. I often think about it. I would like to see you all

again and to see the Home but I don't think I ever will see it again as I live in Manitoba now, and that is a long way from Ontario. My husband is a farmer, and I enjoy it very much, for I like farming myself. I have two little boys now. My oldest one is two years and seven months and the baby will be ten months old on Sunday, May 27th. I called my oldest boy Louis Gordon and my youngest Westley Le Vern, and my name was Lydia Rowe before I was married. I often see the girl I was raised with. She married a first cousin to my husband, and her name was Lila Bentall. She has two little boys now. I was up to her place not long ago, and she was telling me about writing to the Home and getting a paper called UPS AND DOWNS. I would like very much if you would send me one, or tell me the price of them for a year, and I will send you the money for the paper. I am very fond of reading. I have a very good husband. He is very good to me; he does not drink at all, that is one great comfort to a home, and he dearly loves his wife and children. We are very happy and contented with our little family. I don't live very far from John's father and mother. They are very kind to me.

We have lately renewed our correspondence with Mary Ann Wellington, a girl who has been out longer still (July, 1884). She left a little money in the bank here when she went to the States. This has now been sent to her, and she writes:

I received your very welcome letter with the money order enclosed, which I have cashed. I am much obliged to you for your promptness in answering my letter, for I know you must have a great deal to do.

I intend to visit England some day, and hope to see the Village Home where I had my good training. It has changed a great deal since I left. There is nothing in this country to be compared to Dr. Barnardo's work, and I have heard his name mentioned in one of the churches I used to attend in New York. I only saw him once in Toronto since leaving England, but I have two copies of "Our Darlings," also a silver medal from him. I have a very nice situation. I like the country very much, and do not care to live in New York, it is so noisy there. It is so warm here, I generally go to the seaside in summer for my vacation.

I suppose Miss Joyce is in England. I used to think a great deal of her when I was there, but time has made a great many changes as Dr. Barnardo's Home increases; and I only hope he will be rewarded for the great work he has done. I thought probably Miss Steat might be in England. I am much obliged to you for

her address; she might have forgotten me in such a long time.

The next letter is from one of our little girls, who, by very special request, was allowed to go to Manitoba with the family with whom she had been living for some time in Muskoka:

DEAR FRIEND,—You, no doubt, will think we are a long time writing to you. We were a long time before we reached Manitoba. Mrs. C— and I were having a visit. We had a nice time on our journey all but one day, and Mrs. C— and I were both sick. Manitoba is a lovely place; we like it fine; but we will like it better in a short time. Mr. C— got disappointed in getting on our own place, so we have not really got settled; but we are enjoying ourselves splendid. We are all having such good health; the air seems so fresh here. For one thing, we have four cows and lots of cream. The biggest trouble we have is it is two miles and a half to school. I am going to go some. Mrs. C— is going to let me go to school until I am a big girl, so that I will get a good education. I am going to learn to play the organ. I am all right; I have a lovely home. I often think of Lottie; we have had no word from her since we came out here. We all hope she has a good home. This would be a good place out here for Lottie when she gets a little larger, for girls get such good wages.

Well, I must tell you we have lots of prairie wolves out here, and they just more than howl at night. The people say they would not harm you, but I would not like to meet one, and there are lots of hateful little gophers, and they carry the grain away by mouthfuls, and lots of all kinds of little birds. They sing beautifully. We don't seem to have very much rain, but the wheat is beginning to look fine. I am putting in a wild prairie rose for you. No more this time, hoping this will find you well.

Yours truly,

ELSIE WHITE.

### A Letter From Miss Quinn.

Many of you will remember Miss Quinn who went out as a missionary to China some two and a half years ago. We have felt very anxious about her lately, and, indeed, about all missionaries in China, on account of the anti-foreign movement now spreading so rapidly there. We hear already that some have been massacred, and *all* must be in great danger, but we know that they are in our Father's care, and we pray that He may preserve their lives in

safety and keep their hearts at peace, stayed upon Him. We are grateful to find that our friend, Miss Quinn, was safe up to April 17th, the date of this letter, and we are hoping that she is still kept out of danger. This anxiety will lend an added interest to the following letter lately received:

NAN LING HSIEN, April 17th, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is quite a long time now since I wrote to you, so I must see if I can manage to get a letter off this next mail. One reason I did not write sooner was because all winter it rained or snowed almost incessantly, and there was very little of interest to write about, and then when things did begin to happen, my time and strength were fully used. However, I do not want you to forget me, and I must try and share with you some of the events that have taken place these last few weeks, and which have meant so much in my life. God is good, and I am trusting Him to make "all things work together for good," both for me and for the people to whom He has sent me.

The first thing I must tell you is that

#### WE HAVE LEFT HAN SHAN.

I hope you will feel sorry, and that you are interested in that city and surrounding country. There seemed to the committee who manage the affairs of our mission here no other course. Miss Ross, I deeply regret to tell you, has not been well, and the water did not agree with her, neither could the house be made very comfortable, so that the committee felt she must live in a port for a time, where she would have less hardship and more nourishing food. Then there was no other worker free who could be placed with me, and they did not think it wise for me to stay alone, although I would gladly have done so rather than leave the women without a "witness."

\* \* \* \* \*

After remaining in Wuhu a few days to rest, I came on to this place, where I have much enjoyed the fellowship of my dear sisters and the meeting with the native Christians. Some of them are quite bright and it is a real pleasure to know them. I expect soon to leave and pay a few days' visit to Nanking, and then go to Han Chi, about seventy li from Wuhu, for the summer. I will likely have more to say about this again when I write.

I did a little

#### ITINERATING ON A DONKEY

before I left Han Shan and since coming here, which may be interesting to hear about, but which needs to be experienced to be properly appreciated. A young woman, about forty li from Han Shan, was very anxious we should visit her, and as Miss Ross was away, I decided I should return with her to her home. I had a little

secret desire to try riding on a donkey, which I may say is perfectly satisfied. However, it really was the most feasible plan, as the only other way to go was to have a wheelbarrow or walk, so I hired a donkey. And such a creature! I am sure if I had been in Canada I would have been in danger of being arrested for cruelty to animals. It would not go. At first I felt badly, for I thought it could not, but found out it was just bad-tempered. The boy pulled, my woman prodded behind, and I urged with all my might, but it would hardly move! When it wanted to stop at a village it coolly lay down, but it did so gently, and after the first time, I lost all fear. Between walking and riding we reached our destination late in the afternoon, very hungry too. However, we had a real good time preaching there. I think I never met people so interested, and it was the

#### FIRST TIME THEY HAD EVER HEARD THE GOSPEL

or seen a foreigner. The house was crowded all evening. I tried to dismiss the meeting several times, but they stayed on and begged me to tell them some more. I was specially interested in one poor young man, who was a complete wreck from opium eating, and I have had much prayer for him since that God would save him. His wife was a very sweet little woman, with such a sad face. She was very interested. After we got our friends away, we retired, and I found there was only one bed for myself, woman, and hostess, which we shared. I must admit I did not sleep much. The room was full of smoke, and there was no fresh air, and in the next there was an old woman, with the most sepulchral cough I ever heard, I think; I thought every time she coughed she would surely expire. Then the bed was so hard that my woman could not sleep on it! (We hadn't brought any bedding with us). However, it was a very interesting trip, and on the way home I had several opportunities of preaching and met real kindness from the people who called me in off the road in different places and gave me tea, etc. I was glad to say good-bye to my donkey. The last thing it did while with me was to sulk and lie down when passing its own home, so I dismissed it and walked the rest of the way. Since coming to Nar Ling I had another donkey trip. Accompanied by Miss McCully, the native preacher and two or three natives, we went out about twenty li for a day's preaching and book-selling. The morning was fine, but shortly after dinner it came on rain. It had been raining the previous days, so that the roads were already very bad; but after the fresh rainfall, they were at times well-nigh impassable. I have always had the impression that donkeys were very sure-footed, but I do not believe it now! Although we only had two tumbles apiece from the donkeys, yet we might have had

a few more had we not taken the precaution to dismount when coming to a "bad place." A trembling donkey and a slippery road and down-pouring rainfall does not inspire one with confidence, and glad we were to reach home with no bones broken, even if our clothes were covered with mud and we were wet to the skin! But I must tell you about

#### OUR DONKEY BOY.

My young friends will surely want to make his acquaintance. He is a hero! A little chap of eleven or twelve whose father is dead, and who feels the full responsibility of life. He talked of buying and selling "my dockeys," etc., as if he was a grown man, and his gallant care of the foreign ladies could not be outdone by the most courteous gentleman. But his cheerfulness was what endeared him to our hearts, for we all love him—who could help it? How he laughed when we tried to imitate his talk to the donkeys—real rollicking, jolly laughter, as hearty as any boy you ever saw! But it was when it rained so hard and the roads were simply fearful that his brightness shone out to most advantage. Running along by my side, watching every step that the donkey took, calling out "Kioh," which means "foot," and this is supposed to make the animal step carefully, lest there should be a mishap, every little while encouraging me with the remark, "Lady, this is just splendid, isn't it?" or words that meant that. But when the rain came in almost a torrent it almost overcame our brave lad, and he called out we must halt at the next village he was so hungry. Poor little man! we found out then he hadn't eaten his dinner, saving the money to take home to his mother, and we were glad we had left some of our own lunch, which we gave him. He had then walked about fifteen miles through such bad roads. God bless him! I want you to pray for the little boy in whom we are all so interested. He came to service the following Sunday night. He has picked up a good deal from the foreigners of the Gospel, and helped us out sometimes when we were trying to get the people to understand.

Now I want to thank the kind friends who have been so thoughtfully remembering me with gifts and letters during the past few months. To some of you I have not been able to write a personal acknowledgment, but rest assured nothing has been overlooked and

#### EVERYTHING FULLY APPRECIATED.

You cannot realize what it means not to be forgotten by the dear home friends, especially to those of us who have the privilege of living quite away by ourselves amongst the heathen. It has been such a trying, dismal winter, and the coming of our mail has been the brightest event of our uneventful life, and I cannot tell how I have praised God again and again for the

loving messages, so many assuring me of continued and earnest prayers on behalf of myself and work. I believe God is answering, and deepening my love for His service. Keep on trusting. I especially desire the prayers of my friends at this time, that my future place of service may be clearly defined. I want His place and His will. And He is, I believe, giving me a strong desire to go further inland where there are fewer workers and even more need.

Perhaps you will be wondering about us in this time of

**POLITICAL UNREST**

in China. As far as we realize in inland stations, we see nothing to disturb, but there is great unrest amongst the people. We are told that if the foreign powers interfere, as they threaten to do, that our consuls will call us all into the ports, for which some of us will be sorry. We feel we need to pray for this land much, and trust whatever comes it may mean the salvation of its wonderful people. I am sorry that

**A FOOLISH REPORT**

was published at home that disturbed some of my friends, of a riot in Han Shan, and of our hiding in a cellar, etc. It is entirely without foundation, as nothing of the kind was ever even threatened, and if it had, we had no cellar to hide in. The country has been full of robbers, but we were not likely to be molested. The mandarins are trying hard to dispose of the robbers, but do not succeed very well. There were four to be executed any day when we left Han Shan, the only thing that made me thankful to leave, as my teacher told me the instrument was sharpened for the cruel work, and no one knew just when it would take place; their legs had already been broken when captured.

Now, I fear, as usual, my letter has grown long. I haven't appealed to you for China as I wanted to. Our beloved Canadians have responded so nobly to the call for reinforcements for South Africa, and we Canadian missionaries are very proud of the record they have been making. There is a war going on here also, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places." We are not fighting for territory but for never-dying souls. The call is urgent; the battle eventually must prove victorious, for Jesus is the leader. Will you not come or send to the help of the Lord against the mighty? What can a few do amongst so many?

With kindest regards, I am yours very sincerely.

**In Leisure Hour.**

**Something for Sunday.**

**ANSWERS.**

1. And I will give peace in the land . . . and none shall make you afraid. Leviticus xxvi., 6.
2. Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments: then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Isaiah xlvi., 18.
3. I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Isaiah lx., 17.
4. Seek the peace of the city . . . and pray unto the Lord for it. Jeremiah xxix., 7.
5. Execute the judgments of truth and peace in your gates. Zechariah viii., 16.
6. For the Kingdom of God is . . . righteousness and peace. Romans xiv., 17.

We have heard of several of our girls looking up these texts who have not sent in their answers. Ruth Smith's is the best list, quite correct. E. Hallendale omits one, and Kate Tame has found three, to which she adds three others of her own selection. John iv., 27. Gal. i., 3 and Gal. vi., 16.

Annie Curtis (1894) sends the following questions, which probably a good number of you will be able to answer:

1. What character is there in the Bible that has no name, that suffered death in a different form from any person before or since, and a part of the material of whose shroud is found in every home?
2. What book in the Bible has not God's name in any of its chapters?

Find a buried text and where the *others are in the Bible:*

The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion.

The wages of unrighteousness.

The way of transgressors is hard.

Be sure your sin will find you out.

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer.

Her feet go down to death.

Our competition for the current quarter is a *Calendar for the month of September, with a text for each day of the month*, all referring to the various seasons of the year or the beauty of the earth and its productions, that thus you may be helped to look "from nature up to nature's God."

If any are unable to find texts of

this kind for the whole month, let them send for one week or two weeks, or as many as they can search out (give chapter and verse to each text).

### Dress.

A good book deserves a good binding. Many people will look on its covers who never expect to make a further acquaintance with it; yet if the book be tastefully and well bound, they are tempted to take it up, and make its thoughts their own. So with ourselves. Hundreds see us, who never expect to exchange a word with us, and their opinion is mainly influenced by our appearance. If we have pleased them, they are glad when the opportunity comes for them to make our acquaintance; if, on the other hand, our appearance has been displeasing to them, they greet us coldly, and the acquaintance dies again.

Now, I fancy it is as natural for a woman to want to be liked as it is to breathe, so the art of dressing comes to be one of importance to us.

Fortunately, to be nicely dressed we do not need expensive, costly raiment, but we do need judgment to enable us to select clothing suited to our duties, position and age.

For a working girl to aim to dress like a wealthy woman would be utterly unsuitable and unbecoming, yet there is no necessity that her cotton dress should be one whit less pretty and becoming than the other's silk.

A dark cotton, well and neatly made, finished with white collar, dainty cap and white apron, makes the prettiest and most becoming morning dress anyone can wear; and even when the nature of her duties demand a dark apron and sleeves well tucked up, who ever saw a girl so clothed look anything but well? I fear there is abroad among our girls a dislike to caps. If they could only see themselves and know how a neat

little cap adds to their appearance, they would be just as eager to put them on as they now seem to be to avoid them.

When I was a wee girlie, mistresses wore caps as well as maids; it was a badge of household responsibility and duty, and eagerly adopted by the young wife, who thought her cap and wedding ring came together. People who have the morning meal dependent on them have not time to fuss with their hair and do more than make it tidy; the cap gives the needed finishing touch and by its dainty cleanness covers every defect.

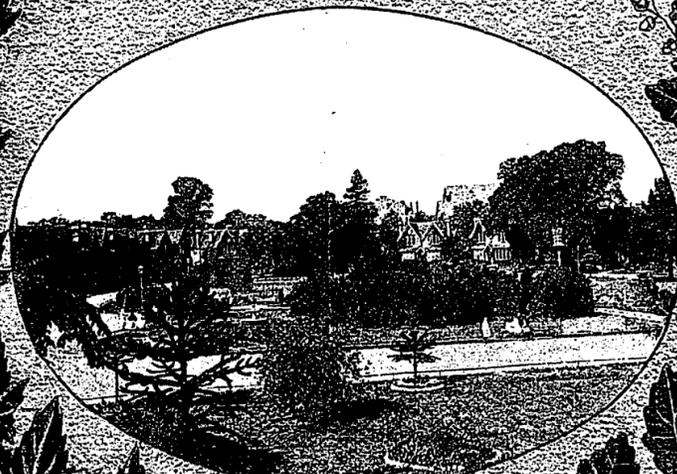
Dress goods are so varied now one can hardly advise which to select, but for a young, growing girl there is nothing quite so useful as a skirt of black or blue serge. It can be worn either in the summer or the winter, with waist to suit the season and the occasion, and need never be put away to come out again hopelessly short. And even should its owner really outgrow it before it is worn out, a piece can be put on the bottom, and with a few rows of cheap braid it will look as well as ever.

God made this world so bright and beautiful, He seems to ask us to contribute to its brightness; but to do this well we must have good taste. Good taste can be gained, not by fashion books, or milliners' windows, but by looking abroad on nature, seeing how softly the orchard flowers blend with the soft, green foliage, how delicately the daisies peep from the sheltering grass of the meadow, and even the gaudy tulip looks sweet and modest amid its own coldly-toned foliage.

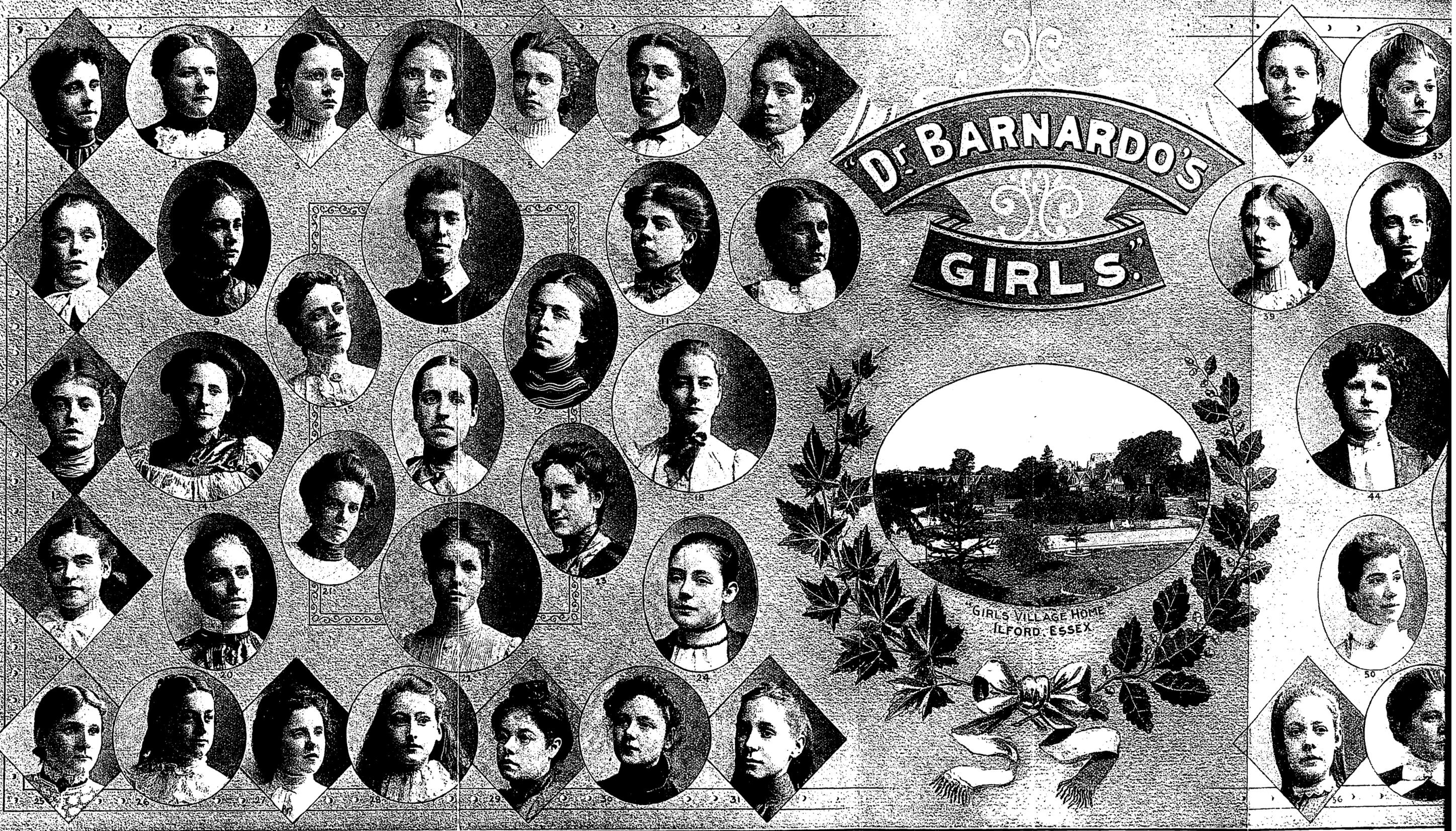
Be satisfied with one general tone of colour, see that your blouses accord with hat trimmings and ribbons. It is possible to be gay without being gaudy, and neatness and cleanliness in the little details of tucker, collar, cuffs and gloves make everything else look well.

Prints and gingham are so pretty and so cheap, anyone can have a good variety; but it is sometimes

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GIRLS



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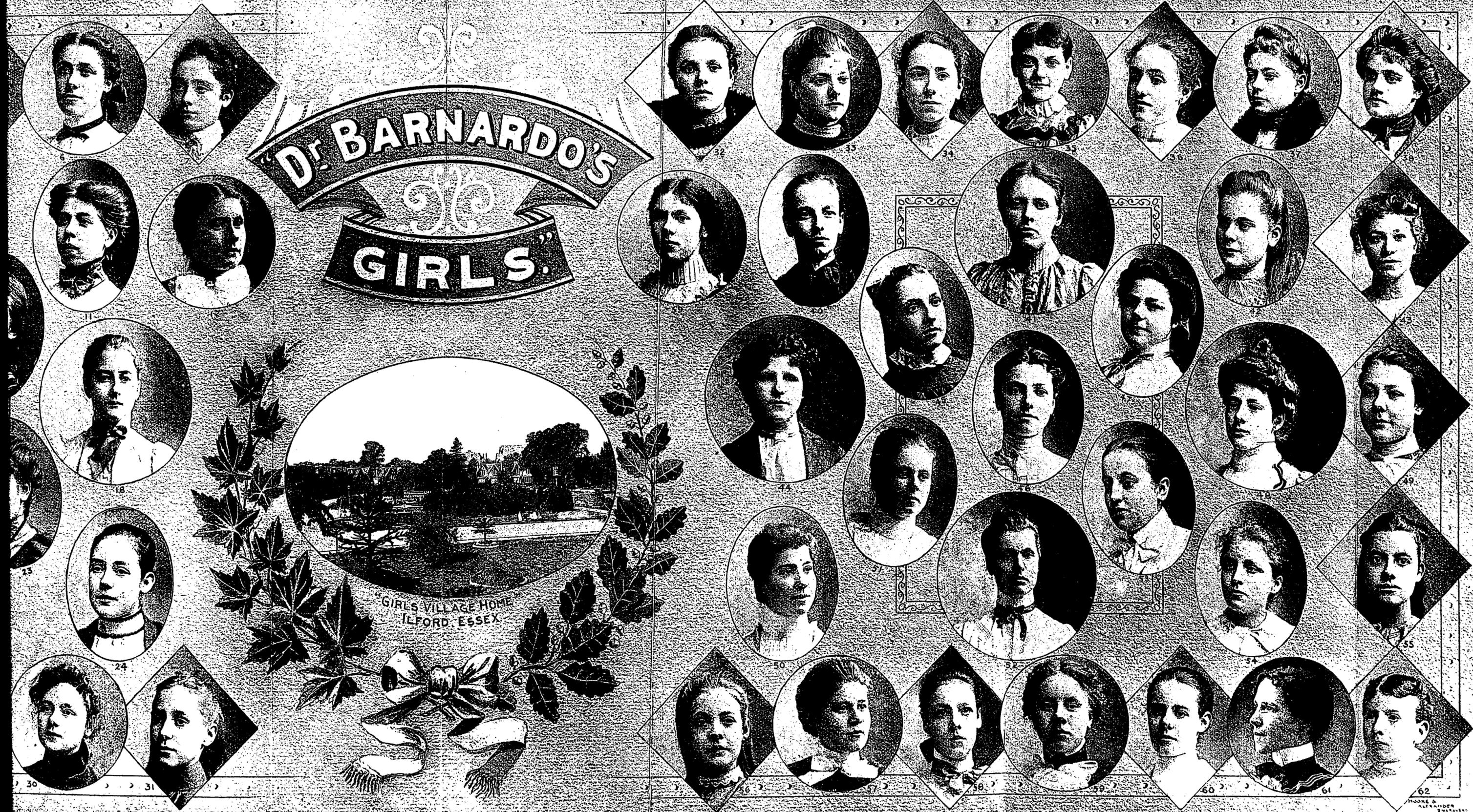


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|----------------|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Emily White | 7. Mary Dyer      | 13. Elizabeth Wood | 19. Winifred Young  | 25. Emily Taylor  | 31. Elizabeth Taylor |
| 2. Mary Little | 8. Gertrude Evans | 14. Jane Caspary   | 20. Mary Young      | 26. Lily Thompson | 32. Mary Taylor      |
| 3. Emily Gray  | 9. Alice Hepburn  | 15. Margaret Baker | 21. Mary Hancock    | 27. Emily Taylor  | 33. Mary Taylor      |
| 4. Gertrude W. | 10. Elizabeth St. | 16. Sarah Wright   | 22. Elizabeth Stone | 28. Emily Taylor  | 34. Mary Taylor      |
|                |                   |                    | 23. Elizabeth Stone | 29. Emily Taylor  | 35. Mary Taylor      |
|                |                   |                    | 24. Elizabeth Stone | 30. Emily Taylor  | 36. Mary Taylor      |

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**GIRLS.**



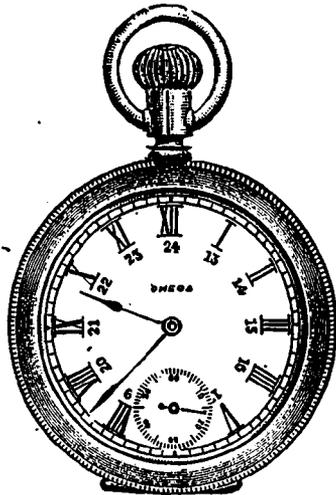
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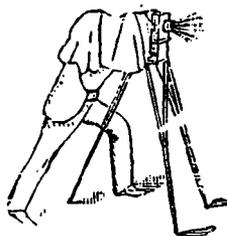
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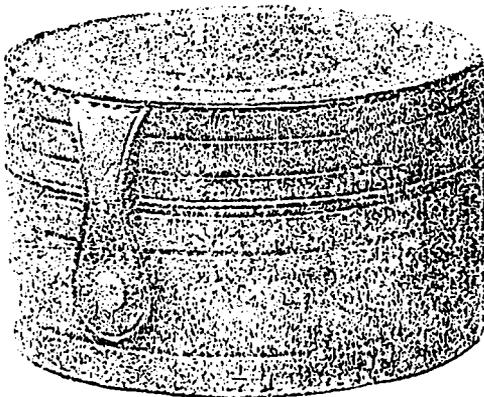
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