

We beg our friend's pardon for printing so much of what was not meant to be made public, but we felt sure it would interest our readers.

'Please accept this trifle (2s.) for the laundry for your orphans. I am a poor widow left to struggle with six. May God's blessing attend it.'

Then comes 5s. with only these words: 'A poor woman's mite towards Sunday breakfasts, or any pressing charity and need.'

'A very old and very poor widow wishes me to send you a piece of Buckinghamshire lace, which she has made herself, and 3d., her offering to your work.'

'I enclose 5s.,' says the next note, 'for the Convalescent Home. It is from a family of orphans who are keeping a home together by hard struggle.'

Again a widow's mite. 'It is very little,' she says, but she wished to give something to the Orphanage in memory of her own dear little girl and boy, now at rest.

2s. 9d. comes next from the captain and crew of the *Ower Lightship*, *Selsey*; and then 10d., the monthly subscription of two servants.

A lady writes:—'There was an appeal for your Convalescent Home in the *BANNER OF FAITH* last summer, and a poor woman in my district has been collecting and saving for it ever since. She brought me the money yesterday (3l. 4s.); a large sum, indeed, for a poor woman to collect.'

We are greatly touched and cheered by all these tokens of sympathy and charity in our poor friends, and are convinced that a work promoted in this way must be blessed and prospered.

'I send 10s.' writes a friend, 'saved by travelling third class instead of second.'

'I send you 2s.,' writes another, 'because I have received an unexpected addition to my purse.'

'Here is 1s. 3d. earned by a little girl by knitting.'

'Lola sends her birthday present of 10s. for starving little ones.'

Then we find a sad little note. 'Enclosed is 5s., collected by darling Edith for the Orphanage just before her death. She took a great interest in your work, and helped at a little sale for it only a few days before her sudden death.'

A kind helper sends us a nicely-made alms bag, with the remark that 'perhaps it will be of use for some poor church.' Indeed it will! We shall pack it up in one of our boxes of

presents, and send it to some poor foreign mission, or colonial church, and it will be gratefully received.

Linden sends a diamond ring to be sold for the benefit of the unemployed starving poor. 'I have no money,' she says. But then the ring is as good as money; we can easily dispose of it for a handsome price, and it will help many a poor family in their fight with cold and hunger.

'I am sending you,' writes a new correspondent, 'a parcel of little shirts made by children of six years old, and patchwork cushions filled with shredded paper, made by little boys.' Very nicely made, too, and very acceptable amongst our poor.

The Vicar J. Bowness, Windermere, sends us 2l. 10s., the proceeds of the children's annual concert. Many thanks to these musical children; we shall hope to hear of them again next year.

A clergyman's widow has sent a very nice silver pocket communion service for one of our missionary friends in Nova Scotia. It gives us the greatest pleasure to receive and forward these valuable and longed-for gifts.

We have a most grateful letter from Moncton, New Brunswick, for presents sent to that Mission. There is here a fine field for work amongst a new and rapidly increasing population, consisting chiefly of railway men and their families, for Moncton is the centre of the Inter-Colonial and Dominion Government Railway. 'There is much poverty, misery, and wickedness,' writes the Rev. A. Hoadley, 'and it would be one of the most blessed works I know of if some lady of means could be found who would come out and enter with us on this field of labour.'

We must make room for one more letter from over the seas before closing our April Jottings. Douglas and Lottie, of Cluny, Tasmania, are very fond of chocolate, it seems, but they have taken to another Sunday treat for a change. They have set up two money-boxes, into which they drop a small coin every Sunday for poor children's dinners. The day for counting up the coins was a delightful one. Baby Dorothy, of two years, suddenly grasped the idea and announced that she must send something for little 'chilluns,' so 1s. 2d. was given to her to make the money an even sum of 30s. This she solemnly placed with the rest, remarking as she did so that 'chilluns can't eat shilluns.'

Some one objects, 'How could such babies know anything about what they were doing?'