

dance; but missis says, "It ain't nothing to do with saints. She's a naughty girl, and more likely it has to do with a devil." And I didn't know, because people were possessed with devils, I've heard tell, long ago, before ever the Bible was wrote, they say.

'At last I was that bad, even my tongue twitched, and I couldn't speak plain, so I was took to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Oh, it did seem nice and quiet lying in bed there! I was there a long time, and one day a lady came and gave me a little Testament for my own.

'When I got better I went straight to another place the lady got me, but it wasn't like the first. My new missis was so good and kind, and when I told her about my other place and my home she said, "Poor child, you've been in a sort of war." I was only there a fortnight before they sent me here to get stronger. I have been happy here.'

Annie has been so good since she came to us, that one wonders how such a child should have come from such a home. Her troubles have made her very tender-hearted and sympathetic. She is quite a little mother to the smaller convalescents, never weary of helping and taking care of them.

It is strange, and beautiful too, to see in this untaught girl some dim perception of God's mysterious dealings. She seems to feel that His hand has guided her through the rough waves of misery into peaceful waters at last. 'I couldn't have got away from that place if it hadn't been for my illness,' she says, and adds in a lower tone, 'seems as if God made me ill to get me away.'

Annie's kind friend is now about to send her to a good training school for young servants, that she may be fitted to take some better place than that of lodging-house drudge.

Harry C., a sweet tiny boy of five, has come to us; we are entreated to keep him as long as possible, for the doctor says sea air is the last hope for him, only sea air and bathing and good food can save the little life. His father and mother are hard-working, respectable people, but the father is laid up with pleurisy, and it is hard times with them now. They have lost six children out of ten; they love this sweet little fellow dearly, and eagerly caught at any hope of saving him.

When Harry arrived we were afraid that even sea air could not do much for him; his small face was almost transparent, and his eyes feverishly bright; but now we begin to hope

that he may grow quite strong. We shall miss the dear little man, and on his part he tells us that he means to stay here until he is old.

He is not alone in this wish to stay on, or come again; the children often write to us and beg to come 'next year.'

A little girl wrote the other day to say how every one wondered to see her so 'big and strong;' and 'Please, mother says she has to let out all my clothes, for I've grown so fat at the sea-side.'

And now, dear readers, you see what we want your help for; just, under God's blessing, to give life and health to children such as these, who, without some such means as we would offer them, must either waste away into an early grave, linger on as miserable sufferers, or be helpless burdens in poor homes. Will you not put a hand to the work? Many hands make light work. If all who read this will help only a little, the work will be done.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell, Secretary of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W. Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application.

Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Jottings would need twice the space we can give them did we note down half the interesting entries in our journal. We choose what we think will be most generally interesting, and unwillingly leave the rest.

Help from abroad. It takes us first as we turn over the pages. From the Diamona fields, Kimberley, a little girl who has collected 13s. sends it for the Orphanage, with a message that she has been much pleased to do so. Then a little boy in New Zealand sends his collection of 2l. for the Sunday breakfasts; and A. B. from Heywood, New Zealand, 2l. 0s. 6d. and a small parcel for the Orphanage.

A missionary in Zanzibar writes:—'I know something of the sufferings of the poor in former winters when I was in a poor London parish. The thermometer here is at 85°—95° in the shade, and this reminds me how they will be vainly trying to keep out the cold in these hard times. Thinking of this, I have enclosed