

but only weighed 17 lbs. Yet in spite of his colourless little face and wasted limbs Georgie, on his first introduction, looked at us almost as if he meant to say, 'Oh! but I *shall* get well if you'll only keep me long enough in this sunshine. How can you expect a baby to grow who never sees the blue sky, and has passed his life in the third-floor-back of a narrow street?'

There was much to be done for Georgie. We had to teach him first how to smile, and then how to talk, and all this had to be done in three weeks, without mentioning the clothing of his poor little bones with flesh. We set to work in good earnest, time being short, and almost doubted whether much could be done for him in three weeks. Our Heavenly Father, who cares for little children, was not unmindful of this lamb of His fold. We need not have been anxious about Georgie. Miles away from Broadstairs an aged friend was working for us, and longing to restore some sick child to health.

'I have had a drawing-room sale, and most successful it has been,' she wrote; 'every garment has been sold, and I am now able to ask you to choose a little patient who would benefit by a longer stay in your beautiful Home.' With what thankful hearts we read that letter! Of course Georgie remained after that, and daily grew fatter, and at last could almost express what he wished to say on the day of his arrival. 'Didn't I tell you so? I *meant* to get well; and, of course, now I am better I can smile, and I am beginning to talk, too.'

'Mother says I'm a *first-rate* cook;' the little speaker drew herself up and stood upon her toes. It was necessary to make herself look as important as possible, as she was only twelve, and small for her age. 'Yes, that is what mother says. "Your stews be always beautiful," she says; and then off she'd go to the hospital, where poor father were lying dangerously ill with dropsy, and she'd leave me to mind the children and cook the dinner. Mother had leave to stay with father all night, and if he were better in the afternoon she'd come home to dinner—to *my* dinner, what I'd cooked, you know. Where did I learn to cook? Why, of course, at your own schools at Kilburn. I've been to your schools, Sister, ever since I was three years old, and that's a *long, long* time ago. There's twenty-four girls in the cooking-class—twelve cook and twelve look on. I can make puddings

and meat pies, and ever such a lot of nice things; that's why mother says I'm a *first-rate* cook; and now I'm stronger I mean to go back home and work ever so hard. Mother won't be able to spare me much longer, 'cos there's no one to look after baby. Mother goes to work; father aint well enough yet to earn any money, you see, nor we don't know when he *will* be well enough.'

'I like the cot I'm sleeping in.'

'Which one is it, dear?'

"In memory of a dear old nurse," said the feeble little voice, quaintly.

Maggie was in mourning for her parents; both had recently died of consumption, and she inherited the disease. 'Night is the worst time,' she said to us in her funny little old-fashioned way. 'I drops off to sleep *sometimes*, but the cough wakes me up.'

There is a comic side even to life amongst little convalescents.

'My father,' said Tommy, 'has two bankers; he earns a lot of money—he does!'

'Indeed,' we said, looking at the ragged, under-fed little figure before us, and thinking of certain firms in Lombard Street.

'Yes, *two* bankers,' he repeated, with emphasis.

'Can you tell me their names?'

Tommy looked very solemn for a moment.

'Well, I knows they are two *burial* bankers, and that's all. 'Father pays twopence a week to one for 'imself, and twopence a week to 't'other for mother.'

Tommy then proceeded to remark:

'All my parents are Christians.'

'Why, how many have you?' we asked.

'Oh! I don't know *zactly* that, but they are *all* Christians.'

'And your father, Tommy, is he a good man? Does he ever go to church?'

'*Man!*' (with much excitement), 'he ain't a *man* at all, mum; he's a gentleman.'

The Orphanage of Mercy and S. Mary's Convalescent Home are not local institutions. They receive destitute orphans and sick children from all parts of the country.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s. and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell and Miss Frances Ashdown, Secretaries of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.