

A stitch in time saves nine. A little help at the outset, you see, saved a whole family.

Now we have run through some little details of that hand and heart service which was given to the poor by one loving, earnest worker, and we come to another matter arising from it.

In her ministrations to the London poor, Mrs. Crowie was frequently perplexed by meeting with cases of sickness which good food, fresh air, and nursing might benefit, if not cure, but these remedies could only be obtained by gaining the sufferer entrance into a Convalescent Home, and then, when the letter or ticket was procured it too often happened that there was a disqualification which rendered all previous arrangements void. The patient was too old, or too young, or too helpless, or the malady was one not received at the particular institution in question; so hope was quenched, and the poor invalid returned disappointed to the poor home just left. What could then be done? Little or nothing.

So many cases of this sort came to Mrs. Crowie's knowledge, that at last it seemed pointed out that she should give up her district nursing and undertake a most necessary work, that of establishing a *Home between the Homes*. Such a home she has set on foot; it is intended for patients disqualified for the ordinary Convalescent Homes, for incurables and the paralysed, and for others who could not be admitted into a hospital. Rooms are also set apart for poor gentlewomen, and others recovering from serious illness, whose means will only admit of their paying a small sum to those undertaking their care.

This Home has actually been open for the last two years. Already some 250 patients of both sexes have benefited by it. Many have been cared for and nursed, entirely free. The house stands in a healthy village, three miles from Eastbourne, in the midst of the South Downs, a spot in every way suited to the purpose. At present infectious cases are the only ones refused; it is contemplated to open a second house for such. Then it will, it is hoped, actually become a fact, that no sick and needy person will be turned from the doors.

The founder of this much-needed Home has, however, little of this world's goods on which to depend for the sustenance of her helpless flock, and she appeals to all who sympathise with the sick poor, to assist her by donations towards the expenses of the house. Besides strengthening food, she requires couches, easy chairs, air pillows, and almost every other

appliance for the relief of the sick and helpless within the Home. Farther information may be obtained, and all contributions sent to

Rev. E. W. FOLEY,
Jevington Rectory,
Polgate, Sussex.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Jottings were cut short last month by the press of other matter, and we are left with an accumulation of interesting entries from which we find it difficult to select.

Our best plan, we think, will be to take each as it comes, without attempting a selection, until want of space bids us stop.

We have some pleasant acknowledgments to make. One to 'A Carpenter' who sends 5s. 'for the Boys' Orphanage as a thank-offering for the blessings of full work and good health.' Another to 'A Bachelor,' 2s. thank-offering for a safe passage from Ireland. 'A Bachelor' says: 'Children are my delight. God bless them! I love them all, even the little ragged dirty ones.'

H. A. G. calls herself 'A cross, sour, selfish old maid,' but we beg leave to question this, for she sends us 10s. for our orphan boys, and says that she, too, loves little children.

Our next letter is from a soldier in the Soudan. He says:—'Sitting in my tent to-day reading a copy of the BANNER OF FAITH, sent me from dear old England, my eye caught the words 'Work for God at Home and A'road,' and my heart went up to ask for a blessing on the few shillings I am able to spare for the Orphanage. I miss my own three little pets left in England, and I wonder what would become of them if they lost their father and mother. You know how full of dangers a soldier's life is. As here, for instance, under the piercing rays of a tropical sun, contending against fierce fanatics; sleeping night after night by our horses' heads, nothing to shelter us from the bitter cold—a contrast of night and day known only in the East—our lives are very uncertain. For the sake of bringing a blessing on our own, whom we might leave destitute, we ought to try to do something for the orphans others have left. Fifteen shillings is all I can spare, but if you will send me a card for collecting 30s., I am sure I can get it amongst the men of our troop.'