

looks unfinished outside, and is roofless. Much interior work is done, but there is much yet to be thought of. Many doors, window-sills, much wainscoting and finishing, and all sorts of inside fittings are still wanting. And then the furnishing!

What can we say to induce the friends of the children of the poor to put forth a helping hand? We know of nothing so constraining as the touching facts which show the extremity of the need. The children shall plead for themselves.

We take the following haphazard from our Convalescent Home Journal of last season:

Lily Watson is a weary little worker, worn out with the cares and toils which have come upon her before she has the strength to bear them. Many of these overworked children come to us—poor, puny, white-faced things. The little hands, just of the right size to be dressing dolls, roughened with hard work. The little hearts, which should be full of childish joys, burdened with anxieties and troubles. As Lily talks of her home her eyes fill with tears. 'Father's away; he could get no work in England, so he thought he'd try America, but he's been away a year now, and he hasn't sent us any money. Mother's got something the matter with her hands and her knee, so she can't do much, and I do most of the work in the house, but I'm always so tired, I can't get on very fast. We don't have much to eat, but then mother and me ain't hungry, because we're not very well, you see, so it doesn't matter so much as not having plenty to eat. I like being here. I'm hungrier here, and there's such nice things to eat, only I can't help thinking about poor mother, and wondering how she's getting on.'

Mary Goodson's home was formerly very comfortable. The father had good employment as a clerk, and all went well until, as Mary says, 'we all had a fever, and the one that was worst of all was father's pet—our Emmie; she's only four. She'd been delicate all her life, and the fever left her a dreadful abscess on her neck. Sometimes we couldn't keep her in bed, the pain was so bad. Father would have done anything for her, and just at this time his work stopped at the office for a bit, so he nursed her always, and wouldn't let any one else see to her. I don't know exactly how it happened, but, with dressing her neck, they said he got something into his hand—poisoned it, and he got a worse abscess than Emmie's. He went very thin and quite yellow in his face,

and we were all very miserable. Then one day Lucy ran into the room, and she was crying, and saying over and over again, "Oh, father's going away! father's going away!" It was quite true, he was going to the hospital. But when he was there he didn't get better, and at last his arm was cut off. Mother did cry then; she said she couldn't cry before, and when she had a good cry she felt better.

'They said father kept fancying we were all with him in the hospital, and kept calling to us. We were happy when we got him back, but he couldn't do his work any longer. He has learned now to write with his left hand, but it isn't the same, and people won't have him. He gets a newspaper, and looks what he can do. It's our own little house, so we've no rent to pay, and we've a little money in the savings bank yet, but when that's used up, father says what shall we do? Mother's very delicate, and so are nearly all of us. I tried to do housework once, because I wanted to help mother and father, but it made me very ill, and mother said I wasn't to try again.'

Annie Charters is one of the little overworked women of twelve. This is what she tells in answer to our questions:—'I've had St. Vitus's dance, ma'am. The doctor said it was with doing work that was too hard for me, me being only twelve. I was general servant, you see, and I had almost everything to do in the house, and six children to mind.

'I didn't have much to eat. Missis was a poor woman herself, and had to work hard to get food for her own children, so I had just what they could spare, you see—bread and sugar it was most days; but the sugar wasn't nice like this sugar, it tasted strong like.

'Missis was cruel to me sometimes, but then she'd lots of troubles herself, and they made her feel cross and bad. I used to work from six in the morning till eleven at night. Oh, wasn't I glad when I could get to bed and have a cry! but I had to cry quiet, so that she couldn't hear me. It was no use thinking of going away, because I've got a step-mother at home, and she's crueller than missis; she'd have half killed me if I'd left my place.

'At last something happened that got me away comfortable. I got ill. First it was a pain in my wrist, then my fingers began twitching about, so I couldn't do my work properly. That made missis very angry. She said I was doing it on purpose.

'Then my legs began twitching same as my hands, and some one said it was *St. Viper's*