

asked to go and see father, and then the nurse told me he was dead—he had been dead a month.

'And so we stayed on, and we thought we should never get out, but a lady got us here at last, and we're going to stop here till we're quite big and grewed up.'

Four tiny sisters, the eldest six years old and the youngest quite a baby, are amongst our new comers—nice bright little things they are, with their closely-cropped heads. Their mother died last April, and the father, only thirty years of age, after struggling along for a few months, trying to lay out his ten shillings a week to the best advantage for his little family, and to manage so that they should miss their mother's care as little as possible, made an end of his life in a fit of despair.

The little girls thus orphaned have settled down very happily with us.

Another wee thing, only just able to talk, arrived at the same time. 'Have you any brothers and sisters, Dot?' was asked. 'Oh yes,' said Baby Dot, 'I've got a lot!' 'And what are their names?' 'Oh, one of 'em is Granny, and one is Aunt Mary, and one is Aunt Fanny, and lots more. They said they was too many, so I came here.' We feel very thankful when any such helpless infants can be brought into our nursery to be cared for and loved and shielded from harm.

It is as if some little frail, storm-tossed boat had at last drifted safely into the harbour.

There are many orphaned girls as young as these in all parts of England waiting until we can take them in. How we long to hasten the day when our Queen Victoria Orphanage may open its doors to another hundred!

We preach patience to ourselves, and say the day will come, for surely it is God's Will that these homeless, desolate little ones should be cared for. He is the Father of the fatherless, and will provide for these children, whom He loves with a special and tender love.

A poor mother in Newfoundland has sent us the savings of a dearly loved son, a choir boy, ten years old, who died of diphtheria. Shortly before his death he begged his mother to give the four shillings he had saved to the parish priest to help someone in distress, and so it comes here for English orphans—children of one family with the little choir boy.

Our children have had a nice hamper from Great Totham friends. 'It is not,' said they, 'from those to whom God has given much and blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, but from those who have to pinch and plan for their own needs. One poor widow has cast in her mite—*part* at least of her living, for she is glad to sell her garden produce for her living.' Such givers as these none on earth can recompense, 'but they shall be recompensed at the Resurrection of the Just.'

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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.

