

I do like it, it's them great warm baths I like, 'cos you see my back's so comfortable when I'm in one of them. It doesn't hurt me a bit, and it's always hurting other times.

'The doctor says I must keep on lying down flat, or else it will never be better. I used to be running about all day, I couldn't keep still, but I'm glad enough to be still now, and it's rare and nice on the sands lying flat and feeling nice fresh air blowing over me.

'They say I've grown quicker than I'd strength for, and they say air off the sea, and plenty to eat, will, maybe, set me all right. Father's a sackmaker, and grandmother lives along of us, and there's a good lot of us children, so we can't get as much to eat as we want. We go to school when we're well enough, but we're most of us a bit ailing.'

Little six-year-old Fanny says, 'Them big girls of yours call me a baby, but I'm not a baby nor near one. Why, I minds babies myself when I'm at home! There now, I wonder what they'd think of me then? I've two big babies all to myself.

'The youngest is two years old, and it's bigger than the oldest. The oldest don't grow much; father says it's them bad drains close to us that stops it growing. We're all sickish, and then father always says—*drains*. But I don't believe there is any drains here. I never smells 'em, and I expect Jenny would grow fast enough here.

'Mother sent me a letter yesterday—she says she do miss me. She hasn't nobody to mind babies now, and she doesn't know how ever to get along. If it wasn't for minding them, I would like finely to live here. Mother says I shall get stronger arms and legs here. They do ache sometimes, and so does all the rest of me. But I hardly ached at all yesterday, nor yet to-day neither.'

'Oh! it is nice to have a dinner every day,' says Prissy, a hungry-looking child of nine. 'At home we only has one on Monday and Wednesday now. We're very poor, 'cos father's been out of work all winter. When I'm at home I scrub, and sweep, and work all day—best I can—but I can't please stepmother. When I came here she said she was glad to be rid of such a little plague, and she wished she was rid of me altogether. I'm sure I wish she was. I should be glad if I was one of your orphans, ma'am, and lived with you always. When she shouts at me, it makes me fret and get all into a fright; and father, he thinks I shall pine away. I am that thin my clothes

seems as if they must come off sometimes, but I'm getting fatter here. Why, I don't think as the hooks and eyes will meet in a bit, and I never want to sit down in a corner to cry! I wish you would keep me and never send me back.'

Little Anna has a different story. Her poor home has love in it, and we are glad to find that this is the rule. We ask her what ails her. She says, 'Please, ma'am, it's a bad place on my leg—abscess, they call it; it do hurt, and most at nights—it seems to get too hot then, and then I cries, 'cause it is so bad. I fell down in the back garden when I was carrying baby and playing with little brother—and baby wasn't hurt, not a bit. Mother said it wasn't much of a place on my leg, but I was weakly, and it didn't heal right.

'And, please, I've never been away from mother before (with a little sob), and I do want her badly sometimes. She's only got me—father's dead and I takes care of her, and cleans the house, and minds baby, and she goes a-charing when she's well. Baby's cutting his teeth, and he's very fretful, and I expect mother wants me badly.' But this tender-hearted little Anna has very happy times here, for she finishes up with 'Oh! I do love riding in that there donkey-cart; how nice it do trot! And the bath, we do have fun in it—and if I had baby on them sands I wouldn't want never to go off them.'

We have found the way to the heart of many a poor father and mother by the help which we have been able to give to their little ones here. We know of fathers who have said they thought it didn't sit well on them to say anything against religion, if religion made people get up a home like this—that hymn-singing and saying her prayers had done no hurt to their girl; for ever since she came back from Broadstairs she seemed to have them things running in her head, and she behaved herself wonderfully better than she used to.

We have a letter from a mother full of thankfulness for the renewed health of her two little ones after serious illness. She prays that God will bless all who have joined in providing this place. 'And I think He will,' she says, 'for the dear children's sake, for He loved little children, and He is sure to bless good folks that love them and help them.'

There is, we are persuaded, no better way to spread the Gospel of Love than to show it forth by loving deeds to Christ's little ones.

Who will help to spread the Gospel in this