

Jenny's small pinched face filled out and took a healthy colour before the end of her stay with us, and she went home more fit to be a help to the poor ailing mother who 'musn't be ill.'

Little Annie May, aged thirteen, is old in suffering. This is her second visit to us. The doctors think the case is curable, but her strength must be built up before she can undergo what is necessary to put the poor little injured frame right. She tells us that she has been two years and a half at different times in a hospital—most of the time strapped down in her bed—and that she has had three operations performed.

'Oh dear! I've got to have another soon, but they say I must be a bit stronger before they does it, or maybe I shan't pull through, and I'm the only girl mother has. Broadstairs made me ever so much better last time, and I expect it will again.'

Here is a letter lately received: 'I should be very thankful if you could take a little girl into your Co. valescent Home as soon as possible; her name is Lily Allen; she is just thirteen, but so small you would hardly believe she was more than eight or nine. She has had no illness, but is very weakly, and I hope a little sea air may strengthen her enough to enable her to go to a place.'

'Her father, a tailor with eight children, is very poor.'

When Lily arrived, we saw a little white-faced child with bright eyes, which looked all the brighter for the dark circles round them—too true tokens of ill-health.

'And are you really the little girl the lady writes about getting strong to go into service?' said we.

'Oh yes, ma'am,' was the reply; 'why, I've been in two places already. In the first I worked from morning to night, and then I got ill. When I was better, I went out again. Oh, it was nice there, but my dear lady's gone away to Ireland, and I shall have to find another now. It was her that sent me here to get better. I used just to do odd things for her, and it was nice and easy; I shan't get such another place. You see I must work. Father can't afford to keep us all. He's often ill himself, and has to do his tailoring as well as he can with an old cushion at his back to prop him up. Oh, I know these baths will set me up; they do make me feel so nice—just as if I could run about and do a day's work.'

Do not turn away, dear readers, and say, 'Why, it's all the same old tale over again.' So

it is, and that is why it is so pitiful—that is why it pulls so hard at our heart strings. If there were but a few such tales—well, they would be sad enough to stir up all to help who heard them. But the remembrance that there are hundreds—nay, thousands—of such cases, should so appeal to us, that we should never rest until we have each one done our best to bring some hope to these little suffering lives.

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

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application.

Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

THIS Journal, as most of our readers know, is kept at the Orphanage of Mercy, Kilburn. It is chiefly a record of representative bits out of our letters, and a medium for acknowledging anonymous gifts; but we do not want quite to crowd out of it the daily events which occur in our large family.

This month's letters shall take the second place.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of receiving a very welcome deputation from the Rainham Working Party. The object of their visit was to choose one of our orphans for whose special maintenance they might work, and in whom they might take a lasting interest. Four of our most prepossessing little ones were chosen out, and with well-brushed hair, clean hands and tuckers, were sent upstairs on approval. Of these, two were first to be presented, and in case of their not quite suiting the taste of the deputation, the other two were in reserve to follow.

Zillah and Ellie look'd bonny and beaming enough for any one's choice, we thought, as they stood before the ladies—but at the end of the interview no decision had been arrived at, a little to our disappointment. Yes, the ladies said, they were very nice children—so bright and taking; but—well, at last the 'bnt' was explained. It was in the mind of the Rainham Working Party that a bright, taking child would some time or other be cared for by one of our many friends, and they rather thought