

Neck, also a very hard worker, was almost broken-hearted at the distress of his people. He has had a share of the alms of Christian people through the BANNER, and has expressed himself most grateful for the timely aid.

The help sent by our little magazine to poor people so far distant, astonishes and delights the Newfoundland fishermen, and enables them to realise the happiness of belonging to a Church which cares for its members in all parts of the world.

We are Christians, we have brethren everywhere, we say, as we send our sixpences and shillings to Newfoundland.

And 'We are Christians, so our English brethren care for us,' say the poor fisher-folk in those regions, as our money buys them food and fuel, and ticks them over a bad time.

Infidels have no such bond, no such help to lean upon.

Please help again other very poor districts in the island, where men, women, and little children are almost at starvation point. Address the Secretary,

Miss H. WETHERELL,
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

S. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Our little collecting paper is doing good service, thanks to the kind hearts which have been touched by the simple and pitiful stories of our little convalescents.

Many well-to-do children have been drawn to think of troubles and needs they have never known, and many poor ones to sympathise with sufferings because they have felt the same. The post brings us daily proofs of this in returned collecting papers, accompanied by sums larger or smaller, according to the opportunities or zeal of the collectors.

This morning we have from Frank 2l., partly saved out of his pocket-money, to send a poor child for three weeks' sea-air and change. He wishes to know who will profit by the gift. Little Edith J., one of seven children. Father out of work this long time, and losing his reason through trouble. Mother earns 9s. weekly, but house-rent is high in towns, and they owe 12s. for rent. All their poor furniture went long ago. One child is deaf and dumb, and Edith is very weak and ailing. The family

is in a state of half starvation, and nothing can be done for her at home; they must have let her die if Frank's 2l. had not come just at the right time.

Little lame Amy took the collecting paper out of the BANNER, and sent us 8s. which she had managed to get together in two months.

She says, 'I hope you will excuse me keeping it so long. I am a little lame girl. I have an abscess in my foot. I have been ill for eight years. I have got no father, and there are nine of us. Mother has to work very hard to get us food enough.' We made interest with some kind friends, who have sent Amy to the Children's Hospital at Brighton. She will probably have a slight operation performed on her foot, which may cure or greatly reduce the lameness. And then, strengthened by sea air and good food, she may go home to her mother quite a useful little helper instead of a sad burden.

We are glad that Amy's pity for other sufferers has brought her such a reward.

Having had such good proof that none can plead for our little convalescents as they can themselves, we shall again give some of their own stories.

Jenny S. says: 'We don't live in a street; it's called a yard what we lives in. There's mother and me, and my little sister and brother. Father used to be there, but he isn't now.' Then in a low, confidential voice, 'Father went away after work and never came back, and we was glad when he didn't come back. We hope he won't—not never.'

'Why?'

'Oh, you see he used to beat mother dreadful. Did he beat us children? No, becos we always runned away, so he didn't get the chance.'

'We used to watch to have a peep at him as he comed in, to see if he seemed like as if he'd be kind at all, and if he didn't we ran away. We asked mother if she wouldn't come too, but she wouldn't. Once he gave mother two black eyes. Now he's gone, we get on comfortable, and mother goes out to work.'

'We're not very well off. We has bread and dripping for our dinners most days; but we would rather have neither bread nor dripping than have father about the place, we was so frightened of him. Mother's delicate, and sometimes she looks ever so white and bad; but when I asks her if she's ill, she says, "Oh no, there ain't much the matter with me, child—I musn't be ill;" and she goes off to work all the same.'