

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.



UR letter-bag shows that many of our correspondents have found that

All earthly joys are less,
Than the one joy of doing kindnesses.

This age is happy at least in one thing, that there are so many workers as well as givers.

There is surely the seed of good things to come in the practical contact of class with class, the well-to-do with the poor, the healthy and the strong with the sick and suffering.

And when acts of love are done for the love of God, accompanied with an uplifting of the mind to Him, that He may consecrate and bless the work and make it what it should be, then the service is of the right kind, and will have its reward. Then the least act of mercy from the least and weakest being done in union with Him who had compassion on the multitude, and wept over the cities of men, will be very pleasing in the sight of our Heavenly Father.

We have a very tender place in our hearts for the poor and the children who send us the fruits of their self-denial to distribute.

Here are specimens of letters which we know our readers will enjoy.

A lady writes: 'The two pairs of stockings will keep some little legs warm. They are the gift of a dear old woman of ninety-two, who said to me one day, "I cannot bear of all being so busy doing something to help the poor children, and sit here by my comfortable fire, with my hands across, doing nothing." So out of her parish allowance—her only means of support—she has saved enough to buy some black worsted, and her busy fingers have produced the two pair of beautifully-knitted stockings which I have just received with the message, "They are nobody's present." Surely this is a close imitation of our Master's humility, charity, and self-denial. The dear old woman has long been a bright example of contentment and patience to all about her.'

'A little girl sends a birthday hamper. It is her own happy birthday, and she desires to give pleasure to other children who have no

rich parents, or uncles, or aunts to remember them.' We find in our journal a record of the pleasure her presents gave. The visitor started with a big basket on her arm filled with toys, fruit, cakes, &c. First she arrives at Willie's home. There was the poor boy sitting motionless, and looking as one recovering from typhoid-fever might be expected to look. 'Well, Willie,' says his visitor to the listless child, 'what are you thinking about?' 'Nothing,' says Willie. 'I don't know what to play with;' and very deplorable he looks as he adds, 'I've not got n. thing to do.' 'Will this be any good to you?' asks she, producing a hidden treasure from under her cloak. How that melancholy little white face brightened up, and how busy the weak, thin hands quickly became!

The next call was where a child lay ill of erysipelas. She was made very happy with oranges and toys, and when told that a little lady had sent them, she ventured to send a shy little message of thanks.

Next the visitor went to a child who has been in bed a year with abscesses; his poor little heart was gladdened by the sight of the cake and fruit, and for a whole week he lived on part of the contents of the birthday hamper. This is what anybody's birthdays may do in bringing pleasure into sad, suffering lives. Is there any better method of ensuring that the returns of the day shall indeed be happy, and of giving a certain hope that the birthday joy is not over with the day?

At one of our schools we have a missionary collecting-box, and for some time past the little folks have been putting in what they could. The other day little Violet was missing, but a note was brought by one of her school-fellows, and a crumpled piece of paper, in which a coin was carefully wrapped up. The note was from the child's mother. It said: 'Poor little Violet is ill and cannot come to school, but she wants to send her farthing for the box with her love.' The children had been told that there are more than 800,000,000 children in heathen lands without a knowledge of Christ, and that their mites were of value and use in God's work.

We have some poor helpers who carefully mend up old clothes and send them to our