

Mrs. Hollins's, at the end of the lane—it's a long lane, and a long way from here. We came in the train, and we saw a lot o' little ducks playing in a fresh green field; they did like it. I'm free, I am, and when I get a big man I shall smoke a pipe and take my Polly for a treat in the train again. Father's dead and mother's dead, though I give her my three bisenits. I axed her, "Will they make you better, mother?" and she said, "Yes, Freddie," and I give her all three, and she died. It was the doctor killed her, I know, 'cos he didn't let her have no tea. I put the tea in the pot and I got hold of the kettle, and the doctor he comes and calls out quite sharp at me, "You stop a-doing that;" so mother didn't get no tea, and then she died.'

Libby was a starved little Londoner who had to be taught to eat. She had evidently never sat down to a good wholesome meal, but had subsisted on street penn'orths. At the sight of dinner, so eagerly welcomed by her hearty little companions, Libby's eyes would fill with tears, and down would go the spoon. 'Don't like meat, don't like soap, don't like 'tatoes, don't like pudding.' 'What do you like, Libby?' 'Well, I like cocoa-nut, and winkles, and shrimps, and oranges. Give me some winkles, then, or else some cocoa-nut, if you like.' Our country readers may not have seen a 'winkle' stall set out with oyster-shells and medicine-bottles. Each oyster-shell contains about a dozen winkles picked from their shells; a little vinegar is added at the moment of eating and a sprinkling of pepper. The winkles are eaten at the stall and the shell returned to be re-filled. The stall-holder keeps up a monotonous cry of 'Winkles, winkles! twelve a penny, vinegar and pepper extra for nothing.' Shrimps can be bought from an open barrow steaming in the sun for a halfpenny a handful, the young consumers seating themselves on the kerb-stone for greater convenience in pinching off the heads and tails.

No wonder little Libby's digestion was so injured, that, when after a while she would have eaten, the cry came, 'I'm hungry, and I would eat my dinner, only my pains is so bad I can't.' We hope that a few months of careful feeding and attention will cure the longing for unwholesome dainties, and that the mischief worked by them will pass away. We must not lengthen the list of destitute, neglected little ones, or we shall weary our readers.

Just one moment. You have looked on that picture, now turn to this. We cannot stop to paint it; a few words will give the outline—they shall be our children's own words—

'Why, we're like little girls as has mothers now.' And if any one will go to Willesden and look down the ranks of our bonny boys, the verdict will be, 'They look like boys who have fathers and mothers and a good safe home.' We have about 320 now, girls and boys.

Perhaps heads of families of ten and twelve children may guess something of what this means in the way of maintenance, clothing, shoeing, doctoring, teaching, and general wear and tear of everything they come in contact with. Others can only very faintly imagine it.

As we write fresh candidates for admission are at our doors. 'Can you give a home to a dear little girl from the north, whose mother, a hard-working laundress, is dying? If you have no home for the child she can have none; only the workhouse is open to her.' Happily we shall be able to make a little more room shortly, and then we shall send for her and others from different parts of England to come home.

We find that while many poor widows are driven to the workhouse a laundress can generally manage to struggle on and keep her fatherless little ones; and this has made us anxious to train some of the girls to laundry work.

A laundry is recognised on all sides as such a necessary feature in a large industrial institution that surprise has often been expressed by our visitors that we have managed so long without one.

In the new extension of our building a laundry is being provided. The expense is great. Can any one who reads this give us ever such a little lift towards meeting our very large expenses?

A poor man once said—

'There is a great pleasure in contemplating good. There is a greater pleasure in receiving good. But the greatest pleasure is in doing good; it includes all the rest.'

Will our readers join us in the great pleasure of doing this particular good—helping to make and maintain a free home for orphan girls and boys?

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 50s., 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.