

Here Mr. Hilton's notes end, but only because he has not the time to write more.

No wonder Missionaries long for help in their work among the North American Indians. They have so much that is noble in their disposition, and yet they are the slaves of a cruel and dark form of worship.

How naturally do our hearts ask—in the words of Bishop Heber's hymn—

Can we, whose souls are lighted?
By wisdom from on High;
Can we to man benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?

When you hear a Missionary sermon preached, or attend a Missionary meeting, do think of these poor Indians waiting to be Christianised, and give of your means as liberally as you can.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

S. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME, BROADSTAIRS.

DEAR readers, we hope you are not tired of the sad little histories of our poor convalescents, because we have it in our minds to continue them during these summer months.

They are very heart-touching, and we do want to touch your hearts with the crying needs of these young sufferers.

England has done so little for them yet, and they need so much.

This was true when first we began our Home, and now it is doubly true. In these trying times the difficulties the poor have to contend with, in bringing up their families, are increased, until they seem to be growing into terrible impossibilities. All that can be done is to keep body and soul together when the children are fairly healthy. Without some such help as this Home the weakly ones will often perish.

So we resume our Broadstairs Journal:

One of our subscribers wrote lately entreating us to find room for 'a little girl suffering from debility and threatened with blindness, which the doctors say sea air and good food may possibly avert.' It would have been hard indeed to refuse such a case, and when Mary Brothers told us the pitiful story of her life and home, it made us long to keep her, and nurse and cheer her.

'We've had such a dreadful year, ma'am,' said the poor little girl, with tears in her almost sightless eyes. 'First of all father died from

a fall he had when he was at work. Then we were that poor we didn't know how to get on—only mother to work for us four children. Next I got ill with low fever—the part we lived in was very damp and had smelling. I was in bed six weeks, and not long after that I got bad again—typhoid they called it that time. When I got well from it, my eyes were like they are now. The doctor said I would never get well without I had a move, so then the lady got me here, and I can see a little better already since I came here. Oh! I do hope they'll get well now, and mo not be blind.'

Margaret Fay came to us about the same time from the Canterbury Hospital, looking so white and frail that we almost feared the Broadstairs breezes, in which we have so much confidence, could hardly help her back to health and strength. Poor Margaret could scarcely creep about the room, and her voice was so weak on the first evening of her arrival that we had to listen intently to make out the trembling little whispers.

Next day, however, things looked brighter, for after a long rest and plenty of beef-tea, milk, &c., administered at intervals, Margaret began to look less shadow-like. Every day she ate more and looked stronger, until at last she reached to the genuine convalescent appetite, and we saw her the bright, sprightly child she had been before her illnesses. This is her account of herself:

'I think I was about seven weeks in the hospital, but I am not sure; for part of the time, you see, I was not sensible, and I didn't know anything. I was ever so ill before I went there; my head used to ache dreadful bad, but we didn't know what was the matter till the doctor said it was typhoid.

'Mother did cry when I was took to the hospital.

'She's a widow, and she's only got me and my little brother, so she thinks a lot about us. Father was a soldier, and he died dreadful sudden. He was quite well when he went out one day; I was playing at the window and watching some of the soldiers a long way off, and I saw one of them fall down. I didn't know who it was, nor what was the matter, but it was father, and he had fallen down dead. He was brought in directly. Oh! I shan't ever forget that day.'

Evie Hill, nine years old, was chiefly suffering from starvation. The lady who sent her