

furnishing us with the recipe for our Workmen's Restaurants.

We were sure that this popular ginger-beer must be of a good make, and we are always glad to add a very useful recipe to our collection. Time and space fail us; so we must chronicle no more to-day, as far as English friends are concerned. E. M. S. D. is assured that the garments she sends are very useful.

From Brisbane, Australia, an orphan boy, who happily has a good master, sends us 11., which he has collected for our children. And another 11. comes from the Sunday School children of S. Michael's Church, Mitcham, South Australia, collected chiefly in pennies for the little starving children's breakfasts, they tell us.

And now we come to the missionaries' letters, always so full of interest. The first—from a rough mission in Ontario—thanks us for a little help we were able to send in the way of Church needlework, books, &c., and says:—'Last year I travelled 6,000 miles over rugged roads. Our people are poor and scattered, but willing and self-denying, that they may have "wherewith to serve the Lord, and not come before Him empty." Last summer one little girl walked more than twenty miles with a basket of strawberries, for which she got 1s., which she gave to mission work.'

From Zuurbraak, South Africa, we have a letter of warm thanks for timely help sent by BANNER OF FAITH friends, and for a parcel from the C. E. A. The letter speaks of the delight with which the parcel was unpacked and the contents distributed, and then goes on to say: 'What it will be to be able to leave this Hottentot hut for a habitable mission-house I cannot tell you. We have done what we could out of our little stipend.'

This was barely sufficient for ordinary wants, and those who helped to give this good family

a lift into better quarters, where they might defy colds and rheumatic pains, did well.

Again, our old friend Mr. Sheldon, the medical missionary, writes from Port Essington. He rejoices in having been enabled to drain and fence-in the church and parsonage—pools of water used to settle under. 'We have done it now,' he writes, 'and hope to be able to finish all this winter—four hundred dollars would pay for everything. The people are steadfast and quietly increasing. There is a good foundation laid, and I hope a true and living Church will be built on it. The men are getting up a subscription for your Orphanage.' He writes gratefully about some necessaries and medicines we had been able to send him from the C. E. A. For tooth-forceps, which put him into the position, it seems, of being an almost universal benefactor, he is most thankful. "Lorne Creek, whence I have just returned, is a very rough place, with immense boulders, steep canons, and a wretched "trail," one part of which is a mere foot-hold eked out by a few sticks, which the miners call Jacob's Ladder. It was hard work to get up and down, knowing that the least slip would send one down the canon side into the creek. Yes, the country is rough enough, but the men are worse. I never heard so much profanity in my life, nor saw so much open wickedness. There is a great deal of sickness amongst them too—mountain fever. One man, a butcher, whom I pulled through a bad bout, gave me a hundredweight of corned beef.' The Rev. P. Harding and the Rev. E. Pentreath return grateful thanks to the friends who so kindly send them 'Our Work' and several copies of the 'Banner of Faith.'

Here we must leave off, just adding that any help for the objects named in these jottings may be sent to

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