

the building of a new parsonage to replace the one burnt down three years ago.

'Our parish work,' he writes, 'has been sadly hindered for want of a house. We now have one, but it is unfinished and burdened with a debt of five hundred dollars. Our church building fund, too, is greatly behind, and those who would have been helpers are, through the long bad times, in need of help themselves.

'We know how much want you have in England, but the sufferings of the poor and sick in this harsh climate are terrible.

'I have just come from the death-bed of a poor lad who worked hard for his widowed mother and the younger children, so long as scanty food and insufficient clothing could support him in the too great effort. But at last he took a chill and soon all was over.

'Last week our church chimney was blown down in a furious gale, and with the thermometer below zero we are without a fire in the church. So you see we are in real need.

'I may add that our Bishop has generously given a hundred dollars towards our need, and so in a very practical form commands our needs.'

Old readers of the BANNER OF FAITH took a very kind and generous interest in the work of that brave and faithful Missionary, the Rev. H. Sheldon, of Carriar, Port Essington, and heard with regret of his death by drowning. They will be interested in hearing that at the end of three months his body was found, and lovingly buried by his sorrowing people.

The Rev. Alfred Clarke begs to thank the kind friend who has for some time past sent him the BANNER OF FAITH. He has left Collingwood, Nelson, New Zealand. His address is now—The Parsonage, Patea, Wanganui, New Zealand.

Every week we receive applications for admission to the Orphanage of Mercy. Five times since Christmas we have had to make room *somehow* for friendless orphan children, whose pitiful stories were so heart-rending that we felt bound to compress our overflowing family into narrower limits to make more room. One is a baby not two years old, a delicate little creature, without a relation in the world.

Then came a shy little couple with closely-cropped heads, and a look of the workhouse about them. When they were brought into the Home Nursery all the other tiny girls

looked at them with great interest. It was pretty to see how they did their best to show the new comers that they were welcome. Toys were fetched out of the cupboard, hugs and kisses liberally bestowed, and the frightened pair of strangers assured this was a nice place. Some of the little folks remembered their own first arrival, and their fears lest the Orphanage might prove to be after all only another workhouse. Fanny whispered: 'Oh, I can't make that new little girl laugh, she do look so afraid. Will you try, ma'am? 'cause you made me laugh when I came here.'

Not many days after this three little sisters appeared at the Orphanage.

'They had better go straight to bed,' we said, as we looked at the forlorn little group huddled together like frightened lambs, for a glance was enough to show that all three were ill as well as shy and tired.

They had severe colds, with bronchitis, and baby was cutting her teeth—for two nights we could not leave them, but had to watch and nurse them with the greatest care.

The eldest child was so weak and feverish that for four days she neither ate nor spoke, only drank milk and lay sadly quiet. However, Katie is not the first melancholy-looking little girl we have received at the Orphanage, and she will soon be skipping and laughing and chattering as merrily as the rest of the children.

We know that some of our readers have heard of 'The Depot of the C. E. A.,' a large kind of miscellaneous shop stocked by the liberality of our kind friends with an endless variety of goods old and new. The object of this is to help in gaining funds for making a Home for these homeless, helpless children, where they will be sheltered, loved, and cared for, and grow up to respectable, happy womanhood.

There are great contrasts amongst our goods; for instance, we have in one department pretty water-colour drawings, dainty bits of china, toys, Indian embroidery, and all the elegant little trifles which ladies make in their drawing-rooms. In another department we have old boots and shoes and second-hand wearing apparel of every description, rags, household utensils, old perambulators, &c. Often the wonderful medley which years have accumulated in a garret will be left at our door on the occasion of the family 'moving house' or 'fitting.' These are sorted, ticketed, and speedily sold off to eager customers.