

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

THE BOYS OF CAPE COLONY.

WE have received from Cape Colony an amusing account of how some valiant and persevering schoolboys, under their rector's supervision, built for themselves a school. The whole story is too long for these pages, else should our readers hear, in full, how the schoolroom of this parish (which we are desired not to name) was condemned by the inspector—and, indeed, by all, for it was slowly but surely crumbling away. How there was little or no money forthcoming to build a new one. How the rector, with the fear of a School Board before his eyes, appealed to his scholars; and how these little fellows, the oldest not fourteen, rose up as one man—or rather one boy—and undertook the work. How they dug out the foundations in the solid rock, and wielded pickaxes and trundled barrows with undaunted perseverance. How, after a year's toil, they began to build the walls, and how a friendly carpenter, moved with pity and admiration, volunteered to help them to put on the roof and to make the doors and windows. How they daubed themselves with lime and dirt; how they struggled in vain with the plastering, and how—waxing proud—they declined any further assistance, and *would* put down the floor with no help but the rector's advice and supervision.

And, finally, when the building was at length finished, and had stood the ordeal of heavy rain and tempestuous wind, how the inspector examined 130 children within those hardly-raised walls, and pronounced himself satisfied both with their schoolroom and with its scholars.

Such an account of hard work cheerfully undertaken, by boys who value a religious education so highly as to be willing to toil to secure it, is enough to warm one's heart. We have good hopes for the future of a colony whose younger members have so much energy, so well directed.

It is not in every place, however, that the strength and skill can be found which must be necessary for bringing such an undertaking as this to a happy conclusion. May not the recollection of the gallant way in which these Cape Colony boys did 'what they could' dispose our hearts to respond liberally next time we are called upon to help the Church, in any part of the world, to provide for the education of the lambs of her flock?

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

OUR ORPHANS.

WE should like to show them as they were and as they are. We could present no plea so effectual when we ask help in befriending them; but how are we to do it? No word-pictures that we can give will fairly represent them.

We will try what a few faint sketches may do.

Ina was brought to us a short time ago, and this is all the little history we have of her.

A lady living in the outskirts of London was often troubled in her daily walks by hearing screams of pain from a certain cottage which she passed. One day these cries were louder and more distressing than usual, and she determined to find out the cause. To her surprise and indignation she found that they were uttered by a tiny child of six or seven, who was being most cruelly beaten and ill-treated by a man (no relation) who had by some means got the child into his hands.

The little thing, a pretty, curly-headed child, was bruised, starved-looking, and quivering with pain. Our kind and spirited friend took her at once from her miserable surroundings, and never rested until she had persuaded us to make room for the destitute creature. Orphanage after orphanage, Home, and refuge, all had declined to adopt the poor little girl without payment; so finding that she was entirely friendless, we made a little corner for her in our *elastic* Home, and felt sure we never could find a more needy case.

Standing in the entrance we put one or two questions to the half-dazed child when she arrived, and to these she gave us simple, straightforward answer.

'Tell me, Ina, did he really beat you?'

'Oh yes, ma'am, he *did*.' And the little girl showed proof of her words—ugly blue wounds, dealt by his brutal hands.

So then Ina was led away to be washed and clothed, and to take her place amongst the 280 fatherless and motherless children who make up our large and happy family.

One of our boys, 'Freddie,' shall speak for himself—a precocious little man, with the whitest of hair and faces. He came to us with his sister 'Polly.' About five years old he is, so far as we can make out. 'I've come from my aunt's,' says Freddie; 'she lives right against