

mind Charley again. If big boys touches him I fights 'em. I shall fight 'em all the same as I used to do, after a bit, 'cos I'm going to have a cork leg; and as soon as I tell my nanny-goat, she helps me, and pokes 'em with her head. When I'm a man I shall be a coster, and have a cart and horses, and you won't catch me driving over any boys.'

We came across one of our children's letters to her mother the other day: 'Please, ma'am,' she said, 'will you tidy it up and make it so as mother can read it?' We do not think she would mind our readers having a peep; for we found that, with this show of humility, she was really very proud of her little performance:—

'My dear Mother,—I am getting on fine. We bathe. You never saw anything like it. You do not know one bit. This is what it is like. Our bath is fixed into a room, and I think it is made of tin; it's full of warm green water out of the sea. You can run about in it like a room. We do have games, and then the water splashes about us and makes us as strong as strong.

'Then there's a field with swings and seesaws, and you don't have to pay for your swings. And they read to us sometimes, and we have teachings, and we sing, and it's ever and ever so nice. And I can walk about, and it doesn't half hurt me now; and we have buns every day, because we get so hungry we can't wait for tea. O mother! I do wish Sally was here; it would set her up, and you too.'

We know that our begging would long ago have worn out the patience of our friends had we not made our little patients plead their own cause by putting before our readers these artless stories as they were given to us.

We do not think that these too true stories can ever pall, nor fail in the effect we desire from them. We have daily proof of this.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Australian and American cousins, alone, have furnished us with material enough for this month's jottings. We cannot repeat half the kind things they have said of us, nor report half the good things they have sent us.

New Zealand is very mindful of our wants. We have first 2*l*. from Christchurch as a thank-offering for relief from a heavy burden, and 'may "our Father" bless your work.' 'Our Father!' It is the remembrance of the com-

mon Fatherhood which touches the hearts of these far-off friends, and makes the children of God's family all so near and dear to each other.

Then comes a letter from Australia enclosing a bank draft for 7*l*. 6*s*. 5*d*. It runs thus: 'We five cousins determined some time ago to have a bazaar for the Orphanage and Convalescent Home, having read so much about it in the BANNER OF FAITH. We held it yesterday in my cousin's large nursery. Mother and aunt had a tea and coffee table, which helped nicely, and so many friends assisted that we came off well. We hope the money will help some of your little ones, our far-away brothers and sisters.' Signed by the five little cousins, ending with Jessie, aged four.

A friend in New Jersey sends 1*l*s. She says, 'I thought I would try and collect a little from a few friends who settled here from Ireland and England. I did not like to ask Americans, because they have their own institutions to support, but they gave without asking.'

We have a very grateful letter from the priest-in-charge at Butterworth, South Africa, thanking our readers for the 9*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. they sent to help him in his straits. Government has now reduced the grant to the native schools, and our missionaries are very anxious that this work amongst the Kaffirs should be carried on.

The Rev. H. A. Tndor, of Medicine Hat, diocese of Qu'Appelle, acknowledges with great gratitude three books for his lending library from a servant, and asks any kind friend with books to spare to remember his wants. The postage of books is the same as to any part of England.

Another appeal for books is from Grenfell, Assa, North-west Territory. 'I have had a grant of 4*l* from the S.P.G. for books, and I should be glad of more of any readable sort. My people want variety, and will not read solely religious books.' If any of our readers will post a volume or two to the Rev. J. H. Gregory, at the above address, he will be very grateful. The postage again is the same as in England.

We have to acknowledge a gift of 1*l*. 'from one whom God has richly endowed' in Cape Colony, for the starving poor in Newfoundland.

Here is a kind offer to a missionary's family. One, who is always ready and wishful to help where help is wanted, sends 10*s*. for the poor in