

countrymen and Churchmen to help them to a share in Church privileges.

There are many readers of the *BANNER* who are living in Welsh parishes. May I remind them that this Mission is the only attempt made to extend the Church among Welsh-speaking people beyond the seas; in many other parts of the world there are communities of Welsh-speaking people, but though there are plenty of dissenting chapels, there is neither priest nor church among them.

The enemies of the Church loudly declare that she is quite incapable of existing except under the shadow of State protection, and point triumphantly to the rare instances of Welsh church services for Welsh people in other lands. The Welsh Church Missionary Association is too little known even in Wales. I beg all Welsh readers of the *BANNER* to think of their exiled brethren as the primary object of their Missionary alms. To the greater proportion of the *BANNER*'s readers, who have doubtless many calls on their liberality, I will only say that any expression of sympathy will be grateful to the few who are bearing the burden and heat of the day in this cause.

The Church in Wales is now under the shadow of great persecution; but let it not forget that it is only by the spirit of *love*, which binds together the Church and its members in all lands, that a branch can flourish in any one district.

Will some of the readers of this paper give their intercessions, if not their alms, for this Mission? There is great need at present in Chupat of a church building fund, church furniture, &c.—in fact, everything that can conduce to bring the services of the Church to the standard of reverence we strive to attain at home. The Secretary of the Mission is the Rev. D. W. Thomas, Vicar of S. Anne's, Bangor, N. Wales. He will gladly give full details to any one interested in the Mission:

W. M. R.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

WE have so much interesting matter from our far off friends this month that we feel loth to take precedence of them with our home affairs. We will, then, give them the first word.

A letter from near Beverley, Western Australia, tells of small but hopeful beginnings.

'When last I wrote we held our service in

the railway station. Now we are advanced to the Government school-room, and we have a church in near prospect. A worthy farmer living twelve miles away in the bush, his son in another direction, and some neighbours six or eight miles off, have determined to build a church. They will make bricks for the walls of sun-dried clay (locally known as batté). The roof is to be thatched, and the flooring will be of earth, beaten hard and drenched with a strong solution of gum, which can be picked in plenty off the trees. The seats will be slabs of wood supported by legs. The only help they want is ten pounds or so for a door and windows, which must be bought in Perth. The people are poor; the families widely scattered. They have had little or no teaching, but they are ready to be taught. Some time we hope to have a real church, and a well-instructed and faithful people.'

The letter goes on to tell of many signs of good-will shown by these rough but hearty people.

The Missionary on one occasion gave notice of his intention to go to a farm-house to hold service and instruct and catechise the children, but being sent for to a dying man was delayed. On arriving two or three days after, he found that a sucking pig and a couple of fowls had been slaughtered in his honour, and as they sat down to table his host said: 'You owe this to my little daughter. We had got just such a dinner ready for you the other day, but as you did not come we called in the neighbours and ate it up. When my girl heard that you had been kept through having to visit the sick and dying, she says to me: "Father, it ain't fair that the parson should miss a good dinner all along of doing his duty;" and I thought so too. So we just killed another pig and another couple of fowls and got up another good dinner, and it's heartily welcome to it you are.'

This priest asks for books suitable to lend to the many shepherds who are out quite alone in the bush, and have nothing to help them through the long lonely Sundays.

We will gladly give the address to any who would like to send.

Our old friend the Rev. Ernest Hart writes from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to assure his kind benefactors of the *BANNER OF FAITH* that he has not forgotten them, and to express a hope that they have not forgotten him.

In addition to his ordinary work in a very large parish, with its population of poor fishermen, he has had to struggle single-handed with