

All contributions, small and large, most thankfully received for S. Peter's, Butterworth, by the Secretary of the C.E. A.,

MISS H. WETHERELL,
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.

SOMEBODY'S WALK THROUGH THE SNOW.

'SOMEBODY' came to see 'Nobody' once,
—'Nobody's' poor, you know;
And 'Nobody's' old, and 'Nobody's' sad,
So 'Somebody' came through the snow.
'Nobody's' days are a little dark,
Like Autumn days with rain;
When 'Somebody' came it was sunshine
showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

If 'Nobody' dies before 'Somebody' dies,
And goes to the Land of Light,
The story of all that 'Somebody' did
Will be told in that region bright:
And then, when it's 'Somebody's' turn to go,
What music sweet there will be,
Of 'welcome, welcome,' sounding from far
Like church bells over the sea.

And oh! the gladness, and oh! the joy
When 'Someone' and 'No-one' meet,
Where the pleasant paths of Paradise
Are instead of the wintry street:
For the kindly deeds which are done on earth
Are remembered there, as we know;
And just such a story as angels love
Is 'Somebody's' walk through the snow.

AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE.

THOSE who pray do work for God—first, because they are doing that which He would have done; and, secondly, because the influence and efficacy of a simple prayer is spread by God's wonderful ordering far beyond the aim of the petitioner.

I was walking one day near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health—this meant for me loss of work, and consequently straitened means, and possibly *debt*.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower-girls, who were seated on a step arranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace till I had passed them. This is what I overheard.

'Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stands there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?'

'Don't I jest!' returned the other, emphatically.

'Don't you feel as if you could jest sit down an' have a good cry?'

'Ay, that I do!' responded the younger girl, 'only I knows it would be no use.'

'What does you do when you feels like that?' asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

'I does this,' replied the other girl, promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—'and I says, "O God! please send somebody quick," and *somebody always comes*.'

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, 'I does *truly*.'

I heard no more, for the girls rose and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

OUR JOURNAL was crowded out of the January BANNER, and this accounts for many late acknowledgments of kindnesses. While on this subject, we may say that frequently a letter will arrive, giving no address, and saying, 'I shall look in next month's Journal to see if you have received this.' Perhaps the enclosure is money, or it may be some article of clothing, or work for our sales, and we are very sorry that the kind sender should not see the expected acknowledgment. The explanation of our apparent carelessness is this—

The BANNER OF FAITH is now circulated largely as a parish magazine in various parts