

for they have never since been seen. On the following Thursday Mr. William Martin came to the village seeking the young men, and not hearing anything of them here, he, accompanied by his son and Mr. McRae, a brother-in-law to young Hogan, tried to cross the channel to Indian Point in a 'dug-out' canoe. The canoe upset, and Mr. Martin and Mr. McRae were both drowned. On Sunday the bodies were buried. Search is still being made for the bodies of the young men who have perished, but without success.

This is a hard country on settlers and on missionaries, but dark though the times may be, and terrible the events that happen, we must have faith to believe that God is 'working all things for good.' The four men drowned were members of the Church of England. This leaves a great blank in the missions of Gordon and Burpee townships.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

ST. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME, BROADSTAIRS.

Our little convalescents have been remembered by many a holiday-keeper this summer, and by many others who never have a holiday, and both will have their reward.

We must tell the story of one little girl, who was in almost as sad a case as any of those she worked to help. There came one day a childish letter containing S. M., and saying, 'I am a little lame girl, and we are very poor. Mother has nine of us to keep, and must work hard; but when I saw your collecting paper I thought I should like to help another sick child, so I have gathered this, though I cannot walk far.—Lame Amy.'

Suffering had taught this poor child sympathy, and this sympathy of hers raised sympathy again in the kind hearts of some of our friends who heard of her. A poor curate and a working carpenter offered to pay for her journey to a convalescent home, where she could have needful treatment.

Another friend gave a letter to the Alexandra Children's Hospital at Brighton, and a lady is paying the seven shillings weekly required for her maintenance. An operation has been performed on the poor little lame foot. At first it was thought that amputation would be necessary, but happily the removal of the diseased bone proved to be sufficient, and she

is now in a fair way to be 'Lame Amy' no longer, but a strong, active little helper for the poor overworked mother.

We are not able to undertake the charge of children who require operations in our Convalescent Home. To strengthen them for an on-coming operation, or to build them up after one, is the most we can manage.

We had a bright little lame boy a while ago, Harry Lee, only five years old. 'Please take him in as soon as possible,' wrote the gentleman who sent him; 'he greatly requires sea air after undergoing a serious operation—amputation of the left leg.' We expected a helpless little cripple after this description, and when Harry arrived could only gaze in amazement at the way in which he literally ran about on his tiny crutches. Hardly an hour after his arrival he did what none of our two-legged convalescents have ever attempted, left the house and started off alone on an exploring expedition. He quickly captured, however, and soon found plenty of amusement without leaving the premises. When asked about his home, and how many he had left there, he said, 'I've left father and a nanny-goat, and mother, and my Charley and Tommy.' The nanny-goat is his chief topic of conversation at all times.

This is the poor little man's account of his terrible accident, and of his home and surroundings:—

'Father works in a brickyard all day, and at nights he's a nigger with a black face and a banjo. I minds my Charley; he's only a baby, and he don't know his way to school, so I takes him. One day he ran across the road, and I was a-following him, for 'fraid he got hurt, and a tram came along and knocked me over. The wheel went over my leg. Oh! it did hurt. A "bobby" come and picks me up, and he carried me to the hospital. I says to him, "Oh! my leg's a-tumbling off; it do hurt." And he says, "Good thing if it were off now, poor little chap!"'

'When I got to the hospital, after a bit I went off to sleep, and when I was asleep they cutted off my leg. When I was better I lifted up the blankets and things, 'cos I wanted to see how I'd got only one leg. I was a long time in that bed, and then I went home and saw my nanny-goat and all of 'em, but I began to dwine away, they said; so somebody sent me here. I likes being here, 'cos it makes my leg not so tired, and 'cos we have berry pie on Sundays. When I goes home I shall