

babes ever since the day when our Master took a little child and 'set him in the midst.'

We have a number of letters by us pressing strongly on our compassion the claims which, it is well known, we acknowledge in all fatherless and motherless girls. The letters are from those who are actually witnessing the needs of the orphans they write about. 'The mother of these two was such a hard-working, respectable woman—the little girls so well trained.' 'The father of the three we plead for was a striving man, anxious to do his best for his family, but after his wife's death his health quite gave way, the extra expenses and cares seemed more than he could stand against; he is just dead.' 'Such sweet, bright children, you could not help taking them if you saw them,' and so on.

But the Orphanage of Mercy is full. The Queen Victoria Orphanage is not finished, and though it has a royal name it has no royal treasury to dip into, and we cannot issue orders as freely as if we were her Majesty building a new palace, so the fairest word we can speak to these poor children is 'Wait.' If any who read this would like to help in the work of providing a safe and happy home for little orphan girls from all parts of England we shall be very thankful.

We have a very interesting letter before us at this moment, enclosing fifteen shillings from a young girl in Canada. The lady who forwards the money says: 'I am sure you will be touched and gratified when I tell you who sends this gift towards your Orphanage Fund. Lyddy was deserted by her father in a very poor part of London. Her mother died in a cellar which was afterwards condemned as unfit for human habitation; the child was left there, and a kind woman on the top floor took pity on her and let her sleep in the room with her own six children. This went on for six weeks, the child sharing the scanty provisions of the family, until the woman, who was in great distress herself, could no longer find food for an extra mouth, and thought of sending Lyddy to the workhouse. This was five years ago. Happily I heard of the case, and was able to place her with a kind couple in Canada, who have been real father and mother to her ever since. Lyddy must now be about fifteen. She has read of your orphans at Kilburn in the BANNER OF FAITH, and has interested herself ever since in collecting for the Orphanage. This post-office order I feel sure represents many a cent put by which

would otherwise have gone in sweets or toys.'

We have a letter from a mission priest at Heidelberg, Cape Colony, who is very anxious to start a Home for the ragged and unclothed waifs and strays who abound there. But, he asks, where is the money to come from? It costs quite 7*l.* to keep one child for a year. And where is a matron without salary to be found?

Perhaps some of our readers may help to answer these questions. The parish is as large as Devonshire, and has but one priest.

The next letter on our file is from Kobe, Japan, thanking us for some little help in church needlework we were able to send. 'I am thankful to say,' writes the priest, 'that I have had the privilege of baptising fifty adults during the last year. It has pleased God to prosper our work and to open the ears and hearts of the people of Japan to hear and receive the glorious Gospel of Christ.'

One result of this is the great movement for the elevation of women throughout Japan. Christian mission schools for girls are loudly called for. The Prime Minister of Japan is said to be greatly interested in this work, and has given 10,000 dollars to help it on. A lady who is engaged in the instruction of Japanese women says: 'My class now numbers forty, most of them young married ladies. The young men are eager to send their wives to us. They come from nine to twelve, and work well the whole three hours. I never saw more enthusiastic pupils, nor had livelier teaching.'

A priest in Canada writes thus, after thanking the Society for a box of second-hand books:— 'I cannot find words to express my gratitude, but if you could only know how carefully I have hoarded every copper all this year, in the hope of getting enough to buy a few books for my Sunday School, you might understand my feelings when I found myself in possession of the foundation of a good library and my little savings still in hand. Everything the box contained will be useful, even the old *Graphics* which lined it; indeed, I fancy my people like them better than anything else. This is a very hard year for my poor people. Only those who own their farms can live on them, for the crops will not even pay the rent. And yet many have brought the first money they have obtained, and, without even waiting to get the much-needed warm clothing for the coming winter, have paid their subscriptions to the Church Building Fund.