

finding the sufferer to be a woman, with a young child by her side, in bed. Her foot and leg were in a terrible state, and sadly neglected to boot. Much attention was given to this case, and with frequent washing and bandaging, the wounds began to improve. It was Nurse's way to make friends of her patients, all of them coming in time to love her and trust in her. This poor creature was no exception. A man, a sweep, whom the baby boy called 'daddy,' used to come in and out, seemingly behaving kindly to the poor woman. He would thank Nurse at times for her care. One day, with a few hard tears standing in her eyes, the sick woman called Nurse to her side, 'He ain't my husband,' she said; 'we've never been to church. Now, then, you can go. I felt I must tell you, but I know you'll have nothing more to do with me.'

But this was not Mrs. Crowie's way. Sin, as well as sorrow, she was prepared to meet and conquer. What she said to the conscience-stricken woman she never told, but the result was that the poor thing dried her tears, and set to work to wash and tidy her clothes as well as she could. When she could walk, there was to be a wedding, and Mrs. Crowie was to be bridesmaid! Nurse paid the fees at the parish church, and the wedding took place, both man and wife coming after the ceremony to thank and bless their friend.

This case still remained on Mrs. Crowie's list, for the poor woman was soon again laid by, with a new attack of pain in the diseased limb. She received every care and attention, but her constitution could not bear the strain, and after a few months' suffering she died—quite happy and resigned. God would pardon her sins, and 'Nurse' had promised to care for her child. The little lad was indeed, by Mrs. Crowie's efforts, immediately placed in a Home for infant orphans at Forest Hill.

Nurse's next charge was a consumptive woman, dying in utter poverty, who yet refused to let anyone come near her. Even her neighbours were distressed that the poor soul should die like a dog, but sick Mary gasped out so fierce a refusal to 'let any meddlers come nigh her,' that they were frightened to interfere.

Nurse was never frightened, however. She looked out some clean sheets and soap, a little tea and sugar, and a roll, and started for the house. Something in her face won her way. Mary was not fierce to her. She silently let the new visitor make a bit of fire, and boil

some water, and after the refreshing cup of tea, allowed herself to be washed, and the clean sheets put on her bed.

Bed! Have I called by such a name the lair of this poor creature? It was just a bag of shavings on some boards, which were supported on a few bricks. Here the dying creature stretched her sore limbs, day and night. Such utter neglect in her surroundings, and such a helpless sufferer, even Nurse had scarcely seen before. When she was made comparatively comfortable, Mrs. Crowie said a word to her of God's loving care, and the fact that she had been directed to Mary by Him.

'If that's Bible words you're saying,' gasped the wretched woman, 'you can spare your trouble, for I don't believe the Scripture.'

The poor thing was too ill to reason with. Silent prayer was the only resource, and—hoping some good might accrue from it—Mrs. Crowie spread over the poor woman a pretty quilt worked in squares, a text of Scripture appearing on every square. If only one might prove a word in season to the poor frozen heart! Then she put some food on the stool by her bed and left her, saying cheerfully that she should come again next day.

At ten next morning Mrs. Crowie found herself in Mary's street. A woman met her and asked her, 'Are you the lady, ma'am, as took the Bible quilt to Mary Holt, yonder?' Oh, how Mrs. Crowie's heart beat with expectant joy! Surely this woman was going to say that some holy word had pierced the hard heart of the sufferer, and that she was now, at the eleventh hour, longing to believe and repent.

Alas! however, the tidings were sadly different. 'Ah, well then, ma'am, if I were you I'd keep away from her place, for she's made up her mind to insult you. As soon as ever you show your face inside her door, she's going to throw all the things at your head as you brought her yesterday. And as for the quilt, she says she'd two minds to have torn that up, for she don't care to be made a poppet-show of, says she. And she's turned all the nice reading inside. I only tell you, ma'am, as you may be prepared, for I knows her well, and she's that violent when her temper's up.'

Nothing could be more discouraging, yet Nurse's face remained quite calm; and thanking the bearer of ill tidings, she went straight on to the house, entering Mary's room with a quiet 'Good morning, Mary; have you had a good night?'