

most, if not all the ladies, take home with them the article upon which they have been working, to finish it at home before the next meeting, and many take two or three articles in addition. Some who cannot attend the meetings send regularly for a monthly supply of work. During the months of July, August, and September we do not hold a meeting, those being the months in which all who possibly can, one after another, take the so-much-needed spell of rest in the country, or inhale the health-giving breezes of the seaside. At our meeting in June each lady informs the secretary of the quantity of work she would like sent to her house for those months, and on our reassembling in October these large packages of work are brought in, or in the following month, in time for the sale, and the finishing of all articles begun is pushed forward that all may be ready for the sale, which takes place in the second week of November. As the things are made by the ladies free, there is no charge for making, and a very small profit only is charged upon the materials, and each article plainly marked. Several ladies presided at the sale, the clothes being arranged on long tables. Each subscriber purchases to the amount of her subscription tickets, and as much more as she chooses to pay for, and gives the clothes purchased to whom she pleases; or she gives her tickets to different poor women who themselves attend the sale, and select what they require, paying the difference if the article or articles bought come to more than the amount of the ticket or tickets given to her. It is astonishing how eagerly and quickly the clothes are demanded, especially flannels of all kinds, the huge piles melting away like frost in the sunshine, sadly disappointing some who cannot be present at three o'clock, and who, arriving after, oftentimes find the articles they wished to possess all gone, for it is impossible to foresee the articles upon which there will be the greatest run, it being one thing one year and something quite different the next. But our good secretary is never at a loss; if the disappointed ones only make their wishes known, fresh materials are purchased, if not in stock, and in a few weeks' time the articles they desired are placed in their hands. At our sale in November last, 330 articles were sold in a very short time, and a good number of certain kinds which were not in demand then were returned to the cupboard for the next sale, when they will probably all be sold, so variable are the different years' demands. A general meeting is held annually, at which the accounts are presented and audited by two gentlemen of the Church Committee, or by two of the deacons, and the committee of ladies chosen for the following year. These accounts, and a report of the year's proceedings, are published in the annual Manual of the Chapel. The Society is a great boon to many, especially to the aged, who would suffer much more from cold and rheumatism were they not provided with the warm flannels, which are made in such numbers, and dispersed so freely among them. The "little ones" of the streets, too, are not forgotten, many a little shivering, barefoot one being made happy and comfortable with a warm suit of linsey, the ladies receiving their reward in the pleasure it gives them to give joy to others, and realising in numerous ways the truth of our dear Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

H. D. ISACKE.

### THE BULGARIAN WOMAN'S LAMENT.

My home! my home! my dear, dear home! reduced  
to ashes quite!  
My household goods all burnt or stolen, naught left to  
mark the site  
But blackened stones and festering bones exposed to  
garish day,  
To tell the tale of Turkish crimes, and those in  
Turkey's pay.  
My babe! my babe! my sweet, sweet babe! poised on  
the Bazuok's spear!  
That my sad eyes should see such sights, and live,  
and still be here!  
His little hands outstretched to me with his last  
sobbing breath,  
And I a prisoner held and bound, enduring worse  
than death.  
Five children graced my humble hearth a few short  
months gone by,  
The savage hordes came pouring in, and now they  
murdered lie;  
I cannot find their dear remains amid the heaps of slain,  
To pay the last sad Christian rite, or one last look to gain.  
My husband! oh, my husband! the pride of all my  
years,  
My better self! my monitor! for thee I shed no tears,  
Though ne'er again can I behold the love-light in thine  
eye,  
For in the Moslem's cruel grasp—tortured—I saw thee  
die.  
I saw thee turn thy dying eyes to where I bound was led,  
And dying breathe my name in prayer, and then my  
heart was dead.  
No tears refresh my haggard cheeks, nor fast nor slow  
they glide;  
Their fountain, like my heart, is sealed, since my dear  
husband died.  
Homeless and childless, all bereft, a widow sad I lie,  
No shelter from the howling blast, or the inclement sky.  
The harvest lost, the cattle stolen, starvation now I see;  
Mothers and wives in England, have you no help for me?  
Oh, God of Bethel! hear our cry! take pity on our grief!  
Open the hearts of Christian men to send us quick  
relief;  
They cannot heal our wounded hearts, nor give us  
back our dead,  
But they can raise us sheltering roofs, and give us daily  
bread.  
We ask not vengeance on our foes, but right to live in  
peace,  
Far from oppression's iron heel, where wars and strife  
may cease.  
We ask our birthright—liberty—to rule us as we  
choose,  
To worship God as conscience wills, nor her dictates  
abuse.  
We pant for freedom—'tis no crime; God-given  
instinct blest!  
Implanted by the Father's hand in every human breast;  
We cannot crouch to fellow-men, whate'er his rank  
may be,  
We cannot wear the Moslem's yoke; we dare, we must  
be free!

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