

saw her jump lightly off and call out to a small boy who was nearly smothered in the crowd; "Here, kiddy, take your box now—I have to get off here!"

She had stood several miles holding the hat-box for this scrap of humanity whose "transfer" was punched for a distant section in the East End. She is the same girl I was with in London once. If you know London at all, you will know that mean streets adjoin grand ones, and that "Mews" are just round the corner from palaces, and that swell greengrocers send home fruit and vegetables by hand. We were walking near Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, when we saw ahead of us a girl about ten years' old, struggling along with a big bushel basket of potatoes—setting it down every few paces to ease her poor, strained shoulders. Before I realised it Edna had rushed forward and seized one of the bundles, and together they carried it down the length of the Terrace and deposited it at the area steps of a great house. The child looked up, marvelling. Too dazed for thanks, too awed to do more than stare at the heavenly creature who had taken pity on her weakness. Poor Edna! she too has her weakness—the weakness of loving not wisely but too well—for which God pities her and puts into her heart, to fill the vacancy, such simple deeds as these.