

to a lady who had once told me I might look to her to help my poor when I was in distress. The man came back in an hour with quite a different face, to show me an order for meat and groceries, and to thank me, as if I was an angel from heaven sent to relieve him. The lady, he said, would come and look to his mother, so now his mind was entirely relieved.

Then another time I got helped in another way. I was put sorely to it by a poor woman coming and begging me to find her some employment, her husband having died suddenly, leaving her with six children. She was a very decent, clever woman, but I couldn't think of anything at the moment, and there were the children starving. While I was puzzling, a letter was brought to me from a lady just setting up a coffee palace, and wanting a respectable woman to help her. I sent this poor widow to try and get the place. She has been there four years now, and gives the greatest satisfaction. Oh, if one looks about, one can always find people willing to help!

One more anecdote of Mrs. Crowie's poor friends I must relate.

One day when I was sitting with her in her house a message came: 'Would Nurse go to Mrs. someone in such a street?' a new name and a district a long way off. 'It is a nice afternoon, walk with me,' begged Mrs. Crowie, and I did so.

We found a poor woman near her confinement, her husband only dead a month. 'And now I've no one to look after me,' said the poor thing, with tears in her eyes; 'and I can't go to a hospital, or what would become of those three?' pointing to a group of little ones. 'The eldest ain't five.'

It was a hard case. Of course Mrs. Crowie took the charge of it at once, and was very proud of the poor little fatherless baby when it came. After a while she said good-bye to her patient, only calling in occasionally as a friend.

One day, when visiting her in this way, she found the young widow crying bitterly, and when she begged to know the cause, she pointed to the sewing machine, by which she got her living.

'It's to go to-day,' she sobbed; 'the man says he can't wait any longer. It's on the hire system you see, and I owe still two pounds on it; and, do what I will, I can't pay off the debt and get bread for the children. And I'd paid off such a lot already.' The poor thing was in despair. What was to be done? We

had not either of us two pounds to give away, and if the money was not forthcoming before five o'clock, the machine must go. We tried to dispose of a few things to make up the money but it wasn't enough. The man came at five and we begged him for one week more, and seeing the poor widow Smith had friends, he reluctantly consented.

Then I said to Mrs. Crowie, 'You shall have my watch at home.' But she shook her head. 'Wait a bit,' she said, 'I've just thought of someone who can, and will help.'

Then she told me that a long time ago she wrote to the Baroness Burdett-Connors about a poor woman who wanted a mangle badly, and her ladyship was very kind in sending money for it, perhaps she would do something in this case. So a letter, giving an account of Mrs. Smith's trouble, was written. A few days later Mrs. Smith and the baby came, and asked for Mrs. Crowie.

In a moment she saw it was good news: 'Yes, ma'am,' said the poor woman, 'it's all right. A gentleman called on me this morning, and asked who had written a letter about me, and I told him about your kindness, but my heart was so full I couldn't say the half, and then he wanted to see the machine and the baby. And says he, "I see, it is all true." And then he gave me these three sovereigns, and said a lady had sent them in answer to your letter, to pay off the debt on the machine. I was so taken a-back I hardly thanked him; I just stood looking at the money, and he was gone in a minute. So I thought I'd best run straight to you. I hope there's no mistake; it was only two sovereigns as was wanted for the machine, and here are three. I wouldn't change one till I saw you, though the little ones want boots badly.'

Mrs. Crowie assured the poor woman she might undoubtedly keep the third sovereign. She burst into tears.

'Thank you, ma'am. - Have thanked you for this piece of good fortune, and for sending me—you—for a friend. I knelt down in the kitchen, then and there, before all the little ones.'

That poor woman never looked back afterwards. Striving and toiling she managed, with the help of the machine, to keep herself and the four children in tolerable comfort without parish relief. Those three sovereigns came just in the hour of need. If the rich were all as considerate as this great lady, how much misery might the poor be spared!