

very long ago. One cannot help feeling an extra interest in English-speaking, English-feeling people, however far away they may be.

II.—A LONDON NURSE—MORE ABOUT HER.

Do you remember a paper thus headed in the April number of *THE BANNER*? Were you interested in it? Would you like to hear more of the brave London nurse,—her struggles and her sympathies with her poor people? I think they are worth telling. I think the hearing of them is likely to do good. So let us take up the story where we left it, and go straight on with the tale of her quiet doings.

As I have said before, Mrs. Crowie seemed to have the faculty of winning the affections of all her patients, and perhaps one reason for this was, that she grudged neither time, trouble, nor money, when she possessed it, to do them service.

She was always hunting up hospital letters, or procuring for them the promise of three weeks or a month at some seaside Convalescent Home, as their health seemed to require it. And when the poor invalid still looked distressed, and nurse found it was the want of decent clothes which was the trouble, rather than the patient should miss the day, she would run home and bring a parcel of her own clothing.

This loan would touch the hearts of her poor friends as much or more than any gift.

She often lent her mattress to a sick person and lay herself on the straw palliasso of her bed, hard and cold as it would be to a person accustomed to better things.

The pleased look and the 'I do lie easy now' of a dying person was enough reward for her. Very often her bed at home would not bear investigation, it was so poorly furnished—a mattress or pillow gone here, blankets there!

Well, never mind, she had a warm heart still.

One day when I called on her she was just off with some food from her own table, for a poor woman and her idiot son, living in a place called Frying-pan Alley, near the Underground Railway.

'Come with me and see them,' she said. And I went; but I began to repent on the staircase. Should I ever get safely up? Every step bent with my weight, and the

whole rickety concern seemed as if it might fall at any moment. When we did reach the room it had the appearance of a shed, and the smell and the noise coming up from the room below were indescribable.

'Ah, yes, it is very bad!' said my friend, coolly; 'but, you see, it is let to six costermongers and their donkeys; and this is a bad day; they are all at home.'

A bad day indeed! But what of the poor creatures we had come to visit?

Both the woman and the lad—lad! He was a grown man, poor idiot, over forty years old—were crouched by a tiny bit of fire, the woman rocking herself to and fro and crying with agony; she was suffering from cancer in the arm.

Lotion and dressing for the wound, Mrs. Crowie had with her; but a strip of flannel was wanted for a bandage.

'I know what to do,' said the ready nurse, after a moment's thought. 'My petticoat is so wide, I can spare a strip out of it.' Off it went in a moment, and the strip was torn off. 'There! when I get home I can sew it up, and it will never be missed.'

The only furniture in the room was a bench, and two round baskets which served as cupboards or seats. A heap of straw in the corner was the bed of the pair.

'Why don't they go into the workhouse?' I asked as we came away. 'Surely they would be better off there.'

'Yes; but they would be parted then; and, as the old woman says, that would be worse than dying in their own place. I must try and get something done for them; the little outside relief they get is not enough now.'

And, by-and-by, even this wretched pair were comforted by the exertions of their good friend.

'How do you manage to help so many poor people?' I once asked her, 'you who have so little of your own to give?'

'Oh, I find no difficulty,' she said. 'First, I do what I can, and then I ask the wealthy to help. Only the other day a poor man out of work came to me to beg me to do something for his sick mother and crippled brother, as they were actually starving. I really had nothing for him, for just then I had poor widowed Mrs. Smith and her little child living with me till they could get employment. She has a capital place in a laundry now, by the way. Well, I couldn't send the poor fellow away empty, so I sat down and wrote a note