

'Inasmuch as Ye did it.'

The matron of a city hospital was sorely troubled. She had recently lost by death two of her best and oldest nurses. There had been committees of inquiry, and she had been blamed for putting her best nurses to her worst cases. What could she do? Now there lay before her a wire from a suburban doctor informing her that a malignant and hopeless diphtheria patient was on her way to the hospital, as she could not be nursed in the dairy farm where she was in service, a panic having seized the household.

'What am I to do?' said the matron to herself, and in the midst of her trouble she

but, go and get ready, and your God and mine will certainly preserve and keep you.'

The nurse went and made her arrangements, and ere the girl arrived all was ready in the isolated ward.

It was indeed a bad case, a hopeless case, but all that could now be done was done for the poor farm servant-girl, and all through the weary days and restless nights the nurse kept by her, cheering and brightening her with hope.

At first the girl wondered to find a lady at her bedside, watching by her, and serving her. She tried to call her 'Ma'm' and 'Miss,' but the nurse said, laughing, 'Just call me "Nursie" and ask me for anything; I am here to serve and help you.'

It seemed like a dream to the poor girl, for at the farm-house they had been frightened, and had put her out in a loft to die, and when the doctor spoke of the hospital she thought that must be still more terrible.

As the days and nights passed away and the girl gained confidence in her nurse, she turned to her in her deepest need, and unbosomed to her the great sorrow of her heart.

'Nursie,' she said, 'I've been a bad lassie, and I'm afraid to die.'

Gladly the nurse read to her the stories of the Saviour's grace and tenderness towards sinners who sought him, or whom he sought out, until the poor girl lost sight of her own sinfulness in wonder at such love, and her hopes were getting turned towards the only one who could help her.

One night she said, 'Nursie, I wish I could find Jesus. I would lie down at his feet, and I think he would say to me, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee," but he seems so far away.'

'Oh, no,' said the nurse, 'he is a God at hand as well as a God afar off; I shall tell him all about you, and what you want,' and the bright young nurse knelt down and poured out her heart in prayer, and asked Jesus to wash her patient's sins away by his precious blood, and to come and take possession of her heart, and to give her faith in himself, that she might trust him as her own Saviour.

The dying girl took courage, and told the Lord her wish, and then putting her arms about the neck of her nurse, she wept; but they were tears of relief, and almost of joy, as she felt that Christ was now her Saviour too.

The following days and nights were spent in Beulah Land. The nurse accompanied her patient to the very gates of Paradise, and when about to leave this world, the girl told her that there was no one on earth except her to care for her. 'Oh,' said the nurse, 'then you are just like me; but we have one Friend in heaven on whose heart we lie as precious jewels, and we shall soon meet in his delightful home.'

The patient fell asleep in Jesus, and the nurse went herself to find her grave in the near-by churchyard; and when she came back to the hospital she brought lovely white chrysanthemums, which she laid around the sweet face which no one came to see. When the hearse carried the body to the churchyard, one carriage only followed, with the young nurse as the solitary

mourner, and there she left the precious dust of the one to whom she had been such a blessing, to await the glorious resurrection morning.—'Springing Well.'

She Grew up to be a Real Helper.

For two years now Phoebe has been the matron of the Girls' Orphanage in Almora. She sees that all the children under her care keep their rooms clean and tidy, and she also superintends the cooking of their food. Every day the girls take it in turns, three or four at a time, to prepare the meals of all the large family in the orphanage. They fetch the water, and make the bread, and sift and clean the rice and pulse and the flour ready for use, all themselves. And on Saturdays they go to a rocky stream and



laid her head on her hands, and prayed, and wept. 'Must I sacrifice another nurse?' she said to herself. 'Oh! that I could take the case myself!' But she knew that could not be.

A bright young nurse came into the room with a message, and caught sight of the telegraph envelope and the matron's tears. She was a sweet girl, and the matron had confided in her many a time, so she begged the matron to tell her this new trouble, and when she had heard it, 'Oh,' she said, 'do let me take this case; it is just what I have been wishing for, if you can trust me.'

'My child,' she said, 'you have to be isolated, and take the whole charge, night and day, just resting a little as you can, but speaking to no one and being alone with her; and I need not tell you that the risk will be great.'

'Oh,' said the bright young lassie, 'I'm not afraid to die, for I belong to Christ, and for me to die would be gain; and you know there is no one on earth who would miss me, "My company before are gone."'

'Don't say that,' said the matron, embracing her, 'I for one would sorely miss you;



wash their clothes and bathe. Sometimes the matron goes with them, and sometimes sends someone else in her place. But she is kept specially busy making the clothes of the little ones. The elder girls learn how to sew and make their own clothes under her supervision. When it is fine in the afternoons, after the lessons have been learned, and the sewing for the day finished, she takes all the children out for a walk. How happy they are then! Some of them take a needle and thread with them to make necklaces of the beautiful red hips and haws they find on the bushes. And some of them take a share in carrying the babies, who get tired very soon. And sometimes they weave reeds into a tiny mat. But there are always a number clustered round 'Bua,' (i.e., sister), as they call her, for they love her very much, and like being near her. 'Bua' has gained the love and respect of them all, and the troublesome ones will obey 'Bua' when they would obey no one else, so good an influence has she over them. And no wonder they love her, for when they are ill she nurses them as tenderly as any mother would, and speaks cheering words to them, so that they are encouraged. I expect she remembers the love and care which was lavished on her when she was a helpless child, who had to be separated from the