

and lend a helping hand to a suffering neighbour. It is among the poor, yea even the so-called abandoned, that true kind hearted sympathy and help shine gloriously. What they give is frequently almost their all, given ungrudgingly too, whether it be looking after the children, working about the house or bringing food and help to the patient. It is not conventional, but instinctive. No wonder the widow's mite was the most acceptable. The poor do not seek an excuse in the sometimes, but far from always fact, that their neighbour has but himself to blame. They feel that the wife and little children must at all events be looked to, that they are to be pitied, not blamed. Perhaps it would be well were everybody to go through a course of poverty, for no one can know what poverty and illness combined are who has neither seen nor experienced the painful and terrible reality. If the opulent had a real knowledge of these, their sympathy and assistance would be greater. The nurse among the poor is looked on as a ministering angel, her moral influence and conquests over evil are great. Here it is that she and the Salvation Army can do, and do so much good to wandering sheep which the comfortable shepherd seldom finds. Thankful we ought to be that so little poverty exists in this glorious, healthy and prosperous country. The greatest burden the conscientious nurse has to bear is responsibility; it is an awful load to carry. Do you know what responsibility means? Look at this poor woman, parched with fever, emaciated, tremulous hands picking at the bed clothes, utterly helpless, perpetually restless, yet cannot move; unable to speak, save perhaps in a whisper, and then incoherently; the eye dim, the features pinched, solemn silence reigns; little children, shoeless, creep about, or with tearful eyes and breaking hearts cling to your dress, and sobbing say, "Nurse, oh don't let mamma die." There is no hope for this poor woman, save perhaps in the assiduous, unwearied attention of the nurse; she gives it without stint, yet in spite of her best efforts the eyes grow dim, the ears pinched, the hand ceases to tremble, and so the end comes nearer and more near, and one knows not the moment when time mingles with eternity. When you see the forlorn husband heart-broken and the children weeping, you will ask yourself, "Did I do all I could to save this poor woman?" Bye and bye