

'First, because these pieces are generally tough and hardly fit to eat, if only fried. Then, too, the vegetables help out the dish, and less meat is eaten when there is all this good gravy, and also they are very tasty and wholesome, and we like to eat them. You can make anything tender if you stew it slowly and carefully for a long time.'

'It smells good, I allow. I should just enjoy the smell till supper time. Why you're never going to cover it up, surely?'

'Indeed I am. The smell is the goodness, and if I let that go out the meal will have no taste. Besides, the steam is partly what cooks it, for you see I have not much fire.'

'Well, you're mighty learned and mighty particular, I say. But you must spend a deal of time with all these fiddle faddles.'

'A stew like this does not take more than half an hour to prepare first and last, nor wouldn't if it were twice as much, and how could I spend that time better than in getting a good meal ready for my breadwinner?'

'La! there's always bread and cheese for him. Bread is the staff of life, you know.'

'Not white baker's bread full of alum and bone dust, and you don't know what else. That is a poor staff to lean upon, I think.'

'Well, that's all my children gets for their dinner, most days, with a scrape of butter or dripping as may happen.'

'But, dear me, Mrs. Jones, they can't keep strong and well upon that.'

'Strong and well! London children ain't never strong and well—at least most ain't. There's Mrs. Butler, her little ones are rosy and healthy, I'll allow. She says it is porridge and broth, but it don't seem likely.'

'Porridge and broth. Cleanliness and fresh air. But I should think it was *very likely*. Where does Mrs. Butler live? I should like to know her.'


'Oh, you won't find her much of a neighbour. Mrs. Butler says she hasn't no time for gossip. That's her way if one drops in for a friendly chat. She's none of my sort.'

Alice thought Mrs. Butler was more likely to be her sort than was her first visitor, Mrs. Jones; but she made up her mind not to refuse the latter's friendly advances altogether, for a remembrance of the white-faced, half-starved-looking children she had seen on the stairs, and whom she now guessed belonged to Mrs. Jones, made her feel anxious to put their mother, if possible, a little in the way of providing them with more nourishing food. The good Vicar used to say, 'If one knows more than one's neighbours, one must regard that knowledge as a sacred trust to be used for the neighbours' good.'

So Alice parted very civilly with Mrs. Jones, and even told her that she was going to make a gingerbread pudding the next morning, and if she liked she could come in and see her do it, which Mrs. Jones, out of curiosity, agreed to do.

(To be continued.)

Whitsuntide.

 UR Day of Pentecost has come again. The day on which the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Lord and Giver of Life, came down on the Apostles.

The day on which God sent His Holy Spirit to abide with us for ever—a Gift so good and great that it is better for us to

have the Holy Spirit than to have our Lord back again on earth.

Think for a moment Who He is, Who descended on this memorable day. He is God; together with God the Father and God the Son to be worshipped and glorified. Think of His work before the Day of Pentecost. He worked in the Creation.