

He was quite right, my dears ; I should have injured his fame—  
You don't know how famous he was—ah ! I will not tell you his name.  
So he told me a place to sleep in, a little inn hard by,  
And said he would call in the morning and settle me secretly.

So I went right off, and wandered up and down many a street,  
With an aching head and an aching heart, and weary aching feet.  
And somebody found me somewhere, and somebody brought me here ;  
And here I shall join my Laddie, my gentleman son, my dear !

Ladies, why are you weeping ? Do you think I blame my son ?  
I have proved my love to him now, by doing as I have done ;  
And I want him to thank me in heaven, gentleman as he is,  
And call me lovingly ' Mother,' and say I am fit to be his.

So I will die in the workhouse, knowing my Laddie died  
With his lady wife beside him, happy both in their pride.  
What do you say, my lady, kneeling on bended knee ?  
You are my Laddie's widow, whispering ' Mother ' to me !

E. M. LEIGH.

### 'Where to Pray.'

**S**INCE the appearance of this short paragraph in a late number of the BANNER, we have received the following letter from a poor woman. We give the greater part of it exactly as she wrote it, feeling confident it will do some good to other hardworking women. This is the letter:—

SIR,—Having read in the BANNER OF FAITH that bit about 'Where to pray,' I feel I should like to tell your readers my experience on the subject, and I shall be very thankful if, by God's blessing, it does some good to others.

Poor Women with large families often think they have little time for prayer or praise. As I am a poor woman with a large family, and know the value of prayer and praise, I will tell them how I find time for it. Whilst I am cleaning the House I lift up my heart to God and say, 'Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me, for Christ's sake. Amen.' When I am washing the Clothes I say, 'Wash me in Thy Blood, Oh Jesus, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' Then as I get to each of my Children's Clothes I pray for them separately, not aloud, but in my heart. Again, if I pick up the shirt of one who drinks, I ask God to change his heart, to show him his state in God's sight, and to help him to give up drink and become a sober Godly Youth. If I am washing the

shirt of another who has a horrid temper, that is a terror to us all, I pray to God to break his stubborn temper, to soften his heart of stone, and give him a heart of flesh. If I am washing anything belonging to a girl who is idle, then I pray God to show her her sin, and change her whole nature, by the Holy Spirit. Yes, I pray for each as I know their need.

Then when I am sewing I find lots of time both for prayer and praise.

When I light or mend the fire, I say in my heart, 'Kindle, Oh Lord, a sacred fire in this cold heart of mine.' Even in nursing we can pray. If all around is confusion, and wrangling, and misery, we can pray for patience to bear every ill thus put upon us. Though our hearts may be made sore, yea, may feel ready to break by ill treatment from those we love and are working hard for, yet, if we continually pray for them, we may be sure God will answer our prayers in His own time. God is everywhere, near, very close to every needy soul: we can not see Him, but we can feel Him near, yea, nearer to us than our own families, who are crowding round us. All we want is faith.

Let those who feel the want of time or place for prayer try my experience, asking God continually to increase their faith, and I am sure they will feel no difficulty as to 'where to pray.'

Yours in Christ,  
EXCUSE MY NAME.