

'What's that to you?' answered Mary.

'I am afraid you have not slept,' said Nurse, still very gently, 'or you would not be so uncomfortable and feverish.'

'It's this thing as has done it,' said Mary, pushing off the quilt. 'I'll thank you to take it right away.'

'Why, Mary, the quilt? I thought it would have been a pleasure to you, but I see you've turned it. Is it to keep the best side clean?'

'No, it isn't, and it ain't a pleasure at all. It's a trouble, that's what it is, and it shan't be on my bed. I'll have my old dress over me first.'

The poor thing was working herself again into a rage. Nurse tried to quiet her by removing the quilt and folding it up.

There was still nothing to be done but to pray silently for this unhappy sufferer.

For many days Mrs. Crowie came and went in that poor house. Mary accepted the food she brought for the body, but would still have nothing to do with any food for the soul.

Yet she grew daily weaker and worse; she was dying, and she knew it, for her feeble voice now asked for one or another of her neighbours, to whom she desired to say a parting word.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Crowie was early at her post arranging the pillows, and trying to ease the pain of the poor woman, when, to her astonishment, Mary said, suddenly, 'Where's that quilt with the reading? I want it.'

It was brought at once.

'Spread it over me,' gasped Mary.

Nurse did so. 'Shall I read a text, Mary?' she said, seeing the dim eyes were wandering over the squares.

'No, no. I want the one as troubled me the other day. Aye, here it is. *The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?* Ah, that's the one as troubles me.'

'Yes, but here is one that won't trouble you,' said Mrs. Crowie; and she read, '*Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*'

'Sinners,' repeated Mary. 'That's me. I've been a sinner all my life. I've been on the stage, and the tight rope, and in all sorts of loose places. I've committed every sin. God can't forgive me now at the last moment. How can I expect it? Oh, do pray for me, ma'am.'

And Nurse did pray very earnestly for this

poor creature, to whom repentance had come so late.

'I do repent from my heart,' Mary cried, over and over again. 'Oh, how different I would live if the time could come again. Lord, have mercy upon me!'

We think the Saviour of sinners did come to meet this poor prodigal that very evening, bringing her in at that late hour to the gates of home, and washing away her stains, for Mary sank away in her sleep that night, her last conscious words having been, 'Lord, have mercy!'

A sick nurse among the poor has, indeed, wonderful power for good among her patients. Such an end as that of poor Mary would be sure to give Mrs. Crowie strength and hope to press on with her work, however fatiguing and endless it might seem to be at the time.

Perhaps by-and-by, those who have gone so far with her on her way will like to hear more of the experiences of a London nurse. If so, we recommend them to keep an eye on the pages of *THE BANNER*.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL

APRIL is late in the day, you will say, to be writing of Christmas presents. So it is, but we have a letter by us giving the details of the filling of a Christmas box, which has been crowded out till now, and is so interesting that we are sure no one will mind being carried back to Christmas to hear about it.

The letter begins with that cheerful statement we are so fond of seeing—'There is a box ready to start to you.' Then having taken out five shillings from different friends, old and young, we proceed to read out the contents of the box. 'You will find a little boy's suit—outer garments, shirt, and braces made by a matron; the stocking by a young man; the cap and comforter by an old lady of eighty-five; and the mittens by a little boy of seven.'

'There are scrap-books, done by little village girls of a Sunday class; there are warm children's petticoats and bodies, little girls' stuff dresses, men's shirts, children's socks, babies' boots, boys' caps, hoods for children and old women, children's gaiters, comforters, and cuffs; also an emigrant's vest, which any but a knowing emigrant might be puzzled to get into. There are holland and fancy pinafores, washing frocks, under clothing for different sizes and