

classes more than any other form of pleasure—rather a sad reflection. It was about Christmas time I saw this beautiful thing happen—a glorious sunset behind Table Mountain, with the moon shining clear and silvery at the same time. I felt with Alice that the moon might well say of the sun :—

“It has no business to be there after the day is done,” but it was, and the effect was wonderful. Lastly, there was a Christmas in a black north country manufacturing town, and if you, who live in London, think you know what fog and dirt are, you don't, till you have been up there. The most curious custom there is, I think, to pride yourself on strolling the streets all Christmas Eve night, and to sing at intervals “Christians Awake,” to a band, to a trumpet, to a penny whistle, or to nothing. By early Christmas Day most of us felt anything but Christians and wished the composer had never been born, but he was born, and in that very town, and that is the way the inhabitants of a certain class keep his memory green. Truly the ways of the Lancashire “master and missus” are peculiar, and their language often “painful and free.” All the same they are well worth knowing, and I would not be without those four noisy Christmas Eves in the grimy North, or the many friends I made there. Greetings to one and all.

E. R.

Little Sisters of the Poor.

If Roman Catholic Sisters have found it a difficult task to keep up with scientific nursing in all its branches, in the annals of charity there is no brighter chapter than that which tells the story of Nazareth House, Hammer-smith. For over half a century the Sisters have ministered faithfully to the aged poor, to incurables, and orphan girls, taxing their resources to the last limit in a work which regards no restrictions of creed or country. Now that the administrators find it necessary to enlarge their house, which already accommodates over 600 poor, their record pleads eloquently for the help of the charitable. No charity is more deserving, and for good work done the Sisters can have no better reward than the means of continuing that work on a still larger scale.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a name blessed by nurses of every denomination—is also appealing to members and friends for funds to carry on their work of visiting the poor.

Social Problems.

TILDA TRUE HEART.

“Nuss.”

“Yes Tilda.”

“Will yer tell Sister as I wants ter discharge meself.”

The new “Pro.” wheels round and faces a weird-looking child in a near cot.

“What do you mean?” she gasps. “Why it's Christmas Eve, and you are all going to have a lovely time. Look at that tree, and Father Christmas—”

“None of yer kidding,” shrills Tilda, “'es a sploded ole bloke, I ain't a-going ter spend Christmas in this 'ere biby show. Are yer going to call Sister, or shall I 'oller?”

“Oh! Tilda, what a terrible child you are; you know you are far too ill to leave the ward; fancy going to your poor home this cold weather after all the care you've had.”

“Jus' you leave my pore 'ome alone,” the child cries excitedly, starting up in bed. “I suppose you ain't got no father as is a drunk, as beats 'is innocent famly, as depends upon yer to keep 'im out o' quod, poor feller, as forgets ter feed the cat, and me a-lying 'ere in lugzury a-doing nuffin'; don't stand gaping at me, or I'll shy me piller at yer,” and out flies Tilda's tongue like that of an ant-eater, “tell Sister as I wants 'er this instant minute or I orf; *you* ain't got no sperience o' loife.”

As this last gibe is flung at the astounded and unoffending “Pro.” Sister stands by the cot side.

“She's the most abusive and incorrigible child,” the “Pro.” begins angrily.

Sister places a gently restraining hand on Tilda's rebellious curls—

“Lie down,” she says, and is instantly obeyed.

“Tilda was never a child,” she continues, seating herself on the locker, “Tilda is a little wild witch from Afar and Beyond; it was my country too, long, long ago, so I know.”

The “Pro.” turns on her heel, and Tilda's blazing eyes are still full of fire as they follow her retreating figure.

“She's no nuss,” she says contemptuously, “she ain't got no gumption; look at her fice, there's nuffin' in it; it's all smooth shiny pink, same's a bit o' sattin,” and she turns her disconcerting eyes in a searching flash on to the Sister's face.

“Now your'n,” she goes on slowly “even when yer smiles yer eyes is like two little bits o' grief got left. For why?”

“For why?” and Sister whispers her answer

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