

get drunk and make up pitiful tales and all that, and they can't put up with that sort of thing. Oh, I know I ought to come fast enough, whatever they may say. Of course, our Lord was 'prosecuted,' and we must expect the same!"

Even our leading little shopkeeper had his say about Sunday observance, and thought he was on the hip.

"So I ought to shut up shop and come to church! Indeed, miss! And now as you have had your say, allow me to ask you what you do on a Sunday? Ah, exactly! I beg to call these church services, and Sunday schools, and prayer-meetings, and bread and coffee for the poor, work—nothing more nor less. And if I choose to do my work in my own way and in my own shop, it seems to me equal. By your own showing it is no day of rest for you. Why preach it to others? No; I admit no difference at all; each works in his own way. We are talking of work, and it is work, for parsons, you ladies, and all. And now, if you please, we'll drop the discussion."

As a variation, here are a couple of reasons, on the other hand, for attending church.

"Thank you, miss; my husband's getting on very well indeed now; things is looking up again. Yes—and oh! could you tell me where the free seats are in your church, miss? We've been chapellers when we have gone anywhere, you know, but now my husband's getting on so well, we thought we'd rather go to church; it's more aristocratic!"

"Yes, miss, he took all the poor old man's savings—all what he'd saved up for his burying. Poor old father! and him lying there dead! My own mother's brother went and broke open the cupboard and thieved! Poor old father! Oh! it would have grieved him! And they never sends for me when he was took so ill, and never a word read over him nor nothing, just like a heathen! Oh, it do grieve me, that it do! And my own mother's brother—my uncle to rob him! They hadn't looked after the poor old chap! When the doctor come he said as how he'd had a fit in the night, and he did 'chastise' my uncle's gal—oh, he did 'chastise' her fine for not going in when she heard him call out; but nobody took no notice. And now him to be buried like a pauper, poor old father! when he'd saved up a-purpose! Ah! miss, and that's my uncle—my own mother's brother!"

The two words "prosecution" and "chastise" remind me of a distinct peculiarity of my street—the entirely original and novel pronunciation of some words, and the equally original and unexpected application of others. Here are a few instances, in further illustration.

"Yes; they've turned George out of the Horspital, miss. I arst him why he didn't stay in longer, as I told him to, but he said as they 'xamined' him, and sounded and 'magni-

fied' him well, and then turned him out. So he's home again."

"Well, as I says, I'm ready to help anyone. I says, 'I'll do what I can for her; I can't do no more.' I said as we'd take the girl, and find her some clothes; and I tell her, if I'd half a loaf, why, she should have a quarter; and if she'll only 'preciate' us, why, we'll keep her as long as we can."

"I suppose I've told you about my 'radical' son, Miss C.? You've heard of him, I darsay. No? Oh, he's been a rare trial to me and his father. No sooner do we find him work than he loses it through drink. Always boozing from morning to night, and never sober! Oh, yes, he's a terrible 'radical,' he is."

Here is one from a dustman's wife: "No; my husband didn't go out with the dust-cart yesterday, for my aunt was up from the country, and took us all to the Burgess Minstrels. It was good, too! I wanted to go to Masklyne and Cooke myself, but when he heard as there was spiritualism there, my husband said as there was Socialism enough among the dustmen, and he didn't want no more of it."

"But there, miss, some parints are no better than their children, I say. I'm sure if a girl of mine had acted so, I'd have said, 'This ain't no longer the sort of home for you,' and I'd have 'vanished' her, that I would! But there! some parints, as I say, ain't worth the name, that they ain't, miss!"

"Ah, they're a queer lot as lives in that house, miss! He's a Jew, he is. I don't know what to make on 'em. Why, he keeps a 'vallett,' he does, and there—" as a slipshod, untidy-looking, shabby man, carrying a loaf under his arm, appeared round the corner, and shuffled across the street. "There is the 'vallett' a-carrying home their bread!"

"Step in, please, miss. Oh, yes, my wife is at home, but she is just 'realising' the time by having a good clean out upstairs."

"No; it wer'n't a woman's action, miss, for to go and serve anyone so—to get four shillings like that, an' then go off. [Her daughter had run away from a good situation after one day's trial.] I tell you, she's that ongrateful she don't keer, miss, what anyone does fur her, an' ne'er a thing will she do fur me if I was laid up. And if she washes the room, or cleans the steps, she won't do it not till I pays her. She's turned three and thirty, too; a woman as ought to know better, and always a-wanting, too, and I can ill afford to help her! I yearned my own livin' when I was a girl, an' I brought her-up to yearn her'n. Her husband was a likely-looking young man till he got took bad and had to go to the horspital; he had a silver tube in his throat, and died there. 'Twas in Sum George's Horspital he was!"

Here is one, too, in a setting sad and tragic enough. Four little children were found

locked in a garret, where they had been left four days without food of any kind. The youngest was an infant of under twelve months, and all were without clothing beyond a few rags; the baby with not even a rag. One of the boys of my acquaintance had seen them. "I've seed a many thin babies, but ne'er a one as little as it! It's littl' arms were just two tiny bones, an' its little face all white and sunk. The pleeceman as took 'em away carried it under his coat. The father and mother had gone away four days before—gone on the Susancide, I expects!"

"Enough to 'subside' on;" "a 'nose-eating' room;" "oriental water"—meaning "ornamental;" "an 'eggsagerated' report;" "good as a poppet show;" a "'massiline' women"—meaning "masculine;" and "infleenzey" for "influenza;" and chronic "bronchial," or "bronkittle," or "brownkatis," for "bronchitis," are a few more of the peculiarities of the English tongue as spoken down our street.

On the other hand, although we may not know quite all the details of pronunciation, there are some of us, at least, who know how to behave, even if, to put it lightly, we have taken more than is good for us.

"Ah, Miss C., an' there's some here in this street as takes your charity, goes and spends it at the public, an' then comes home an' abuses you! Ah, they do, an' I've seen 'em, though I don't want to mention no names! The drinkin' as goes on is shameful, that it is!"

"Come, come, Mrs. Lee, we mustn't talk of other people. I think I met Mr. Lee the other evening, when he did not quite know what he was doing, or what he said."

"What, miss?" quickly. "He warn't rude to you, was he?"

"Well—no!" He had merely, whilst enquiring after my health with considerable effusion, attempted to shake me warmly by the hand, which, perhaps, could scarcely be described as rude!

A complacent smile replaced the anxious expression on his wife's face; she looked round with quiet triumph. "Ah, I thought not; he never forgets his manners—never!"

I have also been received by Mrs. T. with great cordiality and politeness, and have stood talking with her for some minutes in her neat little front parlour, and received my very first intimation of her condition when, with a sudden burst of tears, she has informed me that there is no such thing as a Bible in the house, and she longed to read again the beautiful Palms, and St. 'Pistles and St. Gospels, St. Acts, and St. Romans! In that house the husband was a staunch total abstainer, hard working, and respectable, yet his wife was scarcely ever sober at any hour of the day. He himself told me that his home was a hell upon earth!

(To be concluded.)

## CALVARY CLOVER.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, but its real Latin name is *Medicago echinus*. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two peculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of

the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day stand erect in the form of a cross, with head erect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance

to a "Crown of Thorns" is at once evident.

It is thus by its Blood-stained Leaves, by its extended Arms and bowing Head, and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection, that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary Clover.

These pods contain about eight seeds each, and are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the restoration of the Norman Priory Church of S. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.

They may be had of the Verger at the Church, or of Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C.