

"But his bedroom," ponders Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "I could see at once how painfully sensitive he is about his unhappy condition, and I don't think he would submit to be carried up- and down-stairs in a strange house."

"He may have my morning room," says Gretchen, "willingly; it is off the library, and he can be easily brought from one room to the other."

"But you will miss your room, dearest," says her mother.

"No. For the time being I shall inflict myself upon Kitty. You don't mind, do you, Kitty?"

"Then I shall go over to-morrow and insist upon his coming," says Mr. Tremaine; "I won't hear of a refusal."

"I think, pappy, it would be almost better if mamma went," puts in Gretchen, very gently, giving her father's hand a soft little squeeze. "You are the kindest old pappy in the world, but perhaps mamma could explain better; you know"—with a glance at her mother—"how wonderfully clever she is about such matters."

"Do you hear her, the oily hypocrite?" murmurs Brandy, still *sotto voce*, to the incensed Flora. "Buttering up both the Pater and the Mater in one breath. Ugh! it makes me ill."

"You are a miserable creature," returns Flora, with subdued but evident force; "and I forget myself when I condescend to bandy words with you. She is the sweetest creature on earth, but you are incapable of appreciating her. There is not a drop of 'oil' in her body!"

"You would have to boil her down before you could swear to that," returns Brandy, provokingly. "Do you *want* to boil her? Why, positively you are worse than Wainwright, and Hannah Dobbs, and all that lot. And your own sister, too! Why, bad as you are, only that I heard you with my own ears, I shouldn't have believed that of you."

"I never said it. How can you even hint at such a thing?" says Flora, angrily; whereupon the argument waxes hotter and hotter, until Mrs. Tremaine, fortunately rising, carries off Flora to the drawing-room, and so puts an end to it—for the moment.

(To be continued.)

FEMININE FORCES.

Time was when, even in middle-class society, young girls were scarcely allowed to go out alone, and *never* to travel unaccompanied; but now it is nothing unusual for a girl of seventeen or eighteen to be travelling daily backwards and forwards to her college or classes, and she necessarily gains a confidence and assurance of manner very much out of character with our typical shy English maiden. Even the old names are changing. We have no longer governesses, but "lady-tutors;" no more school-girls, but "students;" and whether we are gaining much by the changes perceptible everywhere around us, is difficult to say. The great cry for the better education of women, for the equality of the sexes, is being responded to, but where will it carry us? Will it go on till the youth stands blushing and trembling, whilst the maiden whispers "the old, old story?" Education is grand, it is also indispensable; but it may be carried on at too high a pressure, and upon useless and even extravagant lines. If a girl is to be governess, or has to gain her own living, she *must*, in these days of competition, work very hard, if she would not be altogether left behind in the race for bread. But the present rage for colleges and classes makes many girls, who have no reason ever to think of getting their own living, work much harder than is good for their physical health. And the question is, does the kind of education they obtain make them better wives and mothers, pleasanter companions, or more estimable or intellectual women than their grandmothers were?

People say women have done nothing very notable *because*, in past generations, they have had no chances, have never had proper educational facilities; but the real fact is, women have not the creative faculty; and for one woman who has originated anything, twenty or thirty men may be named. It is not a matter of education, but of natural power and ability. Men of power and genius have forced their way to the surface *in spite* of neglected education and endless other difficulties; and women of equal power could do the same. That only a stray woman here and there has done so must surely be an argument that women of any great genius and creative power are very rare. Can anybody mention *one* woman worthy to be placed amongst the sculptured figures round the base of the Albert Memorial? And it is not from the lack of education that they are not there. There were women in the days of Queen Elizabeth, besides Bess, herself, as highly educated as any of our modern students. Woman is man's complement, not his rival; her chief power lies in the influence she has over him; *through* men, women have tenfold more power than they will ever have in their proper persons. That to many women the present educational advantages are of immense value I do not deny; but these, it may also be said, are exceptions; we can count on our fingers our lady-doctors, or our lady-lawyers; our known lady-artists are not numerous; and the world would be better without some of our lady-writers. But take the mass of our English girl-students, and can we say that the present high-pressure system of education is good for them?

If a girl is to be a governess, and teach, or in any way to get her own living, she must necessarily learn thoroughly such subjects as are essential to the object in view; but even so, we hold that working desperately for a period, and then having three months' holiday, is a bad division of time. And for

girls who are *not* going to be governesses, but whose lot in life is rather to be pleasant home companions, helpful intelligent members of society, and probable mothers of children, it is a pity their health and strength should be strained and overtaxed by condensing the work of months into weeks, and of years into months. And, indeed, some of the brightest and most intelligent of the many delightful women we meet have never had a college education, know nothing of mathematics, and not much of science; but instead have dipped deeply into good literature, and can take an intelligent interest in, and give a sound opinion upon, the great questions of the day. Was it Charles Lamb who said his idea of educating a girl was to turn her loose into a well-chosen library? Of course he was thinking of a girl as a companion, not as a clerk or a lawyer.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

MISTRUSTED.

I feel the nicht as I wud choke,
I feel I canna breathe within;
My mither threeps that women fowk
Sud ever bide at hame an' spin;
I trow when faither used tae spiel
The brae, and whistle o'er the moor,
She didna' sit an' birl her wheel,
An' never look ayont the door.

Sae I wud wander doon the brae
Whaur him an' me strayed ilka e'en;
An' think, as a' my lane I gae
On a' the joy that micht hae been.
They say a bonnier lass he's foun'—
Ah weel, that was na' ill tae do—
But he maun seek braid Scotland roun'
Or ere he licht on ane as true.

I wunner if her heart does beat
Whan in the gloaming he comes ben;
Is it that sair, she fain wud greet,
Whan he gangs ower the door again?
I wunner is she far ower blate
Tae raise tae his her happy ee,
For fear the joy, she kens is great,
Is mair than, maybe, he sud see?

I wunner does he cast a thocht
On ane, wha ance was a' tae him;
I wunner—whiles mair than I ocht,
Till heart is sair and een are dim—
Ay, here the sun sank red an' roun,
An' here we heard the laverock's sang,
An' here was whaur we sat us doun,
Here whaur the burnie flashed along.

Last year, we daun'ered down the braes,
Last year we heard the gowk's first cry;
Last year, we pu'ed the nuts an' slaes,
An' watched the honey bees sail by;
An' here a mavis built her nest,
Close underneath the auld stone wa'
But ane her peacefu' hame has guessed,
An' stole the mavis' nest awa'.

My mither says she's fairly sick
To see me gang a' day an' moun;
When lads, she says, are aye as thick
As are the haws on ilka thorn.
Aye, an' the gowk 'ill come next year,
The mavis fin' anither hame;
The burnie's dance along as clear,
The bees gang singing ower the kaim.

The nuts an' slaes hang ripely doun,
An' lads and lassies pu' them fain;
An' hearken tae the laverock's tune,
When next year shall come roun' again.
It's this my mither aye has said
She doesna see sae clear as I,
That I hae reeled aff a' my thread,
An' laid my rock an' reels a' by.

L. A. Johnston.