

industry and enthusiasm, not observing anything that was going on around her. Said the director of the Louvre, "I have never seen an example of such application and such ardor for work."

One day an elderly English gentleman stopped beside her easel and said: "Your copy, my child, is superb, faultless! Persevere as you have begun and I prophesy that you will be a great artist." How glad these few words made her. She went home thinking over to herself the determination she had made in the school when she ate with her iron spoon, that sometimes she would be as famous as her schoolmates, and have some of the comforts of life.

Her copies of the old masters were soon sold, and though they brought small prices, she gladly gave the money to her father, who needed it now more than ever. His second wife had two sons when he married her, and now they had a third, Germain, and every cent Rosa could earn was needed to help support seven children. "La Mamiche," as they called the new mother, was an excellent manager of the meager finances, and filled her place well.

Rosa was now seventeen, loving landscape, historical and genre painting, perhaps equally, but happening to paint a goat she was so pleased in the work that she determined to make animal painting a speciality. Having no money to procure models, she must needs make long walks into the country on foot to the farms. She would take a piece of bread in her pocket and generally forget to eat it. After working all day she would come home tired, often drenched with rain, and her shoes covered with mud.

She took other means to study animals. In the outskirts of Paris are great abattoirs or slaughter pens. Though the girl tenderly loved animals and shrank from the sight of suffering, she forced herself to see the killing that she might know how to depict the death agony on canvas. Though obliged to mingle more or less with drovers and butchers no indignity was offered her. As she sat on a bundle of hay with her colors about her they would crowd around to look at the picture and regard her with honest pride. The world soon learns whether a girl is in earnest about her work and treats her accordingly.

The road to happiness and the road to misery follow the same course. The difference is in the travellers, not in the road travelled.

"Look at that rabbit ma," said little Tot, as she curiously watched the peculiar twinkle of the animal's features; "every time he stops to smell anything, he seems to stutter with his nose."

A piece of camphor placed in an empty iron pot and set on fire is said to kill moths. As the smoke arising from it does not blacken anything, it can be used in any room, and will be found a ready way to fumigate a drawing-room, when a suspicion of moths lurk in heavy curtains, rugs, or carpets.

The Lily.

Who does not recognise a friend in the beautiful flower before us. Who has not watched and watered it, and looked forward to the forming flower. This is the *Lilium Candidum* of the east.

Cowper writes:—

"The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower:
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power."

And if the language of the lily is majesty it bears ever with it, purity also, for whiteness, as the botanical name conveys, is its distinguishing feature. Truly the beautiful calla lily is a relic of Eden and in that Elysium of bliss the lilies were not more beautiful and fragrant than now, when surrounded by other flowers we do not attempt to compare them—the lily stands alone and beside her they only make her more beautiful.



LILIUM CANDIDUM.

ful. Favored of poetry and song, as flowers are, none unless it be the rose alone has more often been chosen for simile and emblem than the lily. How expressive is Longfellow's quotation, cut "like a lily untimely."

In the Sick Room.

There is a peculiar knack, as one might call it, in waiting upon the sick. In some it is a gift, an intuitive aptitude, which others only acquire by experience. No one is so quick to detect the want of aptitude as the sufferer, and if the latter has taken a dislike to the nurse it is better for her to retire until the aversion has dissipated itself. The dislike may be but a whimsical fancy, and yet it is as injurious as if based upon abundant cause. The hand of one watcher, toying gently with the hair of the sick one, will woo to slumber with its soothing touch; the hand of another may irritate and induce increased wakefulness. The touch of both may be gentle, but there is in one a sincerity of sympathy, an abiding patience,

a personal magnetism, or whatever it may be, that is wanting in the other.

There is no time when love lends such a charm to every word and action as in the hour of sickness; and yet there is no time when a young girl is made more conscious of her insufficiency, of the fact that she is almost as helpless as the invalid. The failure may largely depend on what she regards as the veriest trifles, and which might have been avoided by thoughtfulness.

The mother generally knows, through experience, how to nurse her sick daughter; but very often the daughter does not know how to nurse her sick mother. The yearning sympathy and the earnest desire may be present, but that is not enough, although the strong, healthy girl is apt to think it is. She fails for want of method and a knowledge of what is essential—of what

ought to be done and how it ought to be done. She becomes agitated when she ought to be calm; she becomes irritated when she ought to be serene; her patience becomes exhausted just when it is most needed; she replies sullenly to complaints, she rebels against un-called-for reproaches, and finally goes off by herself to have a good cry. It is an unpleasant experience to her, but it may prove profitable. She discovers that she was not sufficiently equipped, and will very likely inform herself as to what is requisite, and meet the emergency with better success.

Nursing does not merely consist in suiting food to a taste which illness has made ten times more fastidious than usual, or in giving the proper medicine in the proper quantities at the proper intervals, or in bathing the languid head, or in moving the weary body. There is a delicacy besides the delicacy of touch. It includes the modulation of the voice, the movements about the room, the suppression of needless noises, and a score of other things of the kind.

The young nurse must be neither nervously apprehensive nor studiously indifferent. She should seem cheerful and hopeful though she does not feel so. It is a pardonable deceit. Indications of alarm and distress must be suppressed. The dress should not rattle or the shoes creek. The movements to and fro should be gentle and unobtrusive. Nothing should be said that the patient ought not to hear, for in sickness the hearing is often unnaturally quickened.

Rejected dainties should not be allowed to remain in the room under the delusion that they will be fancied by and by. It is a certain way of making the patient loathe the food.

In giving stimulants or nourishment the bowl of the spoon should be carefully raised, so as not to spill any of its contents or to annoy the patient by untidiness.

In shaking up a pillow do it with the utmost gentleness. To raise the patient to a sitting