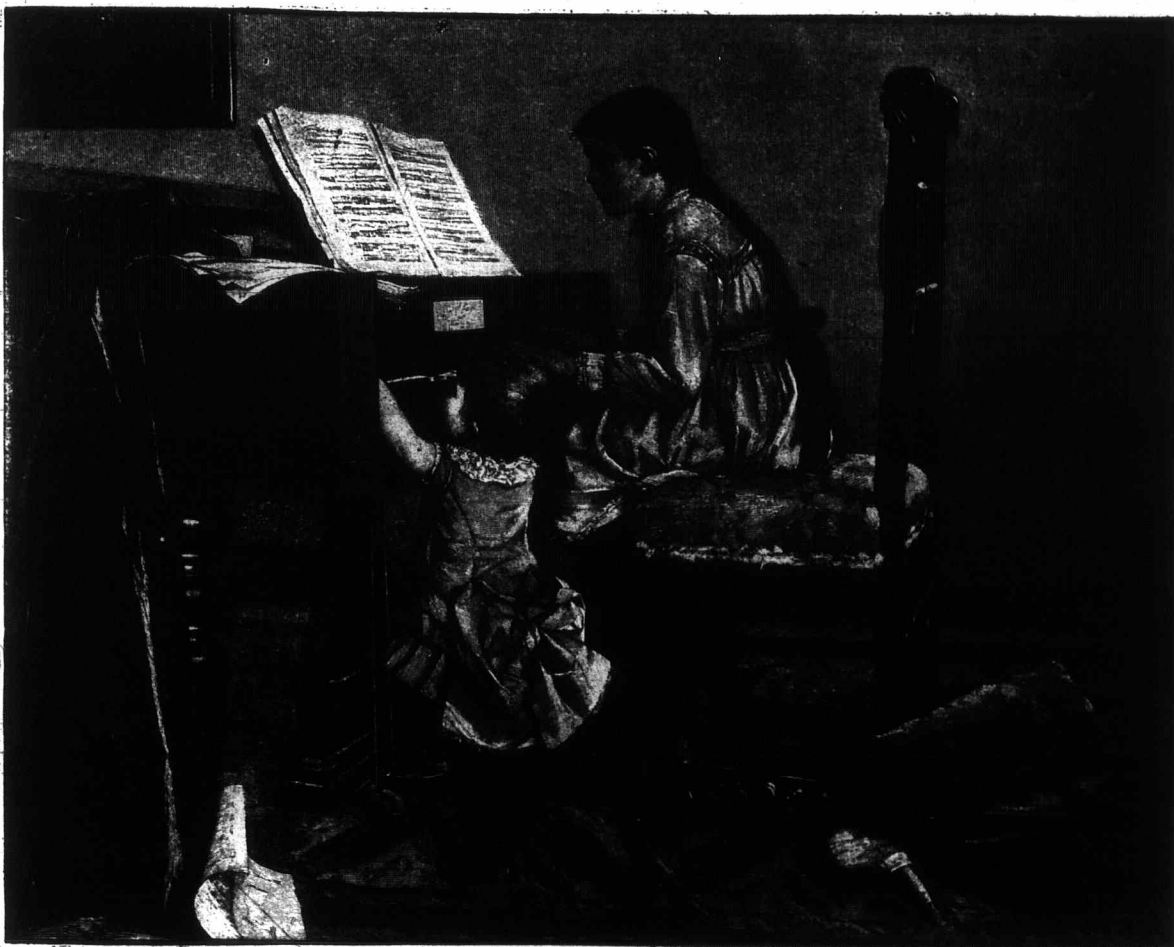


**The Child Musician.**

Where do all the girls who take music lessons go to? For who of us can find among our married lady acquaintances the sweet singers and tasteful players of the girls we used to know? Those girls who practised so faithfully on the organ, or it may be on the old melodeon of their mother's time, waded through scales and chords, and made the old instrument, untuned as it was, make a pleasing accompaniment to the young voices, which, with practice, grew rich and full, and in what musicians call "good voice." Then the longing for the piano was granted, and great, indeed, was the enjoyment in those evenings in the old home before the family tree was broken up and the grafts drifted off to homes of their own, when the neighboring young people came in and the music was interspersed with joke and conversation, lightly spoken then, but whose memory is often recalled and ever pleasingly. Then the brilliant player—the leader in mirth, music and merriment—left, and the practice hours grew less and less, and, with household cares and motherly responsibility, the piano was closed and the mother was "out of practice."

There are those who give their lives to music, but they pass from the amateur to the professional and live for and in their work, for they love it—must love it—for only that will make the true musician struggle, and work, and strive and long, and put the whole soul into the playing till the difficulties of the grand masters are overcome, and the loftier, higher conceptions of his own soul he attempts to put in sound. Who has not heard of that musician who, in trying to bring forth the grand beauty his soul conceived, died with his fingers on the keys?—too grand for earth: what was begun here was finished in heaven. It is not to eulogize the latter nor to condemn the former this article is written, but to call attention to the young, studious face at the instrument, as she observantly regards the notes on the piece before her, her whole attitude portraying earnestness in her work. That straight, high-backed chair may not be so convenient as a music stool, the instrument no piano of latest design and handsome casing with Aeolian harp combined,

but, making the most of what she has, she paves the way for future and better things. One Canadian girl, Miss Nora Clench, of St. Marys, Ont., has won honors with her violin music in other countries besides her own, and there is room in the front musical ranks for more of them to follow. This, however, is not the highest ideal we would have our young player aim at. That she has drawn—attracted by the music—the little one from the playthings across the room to her side, shows that her one auditor appreciates it, and child-like wants to share the enjoyment of making sweet music. The little one is imbibing the taste the elder sister shows, and the songs now sung in lisping accents will become a part of that little one and their spirit will be inculcated, and through life their influence will be ever there. So elder sister, choose only the sweetest and the best, let



THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

your voice never be heard in that which is not musical, maidenly and sweet.

That teacher who taught in song "The Matchless Story" lives in her pupils lives to-day. She nor it will ever be forgotten. Like Beethoven, the composer, who, when old and deaf, was travelling and stayed over night in a home where the musical family gathered round, and, in trying to produce the rare symphonies of the piece, their feelings found vent in tears. Too deaf to hear, he saw the effect, and asked for the piece, which, when given, was much surprised to find it of his own composing. So, when she arrives in Heaven, she shall be surprised to know of the effect of the teachings of other days.

KATE ROBERTSON.

Tea-caddy is a corruption of the Malay name of a Chinese weight reckoned at a pound and a third, avoidupois. The name of this weight is nati, called by Europeans, catty or caddy.

**The Life of a Girton Student.**

An early breakfast, served from eight to nine (some industrious students begin their day with a private breakfast at five or six, and only partake of the college meal as an afterthought), is followed by a morning devoted almost without exception to private study, or to attendance at lectures given in college by the resident lecturers, or at the numerous courses in Cambridge now thrown open to women. The early hours of the afternoon, which by common agreement of the students are considered "noise-hours," are usually given to recreation, tennis being the most popular form of outdoor amusement, and pianos, with an occasional fiddle, having full swing indoors. After luncheon, coffee parties are also a common occurrence, the entertainment being of the most informal description, while the hostess seldom scruples to dismiss her guests or leave them to entertain themselves if she has work or lectures on hand.

From three until six o'clock dinner silence reigns again in the college. Many classical and mathematical lectures are given at this time by Cambridge lecturers, who come out to the college for the purpose, and the students who have not lectures usually, though not so universally as in the morning, devote a part or the whole of these hours to private study. After dinner, again informal coffee or

tea parties are frequent, and friends generally meet in a haphazard kind of way, which, perhaps, may be best described as "loafing" into each other's rooms. In the May term this "loafing" takes place round the grounds, and an interesting study of shawls might be made from the windows overlooking the lawn and tennis courts.

The formal social duty of calling on freshers is performed in this after-dinner hour, most of the college business is transacted, meetings are held, and subscriptions to the various societies paid. In the May term it is the favorite hour for tennis, and in all three terms the fire brigade has a fortnightly practice immediately after "Hall." (Some of the poorer specimens of Girtonians think this a little severe, as the practice often includes a double quick march from end to end of the long corridors; but the