

Queen Anne style and painted gaily, yet tastefully, in olives, gold, browns, terracotta, and bright red. A drive past them, along the water's edge, while drinking in the fresh sea air, was most enjoyable.

We were very loath to leave this enchanting city and its surroundings, but at the end of a few short weeks we had started upon our return trip, feeling that what we had seen was almost like a dream.

Now, my dear girls, I will give the result of the competition for the essay on Friendship; prize of a silver butter cooler has been awarded to Miss Maggie Naismith, of Holstein, Ont. We now offer a prize of a handsome silver napkin ring with the winner's initials engraved, for the best essay on "True Politeness." We were particularly pleased at the quantity and quality of essays sent in this month, and trust they will be equally good for the coming competition. All communications must be in by the 25th.

MINNIE MAY.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.

##### Friendship.

BY MISS MAGGIE NAISMITH, HOLSTEIN, ONT.

What is this friendship of which bards have sung and poets raved almost from "time immemorial?" Is it—

"But a name, a charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

Far be the thought! Friendship, tried and steadfast, may be rare, it is true, yet even in this world of empty form and base deception, we may find that which merits the title, Friendship—sweet word and sweeter bond. From earliest infancy each has had a bosom friend; one near and dear, to whom has been confided every joy—every hope. While as time rolls on and with the changing years change early ties, still there will be one who, nearer than all others, may claim that chosen place.

Are we wrong? Are there those who tread "life's thorny way" friendless and alone? "None to love, none to caress." None to care whether fortune smiles on them and life seems as a glad song of summer; or whether their's are frowns, not smiles, and "the burden laid upon them seems greater than they can bear."

Cheerless thought! Could joy unshared be joy? Could there be sorrow and none to sympathize? None to speak a kindly word or lend a pitying glance? Oh! depth of earthly woe!

Bowed thus in sorrow, do they not know that there is one ever ready to help? One "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." No grief is too small for His notice—no care too trifling. Precious "refuge in time of trouble!" Why will not all seek comfort there?

But even humanly speaking, are there not sweet ties of friendship, and what constitutes a true friend? Is there one who bravely, yet gently, tells us our faults; who tenderly disentangles our feet from the meshes of evil and points us to the straight and narrow way; who chides without harshness; who loves without servility? Then such would we gladly call our friend. Only one who is faithful and true could venture to administer a reproof, knowing that it would inflict pain, for whose inward

spirit would not feel chafed to see their faults exposed to the glare of even friendly criticism? Yet we are told in the Book of all books that "the wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy."

"True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed of hearts in union mutually disclosed." What care is there which fellow-feeling will not lighten? How often, when downcast and sorrowful, have we felt the soothing influence of friendly sympathy? Think of our sad experience had there been none to confide in. Would we not be still morosely brooding over our ills, magnified tenfold by nursing them, whereas we can now see the silver lining peeping through the clouds, and life once more seems bright and beautiful? One friendly word worked this metamorphosis and enabled us to see all in a new light. Who can estimate the value of a true friend? Little do we realize how much our companions make or mar our lives. Many a bright boy leaves the peaceful home of his childhood—his father's restraining influence and his mother's tender care—goes to fight life's battles, totally ignorant of the snares and pitfalls which await him. "Distance lends enchantment," the world seems full of beauty and sunshine; he does not dream of danger, when, perchance, the serpent lurking in his path will steal upon him unawares. He does not recognise a foe, who, skilled in deceit, comes in the guise of a friend, and ensnares the unsuspecting youth. All are not endowed with the same will power. Some have a yielding and pliable nature and may be readily influenced for good or evil. How many, looking back when years have fled, may trace their present condition to the timely influence of a friend?

Parents should study the disposition of each child, and as far as possible keep them from being contaminated by evil companions. Beware lest the tempter come in the disguise of friendship and steal from your garland its sweetest blossoms.

Ah! could you but have foreseen the dire consequences—your boy filling the drunkard's grave, or chained with the convict's fetter, would that subtle deceiver have found a place at your fireside? No! And now when goaded by misery you spurn him from you, it is too late. He only mocks at your sorrow—he, who ruined your darling while claiming to be his friend, yes—friend—as Brutus was to Caesar—as Delilah was to Samson.

Can friendship exist between two of different tastes and habits; must there not be thoughts and feelings in common—only sufficient diversity of disposition to avoid monotony, yet such agreement that their lives will blend harmoniously together? "Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one."

How true it is that "a whisperer separateth chief friends!" Are instances of it not of every day occurrence? Strange it is that we value our friends so lightly, that we would allow a mere scandal-monger to come between us and them. It is only when they are gone—parted by a proud, unforgiving spirit—that we feel our loss. Mayhap, we do not realize it till they are gone from us to another world. Then, in vain would we recall each hasty action, in vain wish for a reconciliation when too late.

We did not appreciate their true value when here, and now 'tis vain to sigh for

A friend "whose every breath  
May blend and mingle with our own,  
Whose heart with ours in joy may beat  
Whose eye with ours in pain may meet;  
For dear to us are those who wait  
Around our couch with kindred pain;  
The long familiar friend or mate,  
Whose softness woos us to complain,  
Whose tear meets every tear that flows,  
Whose sympathy relieves our woes."

#### Answers to Inquirers.

KATIE.—A very pretty way to use your numerous Christmas cards would be to cover the top of a table as follows: Begin by cutting off all the margins of the cards, then arrange them, lapping over each other, starting from the centre, and taking care that all the light and dark ones are not together, but counter-balance each other; stick them on with paste sold in bottles. Size, and then varnish. Finish with a gold rim or tack a gimp around the edge with fancy nails; the effect is very pleasing.

PERPLEXED.—Please tell me how to make white and spotted castile soap? **ANS.**—Take 6 lbs. of sal soda and 3 lbs. of quicklime, and dissolve in 4 gallons of water; strain clear and add 6 lbs. of olive oil, stir thoroughly and boil, then set to cool in a square flat vessel and cut into bars while soft. To color the soap, take a small quantity of finely powdered copperas and stir it in the hot soap sufficient to partly mix or marble it, and then set it to cool; after a time the iron changes to oxide and makes the red streaks and spots.

T. H. L.—1. Pronounce "patent" as "pay-tent," not as "pattent." 2. By no means take any notice of the man who presumes to stare so rudely at you in church, but keep your eyes away and devote your thoughts to your religious duties.

MAISIE.—1. George Eliot is the *nom de plume* of Marianne Evans, born in England 1820, died 1880. She was the daughter of a clergyman; her principal publications are "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," etc. 2. The lines—

"To know, to esteem, to love and then to part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart,"  
are by Coleridge.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—1. To paint the fan, it will be necessary to stretch it on a board and fasten it down with tacks. Otherwise, the material will draw. 2. It is not necessary that a bridesmaid's dress should be like that worn by the bride—indeed, just now, it is preferred that they should differ. The gloves should match the costume. Hats are considered in better taste than flower-dressing for the hair. 3. The tulle veil is simply finished with a hem about an inch and a half wide, and is drawn together at the top in soft plaits that are carefully pinned before the veil is fastened to the hair. Tiny silver pins are pretty for fastening the veil.

BELLA B.—1. You are not too old to learn singing at nineteen years of age. The voice remains beautiful for many years. Be careful not to exercise the voice too long at a time; practice the scales and exercises mainly, and do not waste time over poor songs.