

know how to pay the bills, and that I ought not to feed the birds, but I shall. I'd much rather go hungry than let them starve."

"Good gracious, child, what notion have you got into your head now, I should like to know. We have always been poor, and shall remain poor to the end of the chapter, I suppose; but I don't see how you and I can alter things."

"I want to go to school and be taught things."

"I might teach French and Spanish at a school if I were in a town; but what can we do here, buried alive in this hole?"

The ideas that Deborah had set afloat simmered for a few days, and then were discussed solemnly in the family council of three, with the final result that it was determined to raise a small sum by a mortgage on the house, with which the younger Mrs. Menzies and Deborah should be sent into lodgings in London as close as possible to a first-rate high

school, to which Deborah should go. Deborah's mother proposed to help towards the carrying out of the scheme by seeking an engagement as teacher of languages at some school, or by taking special scholars at home. Deborah was half frightened, half delighted, at the prospect of the great change in her life, but wholly determined to make the best use of the opportunities of education that were to be given her. The bustle and excitement of the next few weeks were bewildering. Her wardrobe was overhauled, her frocks lengthened, and she was fitted for two new ones, an experience which had not occurred in her lifetime before.

The last night came, the closing of the life of her childhood. Deborah was kneeling before her box, laying something in it with very tender hands.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Deborah's mother, peeping over her shoulder. "Take it out again. You are too old to play with dolls. Leave it here, or—burn it."

Deborah's face flushed crimson.

"I promised faithfully not to play with her any more," she said, with a choke in her voice. "but I shall take her with me. She'd never get over it if I left her behind, and Mr. David gave her to me. I shall keep her for ever and ever. Burn her! Oh, mother, I didn't think you could be so unkind!"

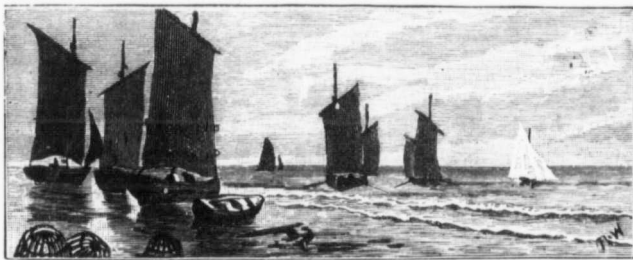
Deborah was so close to tears that her mother's voice softened.

"Well, well, pack it up if you like, but a doll is a doll and nothing more nor less, and the sooner you learn that the better."

The next morning a fly drove up to the door, and carried Deborah and her mother away. Through all the days of her childhood Deborah never remembered her grandfather kissing her, but to-day a sudden impulse made her lift up her face to his, and he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-bye, grandfather; I'll try and be clever, I will really!"

(To be continued.)



SOME NEW CONTRALTO SONGS FOR GIRLS.

WITH all his classic genius and his more serious labours, Frederick Cowen still favours us with such delightfully simple yet beautiful songs as "The Gift of Rest" (R. Cocks), which any girl can appreciate. The original key is No. 2 in d reaching to d, but the lowest is in c, the compass being from a to c.

Clifton Bingham writes the verses which sing so lovingly of the children's visitant,

"The dear sleep angel
Out of the beautiful west."

Speaking of sleep, there is a fine setting of Tennyson's lines in "The Foresters" "To Sleep," by Geraldine Fitzgerald (Augener); it is short but very impressive, and suitable too to a voice of small compass. "Childhood," by Theo. Ward (Weekes), a sister's cradle song to a tiny motherless one, is peculiarly touching and melodious (No. 1 key), while the sleepest, prettiest little Dutch lullaby is "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," by Marion Stephen (Metzler). The quaint conceit is that Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, and Nod is the little head. Compass a to e.

Another song, "The Pilgrims," by Frederick Cowen (Metzler), is easy in voice part and accompaniment, and fitted for Sunday singing; the refrain is full of reverent feeling.

"The Children of the King," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is written in his most popular

vein, and it is accordingly most useful for any audience. Four bars of "Hark, the Herald Angels" are introduced with an extremely telling effect, which can be heightened if sung in harmony by an invisible choir or quartet, also if accompanied on the organ (or harmonium) and piano, the latter plays a very pretty imitation of Christmas chimes. The contralto key is b flat to e flat. There are many serious songs like this for low voices, more so than for others, naturally because the timbre of contraltos is generally impressive and more suited to them. Another akin and very pleasing is "The Great Eternal Home," by Hartwell Jones (Phillips and Page), a worn but ever interesting story of a little homeless city waif—how many of them there are in the great cities close to our bright homes! It is not in the least difficult, and though it is published in four keys, we prefer it for contralto (b flat to d).

Two more songs of this kind by Arthur Godfrey are "Answering Angels," with simple organ accompaniment if required (No. 1 key), and "The Face of an Angel" (R. Cocks).

"For every dear one lost on earth
There is one more star in heaven"

is the beautiful meaning of the words; it is easy to sing, and will surely never fail to please (key c).

Madge E. Conroy has written a little June

idyll, "Among the Roses," which is just charming in its melodious freshness; it is published by Messrs. Ascherberg in one cover with "A Rose Garden," and entitled "Rose Leaves." The accompaniment is elegant and repays study.

"A Roving," by Edith A. Dick (Cramer), is very graceful, light and useful, and for those who sing plantation ditties "Sweet Ellie Rhee," by Leslie Crotty (Cramer), is a favourite, with its pretty chorus, for homesinging. It is useful to mention that the always delightful books of Scott Gatty's plantation songs (Boosey) are now brought out with guitar and banjo accompaniments, a want long felt.

"Two Little Friends," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is simple and interesting, and a sad but sweet little love song (not without a sage moral) is "In the Time of Roses," by Felix Corbett (No. 1 key) (Boosey); it is most melodious with a cello obbligato. Made-moiselle Chaminade's beautiful music to M. C. Gillington's beautiful words render "Meditation" (J. Williams) a gem for low voices (in b flat); and although we are unprepared to like another version of H. F. Lyte's familiar hymn, "Abide with Me," an exceedingly fine new setting is by S. Liddle (Boosey), and it will be found a really grateful and worthy study for contraltos.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.