

Mississippi. The general colour is rich brown on head and delicate yellow brown face, the body a beautiful silvery grey, legs brown yellow. Of course, this little fox has all the characteristics of its kind, which are too well known to describe.

Silver fox is much patronised for ladies' round boas and muffs. Before concluding this interesting subject, I may mention there are still some valuable furs we have not now space to deal with, viz., black and brown bear, otter beaver; this skin used to be largely

used if we recollect in gentlemen's hats. Black goat is much used now for coachmen's capes and cuffs, and Persian lamb for ladies' fur ties. All these beautiful things made up are always on view at our large fur stores in the West End.
A. T. ELWES.



"MY ROOM": OUR RECENT ESSAY COMPETITION.*

(ONE GUINEA.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

What a ray of Sunshine "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" seems each Month to bring to me. How eagerly too, do I look forward to receiving it, shut away as I am in one Room, and having so few pleasures from the outside world, that perhaps I love the Paper more than many of your Readers.

I am, and have been for some years, an Invalid. Shut away at the very beginning of womanhood, and when life looked very sweet to me. It seemed so hard to have to lie still day after day, and suffer pain indescribable. Since, many times, how thankful I have been that my eyes were veiled from the future, and that I knew nothing of the long years which were to pass upon my bed. Truly God doeth all things well.

The Room in which I have spent so many years, is a very tiny Room, but yet made as bright and pretty as possible by a Mother's loving hands. Such a bare ugly room it was at first, and seemed impossible to make it look at all comfortable.

My Mother was unable to spend money upon it, but her clever fingers soon made an alteration. My bed is placed down one side of the room, which was necessary owing to want of space. Close to the head of the bed, is a recess, and a shelf covered with oil-cloth, and edged with fringe, was fixed to the wall, upon which I keep my books, and Photographs. Above this is a Text, which is very often so hard for God's Children when in trouble to say, from their hearts: "Thy Will be done." May God help us all to be able truly to say it, whenever He sees fit to give us the trouble which must come to each of us, sooner or later.

Underneath the shelf is a table, (really only a Grocer's empty box,) and although only rough unpainted deal, is not seen from the outer side of the bed, but when covered with a cloth looks quite smart, and is very useful to place my writing desk, and letter rack upon, and being close to the bed, are easily reached.

A little further on, and where my eyes can rest upon it, is a Text Roll. It is such a help to me, especially when unable to read my daily portion.

I can always find something suitable for each day. Sometimes I see written there, chiding words, at other times, words of warning, cheer, or comfort.

Sometimes, friends tell me I escape so much, and am shielded from so many temptations, in the solitude of my Room. They do not know, and only those can know, who like myself, are not able to be out and about in the thick of the fight. We have quite as

much to bear, and quite as many temptations to fight against, as those who are in the very front of the battle. They perhaps, are not the same kind of temptations, but yet, they are just as strong. Then, we are not so able to overcome them, and we cannot run away from them. We are so apt to make so much of any trouble, and to make mountains of mole-hills. Then there is the temptation to ill-temper, to irritability, especially when the pain is so severe, that a heavy foot-step seems too much to bear, and irritable words rise to the lips so quickly, and if allowed to be spoken cannot be recalled. How this must grieve the loving heart of Jesus, who is all love, and who when mocked, and insulted, when upon earth, was never heard to speak an unkind word. But those of us who know Jesus as our very own Personal Saviour, can go to Him at all times, and feel sure of His sympathy and forgiveness.

I think that verse in Deuteronomy 33-27, so suitable, especially for the weak ones, "The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and He shall thrust out the Enemy from before thee; and shall say, destroy them."

It is such a comfort to feel we can fly to Jesus, and know we are safe, for time, and for Eternity.

To go on with my description—The Text-roll partly overhangs the fire-place, and my bed too is in front of these, for the room being so small we cannot have a fire.

Above the fire-place is the mantel-piece, but which is so very narrow, and of no use at all, but my Mother placed a long piece of rather wide wood upon it, and covered it with some cheap mantel bordering, so that it is quite an ornament to the room, and will hold anything, almost, now.

Above the mantel piece, is a Group of "Bible Class Girls," with their Teacher, and at one time, mine also. Well do I remember her kind, loving Teaching, and ready sympathy and help. Occasionally, I have the pleasure of a visit from her, and sweet words of Counsel, and before she leaves, she talks to Jesus, and tells Him all about me, and asks for help in bearing the pain and weakness. I need not say, how she helps me.

There are two texts in white frames at the end of the room, which were given me one Birthday, by a girl friend. During the long wakeful nights, my eyes often rest upon them, and they whisper down into my heart, "Let not your heart be troubled." Again, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They are such a help too, to my poor tired, weary, often heart-sick Mother. Truly she does need strength for the hard battle of weary days, and often nights too. But God is the Strength of her life, and is with her to help her in her

daily work. Jesus knows what it is to work, for was He not a Carpenter? There is nothing we have to do, or bear, but that He can enter into it and understand.

The other side of the room has another Text, bearing these words, "Seed time and harvest shall not cease." Appropriately entwined amongst the words, are poppies, corn, and corn-flowers. Last year, or year before, farmers said, "We shall have no harvest this year." That was afterwards proved utterly wrong. If the Corn had been very bad, all was not bad, and if the farmers had studied the subject in God's Word, they would have seen written the words that the Harvest should never cease. God's Word must be true, for He can never lie. On the same side of the room, is a Card bearing these words.

"Lo, I am with thee alway,
Over valley plain and hill,
Through storm, or shade, and sunshine,
O doubting heart be still.
What matter earthly darkness, if I thy
Lord am near,
What matter earthly tempests, if thou
My Voice can'st hear?"

The other, and last end of my room, bears another text, which is just over my head. It is also a picture of the Good Shepherd, bearing in His Arms a little lamb, pressed so closely to His bosom, and looks so safe and happy, as if it loves to be there, and never wants to stray again. The good Shepherd has a crook in His free hand, and is looking down upon the little lamb, which no doubt has given Him a lot of pain and trouble, seeking for it. Does the little lamb not remind us of the trouble we often give, and how often we grieve the tender heart of Jesus? How often do we stray from His side, and yet He will seek us, until He finds us, and places our feet again in the Narrow path.

Close by the picture is the window, and I am more fortunate in that respect, than many of your readers in large Towns, who see nothing from their windows, perhaps for weeks and months, (when their work is there), but the roofs, and chimneys, of houses. My window is large, and though we have only a small yard, and a tiny flower border, yet there are gardens and trees to be seen, as far as the eye can reach.

I do thank God for this, and that He has placed me where the pure fresh air can blow upon me, and fill my room too. I often feel so grieved when I think of other Invalids, shut away in stuffy garrets, or damp dirty cellars, where no pure fresh air can possibly enter, and the very air they are breathing is poison. I was thinking of the Contrast to-day whilst reading a tiny poem, about two rooms, one richly furnished, and the owner

* These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.