

one's whole soul is longing to put thanks into fitting words!

This sort of nervousness produces more serious results than social embarrassment or amateurish tremor. It disguises and disfigures the whole nature, and in too many a case seriously interferes with the happiness of its victim.

The sovereign remedy for nervousness is this—to turn the thoughts away from self. An exaggerated self-consciousness is at the root of the whole evil. A story told me by a city missionary, in another connection altogether, may have an application here. He was greatly discouraged at his many difficulties and went one day to call upon an old woman in his district, telling her of his intention to resign his work. She spoke to him in the following parable—

"When I was a child in the country I was sent by my mother daily to a farm to fetch milk. I had to cross a stream by a narrow footbridge. One day the stream was unusually full, rushing swiftly along, and as I crossed it on my way to the farm I felt giddy. Returning with the can, I again ventured on the bridge and felt more giddy still. I feared to tumble and spill the milk ere I could get across. All at once something seemed to say to me, 'Look at that tree on the further bank, not at your foot-steps.' I fixed my eye on the sturdy oak across the stream and walked safely over."

"Look away from yourself!" is the moral of this anecdote. The nervous above all people need to lay it to heart.

Take a familiar illustration. The nervous, self-conscious *débutante* tosses and tumbles all night long before her concert at her

School of Music; she cannot sleep; when the dread hour arrives she feels as though she were being led to execution; her thought is all of herself and her own powers. "How shall I get through it? what will the audience think of me?"

She begins her sonata, and it is evident that she is self-conscious to a painful extent; people fidget and feel uncomfortable, and wish it were over. Gradually, as she proceeds, the beauty of the music takes hold upon her nature, and her thoughts turn to that rather than to her own sensations. The attention of the audience is arrested; she does not notice them, for she is gradually being absorbed by the spell of the Master she interprets, and her soul is passing into his strain; her face is losing its harassed, anxious look, and becoming rapt and peaceful. When she ends there is a tumult of applause; she is surprised; she has "forgotten herself" in her art, and has therefore done well.

"I am not a good nurse; I am far too nervous," says another girl who is nevertheless anxious to be helpful in this most womanly office. And while her thoughts are concentrated on herself she is pretty sure

to be awkward and clumsy, stumbling and doing the wrong thing at the wrong moment, to the discomfort of herself and the invalid. But if she can succeed in forgetting herself altogether, and thinking only of the sufferer, she will be surprised to find how easy the task becomes.

"All the diseases of the mind, leading to fatalest ruin, are due to the concentration of man upon himself," says Ruskin.

The self-consciousness of people who are not in the least "selfish" in the commonly-accepted sense, often stands in the way of their happiness and usefulness.

Dear girls, who suffer from shyness or nervousness, I have a special fellow-feeling with you. But let me assure you that, while I sympathise with these troubles, I know from experience they can be overcome in sufficient degree to fully repay your effort. Not only your own comfort, but your use and worth to other people are affected by these weaknesses. And while you suffer from them, you cannot fully enter into the only life worth living, in which you come to identify yourself freely and gladly with a larger, fuller life than the life of Self.

GROWING VINES IN POTS.

By MRS. BRIGHTWEN.

The natural growth of the vine is so graceful and beautiful when adorned with bunches of luscious grapes, we may well desire to utilise it for decorative as well as useful purposes, and this can easily be done if young vine plants are trained in pots.

Vines properly grown and ripened may be bought of any fruit nurseryman in the autumn for about seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings each.

The pots should be eleven inches in diameter, filled with good mellow loam mixed with a little lime rubbish, and a good quantity of broken potsherds should be placed at the bottom to give thorough drainage.

These vines should stand for the winter in a greenhouse or cool vinery so that they may be kept dry and at a low temperature.

Early in the year the stem should be shortened to six or seven feet and the cut covered with a little dab of white lead to prevent the sap oozing out.

About March the soil in the top of the pot will require to be stirred up and enriched with a little fine earth, to which has been added some bone meal, and then after a good watering, the vine will begin to start. From the axils of the old leaves shoots will be developed, bearing bunches of incipient grapes; as soon as these are well formed about seven or eight should be selected so as to furnish the stem. Pinch off the remaining bunches and also the points of the shoots, with the exception of those bearing the bunches of grapes and the terminal shoot.

If we possess a vinery the culture will now be very simple, the stem can either be tied up to a vacant wire on the trellis, or to a tall bamboo stake.

