

in Anne Pratt's coloured pictures and learn their names. Read Anne Pratt's *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers*, *Ferny Combes*, and *Common Objects of the Country*."

HISTORY.

"History is the record of God's dealings with mankind."—*Dean Stanley*.

History means—How men and women came to be what they are now. Books about England, the infancy of England, the children of England, the manhood of England.

Try to understand something about your own country. Isn't it a pity that all the past of your own country should be a blank to you? Read Green's *History of the English People*, and Macaulay's *History of England*. History is the record of the education of the world. Read English history to see how England grew up, to see how it became more and more

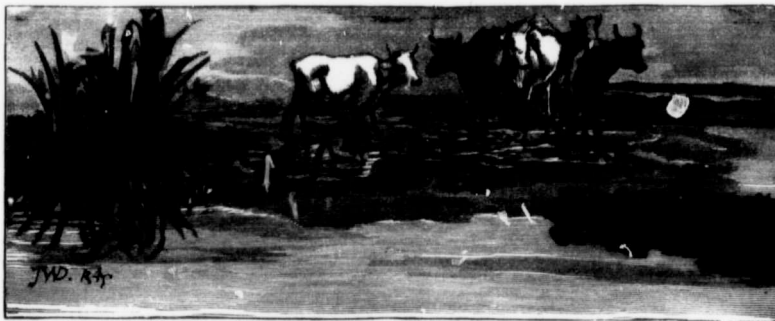
and more free and how we ought to use our freedom.

What a pity it is not to know about history when you go to old castles, towns and cathedrals. I advise you whenever you go to see an old place to look out first in an English History the stories about it; it will double the interest. If you know the stories belonging to the places you can fancy the ladies of the castles looking out of the slits in the towers for the men returning from the wars, and so on. The places will seem peopled instead of empty. This will make your mind richer. Knowledge of history doubles your interest in life. When you read any period in history try to read an historical novel at the same time. If you are studying the French revolution read the *Atelier du Lys*, and *On the Edge of the Storm*.

These are some of the remarks which

preface the various sections of books. As I said before I wish I could give them in their entirety; they form such an excellent guide in the selection of books. The care shown in the library is a sample of that displayed in every part of the Home of Rest. A holiday spent here strengthens the girls in mind and body, and it is no small thing that we, by giving a yearly subscription, may help this good work and strengthen the hands of those ladies who devote their lives to it.

I only wish that all who read this paper could see the home and the guests and the gentlewomen whose lives are spent in giving rest and joy and strength to shop girls. It is a Christ-like work done in the quietest manner possible. One can only give the barest outline of what is done here, but I beg of you, who can, to go and see it, and you will understand better what women workers are doing.



"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

"You won't wear that old dust-cloak, Miss Joan?"

"Yes, I shall, Rendel; it is such a splendid cover-all."

"But it is so terribly shabby and old-fashioned."

"Now, Rendel, you have enlarged upon its defects for the last five summers. I know them by heart. With all its faults, I love it still."

"There is this lovely velvet cape—I am sure it is comfortable," ventured Rendel respectfully.

"All bugles, and dangles, and lace! Yes; and there is that silk atrocity you persuaded me to purchase in Paris; and there are several other garments equally as useless. I shall wear my old dust-cloak—do you hear, Rendel?"

"Yes, ma'am. But suppose you meet the De Quincey Joneses or Lady Anne Ponsonby?"

"What shall I do?" cried Miss Artleton in tragic tones. "I shall rush into the nearest shop and cry, 'Hide me, oh, hide me, for Rendel's sake!'" And the little old lady broke into a merry laugh. "Don't look so disappointed! My friends will not blame you; they know you are a jewel."

"It is not for my sake, ma'am; they might think it strange—" Rendel stopped in confusion.

"That a person of my position should wear such an antiquated garment," concluded Miss Artleton gaily. "They can think what they like—I shall wear my dear old dust-cloak. I have made up my mind, Rendel, and you know what that means; you have lived with me nearly thirty years."

"Only twenty-six, ma'am," ventured the maid.

"Don't blush! We are both growing old—I am not ashamed of the fact. Reach that black sailor hat; it will be so useful. Now I can see a look of horror in your eyes. You thought I bought it merely from pity for that poor half-starved milliner. I bought it to wear, Rendel—understand that! Her Majesty wears a common or garden hat, and she is ten years older than I am, so I follow her example. When she rides a bicycle, I shall ride one also. I am truly loyal." And with a laugh, Miss Artleton perched a girlish sailor hat upon her grey curls.

"I am going by train to Sandrington, Rendel. There is a pretty girl in a fancy shop there in whom I am interested. Yes, I have a fad for shop-girls at present. That little vulgar boy who stole my diamond brooch rather damped my ardour for shoe-blacks. But I have faith in human nature. He will return it to me, I feel sure he will. Now I am ready. No, you need not accompany me; you suffer such agonies when I disgrace the noble name of Artleton. You ought to have been an aristocrat, Rendel!" And, waving her tiny jeweled hand, Miss Artleton left the room, tripped down the broad oaken staircase, and went out into the open air.

With a despairing sigh, Rendel walked to a window and watched her mistress out of sight.

Among her lady acquaintances, Miss Artleton was generally described as "a good old soul, but slightly peculiar—a love affair when she was a young girl, you know," the latter part of the sentence being accompanied by a significant tap of the forehead. Only a

favoured few saw the priceless jewel that lay hidden behind the little lady's odd exterior.

Years ago, when she was young and pretty, she became engaged to a noble but penniless young fellow, who, to make for himself a position in life, set sail for India. The outward-bound vessel was lost and with it Miss Artleton's lover.

For months the poor girl went about a mere shadow of her former self; then she suddenly aroused all her energies, and her fashionable friends began to shake their worldly-wise heads and say that she was peculiar. The visible form her peculiarity took was vaguely hinted at. It was a form unknown to the idlers who lounged their lives away in heated drawing-rooms or roamed across the Continent in search of happiness.

Many a young couple happily married blessed the name of the "peculiar" Miss Artleton. A few pounds here, a little influence there, and many a bright home sprang into existence where, without her assistance, there would have been long years of weary waiting, until, as the little lady herself put it, "The poor young folk would be too tired to enjoy each other's society."

Purchasing a few yards of ribbon in a fancy shop one day, Miss Artleton's attention was arrested by the fair, open countenance of a young assistant. Her romantic fancy was immediately captured, and, without knowing it, Clarice Day found a valuable friend. This visit was succeeded by several others, but only once did Clarice "serve" Miss Artleton. Still, the little lady kept her eyes and ears open. The result will be seen later.

(To be continued.)