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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### MY LAND OF MEMORIES.

By ERIC BROAD.

I AM sole monarch of a land—  
A land of rare delight:  
And there, my sceptre owns a sway  
Of undisputed right:  
Courtiers, subjects, rule I none—  
I covet none of these!  
Without them, Peace hath ever  
blessed  
My Land of Memories!

I take my seat upon my throne  
Whatever time I will:  
When in the night I am alone  
And all the world is still:  
Or, when the day is young  
and fair  
And sunbeams kiss the trees,  
I rule within my magic land—  
My Land of Memories!

How sweet the hours, and  
passing fleet!  
How sweet the secret bower!  
How dear the heart's exultant  
beat:  
The liberty; the power,  
To know that none can come  
and tread  
My boundless sunny leas—  
That one chief beauty of my  
land—  
My Land of Memories!

No cares distract: but sweet  
content  
Dwells in each sunlit close:  
Life, is a glad retirement  
A sweet and rhythmic gloze:  
Would I could rest for ever  
'neath  
Those never leafless trees  
Which grace and shade my  
dream-filled land—  
My Land of Memories!

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[From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.  
"HOW SWEET THE SECRET BOWER."]

## THE PRIZE DESIGN.

## CHAPTER III.

"Oh, how fair the garden looks after rain!  
The roses and the gilliflowers uprear,  
And with a confidence from Heaven appear  
To tell once more that joy comes after  
pain!"



HAVE you ever on a dark winter's day noticed the effect of a ray of sunshine darting its glory for a

time between the clouds? All that was dull and cheerless a moment earlier is transfigured. The snow is like a sheet of silver, the drops of moisture on the trees are crystals, the sleeping birds awake and raise their heads to Heaven, chirping praise, the pale-faced snow-drop breathes again. As the sunshine, so was my life now—my new life spent under the chestnut trees of Abbotsford.

"Surely," I would say to myself, as I looked around my room, with its white curtains and the roses at the window—"surely some witchery is on me, and I am dreaming, fooled by this magic spell which soon will break and leave me desolate!"

And now let me tell you how I spent my day. I have troubled you so long with my bitterness and sorrows that I like to linger just a few short moments on my altered circumstances and blessed time of happiness and peace.

I would arise at seven o'clock and meet Miss Hamilton in the dining-room, where we would converse for some time together over a dainty meal of coffee, rolls, and fruit. Then we would walk under the pine trees and gather wild flowers or turn into the orchard, plucking a luscious apricot or pear. At ten o'clock we would part company, she to return home, and I to thread my way towards the pleasureance, where I would work at my painting until the gong sounded for dinner.

Dinner was served in the oak *salon*. All the furniture here was of ancient design and in the best taste. Heavy chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, and fine old pictures adorned the walls; the appointments were of silver. Most beautiful views were to be obtained from the deeply-recessed windows.

Our dinner passed gaily and pleasantly, Miss Hamilton talking continually about her nephew, who was now travelling on the Continent, and who seemed to be in the dear old lady's eyes at once the best and most heroic of men.

I would listen at such times with reverence and attention, and in return for what she called my patience she would kindly ask me to confide in her, so that she very soon knew my entire history.

After dinner we drove to the neighbouring villages, where we visited the poor, taking them fruit, eggs, and fresh butter, and on our return tea was awaiting us, spread out on the lawn under the chestnut trees. From thence until supper I again returned to my painting,

Miss Hamilton sitting by my side and beguiling the happy moments by her sweet thoughtfulness and charm.

Our evenings we always spent in song, and before retiring we knelt down together, thanking God for his goodness to us.

One day, whilst we were at dinner and I was laughing merrily at some story she was telling, she stopped short suddenly and said—

"Marie"—she had insisted upon calling me Marie from the very first—"Marie, you interest me, child. Your life has been an unusual one, and your face—"

The happiness died from my eyes. Would she also, the angel who had treated me so kindly—would she also blame me for my ugliness? She noticed my look and smiled.

"Your face, dear," she continued, "has more expression in it than I have ever seen in a human face before."

"My face has always repelled people," I said, with downcast eyes.

"Because up to this time your face was so thin and haggard, your eyes were dulled with sorrow, and every feature cried out to the passer-by, 'I suffer!' Now all is changed. Only one short week here has given you new life. Your cheeks have colour in them, your eyes have lost their blank look of despair, your soul has been awakened."

I smiled, but not vainly. I knew too well that, whatever she might say as to my altered expression, my features would ever be unshapely and unbeautiful.

"You are so good, madame," I said wistfully. "If my appearance has indeed changed, as you say, you have forgotten to name a beautifier more potent far than country air or sunshine."

"And what may that be, Marie?"

"Your kindness, madame, and the friendship you have been pleased to bestow upon me!"

My answer seemed to touch her, and I noticed that there were tears in her eyes. She was such a pretty, sweet old lady, with silvery hair, and eyes still bright, and cheeks still pink as rosebuds.

"My picture wants a frame," she said presently, speaking aloud some thought. Then, turning to me, she said—

"Marie, I have a strange whim this morning, and I wish you to gratify it. Will you promise?"

"Certainly, madame," I responded warmly.

"Then do me this favour. I have upstairs a gown, a very simple one certainly, but it pleases me. It is of a soft material, that hangs in heavy folds. The colour of the material is beautiful, its only trimming is a deep collar of lace. I want you to put this dress on and give me in exchange that cold grey gimp you wear."

"The exchange shall be made at once," I said, with a puzzled air. "Is that your only desire, madame?"

"No. I have another favour to ask. I want you to dress your hair more loosely, to coil it in the neck, instead of braiding it so stiffly, and let a curl or two stroll on your forehead."

I don't know why, but this proposal of hers to beautify my appearance filled me with secret sorrow and alarm, perhaps because I was sufficiently philosophic to know that, easy as it is to change gimp for silk, it is quite another thing to put away the bright new stuff and return to the simpler fabric.

That afternoon I appeared transfigured, and the good old lady, delighted at the change, led me to a cheval glass to gaze upon my image.

I was more interested in her bright and

beautiful face peeping over my shoulder than in my own plain features, which, however dressed, could never be otherwise than fairly. However, I thanked her for the interest she had taken in me, whereupon she kissed me and made my heart yearn ever so fondly after the mother I had lost so long ago.

All this time I was making progress with the picture of the pleasureance. The glowing colour of the myriad roses, the shadow of the fountain on the pathways, the lizards creeping underneath the eaves, the fauns and goddesses that kept their guard—all this I had reproduced as faithfully as I could.

The picture was nearing its completion. A few days, only perhaps two or three, and it would be finished. I don't think my work was absolutely wanting in merit, and yet, as I put the finishing touches, my eyes were heavy and my hands were trembling.

"In a few short hours," I mused sorrowfully, "all will be at an end—all the beautiful hours of sympathy and peace. Never again shall I be able to drink in the beauty of the morning, nor linger at eventide under the starlit canopy of heaven; never again to smell the perfumed flower and listen to the rustling of the trees and hear the sweet voice of a friend in my ear. Never again," I murmured to myself—"never again!"

Yet, even as the tears welled to my eyes, I went down to my knees and thanked God for His goodness to me, for are there not many who never have even a gleam of sunshine in their lives?

## CHAPTER IV.

"Glances and tones that bring the breath of poetry with them."

The afternoon in which I had decked myself out in my new gown seemed to be one of importance. I left madame in quite a flutter of excitement, and so many whisperings and preparations were going on in the abbey that I was amazed, and said to myself, "Surely some great event is to take place."

The mystery was soon solved, for about an hour later, just as I was putting the finishing touch to a clump of roses in my picture, Mr. Hamilton suddenly appeared before me.

He looked in my direction two full minutes before he approached. He seemed puzzled and bewildered.

"It is on account of my borrowed plumes," I said to myself, and felt horribly mortified. However, he did not seem displeased, and a moment later he was cordially shaking hands with me. Then he gazed at my picture.

He neither praised nor blamed it, but I took his silence rather for approbation than the reverse.

Presently, after he had examined it for a long while, he sat down by my side.

"My aunt has kept me quite a time talking," he began. "She insisted on having her say before allowing me to see my picture and—the painter."

I bowed as gracefully as I could, and marvelled at the tone of his voice and his general condensation.

Was it possible that my picture—that little atom of unfinished art—could have broken down the mighty barrier which separated us from each other—the barrier between wealth and poverty?

"Truly," he continued, "I was so anxious to see how it had advanced, that I curtailed my visit on account of it."

"I trust," I said, colouring, "that you are not wholly displeased with my effort."

"Not at all. Everything is just as I thought."

Then he changed his serious voice to one of banter, and said—

"Can you guess what subject it was that kept my aunt talking so long?"

"I suppose she was so overjoyed at seeing you return to her that she could do nothing else than tell you so again and again. Her love for you is so great."

"But I suspect I have a rival!"

"Your suspicions, sir, are indeed groundless."

"I do not think so. There is a certain little person with modest speech and great talent who has now almost supplanted me."

I did not speak, so he continued.

"My aunt is strange. She likes few people, but those few she loves and she can find no fault in them. When she told me that she had lately found a maiden with a sweet mind, I thought she might speak truly; but when she told me that the lass was pretty, I said to myself love must indeed be blind!"

I was beginning to understand his banter,

and I could scarcely paint, my hand was trembling so.

"But," he continued, not sparing me, "as I issued forth from the darkness of the pines into the sunlit glory of the rose garden, I beheld it inhabited by a fairy in a soft pink gown, with downcast eyes and roses at her bosom. She looked so young and happy with the sunlight in her hair and the wind stirring the—"

"Oh, sir," I said, interrupting him, "do not, I pray, continue in this strain. To laugh at my personal defects is unkind, but I know you cannot speak truly when you praise that which is unworthy of praise."

"There are some flowers crushed and downtrodden that, with care and sunshine, may grow into very goodly blossoms."

"If tenderness and care could turn ugliness to beauty, then should I be all beautiful?" I said, in a burst of gratitude. "Madame your aunt has been so good to me, so utterly so unselfishly good, that I cannot find words to express my feelings. In her presence all darkness and sorrows are forgotten, for every-

thing she does, everything she touches, everything she says, is bright and beautiful. She has shown me how much good in the world a good woman can do, and from my heart I thank her."

He seemed pleased with my gratitude and also a little amused.

"You think then," said he, "that all the favour is on one side."

"Certainly. How could I possibly pay the debt I owe her?"

"By your speech, your manner, your companionship. Are these boons nothing?"

"Companionship," I admitted, "is truly a mighty boon which I would not disappreciate, and sometimes indeed the great and beautiful are content with humble friends. Beethoven's favourite playmate was a spider, and we are told in fairy history of a prince who loved a toad."

My speech was serious, but it made him laugh aloud, and later on, at dinner, he told madame that my pride was perfectly monstrous, for I had likened myself to a spider and a toad all in one breath.

(To be continued.)



## RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

### PART I.

#### THE PASTOR AND THE PHYSICIAN.

THE struggle between theology and science has been long and bitter. Urged with unyielding obstinacy by the partisans of either side, it has exercised the minds of the greatest thinkers of the last three centuries. That a certain amount of harm accrued from the refusal of scientists to accept the dictations of theologians admits of no doubt; but that more good than harm has resulted is equally certain. Theologians have learnt that they are not infallible in all matters, and scientists have been shown that theory is not synonymous with fact, however probable or conclusive it may appear. They have learnt another lesson: that although their facts and definitions, when clearly proved, do not admit of dispute, they often explain but one face of a many-sided problem, and that science is incapable of explaining everything. Though one of the largest branches of philosophy, it is not the alpha and omega of knowledge.

One cannot help respecting this great controversy. If it has been bitter, it has nevertheless been sincere. But there is one petty off-shoot from it which has not been sincere, which has been simply a question of individual rivalry: I refer to the constant struggle between pastors and physicians in the sick room.

It is terrible to think that often at the last moments of a man's life his spiritual and physical healer cannot agree. And why cannot they agree? There is no necessity for one to yield to the other. There would be ample excuse for their obstinacy if this was required. We only ask them to work in unison where their interests are identical—the well-being of their patient. Yet, for some reason, they cannot agree.

I do not wish to teach either the pastor or

the physician his business, it is only my desire to point out to the general public that the fault is not on one side only, but that both parties are almost equally to blame in this unnecessary controversy.

The shortcomings of the physician at the bedside of a dying man are obvious. He has tried his best and has failed. The patient is sinking under his infirmity, and it is beyond the power of the physician to stem the tide of the rapidly ebbing life of his sick charge. The clergyman has his chief duties at this period. But is the physician to leave the bedside of a patient whose life he cannot hope to save? Most certainly not. It is his duty to remain to the last, to comfort and to relieve the pain and anxiety of his patient. But the physician should remain at the bedside for another reason. He does not know for certain that a malady will be fatal. In the most hopeless cases occasionally—very rarely it is true—when recovery has been pronounced by competent authorities to be impossible, a change for the better occurs and health may be completely restored. It is this fact that affords the great excuse of so many medical men for not rendering due regard to their brother healers the clergy. When a physician attends a sick person whose case is practically hopeless, his whole mind is given up to be in readiness if, by any fortunate chance, a turn for the better should occur in the condition of the patient.

There is of course no reason why the physician in such cases should be antagonistic to the clergyman, but many members of the medical profession have an unreasonable objection to any but themselves attending to the sick; and they have been deservedly censured on this account. It is not all physicians that act in this way. I am pleased to say that only a very small minority of the medical faculty behave in this wise.

Sometimes the behaviour of the clergyman

at the sick bed is open to criticism. Again I refer but to a small minority. My experience of religious ministers at the bedside tells me most forcibly that, in most cases, their conduct in the presence of the dying is deserving of the highest praise. But there are some pastors who, often unintentionally, are most irritating to the physician. Some I have met who seem to lose all sense at this critical time. I remember a case in which a clergyman wanted to attend to a woman who was under the influence of chloroform, and who rebuked the surgeon who told him that it was useless to speak to the patient, for she was unconscious. This scene was most unpleasant to witness, and I am happy to say that I know of no parallel in my own experience.

There is one other rebuke, not very serious it is true, that can be given to some clergymen of all denominations, when attending persons who are not dangerously ill—that is advising items of treatment other than those ordered by the physician. I am not going to say that pastors are anything like such great sinners in this respect as most people who visit the sick, but they ought to be especially careful, for their words carry more weight than do those of anyone else. This unqualified advice is injurious to the patient and unfair to the physician. It is most galling to have one's work criticised by another whose advice is worthless.

As you can see the feuds between the medical and spiritual attendants are not very formidable, but to the patient they are exceedingly distressing. The duties of the physician and pastor are in no way antagonistic, and if both do their duty and do not interfere with each other all would run smoothly, and the patient might receive the two greatest blessings that God has given His servants—health of soul and health of body.

(To be continued.)

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.



THE season came to an end, but the expected offer of marriage had not yet been in a d e. Aunt Ella was a little disa p- pointed, but al- though Mr. Musgrove was still in town, she decided it was useless for them to stay any longer. L a t e hours and

the eating of various fattening and indigestible articles at dinners and suppers had begun to tell upon her. Her waist was an inch bigger than in February, her complexion was not at its best, and matters were getting alarming. She decided that there was nothing for it but Crabsley air, strict diet, and early hours. But, remembering that the place was distinctly dull, and being a great believer in the results of propinquity, she be- thought her that Crabsley might hasten that which London life had failed to bring to a point. Instead of going to the hotel she took a small furnished house which had attracted her attention the year before, and which was not let for the time she wanted it, and invited one or two favourite friends for short periods. Almost the first she asked was Mr. Cecil Musgrove, and he accepted the invitation.

It was with mingled feelings that Beattie looked forward to his visit. She had only seen him two or three times since her eyes had been opened to notice that which before had been hidden from her. There was really very little difference in his manner, but to Beattie there seemed a change. His undoubted liking for and interest in herself had a new meaning for her. She could not help observing his demeanour in a critical spirit quite foreign to her nature. As a consequence her own attitude had changed. She was shyer, more retiring, less unconstrained. The beautiful absence of self-consciousness, which had been one of her chief charms to Cecil, had gone, and by this she was just so much less attractive to him. He had admired too, her independence, her candour, and childlike naturalness. He had felt, and rightly, that Beattie was

unlike the calculating girl which, to his unfortunate experience, seemed the girl of the period. He had perceived that he could be her friend and she would not be offended that he was not her lover. But now that she had taken to blushing when he came near, sometimes avoiding him, and then, as if fearing she had been unkind, encouraging him to approach her, he began to waver a little. He did not want Beattie to be in love with him unless he was quite sure he meant to marry her. And he was not quite sure. The longer she held him at arm's length the more anxious he would be to conquer her indifference, but let her turn towards him and he had a disposition to go back. His affection for her had reached its highest point on the evening of the tableaux. It had not decreased exactly, but on the subsequent occasions when he had seen her he had realised that it might be well to keep it in check. He was too clever not to see through Mrs. Swannington, and he smiled when he received the invitation to Crabsley. Nevertheless he anticipated pleasure from the few days he was to spend there, and was even somewhat excited as to the probable issue of his visit.

For some reason sufficient to herself Beattie decided that if Aunt Ella were there to welcome him on his arrival that would be enough, and about half an hour before his train came in, while Mrs. Swannington was taking a siesta, she slipped away and started for a walk on the cliffs. After a momentary hesitation as to the direction she should take she resolved to climb the hill to the light-house, which was the highest point in Crabsley, and where the view was finest and the air most exhilarating. This was a place inaccessible to Aunt Ella, but Beattie's favourite, for she always enjoyed, in common with most healthy people, the getting to the top of anything. The afternoon was rather hot, but Miss Margetson feeling particularly exuberant, forgetting that she was a grown-up young lady and ought to be sober in her deportment, sang as she walked, though in an undertone. She also went a great deal too near the edge of the cliff, which, as the place had had more than one landslide, and there were ominous cracks and fissures here and there, was somewhat incautious. Once she had an inclination at a tempting slope to climb down the face of the cliff to the beach, but was deterred by a story the cook had told her of a girl who, doing so a year or two back, had sunk to her waist in a sort of quicksand formed by the water from a spring making its way just under the surface, and not being missed for some hours, was not released till evening, when she died of shock. The thought of this sobered Beattie for a few minutes till she fell to wondering whether if such a thing happened to her, Mr. Musgrove would be at all overcome at her position, or take it with the coolness

he generally manifested in the affairs of life, regarding her through an eyeglass while she was being pulled out, and then she found herself laughing out loud. Presently she came to the golf-links, and stood a little while looking at the players, some of whom she now knew by sight, and noticing, as she had often done before, that the most immaculately and conspicuously attired were usually the least skilful. One red-coated individual she could see, though she was too far off to catch the words, kept making excuses for himself, the caddie at each bad stroke grimacing and pointing behind the back of the player. The sight of Uncle Arthur in the distance, however, urged Beattie onwards. He was probably too engrossed in his game to notice the figure at the edge of the cliff, but her position made her rather conspicuous, and she did not want to be observed by him. He would be sure to beckon to her. Uncle Arthur was the sort of person who could never see her without wanting something of her, and besides, Beattie knew in her heart he was not much in favour of her taking walks by herself. So she went on her way till she came to the top of the hill, and then she found a little shelving place she knew of where she could be somewhat sheltered, and could rest in peace.

It was beautiful up there, with the sense of space, of freedom so delightful to the young. The blue expanse of sea, the cloud-flecked sky, were all her own. Far below her, as it seemed, on her left, was the quaint little village, with its strong-towered church. Beattie never shrank from solitude, because she did not yet know what it is to be lonely. She was almost perfectly happy as she sat there all alone, and yet she had a passing feeling of envy for the seagulls as they skimmed over the waves, and then soared higher with the sunlight on their breasts and wings.

"I wonder," she thought, "if the gulls have to be married young, or if their relations let them enjoy their freedom as long as they like. I don't suppose they recognise aunts and uncles though, and perhaps their parents let them please themselves. I somehow fancy birds are considered capable of looking after their own affairs as soon as they can obtain food. Well, but I can't even do that. If I had to obtain my own food I really don't know how I should set to work. I certainly couldn't teach like Edith nor paint like Margaret. I might do step-dancing, or be one of those girls in shops who put on the cloaks and jackets to show the ladies. Speaking of Margaret reminds me I have her letter in my pocket."

And settling herself more comfortably Beattie proceeded to read for the second time the closely-written sheets of foreign paper which had arrived for her that morning from Paris. Margaret's letters, however, were not altogether in writing. She freely employed the pictorial art. If



she mentioned a dog she drew one; she sketched Madame Duclos instead of naming her, and indeed her epistles somewhat resembled the illustrated books employed to teach the very young, with the exception that there was no need to explain the picture. In this last letter there occurred more than once a minute sketch of Michael Anstruther, concerning whom in her last few communications Miss Raven had had a good deal to say. Indeed, she had said so much that once or twice that had crossed Beattie's mind which had taken possession of Madame Duclos'; but the idea had never stayed more than a minute, and what was contained in to-day's missive had put an end to any such supposition, while giving Beattie herself food for reflection. Indeed, it may have had something to do with her wanting to be alone, and to put off the time when she would have to meet and talk to Cecil Musgrove.

"MY DEAREST B.—

"I am just off to Honfleur with my dear mother, who has come over for a holiday; so I do not think you will see me in England this year unless I go home for Christmas. Madame Duclos did not think I was looking very well. She says I work too hard, but I believe she has a secret conviction that I suck my paint brushes like the children. Sometimes I despair of ever being an artist. The lovely things one sees here, so strong and original, take the heart out of one. And then I am too prosaic. If I were but a poet and could have fine conceptions; if I could even reproduce what I see:—

"The beauty and the wonder and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colours,  
lights and shades, changes, surprises."

"Like Fra Lippo Lippi, I believe

"We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted,  
things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared  
to see;

And so they are better painted—better  
to us;  
Which is the same thing. Art was  
given for that;

God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out."

"Oh, Beattie, I love my art; I don't need anything else, and yet sometimes I feel that if I could love some one else very much—God, or a fellow-creature—I should be a greater artist. Still, you know me. I have never been very religious in its usual sense. I hate the narrowness of people who are called good. They seem to put all beauty away from life, as if it were sinful for roses to blossom and the sun to shine and men to make music and poems. But perhaps I have not seen much of the people whom God calls religious; I was thinking of those who call themselves so. I seem to see His love in so many things which they would deprive me of. As to my fellow-creatures, besides my mother, or my sister (for so we seem to be to one another, she is so young and I am so old), I care for no one much except

you, and I love you because you are a pure delight to the eye. I hope you haven't taken to doing your hair in the way which is now fashionable here—it is hideous. If I had my way you would always wear yours round your face, as you did at school, when you looked like one of Michael Angelo's cherubs.

"And that reminds me. I hope you won't be angry, but I have given away one of the sketches I made of you. It is one in a green dress you used to wear, with a string of large blue beads hanging round your neck, and which I always prided myself had a Burne-Jones look as regards colouring. I had managed to get your expression in the eyes somehow, and have always been very fond of it. I suppose you can guess to whom I gave it. It was in exchange for a plant, ices and chocolates. Yet not entirely. It was because I am persuaded he will prize it as much as I, possibly more. I can't get him to confide in me. He is proud and has some conventional notions. I daresay, for instance, he wouldn't think it honourable to propose, unless he had the substantial income, without which love is supposed to be improper. As if the creature comforts have anything to do with it! For my part, money and such rubbish seem only fit to console those who haven't the greater possessions—love or talent, or intellect. People who need money are pitiable creatures, except of course in so far as one must have the necessaries of life. I never could admire a person who requires to have mahogany outside him and port wine within. But to return to Mr. Anstruther. I have had my suspicions from the first, and now I am nearly sure of it. I gave him some of my ideas in consequence. I said if a person cared for another, he was doing that other a great injustice in not speaking. I also spoke of you by name. I said I was always expecting to hear you were engaged to some rich man or other, and that I only hoped he would be worthy of you. I told him you were going to Crabsley, and said how I remembered last year you had referred to the walks you had together. Altogether I did my best to work him up and get him to lay bare his heart. But in vain. I am interested in this matter because I think you two would be wonderfully well suited. I should be dreadfully jealous of your husband, whoever he was, but I should mind him less than most. We get on a very well; and he really has been quite an acquisition to madame. She is daily expecting our engagement to be announced, but mamma knows better. She knows I am not a marrying woman, even if any man did lose his heart to me. Mr. Anstruther is very clever, and he is chivalrous. I don't know what he would say if he could see this letter. I don't know what you will say. Well, I don't much care. I have unburdened my mind. I have tried to act the part of a friend to you both. I am too wise to look for gratitude, but I shall be sorry if I offend you. You offended! No; as madame is always saying when I make suggestions, '*Mais, c'est impossible, ma chère Marguerite.*'

"I believe mademoiselle is engaged by-the-by. I saw her yesterday conversing with a fine young Persian. I do not know whether monsieur and madame countenance it. But she is no longer a child, and perhaps like me she does not care to be under authority.

"I had a letter from Edith Winter the other day; not a very interesting one. She takes in so many of other people's ideas, there is no room in her mind, I suppose, for any of her own. She is a good girl though, and singularly modest, but I find now we have left school we have not much in common. She and her mother are going into the country to stay with some relations this summer. It appears she has been working a little too hard and must not open a book during the holidays.

"My mother has come in, and, seeing me engaged in writing, guesses it is to you. She sends her love and desires to be remembered to Mrs. Swannington. She says I am to leave off scribbling, and as I am suffering to-day from migraine, for once I find obedience easy. Shall I burn this letter, and not send it? Suppose, after all, I am mistaken about Mr. Anstruther. But no. Avaunt, weak hesitation. And now farewell. I don't know exactly what our address at Honfleur will be, but letters will be forwarded from here. Madame Duclos, glad to be rid of me, will not accompany us.

"Your devoted friend,

"MARGARET RAVEN."

Beattie read this letter straight through once. Then she turned to "And that reminds me," and read that part again and yet again. And then she sat still with the letter in her hand thinking, and her eyes had grown dim. She was trying to recall her last year at Crabsley. Would she feel as much at ease and as satisfied in the society of Cecil Musgrove as she had done in that of Michael Anstruther? Would she not really be gladder if the latter instead of the former were to be her companion for the next few days? Or was it not that now she was older, more experienced than she had been last summer, and—and that that what had been so delightful then would wear a different aspect now? Besides, perhaps Margaret was mistaken. There was no doubt Michael had liked her, just as she had liked him, but if the feeling were as deep as Margaret seemed to think, what was there to prevent his having spoken to her? And then she remembered the note he had written her, and which Aunt Ella had told her she was not to take too seriously.

"But suppose he does love me," thought Beattie, "do I care for him enough to keep free for his sake? I have lived very happily without him, and I really do not know him well enough to be certain that I should like to be always with him. And meanwhile, according to Aunt Ella, Mr. Musgrove cares for me too, and it is possible I may have to decide between them, unless," she concluded, "I don't have anything to do with either of them. And I am not sure that that wouldn't be the most sensible way."

With which she rose to her feet and, gazing for a moment somewhat defiantly on Crabsley village, which contained, she presumed at that moment both Mrs. Swannington and Mr. Musgrove, whom should she see climbing the hill towards the golf-links but the solitary figure of the latter. He had seen her too, for he raised his hat and seemed to quicken his pace. Beattie gave an exclamation of dismay, but that may have been due not to the unexpected appearance of Mr. Musgrove, but to the fact that the forgotten letter which, when she rose, had fallen from her lap to the ground, where it had lain for a moment unnoticed, had just been lifted by an inopportune breeze, and was now floating merrily over the cliff, from which, like a large white butterfly, it fluttered down on to the beach to be carried she knew not whither.

"If I wait for him to come up to me," said Beattie, "that letter will be lost."

And though she could have borne with equanimity the possibility of its being carried away by the rising tide and soon rendered illegible, the other alternative, that someone coming along the beach might find it and read it before the re-delivery which its address would ensure, was so exceedingly unpleasant that she determined to possess herself of it at all costs. There was a narrow winding path which had been made down the cliff, but it was some little distance further on.

"Mr. Musgrove will think I am running away from him," said Beattie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. And indeed the gentleman toiling up towards the slim, white-robed figure which looked so charming against the sky was, to say the least, disappointed when he beheld it turn round and rapidly

disappear. By the time he reached the summit of the hill, Miss Margetson was several feet below him at a distance quite impossible for purposes of social intercourse.

"What on earth did she do that for?" said Cecil, not unnaturally annoyed, for how could he know about Beattie's letter, which was now safe in her pocket. "I wonder if she did not see me after all."

A similar thought was passing through Beattie's mind. "I wonder if he knows I saw him. I should like to go back this way. The tide won't be up for a long while yet. I don't want to be rude, but somehow I don't fancy a long *tête-à-tête* just now."

But when Mr. Musgrove saw her begin to stroll along the sand in the direction from whence he had come, he immediately concluded she did not know of his whereabouts, and sacrificed his dignity by shouting to her. Beattie had to look up, but though he was asking her how to get down, conversation was so far from easy that it was only by his gesticulations she could gather his meaning. There was a path down in the direction of Crabsley as well as the one she had chosen, and that she indicated—to avoid, as she told him afterwards, taking him further out of his way. It was not till he had retraced his steps to past the place where he had first seen her that Mr. Musgrove discovered that was not the one she had used. Meanwhile they were taking their walk at a considerable distance from one another, much to the amusement of one of them, and to the annoyance of the other. And yet, somehow, the fact that he was annoyed seemed to prove to Mr. Musgrove that Miss Margetson had more power over him than he had suspected.

At the foot of the pathway, which he

at last reached, Beattie waited for him and greeted him with explanations.

"I didn't think you ran away on purpose," said Cecil, somewhat mollified, now that he was with her at last.

Beattie was silent, looking down. One need not say all one thinks.

"Let us rest a little while here," said Cecil, "if you are not in a hurry. I am rather tired after my exertions, and the sun is still hot."

"What made you take such a long walk immediately after your journey?" asked Beattie, innocently.

"Mrs. Swannington was just taking me on to the esplanade after tea," said Cecil, "when she met a gentleman she knew, who stopped and spoke to her. So she said if I liked a walk I should probably find Mr. Swannington on the links, or meet him coming back. She said she did not know you had gone out, but possibly you were on the cliffs too."

"And you didn't see Uncle Arthur?"

"I forgot about him," said Cecil. "I saw you."

"Until I softly and silently vanished away," said Beattie, laughing. She was anxious to avert any approach to sentiment. And as soon as possible she suggested that he had better not rest any longer or they would be late getting home. Nevertheless the time they had stayed had made it problematical whether they would get back all the way along the beach without being overtaken by the tide, so they climbed up the cliff again, and as this was the longest way home, and Mr. Musgrove showed no disposition to hurry, Aunt Ella's interview with Michael Anstruther was not interrupted by the inopportune appearance of Beattie, which she was dreading, while she was telling untruths about her with unblushing boldness.

(To be continued.)

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

It was late when Madame Féraudy and Génie arrived at the Norman farmhouse in which the *pasteur* had found them rooms.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, the stars beaming their soft brilliancy in a sky of velvety purple. The two ladies were very tired, but when they entered the large cool room which they were to share, their one idea was what news there might be from the Hospice.

Madame Lana, the farmer's wife, had plenty to tell them; at the Hospice things were going well. The matron was satisfied with the progress that everyone made. Father Nicholas had walked over in the evening to ask what time they were expected, and had left word that Sœur Eustacie would run round to see them at ten o'clock when the work of the house was done. She begged them not to come and see Doctor André until the following morning.

Madame Lana brought them a plentiful but homely supper, of fresh bread and

butter, eggs and cider, and they grew quite hopeful and bright under the influence of their landlady's comfortable reports.

A little after ten Sœur Eustacie arrived, a little active dark woman of middle age, with quick black eyes that took in everything and met theirs with a glance candid and true as steel.

She sat down by the table with her hands folded on her knees, prepared to answer all their questions. She told them that Doctor André had arrived the day before, that the long journey had been more exhausting than he had expected. Yes, she answered, that he was up, he rested better in a chair, for he suffered from attacks of breathlessness. He had not been able to sleep for a long, long time. He had hoped much from the sea-air, but perhaps to-morrow—

Génie could hardly bear it.

"Tell us, *ma Sœur*," she said, "we are very strong because we love him so much. Is he very ill?"

The Sister shook her head gravely. "Yes," she said after a pause, "he is very ill; it is the heart, you know, and Doctor Simon here tells us that he will not suffer much; he is worn out."

Génie could not suppress a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot. Madame Féraudy asked with dry lips—

"Does he know?"

"He has not spoken of it," said the Sister gently, "But *va!* he is one of the best doctors we have! You do not realise his reputation! Is it likely that he does not know?"

"He will be glad," said Génie. "He is already not one of us. He is one of God's saints, and he will be glad to go!"

"Poor child," said Sœur Eustacie, "Go to bed and try to sleep. It is one's duty not to waste strength, and when you see him to-morrow you must be very brave and calm."

Génie consented and went to bed feeling that she could bear no more.

Madame Féraudy went downstairs with the Sister and walked a little way along the sandy lane with her.

In the quiet darkness Sœur Eustacie opened her heart.

"It is hard, it is very hard to bear," she said. "The best must go, the one who can least be spared. What he has been throughout this awful time none can ever express, and beyond the goodness, the comfort, there was his skill. Doctor Rougemont attributes his own and Père Nicholas' recovery entirely to his marvellously clever and bold treatment, and it must end like this. It will be like going back into cold darkness when the light of his young life has gone out."

"Perhaps even yet," faltered Madame Féraudy, but Sœur Eustacie spoke almost sharply.

"I do not think it is of any use to encourage false hopes, he is dying."

"Does he know of our coming?"

"Yes. Père Nicholas told him. He had one of his attacks of breathlessness then, and I told him that he must not see you until to-morrow."

"Does he suffer?"

The Sister paused for a moment, then said—"Yes, he suffers, but not as it would have been a few months ago, he is too worn out. The eternal peace is not far off."

They were approaching the Hospice, which was only about ten minutes' walk from the farm, and Madame Féraudy stopped and said in a stifled voice—

"I had better turn back now, to-morrow early I will come."

"Yes," said Sœur Eustacie, "to-morrow when you like. If only he can sleep to-night he will be better; but Doctor Simon is afraid to give him any form of sleeping-draught. Good-night, madame, sleep well. We shall see you then early."

She put out her dry hard-worked little hand and patted her shoulder kindly.

Madame Féraudy went back through the dark dewy lane. The leaves rustled, in the long grasses the grasshoppers chirped their high rattling note, a bat or two swiftly swooped by. The stars, large and kind as a human eye, shone softly down.

"If he can only sleep," Madame Féraudy thought, and her thought

became prayers to Him "who giveth His beloved sleep."

In the Hospice Father Nicholas still lingered with his friend. They were sitting in the ground-floor *salon* they shared together. The tall, white-curtained windows opened wide on to the garden in front of the house; it was fragrant with the sweet scent of stocks and mignonette. The sea fell softly, with a sound caressing as any lullaby, on the wide yellow sands beyond the garden gate.

André sat propped up by a mass of pillows in a large arm-chair; he could not lie down now, and his friend sat by him.

"It is past eleven, Nicholas," he said, looking up with a wonderfully sweet smile. "You must go to bed; you are still my patient, you know. But before you go, old friend, say the Lord's Prayer for me; it has in it all—one wants."

Nicholas obeyed; his voice was low and solemn; he laid his hand on André's shoulder; he would fain comfort him in his sickness.

"Our Father, yes, that means all— all," murmured André, and then "Thy will be done; it is enough."

Father Nicholas stood watching him for a moment, and a sudden misgiving seized him.

"I will not go to bed. I will stay with you to-night, my dear boy," he said.

But André would not hear of it, and Sœur Eustacie coming in, persuaded him to go. He was still far from strong and unequal to any extra fatigue.

Sœur Eustacie came back to her patient. She did not like his looks to-night. Every one was asleep in the Hospice; the home in which man, woman and many a little child slowly but surely came back to health and strength and life, except only the young founder of it all. He was oppressed by the restlessness of approaching death and could not keep still.

"You stay with me, *ma sœur*?" he said gently.

"Yes, *docteur*, I shall not leave you again."

He stood by the open window, supporting himself with difficulty and breathing hard.

"Then, *ma sœur*, I will charge you with messages. See, here is paper. I do not trust the memory of one who has been up so many nights as we have, you and I, *ma sœur*, of late." He crept to the table and gave her pen and ink. "Write this to my aunt. 'Dear *maman*, telegraph for Jean Canière at once when I am dead. I want him to come and comfort you and Génie?' Is that down?"

"Yes. Will you not sit down, *docteur*? See, these pillows are soft and cool. Come, come, my dear!"

He sank back into them.

"Tell Nicholas there is some money in the bank for Gaston's children; he must look after Jean Paul, and Nanon must live here always; she can cook, wash. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down. See, *docteur*, it is time for your medicine."

"It is very nasty," said André smiling, as she put down the glass. He had not attempted to hold it, his hands were feeble and cold.

Sœur Eustacie glanced at him sharply. "I must leave you for one moment, my dear," she said. "Keep still and let me wrap this shawl over you—the night air is cold. Do not move. I will not be away one moment."

She put the light wrap across his labouring chest and left the room. Once outside she flew as fast as she could run to summon Doctor Simon. In less than two moments they were both with him again. Once more he had dragged himself to his feet and was leaning by the open window, but his strength failed as they reached him, and they were just in time to support him into his chair.

His lips moved; in bitter sorrow they bent over him and caught faltering words. "Our Father," then, after a long pause, "Thy will be done." Then one long sigh, followed by deep and awful silence.

"It is over," said the Sister softly. "The faithful servant of God has entered into his rest."

Some hours later and a profound silence fell over the Hospice. The little waves lapped softly on the shore. All were sleeping. In the dark night the peace which passeth all understanding had come down.

(To be concluded.)

## SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

### CHUTNEY.

ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home.

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

*Delhi Chutney.*—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried

chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

*Apricot Chutney.*—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds

blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

*Tomato Chutney.*—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold.

FENELLA JOHNSTONE.

## A WISH.

By NORA GRAY.

If I might nestle to your side and soothe you when you're sad,  
 If I might know your sorrows, dear, and make your life more glad,  
 If I might kiss your tears away as quickly as they fall,  
 Then I should be content, because I love you more than all.

If I might give my sight that better you might see,  
 If I might still my voice that yours might sweeter be,  
 If I might give my youth and life that brighter yours might shine,  
 Then, dear, I should be happy, for your happiness is mine.



## HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## PART I.

THE history of inscriptions of all kinds, whether of mottoes, or historical records, "graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock" (Job xix. 24 and Jer. xvii. 1) carries us back in our researches even to prehistoric ages of the world. The Pelasgi left records in stone, and so did the Assyrians, of whose history we gather precious fragments from the "pen of iron," of which the visitors to the British Museum may find examples, in their study of the colossal, human-headed, and winged bulls therein preserved. In Egypt also, of which, without visiting the National Museum, you may see a wonderful example in the Obelisk, which once stood before the Temple of On, or, "House of the Sun." You may remember that Joseph's wife, Asenath, was a daughter of Potiphara, priest, or prince, of On, when Pharaoh set him (Joseph) over all the land of Egypt. Space in a brief article would fail me to speak of the inscriptions in Persia, on the still extant ruins of beautiful Palmyra, and in the far western world, where the history of the Nalmanas, who settled in the gulf States of Mexico, of whom we know little more than the few inscriptions still to be deciphered on the beautiful specimens of art, displayed in the majestic ruins of their temples and palaces. Of the Greeks and Romans, the Saracens, and other nations I need make little remark; but turn to those with which we are more especially concerned. As revelations of human thought, characterising certain epochs of the world's history in divers lands and climes, such records must awaken the liveliest interest in any reflecting

mind, and often prove highly instructive. "He, being dead, yet speaketh," and those old-world men, whether dating back a few hundreds, or as many thousands of years, have left us lessons in a multitude of instances, from which we may learn wisdom.

Some of the earlier centuries have given evidence of a more naturally religious drift and bias of mind and feeling, than (at least, in our own country) has been exemplified in recent times, when the rule is said to obtain, that "the subject of religion, like that of politics, should be prohibited in our social reunions."

I have already given two articles in this paper, on the mottoes inscribed on sundials; these find a corresponding *animus* in those on bells, posey-rings, and monumental memorials, as well as in those of which I must specially give a selection of examples, on public and private houses, and ancient castles. It does one good to see the devout feeling exhibited by those who have gone before, and so far left us a lesson of Christian faith. But some are of another class, and are full of quaint humour, and of these I shall give a few examples likewise.

At Speke Hall, near Liverpool, there is an inscription of special interest on the frieze of the panelling in the hall, which is credited with having been transferred to its present position from Holyrood Palace, after the battle of Flodden Field.

"Slepe . not . teil . ye . hathe . considered .  
 thow . hathe . spent . ye . day . past . if . thow  
 have . well . don . thank . God . if . othways  
 repent . ye."

Over the door of the oak drawing-room there is another admonition, which runs thus—

"The strengtest way to Heaven, is, God to love and serve above all thing."

In the old castle of Rockingham, Northants (the remains still existing of the original castle built by the Conqueror), the following lines may still be read on the roof of the hall—

"The house shal be preserved, and never will decay,

Where the Almighty God is honoured and served daye by daye."

In olden times, not only were mottoes placed without the walls of the mansions and feudal castles, but were, as you will observe, given a place within them; as again may be seen in Haddon Hall, Cheshire, where, in the banquet room, the words are inscribed—

"Drede God, and honor the King."

At Chicheley Hall near Newport Pagnel, Bucks, the seat of the Chester family, the following inscription will be seen on a beam in a large room—

"*Cave ne Deum offendas, cave ne proximum ledas, cave ne tua negligentia familiam descas, 1550.*"

which, being translated, means—

"Beware lest thou offend God; beware lest thou injure thy neighbours; beware lest by thy negligence thou neglect thy family."

There is an old Norman inscription at





NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Winchester—

"Au Dieu foy, aux amies foyer."

"To God, faith, to friends, a hearth."

The Montacute House, Somersetshire, boasts of at least three mottoes. Over the chief entrance we find the hospitable welcome—

"Through this wide opening gate,  
None come too early, none return too late."

The second surmounts the north porch, making the visitors truly at home—

"And yours, my friends."

The third is inscribed over one of the lodges—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

This last motto has been repeated at Pontnewidd House, Monmouthshire, painted round the cornice in the modern dining-room.

Kent supplies our collection with a specimen of house mottoes. At Lullington Castle, the seat of the Dykes (baronets), the following inscription surrounds a rose nearly two feet in diameter—

"Kentish true blue,  
Take this as a token,  
That what is said here,  
Under the Rose is spoken."

There is a curious old inscription carved on wood, of the time of either Edward VI. or Mary I. in an ancient manor house in Yorkshire, viz. :—

"Soli deo honor et gloria,  
I. H. C. for thy wovnds smerte,  
On thy fet and hondes two, make  
me in x x x x x  
x x x x x x x x  
ter is Poverte wi x x  
nes then x x x ise  
with soro and sadnes  
I. H. C. kepe the Fownder.  
Amen."

It is a pity that time should have obliterated so much of it.

At Skipton Castle, also in Yorkshire, there is a single word, inscribed in French, but with what special reference remains unexplained, viz., "Desormais," meaning "hereafter," or "from this time."

In the same county we find an appeal to the worshippers in Almondbury church under the date "1522."

"Thou man unkind, have in thy mind,  
My bloody face;  
My wounds wide, on every side,  
For thy trespass,  
Thou sinner hard, turn hitherward,  
Behold thy Saviour free;  
Unkind thou art, from me to depart,  
When mercy I would grant thee."

And at Hardwick Hall we find—

"The conclusion of all things is, to feare God, and keepe his commandments."

There is an inscription in Greek on Conway Castle, which may be translated—

"Bear, and forbear," rather a curious motto for a feudal castle!

Over the door of a house at Towcester, Northamptonshire, we find a very sage little hint, which many would do well to remember—

"Hee that earneth wages  
By labour and care. By  
The blessing of God may  
Have something to spare.—T. B., 1618."

Somewhat in a different spirit is the inscription, dating some years later, to be seen over the entrance-door of the Plough Inn, at Alnwick, the lines being written without reference to the comparative length of the lines, nor their due punctuation—

"That which your Father  
Old hath purchased and left;  
You to possess, do you dearly  
Hold, to show his worthiness."

Taking a flight to Harleyford, Marlow, we find some thirty-one mottoes severally surmounting the doors. Of these I can only give a few examples, that over the portico at the entrance being a specially good one—

"If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour,  
come not nigh the door of this house."

"Peace on Earth, good will towards women"  
(a little change from the original, somewhat prophetic of the present day!).

"For God, Queen, and Country" (resembling the national motto of the Tyrol).

A very noteworthy piece of advice, anent the rules of good breeding, appears over another door, i.e.—

"In waiting for a late guest, insult is offered to the punctual ones."

Over that of another room—

"As creatures passing from time to eternity,  
let us remember our bed may be the bridge."

Yet one more wise saying, worthy of special consideration, must conclude my selection from this rich collection—

"An obedient wife governs her husband"  
(a statement worth consideration—young wives, take note of it!).

Specimens of art very often accompany the inscriptions on and inside the houses of our predecessors. This is notably the case at Moreton Hall, Cheshire, a beautiful, two-storey, gabled house, thoroughly representative of the county. It is lined and decorated all over with characteristic outside beams, with which travellers in those and many other parts of England are familiar. In this picturesque mansion we find a figure of Fortune, on traversing the long gallery to the extreme end. It is carved in the panelling, and there is a representation of a wheel, bearing the Latin words—

"Qui modo scandit corrueat statim,"

which means, "Who in a hurry climbs, will quickly fall." Underneath this there is a second line—

"The Wheel of Fortune, whose Rule is Ignorance."

At the eastern end of this gallery there is another figure, that of Fate, holding a globe in one hand, and in the other a pair of compasses (could a pair of scissors have been intended? we think so), and the explanatory lines—

"The Speare of Destiny,  
Whose Rule is Knowledge."

Another of our admonition mottoes may be seen at an old half-ruined country-seat, called Earlshall, a few miles distant from St. Andrews. The panelled ceiling of the large hall was at one time covered with coats-of-arms, and the walls with inscriptions, which are now unfortunately unreadable, with little exception. Time, "the destroyer," and the continual changes of atmosphere, having touched them with "effacing fingers." The poor remains of one inscription reads as fol-

lows; the small crosses appear on the original, between the several words—

"Be x merry x and x glad x honest x and x vertuous. For x that x —flicet x the x anger x of x the x inivious."

"Try x and x put x trust x —eeter x gude x assurance. Bot x trust x not x or x ye x try x for x fear x of x repentance."

There is a Latin motto surmounting the entrance of Benthall Hall, Shropshire—

"Tende bene, et alta pete,"

to be rendered in English, "Strive on well, and seek high place," otherwise, "maintain a high ideal, and let your aspirations and efforts be towards the best and highest."

Before giving any more specimens of the type with which I have commenced, the reader must be diverted with a few of a comic character. At Wymondham, Norfolk, one of this kind is to be found engraved on an oak board, all on one line, viz.—

"Nec mihiglis servus, nec hospes herudo."

This motto is cut in antique Roman capital letters, and translated from the Latin would be rendered thus—

"No Dormouse as a Servant for me;  
Neither a Horse-Leech for a Guest."

(The word "glis" is not Latin.) In reading this shrewd advertisement, and warning to all who would seek a domicile within, it seems that the old-time owner of the house had had experience of a guest such as some years ago imposed her company on a friend of my own. She was a travelling acquaintance of a few hours only, and cunningly exerted herself—as an item of her "stock-in-trade"—to make herself specially agreeable. The bait took my hospitable but most unwary friend, and when parting at the post-town near her own country-house, she said that "If the pleasant stranger were ever passing that way again, she would be pleased to see her." What was her surprise and consternation when, without one word of warning, a cab drove up to her door covered with luggage, not a mere valise with the requirements of a night's sojourn, and the once fellow-traveller entered, saying sweetly, "You see, I have taken you at your word, and am come to pay you a visit." My poor friend endeavoured to smile blandly, though her Irish hospitality was being rudely taxed, and she had at once to prepare a room, and make new housekeeping arrangements. A week passed over, but no word of parting was uttered. A fortnight dragged through its weary length, and hints began to show the impatience of the family; but "none are so blind as those who will not see." Then a third week began its creeping course, so, driven to desperation, the hostess had to inform the "leech" that they were all leaving home, and the house would be shut up during their absence. Thus at last they shook her off, and saw her no more. I was residing in the same parish when this episode took place.

Another curious and quaint inscription is to be seen on a house on Dinmore Hill, between Hereford and Leominster. It is illustrated by the figure of a man holding an axe, the words running thus—

"He that gives away before that he is dead,  
Take this hatchet and chop off his head."

Another of these humorous mottoes, one in High Street, Rochester, is worth recording. It is an old house, standing on the original site of "Watts's Charity," and an inscription states that "by his will, dated 1579," he founded it "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, were to receive a night's lodging, entertainment and foupence each." Now, the dictionary tells us that our

modern proctor is an attorney in a "spiritual court," or a "college official;" so it would seem that their morals were of no great account, as they were debarred from any participation in the benefits of this institution; being placed in the same category as the "rogues."

Still of the order of the grotesque, I may give an inscription to be seen at West Stow Hall, Suffolk, where some paintings were discovered within the present century. I cannot tell the precise date, but that they are very old is evident. One represents a boy hawking, who is saying, "Thus doe I all the day." The next shows a young man courting, who says, "Thus doe I while I may." The third picture is that of a man of middle age, who says, with apparent regret, "So did I, while I might;" and the last of the series shows the fourth epoch of human life—an aged man, groping along on his weary way, and exclaiming, "Good Lord, let not this life last for ever!" a somewhat unnecessary petition.

I can scarcely regard the inscription (so suitable in a material, rather than a spiritual sense) to be seen over the door of a certain church in Sussex, as intended to be grotesque; or anything more than a curious coincidence; the edifice being of a most unsightly character; yet it borders on the ridiculous, viz.,

"How awful is this place."

Passing on to a type of a different character, we find on the end of the colonnade at Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, there is rather a long memorial of the ill-return made by Charles II. to the Derby family.

"James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, having been beheaded for his adherence to him at Botton xv. Oct. M.D.C.L. II., and was rewarded for his fidelity by the King's refusal to sanction a bill, passed by both Houses of Parliament, for restoring to the family the estate lost by his loyalty to him."

There is a couplet to be seen on a beam of what remains of the fine old country seat in the same county (Lancashire), called Bradley Hall, now reduced to the level of a farmhouse. It runs thus—

"Here mister doth, and mistress, both  
Agree with one accord,  
With Godly mindes and zealous heartes  
To serve the living Lorde."

Over that of the drawing-room—

"*Præbis, non prævis,*" or, "To the good, not to the wicked," and over the cellar door—

"*Sisi, non ebrietati,*" or, "Sufficient, not drunkenness." In another place we find the inscription—

"*Aversos compon animos et secula cogo.*"

"I compose estranged hearts, and bring together (distant or separated) ages."

There are few houses so rich in mottoes as Loseley House, or Park, near Guildford, Surrey, comparing well with Harleyford, Marlow, before-named. At one time it belonged to the More family; and we find, amongst others, rebus allusions to the family name carved on the ceilings of the rooms. On that of the drawing-room there is a representation of a mulberry-tree, and round this, in four panels—

"*Morus tarde Moriens Morum cito Morturum;*" in English, "The mulberry-tree slow in dying (long lived) warns More that he will soon die." A moor-hen is introduced into several of the compartments of the ceiling of

the principal bed-room. Over the entrance there is the motto—

"*Invidiæ claudor pateo sed semper amico,*" which may be translated, "I am closed to envy (ill-will), but am always open to a friend."

Those acquainted with Worcester will doubtless have noticed the motto over the principal entrance-door of the Guildhall, i.e.—

"*Floreat semper fidelis civitas,*"—"May the faithful king always flourish." On one side is a statue of Charles I. holding a church, and on the other side one of Charles II.

"Up and bee doing, and God will prosper," may be seen on a kind of memorial stone in Althorp Park, Northants, which had reference to the plantation made there by Sir William Spencer, ancestor to the Earls of Spencer, in 1624. A subsequent peer of the name placed another stone in the park, having improved the estate in the same way in 1798, and again a third in 1890. The first bears the words—

"*Serius factura nepotibus,*" or, "One being plucked up," and the second inscription—

"*Uno avulso non deficit alter,*" or "Another is not wanting," being a quotation from Horace.

When giving some inscriptions to be seen in Yorkshire, I might have mentioned one over the schoolmaster's house at Leyburn. I cannot give the date. It is of the same character as those on our ancient sundials—

"Time is, thou hast, see that thou well employ;  
Time past is gone, thou can'st not that employ;  
Time future, is not, and may never be;  
Time present is the only time for thee."

Amongst those of our old houses in the United Kingdom which have Latin mottoes (as well as Dutch and German), I may name one in the village of Stoke Bishop, near Bristol. The house dated from about the middle of the last century, and had not only a Latin, but an English motto, the latter constituting its name.

"Wise in time," and, over the front door, carved on the stone—

"*Ut corpus animo,  
Sic domus corpori,*"

"As the body is to the soul, so is the house to the body."

At about a mile distant from Cheltenham there stands a house called "The Dutch Farm," which is distinguished by the motto:

"*Nietz zonder arbyt,*" or, "Nothing without work." This inscription runs along the front of the house.

There is an admirable motto over the Wentworth Arms, Kirby Malory, Leicestershire, to wit—

"May he who has little to spend, spend nothing in drink;  
May he who has more than enough keep it for better uses;  
May he who goes in to rest never remain to riot,  
And he who fears God elsewhere never forget him here."

We must admire the poor Boniface, whose conscience triumphed over his pecuniary interests. But, unless inherited from his

father, we can only wonder he became a tavern proprietor.

Carlisle supplies a brief but excellent motto to our collection—

"Be just and fear not."

I have already given a contribution from Cheshire, and may add two more. The arms of Queen Elizabeth are sculptured on the hall chimney-piece of old Bramall Hall, accompanied by the inscription, "*Vive la Roynne.*" Again, in the most unique and picturesque street of Chester, known as Watergate Street, there is a specially interesting house and memorial of long past times, viz., "Bishop Lloyd's house," which is covered with sculptured representations of Scriptural history; but no mottoes nor writings of any kind; but one house bears the grateful acknowledgment of the special mercy of God towards its occupants; where, amidst all the plague-smitten neighbouring houses, it was the one solitary dwelling where the gruesome "black death" entered not. Thus, over the wooden colonnade the motto appears, engraved by the proprietor—

"1652. God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

At West Marlocks, Norfolk, there is an inscription over the door of the entrance hall of the vicarage, which runs thus—

"God bless and God keep all those that pass this doorway, and those that spend their nights beneath this roof."

On the first Eddystone Lighthouse, of ill-fated memory, the too-confident architect caused decorations to be made—pictorial, interspersed with mottoes—in great variety and dispersed all over the exterior. Amongst the pictures were representations of suns and compasses, and amongst the mottoes the words, "*Post tenebras Lux,*" "After darkness light;" "*Gloria be to God;*" "*Pax in Bello.*" The architect, Winstanley, was a retired London mercer, and so sure was he of the stability of his work, that he declared he "would like to be in the lighthouse himself during the greatest storm that ever blew under heaven," in reply to a warning that the structure was not strong enough to resist the power of the waves. The unfortunate man had his wish. Having gone into it to superintend some repairs shortly before a great storm came on, the warnings only proved too true, and together with five other persons, Winstanley was swept away in its destruction. The terrific and memorable hurricane, which was of a week's duration, commenced on the morning of November 27th, 1703; but for how many days the edifice withstood its violence, and the indwellers saw themselves face to face with a terrible death, beyond all hope of succour, I am not able to say. It is pleasant, at least, to note that the responsible man amongst the victims gave evidence of being a devout and God-fearing man, by the mottoes he inscribed on his work, and trust that he realised the blessedness of one of those he selected:

"After darkness light."

Here it may be well to divide my collection. In the second part (the last) I propose to give some examples gathered from a few cottage homes, and others in London or the near neighbourhood, and to conclude with a selection collected in Scotland and Ireland.

(To be continued.)

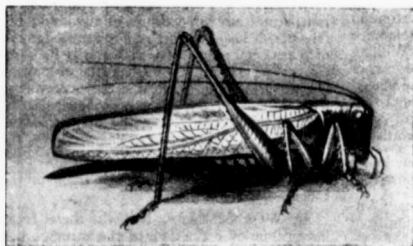


## RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

THE GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER  
(*Acrida Viridissima*).

As the fields are now teeming with grasshoppers, large and small, it will be quite easy and well worth while to capture a few and note their curious form and varied markings. Those we find in the meadows are usually of



THE GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

the same tint of green as the grass on which they feed; but if we collect these insects from a bare chalky soil, they will be grey-coloured so as to imitate the general tone of the ground they rest upon.

There is also a very handsome species which is a tree-dweller, and may be found at this season in some localities by shaking oak branches; in other places I hear of their being caught in hazel hedges and on sunny banks, where they are easily secured with a small butterfly-net.

I kept a specimen of this insect a few years ago and found it a very interesting pet. A glass globe covered with a piece of net forms a suitable home for it, and, although it prefers flies and small insects, it will eat raw meat and succulent cabbage-stalks.

No one could fail to admire the exquisitely-brilliant green of this insect with its golden eyes, its long delicate wings, which, however,

BIRD'S FOOT  
TREFOIL.

it does not seem to use except when they are expanded to break the force of its fall from tree branches.

The antennæ are long and tapering, and my specimen, being a female, possessed an extended ovipositor.

This species measures from two and a half to three inches from head to tail, and, taking into account its size and brilliant colouring, it is perhaps one of the most striking of our British insects.

Its habits are very dainty, every speck of dust is at once removed from its legs and feet; the tapering antennæ are drawn through its feelers, and they also cleanse the delicate wing-cases. In fact, as one watches all this going on, one is led to wish that all human beings could be persuaded to learn from this lowly creature to perform their toilets as carefully.

BIRD'S FOOT-TREFOIL  
(*Lotus Corniculatus*).

Seeing the sparrows busily feeding upon the seed-pods of the bird's foot-trefoil, which grows much too freely upon my lawn, I have been led to reflect upon the great value to wild birds of the various weeds which cover every piece of waste ground.

The many weeks of dry weather we have had this summer have brought the birds almost to starvation point. The lawns are hard and cracked with the continual sunshine, so that the thrushes and blackbirds can find no worms or slugs, and very naturally they resort to the fruit gardens in the absence of other food.

The mountain ash and elderberries are also eagerly sought for and devoured, and then weeds are resorted to and keep the famished birds alive until the welcome rains restore their accustomed insect diet.

Few people seem to admire the exquisitely-brilliant green of this insect with its golden eyes, its long delicate wings, which, however,

All kinds of finches feed greedily upon thistle seeds, and many other species seek for their favourite chickweed and groundsel, plantain, vetches and hawkweed.

Other weeds are the resort of shy birds that we seldom see in the act of feeding, because their keen sight and hearing give them warning of our approach, and they slip away under cover until we have passed by.

Wild pigeons, if they do a good deal of harm in eating more than their share in the corn-fields, also do some good by feeding upon charlock or wild mustard, one of the most troublesome weeds the farmer has to contend with. They also eat the seeds of various polygonums which are sure to abound in fallow land.

We see then that weeds are really wayside provisions for the feathered tribes, and fulfil an important office in maintaining their lives when other resources fail.

The illustration shows the

resemblance between the trefoil pods and a bird's foot, hence the appropriateness of its name. It is a happy time for the humble bees when this plant, with its pretty yellow blossoms, is out in flower—the lawn is so covered with the busy little insects one can hardly walk without treading upon them.

## HOME-MADE INK.

A curious fungus known as the maned agaric (*Coprinus comatus*) is now growing in abundance in a grassy nook behind some evergreens, where it always makes its appearance in the course of the autumn.

It is like a cone-shaped mushroom with its pitted whiteness with a few brown specks on the upper part of the cap. When the stem is four or five inches



COPRINUS COMATUS.

COMMON BLUE  
BUTTERFLIES  
REPOSING ON  
GRASS.

high, the lower part of the cap becomes fringed and begins to drop a jet black liquid which creates a dark ring upon the ground. So long ago as August 1888 it struck me that this liquid might be utilised, and accordingly I tried an experiment in the manufacture of ink.

The agarics were placed in a basin over night, and by the next morning I found they had melted into a quantity of ink as jet black as I could desire.

The lines I wrote with this liquid are as bright and clear to-day as they were when first penned nine years ago.

The only preparation needed is that the ink should be boiled, strained, and then have the addition of a little corrosive sublimate to prevent any fungoid growth.

The specimen bottle-full I made in 1888 has remained clear and usable to this day.

It is singular that a substance so exquisitely white as this fungus is in its early stage should when melting away become of such an inky blackness. It is a circumstance about which I can offer no explanation.



BLUE BUTTERFLIES ASLEEP  
(*Lycæna learus*).

Walking last evening in a field where the long flowering stalks of grass were swaying to and fro in the breeze, I was struck by what seemed a small grey blossom hanging upon some of them, and looking more closely I found it was a blue butterfly which had gone to sleep upon the grass stem.

Passing on a little further I found dozens of the exquisite little creatures with folded wings quietly resting until the sunrise should awaken them to new life and activity.

This morning there was heavy rain and a high wind, and I was rather curious to know how the butterflies had fared, so when there came a lull in the storm I made my way to the field, and there were the fragile little insects being blown hither and thither on the grass stalks, but evidently quite unharmed by wind and rain.

I could but admire the instinct which had guided these frail creatures in their choice of a resting-place; had they been roosting in trees or shrubs a blow from a large leaf flapping to and fro would have been fatal to them, but on the slender grasses they bent before the gale and swung in their aerial cradles quite unharmed.

Another point of interest is that the bright azure of their upper wings which would have made them a conspicuous mark for a passing bird to feast upon, was entirely concealed whilst they were thus at rest, the wings being closely folded and bent down so that the finely spotted under-wings alone were seen, and made the tiny butterfly look like a part of the grass itself.

The calm confidence of these pretty insects brought to my mind a saying of Martin Luther as he called attention to a young bird asleep upon a spray.

"This little fellow has chosen his shelter and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodgings, calmly holding by his little twig and leaving God to think for him."

VARYING POSITION OF LEAVES.

A long period of drought is now rather seriously affecting vegetation.

Without moisture, the roots of plants cannot send up the needful supplies of food into the stem and leaves; exhaustion consequently ensues and the outward sign of a starved condition is seen in the drooping position of the leaves.

Where the leaf-stalk joins the stem there is a flexibility of tissue which admits of the leaf being raised or lowered. In some trees and plants there exists, at the base of the leaf stalk (or petiole) a swollen articulation which is called a pulvinus. It is almost like a hinge and enables the leaf to hang down or rise to an entirely upright position.

We may see this hinge in action by touching a sensitive plant when, before our eyes, the leaf rapidly descends and the leaflets fold together.

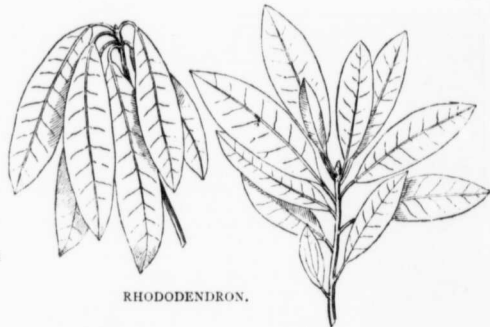
Where this plant cannot be observed the same effect can be noted by examining a clover plant in the morning when all its leaves will be erect, and visiting the same plant in the evening, each leaflet will be found hanging down and folded together in its nightly sleep.

The illustration shows the effect of drought upon rhododendron leaves.

This pendant foliage has a strangely depressing effect upon the spirits; it is as though all nature was sorrowing and trying to express her mournful condition.



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPH  
FOR REJOICING.



RHODODENDRON.

As far back as the time of the Egyptian dynasties, the upward tending line was always chosen as the expression of joy and gladness typified by a man with uplifted hands, that being the hieroglyph to express rejoicing. The upward curves of a smiling mouth and the sad effect when the lips are drawn downwards illustrate the same truth. For the same reason we call a tree whose branches all droop towards the ground a weeping willow, birch or elm, as the case may be.

Keeping this principle in mind as we take our rambles will afford a fresh subject for thought, and we shall find many other illustrations confirming this fact which I have not space to touch upon now.

ROCKS AND STONES.

In a previous note I spoke of some points of interest in the formation of granite rocks and what we may discover in gravelly soils.

Let us now suppose ourselves in a limestone country with its granite cliffs and caverns.

It was a delightful surprise to me to find that I could actually pick up fossils in the streets at Buxton which are mended with broken lime-stone; I thus obtained quite a variety of museum specimens in the course of a morning's walk. There are, I believe, more than six hundred species of fossil shells to be found in mountain limestone besides the remains of fishes, corals and plants.

Derbyshire abounds in curious caverns

where we may see the growth of stalactites from the roof. These are formed by the constant dripping of water containing calcareous matter which encrusts in long spikes like icicles. The drops continually falling from them also concrete upon the floor of the cavern and form masses of what is called stalagmite.

I met with a still more curious form of this deposit in a cavern at the Cheddar Cliffs. The dripping lime water had there taken the form of a curtain and hung from the roof in

graceful folds; it was so translucent that the light of a torch, held by the guide, shone through as though it were formed of horn or tortoise-shell.

Alabaster is another form of limestone; this is a sort of calcareous spar, soft enough to be easily carved into statuettes or other ornaments.

Some years ago when I was visiting a little seaside resort called Blue Anchor in Somersetshire, I was much interested in observing that a part of the sea cliff there contained a vein of alabaster of various shades of pink and red.

Although it is found in many places in England in strata in the earth or in caverns, I do not know of any other locality where alabaster can be seen and obtained so easily as at this particular spot.

As I am only trying to point out a few interesting geological specimens which my readers may find for themselves, I will pass over the various kinds of marbles, forms of limestone which need to be quarried out of the earth and which are seldom to be met with in a day's ramble.

Where building operations are going on we may often obtain small pieces of the Bath, Portland or Caen stone which are used so much for pillars or ornamental sculpture.

The additional names of Oolite and Roestone have been given to these forms of limestone, because they appear to consist of small round grains or eggs, such as compose the roe of a fish.

VARIETIES.

A PARABLE.

Here is a parable by an American poet:

"One went east, and one went west  
Across the wild sea-foam,  
And both were on the self-same quest,  
Now one there was who cared for nought,  
So stayed at home:  
Yet of the three, 'twas only he  
Who reached the goal—by him unsought."

**GODNESS NOT GLORY.**—Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing we should long for is goodness, not glory.

**TWO ERRORS.**—It is a great mistake to fancy oneself greater than one is, and an equal mistake to value oneself at less than one is worth.

**HOW TO ABOLISH POVERTY.**—The best anti-poverty society ever known in this world is made up of those who work up to the measure of their abilities, and have the good sense to spend less than they earn. Some people will not work, and for this reason are poor, and some who do work spend all they earn, and for this reason are poor. It is not God's intention that idlers and spendthrifts should share in the earnings of others.

## IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

## PART X.

ON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much" (St. Luke xvi. 10).



HERE is a common saying which I daresay you, my dear girl friends, have often heard applied to persons who were remarkable for the strictness with which they fulfilled every engagement. "Their word is as good as their bond."

The meaning is obvious. With such persons a promise is a sacred matter, and once given, it is as certain to be fulfilled as though they were legally bound to keep it.

How delightful it is to be able to use this old aphorism in connection with those whom we meet in social life, and their conduct in relation to the simplest matters. The saying involves so much, and, when applied to anyone, it is a grand tribute to individual character. Business life, social and home life, personal convenience and comfort, all depend largely on the faithful fulfilment of promises.

What a difference it makes to us if we have made an engagement with a person, and we can say to ourselves, "I need have no anxiety about it. She always keeps her word."

On the other hand, if an uneasy feeling is suggested by the memory of past delinquencies, and we have to say, "My time may be lost. She is not to be depended upon," the interval is haunted by doubt, which often ends in disappointment.

There are many girls, and, I am afraid, older people also, who fail to keep their word, and who break their promises with little thought or care for the inconvenience and disappointment they cause to others. They excuse themselves with the reflection that the promise was about a trifling matter, and therefore, the breaking of it was of small moment also.

If nothing else were involved, good manners demand that if we have accepted an engagement or made an appointment we should keep it, if possible. But if we are disciples of Christ, we have something to consider which is above and beyond good manners, however important these may be. We have the example of God's faithfulness to us. "For He is faithful" in His promises, His commandments, His pledges to forgive and to bless His children. One great subject of exultant song, amongst the psalmists of old, was the faithfulness of the God in whom they trusted. Just a few words as instances of this.

"I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation," "It is a good thing," "To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night," "Thy counsels

of old are faithfulness and truth," "Great is Thy faithfulness."

Look at the character of our Master, Christ. Was He not faithful in doing the work He came to do—faithful unto death?

Such a Master should have faithful servants, and, as I have tried to show you, the Spirit which animated Him, should at all times and in all things be manifest in us.

Do you say, "Christ came to do the greatest work of all. I try to imitate Him in all the most important duties I have to do. But I do not pretend that I am perfect, and I do not expect to be, and most girls fail in such small things as keeping engagements and unimportant promises."

We admitted this at the beginning of our talk, and I add, "Pity that it should be true."

Now let us notice our text for a moment. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." These are Christ's very words. Does it surprise you, my dear ones, that He gives the little things the foremost place? You and I, in our ignorance, would probably have reversed things, just as we do in daily life. We should have decided that whoever was faithful in great matters, would be absolutely trustworthy in the smallest details. Christ taught otherwise. In the parable of the talents, the man who had but one talent to account for made no use of it, and lost all. The others, who used a small trust to the best advantage, had greater things confided to them. It was their faithfulness in the small things which proved their fitness for higher responsibility.

Now I want to impress upon you, the dear companions of many happy evenings, the importance of faithfulness in every little thing.

There are two causes which have much to do with want of faith in social matters. One is thoughtlessness, the other selfishness.

We make promises without considering whether we have a reasonable prospect of keeping them. We are sometimes selfish enough to fail in keeping an engagement because, since we made it, some more attractive invitation has reached us. Sooner than forego this prospect of greater pleasure, our first pledge is deliberately broken, and those to whom we gave it are disappointed.

Let me illustrate my meaning by real incidents.

A friend of mine who leads a busy professional life incidentally met a girl student at the house of a mutual acquaintance. They were sitting together, and got into conversation on a subject of mutual interest. The girl appeared to be specially charmed at their meeting, and spoke so enthusiastically about her studies as to rouse the sympathy of her listener.

"No member of my own family has similar tastes to mine," she said, "neither have I any friend to whom I can speak freely about the work so near to my heart. I would give anything if I had some one who would enter, even a little, into my hopes and anxieties, and tell me frankly whether I have a reasonable chance of success to reward years of hard work."

The elder lady was interested. She was a hard worker too, and time was valuable to her in every sense. For a fortnight to come she could only count on one free evening, and this was to have been devoted to pleasant relaxation. She was, however, one whose first thought was usually, "What

can I do to help my neighbour?" And as she listened to the girl's regrets, she said to herself, "I will give up my one spare evening. This girl is in earnest, and needs just what I am able to do for her."

An invitation followed, and was accepted with effusive thanks. Some days later, she who had given it was tempted to put off the girl's visit to a more convenient time, and had she thought only of self-gratification she might have done so. But she was faithful in the least things. Her word was as good as her bond. She told the friend who had planned a special pleasure for her, that she had made an engagement and must keep it.

"You know how much I should like to join your party," she said; "but I cannot break my word to this girl. I was quite carried away by her earnestness in her work."

"I hope the girl will keep her word," was the reply.

"You speak as if you doubted it. Do you think she will not come? She seemed so delighted to have the opportunity."

"I should not like to say that she will not; but she has so often failed to keep her engagements with me, that I have ceased to invite her. Surely she will value the privilege of an evening with you, especially as she knows how fully your time is occupied."

The friends parted—the one certainly disappointed, the other left in doubt as to whether her self-denial would be in vain. Judging by her own faithfulness, and willing to think kindly of her new acquaintance, she put doubt aside.

When the evening came, a prettily-spread table, to which special dainties had been added, awaited the guest; but these and the hostess waited in vain. If she could have looked in at the girl's home, she would have seen her comfortably ensconced by the fireside.

The evening was cloudy. A friend had dropped in and had been induced to stay; and the girl, having decided that by breaking her promise she could have a pleasant time at home and save herself the trouble of walking a mile to keep her engagement, wrote a so-called apology and prepared to enjoy herself.

Here selfishness and want of consideration for another were shown, to say nothing of bad manners.

If the girl had written soon enough, her kindly acquaintance might have been spared a lonely evening, and her friend the being deprived of her society.

There is a very real pleasure in foregoing something for the sake of doing a kindness; but it is hard to be robbed of it by the knowledge that the one we wished to serve has made the sacrifice fruitless.

At this moment I seem to see again after the lapse of many years a girl's face at a window glowing with bright anticipation. The girl as I then saw her was very tastefully and carefully dressed, every item having been chosen to adorn the beautiful face and figure of her who wore it. One felt instinctively that she was waiting for the coming of him by whose side she looked forward to spending her future life.

An hour later she was still waiting, but fear had taken the place of bright hopefulness. Something must have happened, she was sure. He would never break his word to her. Another hour. Still she waited, and then anxiety gave place to indignation. If there had been anything serious—illness, for instance—to prevent his coming, she would have been told first of all.

The summer day faded, and, late in the evening, came the truant *fiancé* with a poor excuse for his broken promise.

"I met an old college friend quite unexpectedly," he said. "He will leave the neighbourhood to-morrow, and he was anxious to have a chat; so we took a long walk, had tea at a village eight miles away, and came back by train. I knew you would not mind my leaving you for once, as this was my only opportunity of being with my college chum."

Further inquiry showed that at the time the two met, they were only a few minutes' walk from the house where the girl stood waiting.

"If I had only known, I should have been glad to think you were with an old friend. You could have called to tell me, without any inconvenience, and saved me from hours of waiting and anxiety. It hurts me to think you broke your word, and cared so little about my feelings as not even to step aside for my sake."

The offender made light of the matter, laughed at the foolish fancies which had made the girl unhappy on his account, and said:—

"When I did not come at the time, you should have gone out with your own people. As to breaking my word, it is ridiculous to suggest such a thing. I was on my way to keep it."

"And might easily have done it. Had you been a long way off, you would have had a better excuse."

The incident changed the future of two lives. The girl was scrupulous in keeping her word about the smallest matter, and she had noticed that, since her engagement, her *fiancé* had become less particular in this respect.

She said to herself, "If he is not faithful in little things, he will not be in great ones," and broke off the engagement.

A very common excuse for social breaches of faith is, "I am so sorry, but I quite forgot."

Children often plead this, and are met with the reply, "I will teach you to remember," and a sharp lesson follows. But grown-up girls cannot be taught in the same fashion. They must be voluntary learners, and practise lessons in good faith towards others, and unselfishness in keeping every promise. Think, first of all. Then give your word, and, having given it, keep it even to your own hurt and inconvenience, or at the cost of self-sacrifice.

I picture two girls—real ones, whom I knew. The elder would undertake any commission, promise to deliver messages, post letters—do anything to oblige. She meant to keep her word. But the article she was to have brought was rarely forthcoming; the message seldom reached its destination; the letters would be found, often in a crumpled condition, in her pocket or satchel days after they had been entrusted to her. Then she would look penitent, and say, "I quite forgot." But that could not undo the harm caused by her omissions. Somebody said, "Nelly is the family 'Dead Letter Office.'" "She is not so good as that," retorted another sister. "The real 'Dead Letter Office'

returns what it cannot deliver. If Nelly takes a letter, one never knows what will become of it."

Naturally, Nelly soon came to be regarded as a person not to be trusted, and a much less clever member of the family was put in her place. This one had, naturally, a bad memory, but, conscious of the defect, she strove to correct it. A little notebook was in constant requisition.

"I want to keep my word," she said; "and, as my memory is not good, I use an artificial one," holding up her tiny notebook.

Those who knew her learned to say, "Rose is not as clever as Nelly, but she is something better. If she makes a promise, she keeps it. She never says, 'I forgot,' and she is always to be trusted."

I had a talk, a little while ago, with a dear girl friend about the injury inflicted by those who accept invitations, and needlessly disappoint, not merely their entertainers, but the friends who, but for their acceptance, might have filled the vacant places. We spoke more especially of a friend's disappointment in receiving excuses from nearly a fourth of her expected guests, when it was too late to invite others. She had been careful to ask only as many as could be accommodated with comfort, and it had been very difficult to choose out of a large circle of friends.

"Must not every hostess count on some disappointments, and ought she not to calculate on them in sending invitations?" said my young friend.

"True," I replied; "and no one would find fault with really unavoidable absences. But we have no right to make engagements with mental reservations; to send a definite acceptance, and say to ourselves, 'I shall go, if nothing more attractive comes in the way—my convenience is not interfered with, or indolence does not prevent at the last moment.'"

Want of faith is morally hurtful to ourselves, and causes the friends whose standard is higher than our own to lose confidence in us. We rob others of what they would have enjoyed and valued had we not given our word, only to break it.

It generally happens that those who are careless about keeping promises, are by no means ready to excuse the same bad fault in another. You and I, dear girl friends, know well that if the new party dress did not arrive in time, as promised, we should be very apt to say hard things and be angry with the dress-maker, whose breach of faith had lost us an evening's enjoyment.

There are many people, young and old, who are careful about keeping their word to outsiders, but very careless when those at home are concerned. They seem to think that a broken promise matters less if only members of their own family are inconvenienced by it. The mother says to her girls, "You must not be late," and names the hour at which they are to return. The girls assent, perhaps they promise to be in time, then go away, and, absorbed in social enjoyments, never give a second thought to those who are

waiting for them. "Mother will not mind," says one. "If father were at home I should be obliged to go. He is so particular about hours." Of course mother does mind, but fathers are proverbially less indulgent than mothers, and apt to be sterner in dealing with a fault. This fact should make girls more particular, for the more tender the nature, the more easily is it hurt.

The knowledge that our nearest and dearest will be silent about our faults and most ready to shield us from any evil consequences, should put us upon our honour to give them as little cause for complaint as possible. It is not good for ourselves to be held to our word merely by the fear of what outsiders will say or of possible penalties.

The girl who would sacrifice a pleasure rather than bring a tear to a child's eyes by a broken promise; the girl who withstands the entreaty to stay "just a little longer," and leaves a bright circle at the height of its enjoyment, because she has given her word; the young servant whose "night out" has been abridged by unexpected work beforehand but who, in spite of that, returns home to the very minute; the little milliner, new to business and to whom employment is all important, yet who refuses a good order because she cannot fulfil it without breaking her word to an earlier and less valuable customer—furnish us with examples worthy of all honour. To quote again the old aphorism, "Their word is as good as their bond." They keep it from a sense of right, and in accordance with the teaching of God's word, and the spirit of Christ.

If any amongst you to whom I speak are careless about keeping your word, and promise without thought, only to fail without regret, think what it would be for us, who depend for everything on the faithfulness of God, were He to fail us.

"The Lord said, While the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

This promise has been kept for thousands of years, and we go on from day to day, expecting our daily bread, because "He is faithful that promised." So, with all other temporal blessings, so too as regards our highest interests. Because our Father is a God that cannot lie, we accept His invitations assured of a welcome. We confess our sins and plead for pardon because "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

If God were not true to His word, we might bid farewell to present peace; and all hope of future blessedness would vanish like vapour.

What, dear girls, shall be the outcome of our talk to-night? I trust it will help us all to be careful in giving our word, but having given it, to hold a promise, even about the smallest matter, as a sacred thing. It is the attribute of our God to be faithful. We cannot be His true children and servants unless we are faithful in the least things as well as in the greatest.





## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**FORGET-ME-NOT BLUE.**—Certainly, at present, you must be rather robust if you weigh ten and a half stone and are only five feet three inches high; but as you are only nineteen years old you may be pretty sure of growing taller. Growth does not usually stop before twenty-two. You say that your parents are big people and you will probably be like them.

**EVA.**—We do not advise you to do anything to reduce your fat. You will go on growing for about six years more, and probably by the end of that time you will be quite as thin as you desire. Do not take drugs of any kind. Reducing the amount of starchy food will often help to reduce corpulency.

**A CONSTANT READER** would like to know how to cure a "slight deafness," but before answering her question, we would like to know something more about her ears. If "A Constant Reader" will answer the following questions we will be able to tell her the cause of the trouble and how to treat it. These are the questions:—(1) How long have you been deaf? (2) How did the deafness start? (3) Are you equally deaf in both ears? (4) Have you a discharge from the ear? (5) If not, have you ever had a discharge from the ear? (6) Have lumps of wax ever dropped out of your ears? (7) Have you ever had noises in the ears? (8) Can you hear your own voice distinctly? (9) Are you equally deaf at all seasons and at all times? (10) Have you ever had anything wrong with your throat? (11) Do you always breathe through your nose? (12) Has the deafness developed gradually? (13) What is your age? Answer us these questions and then we can tell you what is wrong with your ears. Without knowing these points any advice that we could give you would be valueless.

**EDNA.**—"Obesity pills and powders," and other quack medicines for the cure of superfluous fat are not to be recommended. No drug will cure this condition. Attend to your diet. Avoid excessive amounts of fluids, and alcohol in all forms, and take starchy foods in great moderation. Take plenty of exercise. Walking is the best of all exercises. Scrupulously avoid all drugs save an occasional aperient. The severe methods of getting rid of fat such as Bant's treatment do more harm than good, or at least, that has been our experience. They reduce the fat, but they reduce the health in a corresponding ratio, and we have seen a fatal termination to "Banting."

**MERIEL.**—"Potatoes do make you stout. They consist mainly of starch, and starch produces corpulency. Carrots, turnips, maize, parsnips and artichokes also produce deposits of fat in persons liable to obesity."

**IRIS.**—Of course it is the tea that causes your nose to turn red and burn. Give up tea and every other indigestible food. Your nose will cease to trouble you if you are careful of your digestion. Drinking large quantities of cold water does not improve the complexion. How could it do so? Neither does it injure the complexion, unless taken in sufficient quantities to cause indigestion.

**AN ANXIOUS ONE.**—Tonics give you pain in the chest. This is probably due to indigestion, as most tonics are indigestible. The pains you complain of are parts of some nervous condition, for which we cannot suggest any treatment without further information. They may be due to neuralgia or even to anæmia.

**FLOSSIE.**—Read the answer to "F. S." Cycling cannot produce enlarged pores, unless you perspire very much while cycling. Keep your face very clean and use a rough towel. Blackheads should be squeezed out, if very prominent, otherwise they may be left alone, as the water and rough towel will remove them. If you find the sulphur ointment makes your face irritable, use it less strong, say one part of the ointment to an equal quantity of vaseline, or else leave it off for a week or so.

**SMETS.**—Read the answers to "Forget-me-not Blue," "Eva," "Edna," "Muriel," and "Flossie." In the article on "Diet in Health and Sickness," which appeared in last year's volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a complete dietary for obesity was given.

**AN ANXIOUS WOMAN.**—Lice or "nits" in the hair are very common in children. In adult women, they are one of the penalties of long hair. Though usually associated with uncleanness they may find a harbour in perfectly clean hair. They are true insects and come from outside. We have not got a "vein of lice" inside us! You got this idea from a thoroughly unreliable source. It is a simple matter to get rid of lice, if you are very careful to carry out the treatment to the minutest detail. Take a solution of carbolic acid, one ounce of the crystals to two quarts of hot water. You can get this at a chemist's, but remember that it is a poison and must be used with care. Let down your hair, wash it well with soap and water, rinse it out in warm water, and then thoroughly wash the head and hair in the carbolic solution. Take at least two hours to wash your hair. Be careful that none of the carbolic acid gets on to the face or into the eyes, for it is caustic, and is very injurious to the eyes. Having used the lotion thoroughly, rinse the hair again, run through the hair with a fine tooth-comb and dry your head and hair; then apply "white precipitate ointment" to the roots of the hair. Repeat this treatment again at the end of a week. If this does not cure you, you must cut your hair short and try again; but if you carry out the above advice thoroughly you will save your hair.

**A DERBYSHIRE LASS.**—Cretinism is endemic in certain localities, of which Derbyshire is one, but it also occurs from time to time in places where it is not endemic. It is always congenital, but there is no reason to believe that it is hereditary. Direct heredity is impossible, as a cretin could not marry. Now it is not a hopeless condition, for by giving cretins "thyroid extract," great improvement is almost invariably, and slighter grades are often completely cured. This cure of cretinism—converting a hopeless, helpless imbecile into an ordinary mortal—is the greatest triumph of modern science.

**MOAB.**—You could obtain treatment for your child's ear at any London hospital. There is no fee to be paid. Or if you do not care to come to London, you might make inquiries about the local hospitals in Gloucestershire. Any specialist in aural diseases would be able to treat your daughter.

**SHAMROCK.**—We have never before heard of a moustache which was not hairy. Probably what you have on your lip is either a mole or a pigmented patch of skin. From what you tell us of its causation, we incline to the latter opinion. Try if peroxide of hydrogen will bleach it. Apply the peroxide every evening with a camel-hair brush. This treatment cannot do any harm, but we do not guarantee that it will succeed in removing the patch.

**EDITH NEALE.**—For land plants potassium salts are to be preferred to sodium compounds, for all land plants contain and require more potassium than sodium. Nitrate of potassium (saltpetre) is the most convenient of the chemical manures containing potash.

**F. G. H.**—Go on with the treatment and use the soap and ointment as we directed. It often takes a considerable time to cure acne.

**SANDRE.**—All your symptoms can be accounted for by anæmia. Dizziness, giddiness, loss of voice, breathlessness and dyspepsia are all caused by bloodlessness. You have got a return of the anæmia that you had three years ago. Therefore the best thing that you can do is to return to the treatment which you used during the first attack. You might, however, try a more tonic treatment. Of course you must attend to your digestion. Take a holiday, if you can. Under no circumstances should you take a cold bath in the morning. The feeling you describe of being unable to work or think is most commonly due to taking cold baths when the circulation is not up to the standard. Unless you are going to take up medicine professionally, it is not advisable to read medical books, for it is impossible to fully understand them without clinical study. Worst of all literature are the abominable pamphlets published by patent medicine men, and sent round to every house. Such books should be burnt as soon as they enter any house. The health sermons and articles that appear in this paper are on quite a different footing. They deal with matters which should be known by every one, and as they are written by qualified physicians, who do not deal in nostrums, they are reliable and safe to follow.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.**—We will gladly forward on to Ruth Lamb any letter you may send to us for that purpose.