



VOL. XIX.—No. 975.]

SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

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CURIOSITY.

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## IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

## CHAPTER XXI.



THE year was nearly over. During the season Beattie and Cecil had met less frequently than the one preceding it, but when they did see each other, he was unvaryingly attentive to her, and he seldom seemed to care to talk much to other people if she were present. If his manner on these occasions were more that of a friend than a lover, if his interest in her and her affairs were rather elder-brotherly in its tone, Beattie attributed this only to the embargo which she had laid upon him. It was enough that he always came to her. In the summer Norah again asked her to go and stay with her, and this time Mrs. Swannington had no objection to her accepting the invitation. Norah had incidentally mentioned that Michael Anstruther was away from home, and was shortly going on a long journey. Besides, Mrs. Swannington believed there was nothing to be feared from him any more. Of Beattie's feelings she was now quite sure. Indeed, it was Beattie herself who hesitated to accept, lest she should miss seeing Cecil at all, but it was only for a fortnight, and she had a wish to see Norah. It was more than a year since they had met.

"To think I have really got you here at last," said Norah, when they sat, on the evening of Beattie's arrival, in the little drawing-room which, like Norah herself, was neat and dainty and a trifle old-fashioned. "I began to think you would never come. And I have wanted Lady Anstruther to see you for two years."

Beattie laughed.

"Lady Anstruther no doubt has had patience to bear the period of waiting. When am I going there?"

"To-morrow, certainly. We will have tea there. I wanted you to myself to-day; and I thought you would be tired after your journey."

"It takes a great deal to tire me," said Beattie. "I am as fresh as when I started. Fresher—this air is so delicious. Did you say Mr. Michael was away? I should have liked to see him."

"He has been in Germany since the autumn. He was going back to Paris, but when Geoffrey came home—Wasn't that wonderful? It has made such a difference to them all; the doctor said he was a mere wreck of what he had been, and he had to go through a course of treatment at some watering-place. Mike went with him and afterwards stayed on alone to study the method of the doctors there. He made friends with a young professor of science who is going to make an expedition to some part of South America, and he wanted Mike to go with them as doctor. Mike is delighted, of course. They will certainly be away a year if not longer; and

he loves any sort of adventure, you know, and always was mad about exploration. Besides, he'd learn so much. It is not quite certain when they start, but it will be soon. They are making all their arrangements out there, and then he will come home and say good-bye," and Norah sighed heavily.

"Doesn't he mind giving up the property at all?"

"Mind; he is as glad as possible; not only for the reason, but because he doesn't care to have the management of an estate. You see, there isn't much money with it, and that means everything has to be so carefully investigated. Mike wants to give all his attention to his profession."

"And what has become of Mr. Geoffrey now?"

"Oh, he has joined his regiment again. He is in London at present. He is not so handsome as he used to be before he was wounded, but he is thought a lot of by everybody for all he has gone through. I can't tell you what it was like when he came home. The bells rang and all the people were laughing and crying and shouting as he drove into Woodfield, and yet he looked so altered and so ill, we all felt he might after all have come home only to die. We had great rejoicings afterwards, and somehow the cloud which has been over the Hall since Evelyn's death seems to have lifted. Even though the boys are both away it is a happy place. It is partly the change in Sir John, I suppose. He is such a kind old man now."

The next afternoon, as arranged, the two girls walked down to the Hall. Although the time had gone by when Beattie would have felt an interest in her friends, even beyond that which Norah expected, still she was pleased to know Michael's relations. Of late he had been very little in her thoughts, and she had almost forgotten what Margaret had told her in her letter, but Woodfield and the constant mention of his name and his associations had reminded her that had circumstances been a little different her first acquaintance with his home and his parents might have been a matter of the deepest concern to her.

Lady Anstruther had thoughts not wholly dissimilar as she sat waiting for the girls on the terrace. She had reason to be rather sorry that Beattie's visit had taken place just when it did; and she was perhaps a little bit prejudiced against her as the innocent cause of Michael's life having been saddened. She and Sir John had been talking about it, for no longer did she find it necessary to keep from her husband the thoughts about their children's future, which were in her own mind. He did not fly out in impatient anger, as of old, when things were not quite according to his wishes, and although he did not always agree with her as to what would be for Michael's and Geoffrey's happi-

ness, neither did he fret himself about issues which lay, at any rate in part, beyond his own control.

"It seems so aggravating," said Lady Anstruther, "that Norah herself should be the means of throwing them together. I can't postpone Mike's return, because that would mean not seeing him at all. It is such a pity. Instead of carrying away the thought of Norah, he will be sure to have his old feeling if he sees this Beattie. And I did really hope that with all his new interests he had given up thinking of her."

"I don't think seeing or not seeing will make much difference to a fellow like Mike," said Sir John. "You remember even as a little chap it was no use our hiding away anything about which he had a fixed idea of future possession. However, I have greater hope in his notions of honour. You tell me this little girl is betrothed to some other man."

"Yes, but without coveting your neighbour's wife you may care for her too much for your own peace of mind. Ah! here they are."

Lady Anstruther rose to meet Norah and Beattie who were coming towards her through the sunshine. Her first sight of the latter routed any lurking distrust of her. She and her son always liked the same people, and both were quick in forming their opinions. Beattie in her white gown with all the charm that youth and health and hopefulness could add to physical beauty, would have been sufficiently engaging to the least discerning person; but Lady Anstruther had insight, and she found her lovable by reason of the pure mind and warm heart which she quickly perceived her to possess. She looked into the clear eyes, and was quite satisfied that Michael had not thrown away his heart on a mere delusion. But she was all the more sorry for him.

"Sir John cannot get out of his chair to speak to you," she said. "I expect Norah has told you he is paralysed."

She led Beattie up to him and introduced her, smiling at the girl's pretty deferential manner, which none the less had a warmth in it as if seeing Sir John really gave her pleasure. He who had come to appreciate all that was bright and cheerful and kind would certainly be pleased with this young and buoyant creature.

Norah looking on and content to take for the time a second place, was glad that Beattie had made so favourable an impression, for she could soon see when Lady Anstruther liked anyone, and she was pleased at this ratification of her own judgment. The conversation at once became general, and as neither Lady Anstruther nor Beattie were ever at a loss as to what to say it was animated enough. There was no need to search for topics, and it was not till Norah spoke of leaving that Lady Anstruther mentioned her son.

"Mike is coming home on Thursday to say good-bye," she said.

"So soon," exclaimed Norah, not very joyfully, for the parting which was to follow the meeting was in her thoughts.

"Yes, and for only a day or two," said Lady Anstruther.

Then she turned to Beattie. "You know Michael, I am told, Miss Margetson?"

"Oh yes," said Beattie. "But it is a long time since I have seen him. We were at the same seaside place the year before last, and we were a good deal together. He came back suddenly because you were ill. I have only met him once since then."

"I daresay you will find him changed. He was only a boy at that time."

Beattie laughed.

"I expect to me he would seem more like a boy now. When they are past seventeen girls are much older than boys of the same age, I think. I am sure young men of nineteen appear to me mere children."

"Men have their revenge, Miss Margetson," said Sir John. "A time comes when women of middle age would gladly be as young as men of the same years, I can tell you."

"I daresay," said Beattie nodding, and thinking of Aunt Ella who was beginning no longer to keep birthdays. "I always think myself growing old must be very disagreeable for a woman."

"Consider my feelings," said Lady Anstruther, pointing to her white hair. "I, you see, Miss Margetson, have got past the time when one's sensations on the subject are a matter of conjecture." "You don't seem old," said Beattie decidedly.

"I have a girl friend to keep me in touch with young people, you see. But I will tell you a secret, Miss Beattie. Youth does not have all the advantages of life, and elderly people who keep in sympathy with others and try to be unselfish, may have a young heart long after they are bald and wrinkled. It is the selfish old people whose age is troublesome to themselves and those about them. But Norah here will never bear to hear any old people spoken against. She loves them every one."

"I am sorry for their helplessness," said Norah gently. "I can as soon find fault with their deficiencies as with those of little children."

Sir John shook his head.

"They have had time to learn better," he said. "But it is a good thing the world has its Norahs, or who would have any pity for the tiresome old creatures who are no longer any use?"

Norah knew he was thinking of himself, and slid her hand into his. They were great friends now, he and she, and always sided together when there was anything to be discussed. It had also come to be a cause of secret amusement among the lookers-on that no one must find fault with one of them if the other were present. Geoffrey must not accuse Norah of being too proper, nor the rectory boys make fun of Sir John's peculiarities. Even when the girls had taken their leave, having promised to

dine at the Hall with Mr. Gilman on Friday, Lady Anstruther could not get her husband to agree with her that Norah was put in the shade by the beauty of her friend.

"Certainly she is a lovely girl," said Sir John. "and I daresay most young men would be more attracted to her at first. She has a winning manner too, and she seems singularly unaffected. But Mike is not quite ordinary in his tastes. He ought to be able to discern the points in which Norah is superior to her."

"I wish he would," said Lady Anstruther.

"Norah is more intellectual, she is deeper, and one can see her unselfishness in every action. Besides, she is free, and the other is bound."

"I suppose she is," said Lady Anstruther suddenly. "Did you notice dear, that she wore no engagement ring?"

Sir John was obliged to confess he had not observed these details.

"Perhaps the affair is still private. I don't think Norah even knows anything about it."

"Norah never tells secrets," said Sir John.

Lady Anstruther laughed. It was hard to believe that this piece of perfection was the "goody-goody chit" of not so very long ago.

"I should not be surprised," said Sir John, "supposing Mr. Michael marries at all, which I think rather unlikely, for he seems to value his liberty amazingly, if he brought home a bride from some out-of-the-way place and sprung her upon us. That is rather his way of doing things."

"I never tell secrets," said Lady Anstruther, "or I could put that notion out of your mind. But, poor boy, he is really too young to think of getting married at all, and if it hadn't been for this love affair of his I should never have thought of such a thing for years to come."

The time passed very pleasantly for Beattie. She was never bored and so did not complain of the dulness, although she wondered a little that Norah could settle down contentedly all the year round at such a place as Woodfield. Visiting the poor was a novelty to her, and the neat cottages with their open doors were a contrast to the slums on which Mrs. Swannington had laid her prohibition. Also human nature shows to advantage before young lady visitors, with open purses and ready sympathies. Beattie found everybody kind and amiable and charming, and was in high favour in the village. There was a sense of peace too in living for a while with those whose ideal of life was in tune with hers. There was no danger of Mr. Gilman or Norah making fun of her as Aunt Ella did, for striving after something better than the mere indulgence of her own tastes. Only Beattie began to perceive that an earnest life, whatever its rewards, must entail some sacrifice of popularity. She liked to please and be pleased. She gathered as she watched the life of Norah's father and noticed things he

said, that doing good did not necessarily bring thanks and praise but rather blame and criticism, and that being good was not only abstaining from evil but contending for that which is right. And she began dimly to understand that genuine religion was no mere sentiment, but a hard fight not only with oneself, which is comparatively easy, but with others which is nearly always hard. It meant swimming against the tide, it meant climbing up the hill, it meant walking along the thorny rather than the smooth way; above all, it meant to some extent, and perhaps its degree was a measure of its reality, loneliness. Sometimes, too, there came into her mind the saying, "Can two walk together unless they be agreed?" and doubts crept in about a future with a man who saw not these things as she did. But she put away her fears. "She did not know him as he was. Love would work such changes. When they were married he would let her have her way, and perhaps come to think as she did." And then the momentary misgiving would pass away into happy expectations.

Perhaps if Beattie had confided in Norah about herself and Cecil, Norah would have been led to tell Beattie that she too cared for some one. But though she was generally unreserved, in this matter the girl kept her own counsel; too many people already had associated her name with Mr. Musgrove's, and she felt that until there was something definite to tell it would be more delicate to refrain from speaking of him in connection with herself, though Norah's perceptions must be dull indeed if she did not gather that Beattie's interest in a person whom she so frequently spoke of was more than usually warm. For her part Norah had lived in an atmosphere so different from Beattie's that it was natural for her to hide in her heart that which pertained to her deeper feelings; to discuss her love affair as some girls do would have seemed to her almost like profaning something sacred. She was innately an idealist, and she elevated everything she touched in a way that those who have come much in contact with the realities of life find it almost impossible to understand.

She wondered that the whole of Friday passed without Mike coming to see them. It was true they were to go to the Hall in the evening, but that would not usually have deterred him from running down to inquire how they all were. She knew he had returned the previous afternoon, because Lady Anstruther had sent her maid with a message to Norah about something on Thursday evening. However, she supposed there were reasons, and she had learnt that which sometimes seems to be the great secret of getting through life, to wait. She little thought it was the presence of Beattie at the Rectory which kept Michael away.

Mike had not known she was staying with Norah, and nothing was further from his thoughts as he came home than the possibility of seeing her. He, like his mother, had often wondered that Norah had not mentioned Beattie's

engagement, but he never doubted that it was a fact, and sometimes tried to persuade himself that she was already married and he had in some way missed seeing the announcement or hearing of it. When Richards, in the course of his usual gossip as they drove up from the station, informed Mike that Miss Norah had a young lady staying with her, he did not somehow think of Beattie, though Norah's acquaintances were certainly limited. But when the groom went on to say that "a prettier young person, he'd never set eyes on," and "she looked for all the world like one of them picturs in the illustrated papers," the heart of his master began to beat rather uncertainly.

"What's her name, Richards?" he asked.

"That I can't rightly tell you, sir, though I have heard it; but it's something like Marchsome or Marketson or that. She've been up at the Hall once with Miss Norah, and James, who've been in a good deal of society in town, say he've seen many a duchess less elegant."

Mike thought it very likely, but though he smiled at the servant's criticisms, he was more uneasy than pleased at the knowledge that Beattie was near him, and that he would be able to look at her and speak to her at last. He would have to conceal his true feeling towards her, and be only polite and distant, for he doubted his power of being frank and friendly with her under the circumstances. There must be some constraint. His only chance was to see as little as possible of her, to keep away from the Rectory, and beg his mother not to ask her to the Hall during his brief stay at home.

His first remark when he was alone with Lady Anstruther was about her, and although he tried to speak unconcernedly, she detected the ring of anxiety in his tones.

"Mother, I hear Beattie Margetson is here."

"Yes, dear," said she soothingly; "she came with Norah the other day. I don't wonder you fell in love with her, Mike."

Mike pulled the ears of the dog which was nestling against him so hard, that the creature, who had never received anything but kindness from him, gave a sharp bark of remonstrance.

"When is she going to be married!" he asked rather fiercely.

"I don't know, dear. I have only seen her once, and then we had no chance of getting confidential. I have not been told that she is engaged yet."

"They are keeping it quiet a good long time, unless—unless— But that isn't likely; I saw them together, and besides—"

He began pacing the room restlessly. "Do you think, mother—it is possible—nothing came of it after all?"

"Quite possible, dear. But I shouldn't build hopes on it. Beattie is very young, and there are often reasons for a private engagement. However, you mustn't let her spoil your last days with us, darling. Try and put her out of your thoughts. She and the Gilmans will be dining here to-morrow, and you will have an opportunity to talk to each other."

"I rather think the best thing I can do is to keep out of her way, mother. But you are right; she shan't spoil our time together."

He followed his mother about all the next day in a way that amused and yet touched her. She knew he was longing to be off to the Rectory, and only kept near her for safety against his impulses. Once he did say: "I suppose they'll be thinking I shall look in this morning." And Lady Anstruther answered, "Very likely," in a tone which he knew to mean their expectations had better not be realised.

As the time for their arrival drew

near he became more restless, but when he knew they had come, he suddenly had a strong desire to escape from the drawing-room. As it was, he kept well in the background for a minute, but directly he saw Beattie, and met her sweet and friendly glance, his uneasiness and embarrassment vanished quite away. Never mind if she was engaged to somebody else—and he must not tell her that he loved her—she was at least the same Beattie as he had known all along; the same as he had seen in dreams many a time. As he held her hand in his warm clasp it seemed to him only yesterday that he and she had been together at Crabsley, before duty on his side and relatives on hers had brought about and continued a separation. Now they were together again, and for the present that was enough.

He had wondered what he could talk to her about at dinner, and dreaded the ordeal; but there was no need. Beattie was as easily interested, as stimulating, as natural as ever. He kept saying to himself, "She is just the same; and how pretty—I have not seen any one so pretty." Only once was there any embarrassment, but that was on Beattie's part. He was speaking to her of Margaret Raven, and Beattie suddenly remembered what Margaret had told her about the picture and about her conjectures concerning Michael, and she blushed crimson and turned her eyes away from him. He wondered why, and then supposed Miss Margaret—who was capable of anything—had been telling Beattie some story about himself. In the momentary pause in their talk, he looked down rather absently; and then, for the first time, he observed that Beattie's left hand was bare of any ring. And hope, which is so very hard to kill, again stirred in his heart. If she was free after all he might win her yet!

(To be continued.)

## AFTER-SCHOOL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

"A CLUB," says a recent American writer, "was man's first weapon. It represented nothing but physical force. To-day, 'clubs' are women's forces; and they represent ethical values, the finest side of social life, culture, intellect, the march of progress, and the highest types of the development of a womanhood, which is the very flower of our civilisation."

I have headed this article with a quotation, for I am very anxious to make my readers comprehend the place taken in America to-day by the clubs for women; that is, clubs founded by, carried on, and governed by women, for special purposes of various kinds. It is said that Boston, of all the cities in the Union, possesses the most; ranging from the exclusively society one, to the exclusively "crank." It would be difficult to mention a cult that is not represented. But everywhere they appear to rule with an ever-increasing power. In Boston, Browning clubs are in great force, but all Bostonians seem to be members of some club, for the study of

literature or art, and classes and lectures appertain to most of them for the advancement of the education of the members.

The mother of women's clubs in America is the famous Sorosis of New York, which was founded by "Jennie June," known in private life as Mrs. J. C. Croly. This is a purely literary club, and entertains and introduces all the literary and feminine lions who visit New York. It was founded in the early seventies, and still remains the leading club of the United States. Twenty years ago, nearly all the women's clubs in America were purely literary or social, or both; but to-day, after occupying every field of art, history, music, literature, archaeology, philosophy, science, ethics, religion, and aesthetics, they boldly reach out into channels of work hitherto appropriated specially to men, such as sanitary legislation, tenement-house reform, and much-needed improvement in the management of jails, penitentiaries, and asylums. Political science, charities, kindergartens, educational, manual

training-schools, free public libraries, courses of lectures, are all subjects in which the club-women of the United States are interested; and in all current topics they have a practical interest and free discussion.

The clubs of the southern states are almost all literary and social, while those in the western portion of the Union are the most progressive in practical work and in studying current events throughout the world, and the East seems to be following in the same direction. The following is a list of classes held and lectures given and discussed last year: Parliamentary law, physical culture, millinery, German, French, whist, voice-culture, library, science, current events, and first aid to the wounded, the money issues of the presidential campaign, hygiene in the home. Then there was a story-teller's month, when Authors read their stories aloud, and a literary symposium. This may be described as a club conducted on broad lines, to which musical study may be added as well.



The number of clubs throughout America is very large, New York alone showing about a hundred, while the entire number of club-women in the United States is estimated at considerably over a million. There is a great system of organisation, called the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which holds a superior position. This was formed in 1889, and it now numbers between seven and eight hundred individual clubs, and its total membership is very large.

Besides this, each state has its State Federation, that of Michigan, for instance, numbers ninety-seven clubs, and these are all members of the General Federation. All clubs are self-governed and self-supporting, the membership fee varying from two dollars up to twenty-five, or more. Each club pays a fee of about two dollars to its State Federation, and the General Federation is supported by annual dues of ten dollars from each club numbering one hundred members, and twenty-five dollars from each State Federation numbering one hundred clubs, and half of these sums from clubs or federations which do not number so many as one hundred.

I imagine that the officers of the clubs are entirely unpaid. They consist of the president, or chairman (not chairwoman), vice-presidents, recording and corresponding secretaries, and treasurers. Much care is taken to carry on the meetings in practical parliamentary fashion, each member being bound to acquaint herself with, and to conform to, the rules of parliamentary procedure. Clubs, it is considered, should develop in women the highest qualifications for all the work they find to do in life, and all good qualities are intensified by membership in them.

One of the very natural discussions that has arisen in America, as well as amongst ourselves, is, "What constitutes a 'clubbable' woman?" A woman may be possessed of all the virtues, may be clever, and beautiful, well-dressed; and fascinating, but she may lack the qualification for being "clubbable." Apparently people have arrived at the conclusion that a woman must be one of two things: either a capable leader, or be willingly led; the latter by no means meaning that she is a nonentity, nor that she has no mind of her own, but merely that she is satisfied to follow those who are capable of directing with force and good judgment.

Judging from the accounts of the various centres, the American woman is better off than the English in that she appears to possess a greater command of money. Here, in England there is always the lack of means to contend with, and in every public matter it is the same thing where our sex is concerned. Indeed, in America I find that only women who are rich and leisured can undertake the highest offices in the clubs, as there is no remuneration attached to the vocation, nor money allowed for travelling expenses. I notice too that the fees for membership and entrance are low, so that few people need decline to join.

Our article has to deal to-day with the literary clubs, which are apparently performing the work of the higher education of women. That part of teaching and learning which has to be performed by the Englishwoman at home by reading and research on subjects which interest them. We are also fortunate in having lectures, museums, and picture-galleries, and we are consistent globe-trotters, every one of us, according to our powers. The lending-libraries, notably those of Messrs. Mudie, and Smith, and the many small ones in every town are well patronised; and perhaps, where the American would learn by going to an evening at her club, we should obtain our teaching by getting a book out of the library. We have so many organisations dealing with home education, and girls' societies of all kinds in aid of the same thing.

Many of the American clubs meet only during a certain number of months, from October to May, or from November to April; and though in some clubs meetings are held every week, or even twice a week; in others once a month is sufficient; and a woman may belong to a dozen clubs if she like, although this tendency is said to be decreasing, as the clubs grow larger.

I shall here give several plans of club work. The first is a very interesting one, *i.e.*, for the study of Italy; which is in the calendar of the Wednesday Morning Club of Rome, New York. This club meets weekly; the alternate meetings being devoted to the discussion of current topics and special subjects. The provision of subjects is made for thirteen meetings; the numbers before each subject showing the order in which they come.

I. Introduction of Greek Literature into Rome, beginning of Roman Literature (240-63 B.C.) Roman theatres, comedy and tragedy.

II. Cicero. Orator, Philosopher, Poet; the Caesars.

III. Augustan Epoch; or Golden Age of Roman Literature, 63 B.C.-15 A.D.; Virgil.

IV. Decline of Roman Literature under Tiberius A.D. 15. Seneca, his relations with Nero, Pliny and Tacitus.

V. Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, first Christian Emperor; Rise of Papal Rome, A.D. 800.

VI. Revival of learning begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio; Songs of Petrarch; Universities in Bologna, High Schools, Mediaeval Libraries, Manuscripts and Printing.

VII. Concerning Dante: The Inferno, Underworld of Homer, Virgil and Dante.

VIII. Paradiso and Purgatorio, Angels, Milton's and Dante's.

IX. House of Medicis, and Patrons of Learning; Florentine Academy, Science of Alchemy and Astrology.

X. Naples; Vittoria Colonna, Tasso. Introduction of the Opera.

XI. Italian Art, as seen in Rome; Michael Angelo, Raphael.

XII. Florentine art, Giotto, Cimabue, Leonardo da Vinci.

XIII. Art in Venice. Bellini Family Titian and Tintoretto.

This club being a typical one, I will just indicate a few particulars about it. It is purely a literary one, the membership being limited to sixty-five active, and ten honorary members, with a waiting list. The work of the club is divided amongst thirteen committees, each taking charge of two meetings in the year. Special attention is paid to the current topics department, which is an open parliament for the entire membership.

This discussion of current topics appears to form a large portion of the meetings and to engage much attention. It is a most useful point, and enables women to speak and listen intelligently, and thoughtfully, on all the topics of the day; from bimetalism to cremation, smoke consumption and sugar bounties, gold-mining, and strikes, co-operation, and suffrage for women. All these topics have been discussed by these clubs during the past winter, and it is not difficult to see how women will acquire through it a wider range of thought; and a community of interests with husbands and fathers, brothers and sons; to the great increase of happiness and mutual pleasure.

The following is an interesting plan for club work, including a study of Egypt for six months.

First month. (1) The Land of Egypt, Origin of the Egyptians. Their ancient neighbours. (2) Mythology. The Gift of the Nile. System of Government.

Second month. (1) Abydos, Heliopolis, Bubastis, General Characteristics of Egyptian

Pyramids. The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. (2) The Hieroglyphic Alphabet. The Rosetta Stone. Ancient Painting and Architecture.

Third month. (1) Memphis, in prosperity, in ruins. Menes and his successors. Dynasties XII. to XVIII. (2) The Hyksos. Bible Stories corroborated by Egyptian History. Queen Hatsanu.

Fourth month. (1) Thebes. Sati I. and his works. Story of Father Ai. (2) Ramses II., life and character, wars and achievements. The Ramesseum.

Fifth month. (1) Ethiopia in Egypt. Persia in Egypt. The Last Pharaoh. Karnac and Luxor. (2) Cairo and the Caliphs. Saladin. Mamelukes.

Sixth month. (1) Bonaparte, and the Battle of the Pyramids. El Mahdi the False Prophet. England in Egypt. (2) The Khedive. Egypt of To-day. Modern Research in Old Egypt.

The sheet on which this plan is arranged bears the Egyptian flag, and the lotus flower and leaf, and also the famous quotation from Junsey, "Egypt is the monumental land of the earth, as her people are of history."

A club plan for miscellaneous work, prepared for the Cosmopolitan Club of Springfield, Vermont, is as follows:—

Oct. 11th. Biographical sketch of Robert Burns. The famous songs of Burns, review. "Cotter's Saturday Night," solo. (Burns' song). Quotations.

Nov. 1st. Dutch settlements in America. Peter Stuyvesant. Dutch manners and customs. Five minutes' reading from Washington Irving.

Nov. 22nd. The Gypsies.

Dec. 13th. Sanitation, ventilation, disposal of garbage.

Jan. 3rd. Original contributions from members.

Jan. 24th. Child study. Sketch of Fröbel. The doll boy.

Feb. 14th. The French Revolution, as seen by the Americans of the 18th century.

Mar. 7th. Musical.

Mar. 28th. Debate. Resolved that transmitted characteristics are more potent, than environment in the formation of character.

April 18th. Mexico. The Mexico of To-day. Remains of Aztec Civilisation.

This club is a mixed one, with two-thirds of its officers women; and no man is allowed to belong unless he can produce a wife to chaperon him. It is considered an excellent model for small towns, where the clubbable element is sure to be small. The limit of members is seventy. The meetings are held once in three weeks, on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. The dues of the club are one dollar a year, with an entrance fee of half a dollar. The general routine of the meetings is, first, a principal paper occupying about twenty minutes to read, followed by short talks, or papers on subordinate topics; these being restricted to seven minutes in length. A general discussion of half-an-hour, divided amongst the members in the proportion of not more than five minutes to each speaker, follows, and concludes the evening's work.

One very excellent plan for club-work, is that adopted by a literary one of Elgin, Illinois, and is on French History. It is intended for a seven months' session, from October to May.

Oct. 2nd. Francis I., 1515. Claude, daughter of Louis XII., and Eleanor of Portugal.

Oct. 9th. Henry II., 1547. Catherine de Medici; Diana of Poitiers. Francis II., 1559; Mary Stuart. Charles IX., 1560; Elizabeth of Austria. Henry III., 1574; Louise de Vaudemont.

Oct. 23rd. Henry IV., the Great, 1589; Marguerite de Valois, and Marie de Medicis.

Oct. 30th. Louis XIII., 1610; Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Mazarin, the Fronde. Louis XIV., 1643, Maria Theresa of Spain La Vallière.

Nov. 6th. Louis XIV.; Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon.

Nov. 20th. Palace of the Tuilleries, Versailles, Champs Elysées. Hotel des Invalides.

Dec. 4th. Louis XV., 1715; Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas.

Dec. 18th. Administrative and judicial condition of France at the death of Louis XV.

Jan. 8th. Louis XVI., 1774. Marie Antoinette.

Jan. 22nd. Revolution of 1789. National Convention, political salon, Robespierre and Danton, Marat and Charlotte Corday. Louis XVII.

Feb. 5th. Republic 1792. First Empire, Napoleon I., 1804. Josephine and Marie Louise of Austria, King of Rome.

Feb. 19th. Restoration. Louis XVIII., 1814.

March 4th. Hundred days' war, Waterloo; Charles X., 1824. Marie Theresa of Savoy.

March 18th. Revolution of July. Louis Philippe, 1830. Republic 1848.

April 1st. Louis Napoleon III., 1852. Eugenie. *Coup d'Etat*. Second Empire.

April 8th. Third Republic, 1870. The presidents. Place de la Concorde.

April 15th. Present state of France, religious, political, social, financial, civil, artistic and educational. Boulevards.

I have given these plans and subjects of study, in order that my readers may see how thorough is the course; and how complete papers are written and read, and books consulted on all these topics; and in many cases, an appropriation of money is made from the club funds, to supply reference books on the topics for the year.

No article on this subject would be complete if I did not show you the most excellent and useful side of many of these clubs, that unite in furthering some stated object, philanthropic or social. For instance, the New Century Club of Philadelphia has a children's week in the country fund, a fresh air fund, a working

woman's guild, and a legal protection committee for the benefit of women. It has induced the municipality to supply police matrons, and has endowed several scholarships.

The Woman's Club of Johnsburg, Vermont, has supplied lawn seats for the public parks, watering troughs for the town, and several handsome drinking fountains. Many of the clubs interest themselves with educational movements, visit the schools, found kindergartens, cooking schools, and lectureships. Nearly all have some special end or aim that will help the national advance towards some important point. Many of them work in concert with some manly organisation, such as the Town Improvement Associations, which exist in nearly all American towns. One of these clubs has had cards printed and hung up in all the public schools of the state to help to make the boys good citizens, on which are printed all kinds of "Don'ts." "Don't throw down banana nor orange skins in the street," or "Don't throw pieces of paper about," "Don't leave the yard untidy," or "Do bury all the old tin cans in a hole"—this last intimation showing that they have not taken to making tin soldiers and toys out of them as we have done in England. The high, towering vans which often pass one, filled to overflowing with old tins of all kinds, show to what an extent the collection goes on; and also how popular the tin toys have become. Still, the teaching of order and cleanliness is precisely what is needed for all children; and it is exactly what they do not obtain from any source, neither in school nor out of it. If we could only inaugurate something of the kind, it would indeed be well for us and ours.

Clubs, as we understand them in England, which have not only names, but local habitations, are not very numerous. Those we have been discussing are more what we should call by the name of societies, having, perchance, rooms for meeting, but no conveniences for feeding nor housing the members. This accounts for the smallness of the fees, and many of them meet at the houses of the members, all expense being thus avoided. But still,

the American club-woman does aspire to the acquirement of a club house ultimately, and some of the clubs are magnificently housed. The home of the Century Club of Philadelphia, cost £20,000, and its architect was a woman. The Literary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, saved the income from members' fees for eighteen years, and then built themselves a handsome home. The Ladies' Reading Club of Junction City, Kansas, has lately had a nice club house presented to it—the first instance in the United States Union of such a gift.

And now I must tell you how the women contrived, with very small means, to build their club house. The club in question is the New Century of Philadelphia, which began in 1876 with fifty members, and at present numbers six hundred. The entrance fee is £5 (\$25), and the annual subscription is \$10 (£2).

In 1890, a meeting of the club committee was held to endeavour to provide funds for a club house, and in order to do so, the members formed themselves into a company, got a charter, and fixed the capital stock at \$50,000, which was divided into one thousand shares of \$50 each. Not all club members need be stockholders, but all stockholders must be members. And with the capital so raised, they proceeded to buy land, and build, the architects being women. The building is, of course, large, and contains a spacious and beautiful hall; the letting of which to the general public has proved so remunerative, that the club company declares dividends to the stockholders, and has created a reserve fund. Of course, this club contains a large proportion of wealthy members amongst its names, but neither the entrance fee, nor the yearly subscription are very large.

I must tell you, however, that the women of America believe in the mixed club; the voluntary union of the best mental and moral forces of men and women, working together; and consider that the millennium of club usefulness will have come, when there are neither men's clubs, nor women's, but united organisation for work and general usefulness.

## A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

BURNS AND SCALDS, BATHS, ETC.

"THERE are several other things one can do to prevent anyone who has to lie much in bed getting sore in those places where there is pressure," said Maggie. "Air cushions, those made with a centre hole are capital things, and then there is another plan. Get some old soft washed linen or cotton and make some round cushions, filling them with cotton wool or tow which has been finely drawn out. I like the round better than the square, and the chafed part can be allowed to come just in the middle space thus avoiding all pressure upon it."

"We can make some for Ansell's," I said, and so we did.

On our return home from seeing her Maggie and I had another nursing talk over our tea.

"I think that pulley arrangement is a capital plan," I said. "I told Aunt Elsie about it and now she wants one."

"When people are inclined to slip down to the foot of the bed," said Maggie, "a very good plan is to raise the foot of the bed a little. You can get two blocks of wood a few inches high and have holes made in the middle for the castors of the legs of the bed under which you place them."

"That is a capital idea."

"Yes, it is not my own, I heard of it from a nurse," said Maggie. "By the way, Nell, it is well to remember that in cases of heart complaint the patient should not lie low, and you should be careful that they do not slip down during their sleep?"

"Why?"

"Because it makes it more difficult for them to breathe," said Maggie.

"I remember when Tom had typhoid fever he lay very flat."

"Yes, that was natural and could not hurt him. As a rule sick people choose their own position in bed, the best, and that in which he has most comfort and least pain."

"Sometimes the bed-clothes must be very heavy, or rather feel so," I said. "Father had rheumatic fever once, and he could hardly bear the weight of the clothes touching any painful part."

"Was anything done to relieve him?"

"Yes, mother told me that she stretched a piece of strong twine under the bed-clothes cornerways from the head to the foot of the bed, tying it round the knobs of the bed."

"What a good idea. Come, Nell, you are giving me a hint," said Maggie laughing.

"I remember mother said that the effect was

then just as if the clothes were hung on a line, and as the sides were well tucked in under the mattress it was a capital plan."

"In exchange for that I will tell you how to keep the weight of bed-clothes off a sprained ankle or leg. Can you guess?"

I shook my head.

"Cut a hole in a band-box or card-box, large enough to pass over the limb. This is a good plan in cases of burnt or scalded arms or hands."

"I am so glad that you have mentioned the words burn and scald, for I wanted very much to make a few notes in my book about them."

"Very well," said Maggie, and I wrote down what she said.

### BURNS.

These are caused by dry heat such as an explosion, or a person catching fire. The following simple rules must be observed.

1. Lay the person gently flat on the floor, for flames will only burn in an upward direction.

2. Roll the person on to the burning part of his clothes to extinguish the fire, and throw any article, such as a carpet, hearthrug, tablecloth or blanket over him. If nothing of the kind is at hand and cold water is, drench him with it.

Another excellent plan is if possible to seize on a covering of some kind, throw it over the burning person, envelope him in it and throw him down on the floor as gently as you can. This latter plan has the advantage that it prevents any chance of your own clothes catching on fire.

Never allow a person whose clothes are on fire to run about for a second.

The next thing to do is to remove the clothes, cutting them off with sharp scissors or a knife, and on no account pulling them.

If any part of the clothes sticks to the skin cut the clothes away carefully round it. Do not pull the stuff from where it is sticking.

Your great object is to keep the air from the burns. If the burn is a very slight one dust a little flour on it. Powdered chalk, arrowroot or starch answers as well. In severe cases lint soaked in sweet oil or butter answers better, but the best of all dressings is what is known as carron oil, which is only lime water and linseed oil mixed, the quantity of each being equal.

Never break the blisters which sometimes form, but prick them at the lowest part and leave the shrivelled skin. Do not cut it away.

Keep the patient warm by wrapping him in warm blankets and placing him near a fire or covered up in bed with hot bottles applied to his feet.

Give the patient warm drinks, such as hot spirits and water, hot tea or milk, or hot beef tea.

In all but very slight burns send at once for the doctor.

#### BURNS FROM STRONG CHEMICALS.

These are often caused by acids, such as oil of vitrol or sulphuric acid, aquafortis or nitric acid, carbolic acid, etc.

Alkalies such as caustic, potash or lime cause burns. You should remove the acid or alkali by drenching the part or person who is burnt with cold water.

Bathe the part with water mixed with lime or soda if the burn has been from an acid.

If the burn has been caused by an alkali bathe with vinegar and treat the patient as if for an ordinary burn.

#### SCALDS.

Scalds are usually the result of moist heat, such as boiling water, etc., being spilt on the person.

The same treatment as for burns.

The danger of burns and scalds is the extent of surface burnt and the shock to the patient.

"Now, Maggie, you must tell me about baths, for they are often ordered for the sick."

"Yes, and in illness they must never be given without a doctor's order."

"Very well, I will remember that. I do so love my tub that I feel for anyone who is deprived of it. But now, Maggie, my pencil is ready."

#### BATHS.

The temperatures of different kinds of baths are as follows:—

Cold bath	45° Fahr.	to	75° Fahr.
Tepid "	85° "	"	90° "
Warm "	90° "	"	100° "
Hot "	100° "	"	110° "
Hot air "	120° "	"	140° "
Vapour "	110° "	"	120° "

In all cases the temperature should be tested by the thermometer and the bath if warm, hot or tepid should be prepared of a low temperature, the hot water being added so that the bath may not get cooler.

Unless a doctor says to the contrary a patient may stay in a hot or warm bath from half-an-hour to an hour. In some cases of eruptive fevers in the beginning of the disease, hot baths are ordered so that the rash may be developed by the action of the hot water, and generally the patient does not remain in

them longer than from ten to twenty minutes, the bath being kept at the given temperature the whole time by adding hot water. In doing this—adding hot water—be careful to pour it in at the side of the bath so as not to scald the patient. You should wrap the person in a blanket and let him stay in it when immersed in the bath. Then you should have two small blankets or bath towels which you have sewn together at one end, leaving enough room for the head to go through them, and have these very hot, so that you can wrap the person in it when he leaves the bath. Spread them lengthways, so a nurse advised me once, and I always do it over the bath, and the patient as he rises out of the water can pass his head through the aperture before he rises out of the water.

In ordinary cases, of course, it is a simpler matter, but it is always necessary to avoid chills, and if the weather is cold to give the bath, if possible, near a good fire, the towels, etc., always being well warmed.

Sometimes people, in taking a hot bath, are liable to get attacks of faintness so that if there is any danger of that they should not be left alone.

#### A FOOT-BATH.

Sometimes a mustard foot-bath is beneficial. The proper heat is 110° Fahr. and one ounce of mustard flour is enough. The patient should stay in it until there is a sensation of warm glow.

"There is another thing I have wanted to ask you, Maggie," I said when I had finished these notes, "and that is how to change the sheets for anyone who cannot sit up."

"You will find some directions copied into my little book," said Maggie, and so I entered them into mine.

#### CHANGING SHEETS.

If the patient can be turned from side to side, it is well to let him be right in the centre of the bed before you begin operations.

Next take the clean sheet that has been thoroughly aired and well warmed and roll it lengthwise until you have half the sheet in a tight roll. For this you need an assistant, and indeed to change sheets without someone to help you is almost impossible. Now stand at the right side of the patient and leave only one pillow or the bolster in its case under his head.

The sheet on which he is lying should then be rolled up, also lengthwise, and the roll brought up quite close to him.

Put the roll of the clean sheet close to the roll formed of the soiled one which will be nearly in the middle of the bed. You must turn the patient now very gently on to his left side, and whoever helps you should support him so placed as you rapidly roll up the soiled under sheet and unroll the clean one.

If you turn the patient again to the right side, you will find the two rolls of sheets quite free, so that you can draw away the soiled one and the fresh one be unrolled, and when smoothed out tucked in well under the mattress.

Sometimes the sick person cannot turn over in his bed, and in this case you proceed thus:—

Roll up the sheet from top to bottom, leaving sufficient unrolled to be tucked in at the head of the bed. Beginning at the head of the bed, you next roll up the sheet on which the patient is lying. The two rolls are then placed across the bed under the pillows and the two are gradually moved together towards the end of the bed. As you do this you roll up the soiled and unroll the clean sheet. If your assistant presses the mattresses down in the middle you can smooth the sheet down very easily.

"Are not water-beds used sometimes, Maggie?"

"Yes, if a person is likely to be kept a

very long time in bed, or if there is great danger of bed-sores a water-bed is excellent. You should put the water-bed first of all on the bedstead or palliase and water of about 90° Fahr. be gradually poured in until it is about half full. The rest of the bed can be filled with air.

Very great harm has been done by placing people on water-beds filled with cold water, and you should remember that when the weather is cold you should take out a pillow of it and substitute the same quantity of hot water, so that the temperature may be kept up.

"Always place a folded blanket over the water-bed before you make it, and it must be borne in mind that the water-bed should never be lifted with the water in it. Water-beds need careful handling as they are expensive things and very easily damaged."

"I suppose there never are water-pillows?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, and they are filled in the same way. Air pillows are also excellent in many cases where down or feathers are too hot. By-the-way, Nell, when people are ill it is such a comfort to them and often promotes sleep to have two sets of pillows, one for day use and another for night."

"Yes, I shall remember that. I know when I have been ill sometimes the pillows never seemed to get cool."

"There is another matter about which I must tell you, and that is the draw-sheet," said Maggie.

"What is that?"

"In many cases of illness a draw-sheet must be used, so as to prevent the bed being soiled. You take a small sheet and fold it lengthways, two or three times, getting the depth sufficient to come from the middle of the sick person's back to his knees. Put it across the bed under the lower part of the person's body. If there is a macintosh under the draw-sheet, the latter should be about seven inches or so wider than the macintosh. The macintosh you must fasten securely at each side of the bed, using safety pins for the purpose. The draw-sheet should be tucked under the mattress firmly, and when soiled, the sheet should be drawn so that a fresh piece comes underneath the patient, and the soiled part should be rolled and pinned up. The sheet should be changed after it is soiled in several places."

I learnt a good deal from Maggie in various ways, and was delighted that her visit was extended, for father said he found there was so much more to do than he expected that he could not return home until February. He hoped Maggie would stay with me all that time, and she said she could and gladly would. I was so glad to have her, and Aunt Elsie declared that she did us all good.

The colour soon came into Maggie's cheeks, and she much enjoyed the long drives that we took in the fens. There was a great deal of wind certainly but it seemed to do her good.

When she got better she undertook to visit some sick cases in the village, and I used to go with her and learnt a good deal from her.

Ansella died just when the bitter frost came at the turn of the year.

Maggie talks of getting district work again, when she is really stronger, but she will not go yet, for the doctor advised her getting six months' complete rest if she could. As she does not actually depend upon her earnings for a living she can well spare the time.

It is lovely work, and the more I know of it the more I regret I cannot go in for regular training.

However what I have learnt so far will, I know, be useful to me.

One day, a week before father was expected and the day before Maggie left, we had a talk about the moral qualifications of a nurse.

(To be concluded.)

## VOICES ON THE RIVER!

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

THERE are voices on the river  
As the evening breezes blow,  
And a story they awaken  
That was whispered long ago;  
For upon its silvery bosom,  
As the day was sinking West,  
It was first I heard the promise  
That is treasured in my breast.

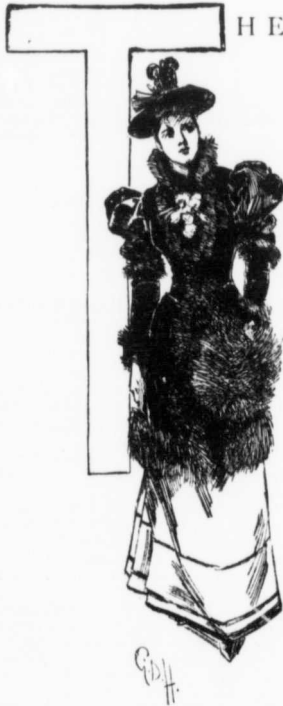
There are voices on the river,  
And the hearts are happy there,  
For the future they behold not,  
With its chances of despair!  
And 'tis well a veil is o'er it,  
Through the which they cannot see,  
For the hours may prove full bitter  
In the hidden time to be!

There is laughter on the river,  
And I would that it were still,  
For it seems to me discordant,  
As such music ever will!  
All the melody I covet  
Ever silent must remain,  
For the voice that breathed love's story  
I shall never hear again!

## HER LAST ORATORIO.

By GRETA GILMOUR.

## CHAPTER I.



silence of a pine wood. But suddenly a burst of music, the long-drawn murmuring music of the organ, echoed through the aisles, ever louder and fuller, until the cathedral was filled in every corner. Then followed lingering chords, each one softer, tenderer, than the last. A touch of sadness and yearning sighed in the music when, like a silver bell, the sweet notes of a soprano fell in and caught the dying melody. Now the organ was subdued, the accompaniment came as though from afar off, and the beautiful voice sang on, "O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." Every word was distinct, every note clear as a flute. The melody was so pure and reverent, and the note of pleading so restrained. One seemed to feel the underlying passion melting away into tears of penitence and exaltation. "O Lord, how long? O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy." The last rays of sunlight stole into the chancel and touched the singer's head. They rested with a lingering smile amongst the fair curls and on the pale face beneath them. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," she sang. The last note rang out clear and pure, floated for a moment like a living thing among the cathedral arches, and then died into silence. The halo round the girl's head seemed to fade with the dying music, and all was still and dim again. But she did not stir. Every nerve in her body thrilled with emotion and her eyes brimmed full of tears. When she turned she found the organist at her side waiting for her to move. A faint flush dyed her cheeks.

"It was so very beautiful," she said, by way of explanation. "Thank you so much for choosing me to sing it."

The old gentleman smiled and removed his dim glasses in order to polish them.

"My dear, I think 'tis I who have to thank you for singing my anthem. You it is who give the beauty to it—your superb voice and feeling."

A wistful sadness stole over the girl's face as he spoke, and she closed her eyes to hide the sudden tears.

"So to-morrow is your last Sunday here. You return to your studies next week," continued the organist, as they stepped out of the cathedral into the May evening.

"Yes"—regretfully. "There is nothing I should like better than to spend the spring here. I cannot bear the London season. My heart is always here by the Severn or in the dear old cathedral."

"But you like your studies; you seem absorbed in your work."

"I love it; but it is very exhausting."

He turned his eyes on the frail delicate creature with a sudden anxious gaze.

"Yes, I am sure of that, but you must take every care of yourself. Do consider it your duty to preserve the wonderful gift entrusted to you."

Again the wistfulness stole over her face and she closed her eyes for one brief moment.

"I will," she added, a little wearily, "but I have still so much to learn."

"The more you know, Jenny, the more you will feel that. But, oh! child, your voice—it is worth everything."

They stopped outside an old-fashioned house in a picturesque court which overlooked the Severn, and on which rested the shadow of the cathedral spire. The house was covered with a lacework of white jasmine, the starlike blossoms piercing the gloom and giving out a delicate fragrance. It crept in at the lattice-windows and hung in graceful sprays over the portal.

"Good night, Doctor Lunn, and thank you again for choosing me to sing your exquisite anthem."

"Ah, Jenny, Jenny, what did I say before?" replied the organist, shaking his grey head, as he clasped her outstretched hand. The girl laughed gently and passed into the house, but the laugh ended in a sigh.

She climbed the stairs and entered a pretty sitting-room on the first floor. The windows were wide open to the May breezes, and the air was sweet with the jasmine scent. On a lounge by the window lay a girl with her head buried in the cushions, and a mass of dark hair tumbling about her.

"Frieda," she exclaimed anxiously, laying her hand on the girl's head. "What ails you?"

The girl started up and tossed the hair from her face, and then immediately let it fall back to conceal her features.

"Why, Jenny, I thought you were never

cathedral aisles were dim, but through the western windows came softly and subdued the slanting rays of sunset. In shafts of warm coloured light they fell across the cold grey arches and oaken pews. It was very still within the empty church, still with that holy silence felt only inside the sacred walls of the House of God, or on summer days in the





SOLITUDE.

[From photo: Copyright 1892, by Berlin Photo Co.]

coming," she said, beginning to brush out her long, thick tresses. "What is the anthem like?"

"Oh, beautiful, exceedingly! But, Frieda, what is distressing you? You surely weren't crying?" She threw herself at her friend's feet, and clasped her round the waist. But the girl did not respond; she still kept her face veiled with her hair. "Frieda, do please tell me, dear?"

For answer she threw herself down on the cushions and burst into tears. Her body shook with the violence of her sobs, and nothing Jenny could do would draw an explanation from her. At last she rose, and knotting up her dishevelled hair, went into the adjoining room without a word to Jenny. A spasm of pain crossed the girl's face; she divined only too well the cause of her friend's tears.

For eighteen months she had shared her all with Frieda Goodtire, a fellow-student for whom she had conceived an ardent admiration, which on closer acquaintance ripened into affection. Frieda was her senior by a few years, a girl who resembled her in one respect only, that she was without relatives in the wide cold world. Affluence had indeed smoothed the lonely path for Jenny, but for Frieda it had been one long uphill struggle, until after much persuasion she had consented to share Jenny's home with her. And their life had been a happy one. But in this garden of Paradise lurked a serpent, which worked mischievously, instilling poison into its sweetest joys. To-night, in Jenny's absence, it had been stealthily at work.

In the afternoon the girls had sat over their tea-cups chatting, their hearts open without reserve to one another. Then Frieda took her Shakespeare, and in her mellow voice read their daily portion from the immortal poet. After which they sat for awhile in silence, Frieda with her arms round the other's slight frame, and her cheek against the girl's soft hair. A footfall in the quiet court below aroused Jenny.

"That is Dr. Lunn, I do believe, Frieda, and I must be gone."

She sprang lightly to the window and peered out. In a very short time she was hastening after him, and Frieda stood in the window watching them till the cathedral door swung to behind them. Then she threw herself on the sofa and inhaled the jasmine scent, while she waited till the music of the organ should reach her through the open windows. Presently the low sweet sound floated to her, and she breathed it in with a sigh of satisfaction. Then came like an angel's voice the notes of the young soprano. The May winds carried the sound to and fro. One moment it rushed in full and complete, the next it was wafted away again till it was a faint echo. Then it was that the serpent came and instilled poison into the girl's ears, so that the burst of pure music became a torture instead of a joy to her. Why, with all her labour and incessant study, could she not acquire the art her friend seemed to have without either? Why, with all her knowledge of music, of its science and literature, and with her full contralto, could she not sing? Her nature was not one easily overcome by difficulties. She plodded heroically on, stimulated by work as by a tonic, and seeing success in the horizon of the future. Only at times, when she heard Jenny's divine voice filled with soul, her heart misgave her, and jealousy cast a black shadow over her friendship. But rarely did she give way as she had done to-night. The intensity of her longing had reached too painful a climax to be endured silently. Jenny had never before seen her friend in tears, though her morbid moods were not unfrequent.

After the repulse she had received, Jenny sat for awhile by the open window gazing

with dim eyes on the quiet square, silvered with the moonbeams, and with the shadow of the cathedral spire across it. It was a rare May night, with warm breezes off the Severn and overhead a transparent summer sky. As she sat there the music of the anthem kept ringing in her ears, then with a sudden impulse she rose, and, opening the piano, began softly to play the accompaniment. It all seemed to come like a familiar song, though she had never seen the score. Presently she began to sing. In the dim twilight her glorious voice sounded ethereal, heavenly.

"O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy."

She sang on with heart and soul, and her song was a prayer. When she rose she found Frieda standing in the doorway, with her dark hair falling over her white nightgown. Her inmost being was moved with the music, and there was no room in her soul for sordid envy. Jenny stole to her side, and in a moment a pair of strong womanly arms encircled her and a cloud of hair covered her.

"Jenny, forgive me—pity me."

"Oh, Frieda, I would gladly give you my voice if I could."

"You little thing!" exclaimed Frieda, and her voice quavered. "If you only knew how unworthy I am of such love, Jenny," she added, with sudden earnestness. "Don't love me so much."

"And whom am I to love if not you, dearest?"

"Yourself—your voice."

"Frieda!" the clear voice rang out scornfully.

"You, dear child, you are so different from me!" exclaimed the other, as she drew her into the room and closed the door.

A month later and the scene was changed. The cathedral tower, with its quaint old world life, its river and jasmine scent, seemed like a dream of beauty amid the whirl of a London season. In a pretty study the two girls were at work, Frieda at her desk with her head buried in music scores, Jenny, looking pale and fragile, practising her scales at a beautiful semi-grand. The room was tastefully furnished, with etchings of famous pictures on the walls, and the windows were filled with blossoms. A bookcase, a music cabinet and the girls' writing-tables lent an air of serious study to the dainty sitting-room.

Presently Jennie ceased singing and rose from the piano. As the morning light fell full on her face, the dark shadows under the eyes, and the lines of suffering round the fresh young mouth became painfully apparent.

"Frieda, I am going out," she said, glancing half nervously at her friend.

"Going out at this hour!" exclaimed the girl, looking up from her work. "Why, it isn't ten yet. You don't go to the academy till twelve, and you have only practised fifteen minutes."

"I know; but I think the air might do me good, I don't feel very brilliant."

Frieda eyed her keenly.

"No, you don't look it. Shall I go with you?" she said, glancing reluctantly at her work.

Jenny caught the glance.

"No, certainly not," she said; "I am quite equal to going alone."

"But I am willing," continued Frieda, with a lingering hand on her pen.

The girl laughed and shook her head.

In a little while she was speeding away to Harley Street in a hansom. She had been suffering so much of late that she felt compelled to consult a physician. Frieda was too absorbed in her work to give much heed to aught else. At times Jenny's pale face would arrest her attention, and she would anxiously inquire after her health and urge her to rest

more. But as a rule Jenny went her way suffering and unheeded because uncomplaining.

When the girl stood in the consulting-room of the great physician, her heart began to fail her and her ailments seemed to dwindle into mere toothaches. The room was cool and dark after the glaring heat of the streets, and her eyes sought in vain amongst the shadows for the oracle in his shrine. Then a deep voice said kindly—

"My dear, you look very ill, can I help you?"

A flood of colour rushed to the girl's face, and the tears welled up in her eyes. She saw a venerable grey head above her and a pair of small keen eyes, which seemed to shed beams of tenderest pity on her. As if in a dream, cool drops of fragrant water seemed blown by a soft wind on her face. But the kind eyes shone like beacon lights through it all. Then the dream vanished, and she found herself on the floor with her dress loosened at the throat and the great physician bending over her.

"You poor child," he said, stroking the hair on her bare head, from which the hat had been removed. After a little she was sufficiently herself again to describe to him her sufferings and to undergo an examination.

"And you are able to sing in spite of this; it does not affect your voice?" he asked.

"No, it never interferes with my voice in any way. It is often a great relief to sing."

"Would you mind singing a few bars of some song, my child. I have no piano in the room. Perhaps you can manage without."

"Certainly," replied the girl, without shyness, for it came as naturally to her to sing as to speak. She thought for one moment, and then the music of one of Wagner's melodies came to her. She sang it well in spite of her weakness, and the old physician sat spellbound. Then he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear," he said "we must try to save that beautiful voice."

"Why, Sir Arthur, do you think I shall lose it?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"No, my child, I don't think you will lose it until you lose life itself," and he turned to his desk with a shadow on his face. But the girl did not see him, and she sighed aloud with relief. Then he handed her the prescription, and said, "Remember all I have told you; fulfil my orders faithfully, and I shall see what can be done with you, my dear."

She thanked him and drew out her purse, but he put out his hand and snapped to the clasps.

"No, no, my dear, we never take fees from artists."

"But I am hardly an artiste yet, and besides I am able," pleaded the girl.

He smiled but shook his head. "I won't hear of it, my dear. In a fortnight's time you come again."

She looked into his fatherly eyes and felt her orphanage more acutely than ever yet. "Thank you," she faltered. He took her himself to the hall-door and saw her comfortably ensconced in a two-wheeler, while a row of crested carriages stood waiting for the quity which was within, impatiently expecting a summons to the great man's consulting-room.

That evening she confessed to Frieda her secret journey of the morning.

"Well, Jenny, I do think you might have trusted me enough to let me accompany you. You do everything for me and never give me a chance of doing the least thing for you," exclaimed the girl passionately.

"Forgive me, Frieda, but I was half afraid I might be imagining ill—that they were nothing to what many people endured. I was afraid the doctor might laugh at me, and you understand I would rather he did so alone," she added naively. "But you will have plenty

to do for me during the coming fortnight—tasks of not a very agreeable nature—for I am sure I would rather be the sufferer than the one to inflict pain."

"And must I hurt you, little one?" exclaimed Frieda, drawing the girl to her; for in spite of her self-engrossment she did love Jenny.

"Oh, I'll survive it doubtless," replied the other laughing.

But there are few who would have stood the ordeal as bravely as did these young girls. For love of Frieda, Jenny endured the pain without flinching, while Frieda performed with a serene face a duty which cost her many secret tears.

Once only did Jenny rebel. It had been a warm, sultry day, and the dust-filled air choked and irritated her sensitive throat. She came home from her lesson looking fagged to death. Frieda removed her hat and gloves and sprinkled her face with perfume.

"You must not go to the academy again without me, little one," she said decidedly.

"I am never going again anyhow," returned Jenny.

"You are never going again! What do you mean?" exclaimed Frieda with wide-open eyes.

"I mean what I say. I am never going near the place again," and the bright colour flew to her face.

"You have surely never quarrelled with Flossi—you of all people, Jenny—his pet pupil?"

"But I have."

"Oh, Jenny! I should never have thought it possible. How did it happen?"

"It was this way. I had had a magnificent lesson, when he proposed that I should take the soprano parts in the great Messiah concert which is to be given in W. cathedral next autumn. I thought he was laughing at me, and refused, saying for excuse that I was going to stop work for a few months and recruit my health. But I had no idea how he would take it. He rose and flung the stool under the piano with such force that it rolled to the other side of the room. 'And this is the pupil I have taken such pains with,' he cried. 'Well, madame, allow me to tell you it is not every one I should make such an offer to, and only a few—only a few—who would be fools enough to decline it. But I shall not repeat it. Adieu, we shall not meet again.'

Frieda! Can you imagine how taken aback I was? It was the first time I had ever received an angry word from him—and I meant either too."

"You are the only pupil who has escaped these fiery blasts. Don't distress yourself; it will all come right. Now it is time for bed, dear," she said, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, I have no intention of enduring that torture any more," she exclaimed with unusual impatience.

"But, Jenny, you must." Then changing her tone she said, "It is the last night, perhaps the remedies will be changed to-morrow. Come, dear, you have been so good all along."

"More fool I," cried the girl bitterly, "but I am not going to be one any longer."

"But, Jenny, you must," reiterated Frieda. "It is the only thing that will cure you. Did not Sir Arthur say so himself?"

"Frieda, my dear love!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly rising and stretching out her arms to her friend. "Nothing will save me—nothing, I know this as well as does the great God Himself. For years and years the haunting sensation of an early death has come over me at times and sickened me with fear. But I am no longer afraid, Frieda, though I am now certain of my fate."

Frieda looked at the slight form, at the sunken cheeks and the great eyes so dangerously bright, and she too knew that death had marked her for his own. She covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. A black mist clouded her mind. "Why should she be taken—so young, so divinely gifted, and I left?" she groaned in the bitterness of her heart, and Jenny stood over her with tears in her eyes. Then through the gloom came a sudden gleam of light—a desperate determination to defy death's power, and with Sir Arthur's help to keep her friend with her for many years to come. To-morrow she would hear what the great doctor had to say. Perhaps Jenny's over-excited state of mind made her morbid. So the next day she jumped quite gaily into the hansom which was to take them to Harley Street. It had been better she had never raised her hopes.

After a searching examination the doctor raised his kind eyes to Frieda's and motioned her into the adjoining room. Her face was

white with anxiety. Sir Arthur laid a hand on her shoulder, which seemed to convey to her heart a world of tender sympathy.

"Is there no hope?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "None, she cannot live above twelve months."

The girl's breath came so quickly that it seemed to choke her, then with a supreme effort she spoke.

"Only yesterday she told me she knew her fate was sealed—that she would soon die."

"She did!" he exclaimed. "I thought to save her from this knowledge."

"But she does not fear death—and her voice, Sir Arthur, her voice?"

"She will retain it to the end, I believe. I have known similar cases of decline, where the sufferers' voices gained in beauty, in proportion as the body lost in strength."

"And the end, Sir Arthur, will it be painful?"

"It may not be," said the doctor doubtfully.

"But you think it most likely will be painful?"

"Poor child, I would spare you if I could," he exclaimed compassionately. "But the struggle for breath is too often terrible."

"And meantime, can you alleviate the pain, that at least her last days may be happy?" asked Frieda in a thick, unsteady voice.

"Thank God, I can to a great extent do that," he replied.

Frieda thanked him mutely with her dark woeful eyes and rejoined her friend.

"Am I a hopeless case?" asked the girl, smiling so winningly, that the doctor's heart bled for her.

"Oh, we shall see what can be done," he replied with affected cheerfulness, seating himself at his desk. Presently he felt a light touch on his arm. "I know there is no hope, Sir Arthur," said the bell-like voice.

He turned to her and their eyes met.

"God bless you, my dear," he said rising. "At any rate I can ease the pain," and he took both her hands in his. "Good-bye, child, and make a name for yourself before you go. I will see you again."

These were his last words, spoken softly. Jenny understood their meaning, and she passed out of the house with the seal of death upon her.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

A POET FOR A GUEST.

The famous poet Lord Tennyson used to tell the following anecdotes of a visit he paid to Scotland.

After he had left an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked, "Do you know who has been staying in your house? It was the poet Tennyson."

"To think o' that!" he exclaimed, "and sure I thought he was a shentleman!"

Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed.

"Do you know whom you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa; but he was a pleasant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson the poet."

"An' wha may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer of verses, sich as ye see i' the papers."

"Noo, to think o' that! jeest a public writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom!"

Of Mrs. afterwards Lady Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! she was an angel."

NOT HE BUT SHE.

A former vicar of a country parish not far from Sheffield was a gentleman distinguished for his learning and for the position he took at Cambridge.

One day a visitor to the village got into conversation with one of the parishioners, and the talk turned to the vicar.

"Your clergyman," said the visitor, "is a very able man. Why, he is a wrangler."

"I never heard that," was the villager's reply; "but his missus is."

JUSTICE.

"No crime can outspeed justice,

Who, resting seems delayed;

Full faith accord the angel

Who points the patient blade."

Victor Hugo.

LOVERS OF TRUTH.—"I have always found," says Carlyle, "that the honest truth of one mind has a certain attraction for every other mind which loves truth honestly."

SHE SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN SOONER.

A popular authoress says she knows an Angelina who loathes roast mutton. It is actual penance for her to sit at a table graced by this particular food. In a small household it is not convenient always to have a second plate, and for ten years this poor woman immolated herself at least once a week on the altar of wifely duty. So nauseous to her was this particular dish that she could never get through the few mouthfuls she forced herself to eat without liberal helpings of red-currant jelly.

At the end of ten years she happened to say, quite casually—

"Well, I think we shall have roast mutton; you are so fond of it."

Edwin looked up in mild surprise.

"I—I fond of roast mutton?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite mistaken, Angelina. I only eat it to please you. I dislike it rather than otherwise."

So ten years of self-immolation had passed merely for the want of putting the question plainly.

## THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.



## CHAPTER VII.

FOR a moment utter bewilderment betrayed itself on David's features. Then memory waked and he gave a little laugh.

"Deborah! Deborah Menzies. How is it possible for me to recognise my little girl friend in this tall girl, who recites Shakespeare. I feel quite shy, but when I've got over it I'm sure we shall be just as good friends as ever."

Deborah did not answer. On her side the friendship needed no renewing; it had never died down.

"When and why did you come home?" asked Monica.

David flushed slightly. "I have eight months' leave, and my home people at least wish to see me again. With other friends it is perhaps well to keep my memory green. One of the first people I met was old Norwood. He tutored me once upon a time, and he asked me to look in to-night. I did not know what pleasure awaited me."

Deborah sat by taking notes. It had seemed odd enough to hear the professor's wife call him "Johnnie," but "old Norwood" seemed positive profanity.

"But I must do something to mark my home-coming," David was saying when she recovered from the shock. "I must stay in London for a few days until I can get my heavy luggage. We must have some Christmas festivity, dine at the Criterion, and go to one of these big pantomimes. Do you think your mother will bring you, Deborah? And would you come too?" turning with repressed eagerness to Monica.

"Perhaps so, if I've nothing else to do," Monica answered, not looking at him.

"We will settle some night when we are all free," cried David, gaily. "I see your mother down the room; I must go and talk to her."

He moved away as he spoke.

"Oh, isn't it lovely that he's come back?" said Deborah, who had recovered from her momentary disappointment. "He's nicer than anybody, isn't he?" but Monica only laughed. She was not going to commit herself to an opinion.

The week that followed was one of bewildering excitement to Deborah. No day passed in which she did not meet Monica, or David, or both. Sometimes it would be at Monica's studio where David would come in to look at her last picture, for as a portrait painter Monica Laing was making a name and earning a good deal of money.

Another day David came to fetch her to skate on the Serpentine, for the

weather had set in cold and frosty, and finally the night arrived for the whole party to go to the pantomime. Deborah had never been to a real theatre, and everything was delightful to her, from the drive through the electric-lighted streets and the dinner eaten to the strains of a band, to the blissful moment when she found herself in a box close to the stage, from which she could see clearly all the wonderful performance without the aid of glasses. David was in high spirits, and although his chief attention was reserved for Monica who looked radiantly beautiful that evening, he did not fail to point out to Deborah from time to time the special points of the piece. Seated in one of the stalls below them was Mr. Dayrell, who directed his opera glass at their box occasionally, but did not come and join them. The pantomime was drawing to a close with one of those wonderful transformation scenes where every hue of the rainbow appears in rapid succession, turning the stage into a veritable fairyland, and Deborah held her breath in astonishment and delight. Suddenly, as she watched, a thin forked tongue of flame ran along swiftly at the back of the stage. In another instant the curtain was dropped. There was a moment of silence, an expectant hush, and then from the gallery rose a cry of "Fire!" It was taken up instantly by a thousand throats, and a sound as of thunder showed that the huge audience was seized with panic and that a general stampede would follow. Mrs. Menzies broke into screaming, and Monica, her great eyes wild with fright, clung to David's arm.

"Save me, save me, David," she said, with a sob in her throat.

"I will, darling," he said huskily.

As he spoke the box door was thrown wildly open and Dayrell, with a set face, came in. He was breathless with the fight he had made to reach them.

"Come, come at once!" he said hoarsely. "In another moment the doors will be blocked. Oh! she's fainted. We shall have to carry her between us." In that first moment of peril neither of the two men thought of anybody but Monica. They lifted her high in their arms and struggled to open the door of the box.

"Follow me," shouted David to Mrs. Menzies. "Hold on to my coat-tails; I'll make a way for you."

Mrs. Menzies tried to do as she was bid, grasping Deborah firmly with her other hand, but the pressure from without was tremendous. David and Mr. Dayrell succeeded in getting through the door, then the coat was wrested from Mrs. Menzies' hand and she was thrown back into the box, and the pressure of the shrieking crowd closed the door with a snap. They were caught, she and Deborah, like rats in a trap! Mrs. Menzies threw herself upon the door; frantic with terror, hammering with wild

hands upon it, calling for help, but how was she likely to make herself heard amidst the terrific cries that rose on every side of her? Finally she threw herself back exhausted in one of the seats. In moments of great terror, as of great grief, the natural senses are deadened and a sort of deadly stupor succeeded that agony of despair. Presently she felt a cold little hand thrust into her own, and opened her eyes to find Deborah's white tearless face peering into her own.

"Don't give up hope, mother. He says that the fire is out. If only we keep quiet we shan't be hurt."

From behind the stage they could hear the hoarse voices of the firemen, and the swish of water, and in front of the curtain in the lurid light they could see the manager of the theatre wildly gesticulating, trying to get a hearing.

"There is no danger, no danger," he shouted. "Only keep your seats. The fire is out; keep the gangways clear."

"He only says that to keep us quiet; I can smell the fire," said Mrs. Menzies, but Deborah sat silent with folded hands, praying that David might come back for them. She could not believe that he would abandon them to their fate. Outside the scuffling of feet was getting less, but there were cries and groans from the staircase beyond which curdled the blood in Deborah's veins. At last she dared to move, and once more put her hand on the door, which this time yielded to her touch.

"It's open, mother, we can get out," but as she spoke the door was opened and David and Dayrell stood there.

"Thank God you are safe," ejaculated David.

Deborah could hardly recognise either of the men. Their coats were literally torn from their backs, their faces were bruised.

"Is Monica safe?" asked Deborah, as David hurried her along.

"Yes, but she's insensible with fright. We must get you out at the back of the stage. The usual exit is blocked. It is too horrible. Directly we have got you and your mother into a place of safety we are going back to help. You've behaved like a brick, Deborah. You've kept your head marvellously. It is true the place is not on fire. They got the flames under almost at once, but it is the panic that is the mischief!"

In a few more minutes Deborah and her mother found themselves in the open air, and Dayrell and David were putting them gently, reassuringly, into a cab, which went at foot's pace through the seething, shouting crowd, and as Deborah bent forward her head she could see people being carried off to the nearest hospitals on stretchers. She gave a shudder; but for the fact that she and her mother had got imprisoned in their box they also might have been amongst the list of injured.



Deborah was far too excited to sleep that night; the whole scene came again before her, from that first hiss of "Fire!" to the moment when she and her mother had been imprisoned in the box, and she had sat there in numbed terror watching the wreaths of smoke that had curled through the heavy drop-curtain, wondering if their fate was to be burned to death. But God in His mercy had answered her prayer, and here she was safe back in her bed with no injury to either her mother or herself. A great wave of thankfulness burst over Deborah; she slipped out of bed on to her knees and was sobbing out her thankfulness aloud to God, realising perhaps for the first time His real personal presence in time of trouble. It was one of those eras in life when the girl's whole being was stirred. She did

not know that she was talking aloud. She gave separate thanksgiving for each life that she loved, for her mother and herself, for David and Monica, and there her prayer suddenly stopped short. She rose from her knees and seated herself on the floor. She was full of a new idea that had suddenly presented itself to her mind. She remembered Monica's appeal to David to save her, and his answer came back to her mind, "I will, my darling."

It had not seemed strange to her at the time, but now it seemed very strange, unless—unless—and Deborah's heart began to beat fast with happiness. Perhaps David was going to marry Monica! Men did not call girls "darling," Deborah thought, unless they were going to marry them, and oh, how lovely it would be! Outside her home

circle there were no two people whom she loved like David and Monica. The blind was drawn up and a gas lamp just opposite threw alternate lines of light and shadow across the room, and a ray of light rested on Deborah as she sat on the floor, with her arms clasped tightly round her knees, and a smile was on her face as she thought with shining eyes of the probable future of the two she loved. Suddenly she became conscious of cold, and rose and shook herself. She felt herself the happy possessor of a secret that she would mention to no one, for it was not her secret at all. Then she crept back to bed, and laid her tired head on the pillow, and her last thought before she dropped off to sleep was of David and Monica.

(To be continued.)

## GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

BY EMMA BREWER.

### PART VI.

LIFTING OUT OF THE MIRE.

MISS MACPHERSON;

or, as the Indians call her,

Ke-gha-wah-de-ze-qua—"Benevolence."

"Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nursed,

That she herself might feel her wanting first."

*Dryden.*



THE work of this one woman in the densely populated East End of London during the last twenty-five years is almost beyond belief. Not only has she raised the condition of those to whom she has de-

voted her life, but her influence in drawing towards her earnest workers of both sexes is almost beyond precedent. She seems to have been a gift of the loving Father to His poor and sinful in a certain district of our great city, just when they were in the direst need.

While such women as those I am describing live in our land, providing loving care for the bodies and souls of the helpless and destitute, it never can be said of us, as once of the people of old, "That we are a shameless nation, who neither reverence old man nor pity child."

I think we should all like to know some of the circumstances which induced a woman like Miss Macpherson to forego the comfort and happiness of domestic life and throw herself heart and soul into the lives of the starving, degraded, and despairing inhabitants of East London.

Her child-life was spent in a village where there was nothing to disturb its quiet monotony. Her disposition was active, inquisitive, resolute and earnest, and she early developed vigour of mind and body, which has stood her in good stead in her "life-work."

Her youth was passed happily, and at the age of nineteen she looked with eager eyes on the world which lay before her, but a word spoken suddenly by a friend gave quite a new outlook, and from that moment she began to work for Christ with an intensity of enthusiasm that has never abated.

In the winter of 1860 and 1861, Miss Macpherson came up to London to hear Reginald Radcliffe preach in the City of London Theatre, Shoreditch. Here she met Dr. Elwin, who introduced her to Lady Rowley, Mr. Morgan, and others, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Great Marlborough Street, on the following evening. This was the turning-point in her life.

Sad and humiliating as the sights and sounds of many parts of East London still are, none who visit it now can realise the sense of desolation, the stunning tide of human care and crime that obtained when Mr. Radcliffe began his preaching there. The space now occupied by the great railway stations in Broad Street and Liverpool Street was then crowded with unwholesome dwellings, well remembered for the large percentage of deaths which occurred within them.

There were no centres where Christian people could meet for prayer or counsel, and such a thing as a temperance coffee-palace had never been heard of.

As a result of Mr. Radcliffe's preaching, Lady Rowley rented a room in Wellclose Square for the purpose of receiving young women on weekday evenings for Bible-reading and prayer. It was at these and at Lady Rowley's mothers'-meetings in Worship Street that Miss Macpherson began her London work.

She now commenced to visit the poor in their homes, and the toil and suffering she witnessed among the matchbox-makers made her heart ache.

In answer to an invitation of the Society of Friends, she held Bible-classes for young men on Sundays and week-days at the Bedford Institute. One of the young men, who violently opposed her work, became one of her valuable helpers, and is now a preacher of the Gospel in China.

Her Sunday Bible-class became an object of great interest, and attracted helpers from all parts of London.

Her work was interrupted for a short time

in 1866 while she crossed to New York and back, but she resumed it immediately on her return, resolving to do all in her power to help the little destitute children with whom she came in daily contact. Her return was indeed a blessing to the poor little matchbox-makers, who numbered many hundreds.

She herself describes her first sight of these children.

"In a narrow lane we mounted a tottering spiral staircase till we reached the attic, where we saw a group of tiny pale-faced matchbox-makers. They were hired by the woman who rented the room, and paid by her, each receiving 3d. for making a gross, that is, 144. The wood and the paper were furnished to the woman, but she had to provide the paste and the firing to dry the work, and for all this she received 24d. per gross.

"Every possible spot on the bed and under the bed was strewn with the drying boxes, a loaf of bread and a knife stood on the table ready for these little ones to be supplied with a slice in exchange for their hard-earned farthings.

"This touching scene," she said, "gave her a lasting impression of childhood's sorrows. Never a moment for school or play, but ceaseless toil from light till dark."

Her first attempt to help them was to open evening schools, the inducement to attend being the gift of sadly-needed clothing. Here they were taught reading and mending.

While helping the girls she longed to help their brothers, and at a tea-meeting given by George Holland, one of the boys was so intensely to be pitied that it was felt he must be saved, even if they had to leave the others. Money was not at all plentiful, and the condition of the East End was but little known, but, as if by God's special direction, a young Christian in Minorca had just set aside a portion of his salary to help some London boys, and the letter telling this was on its way when this poor boy's history became known. With this help he was educated, and eventually raised to a position in which he became a helper of others.

Many other homeless boys were found among the guests that evening, and Miss Macpherson felt it was impossible to improve their condition without receiving them into a Home, where they could be taught and trained to regular work, and by the help of

Mr. Morgan, the editor of the *Christian*, the means were provided. A house was found at Hackney, where thirty boys were received at once. Looking at them somewhat later, it was difficult to believe in the dark surroundings of their earlier years. So great was the success of this work that it was found necessary to get more house-room, and a dilapidated dwelling at the back of Shore-ditch church was taken, and fitted up for yet another thirty boys.

Mrs. Merry, Miss Macpherson's sister, gave her so much help that she was able, not only to hold the evening-school for the match-box makers, but a sewing class for widows, and to provide a home on the upper storey for destitute little girls.

Still, more room was wanted for the increasing numbers, and it came in answer to prayer.

Along the great thoroughfare leading from the docks to the Great Eastern Railway, lofty warehouses had taken the place of many unclean tottering dwellings which formerly stood there.

During the cholera epidemic in 1866, one of these had been secured by Miss Sellon's sisters of mercy. Water and gas had been laid on every floor, and arrangements made for convenience and cleanliness. When the cholera was over the building was closed. It was suggested to Miss Macpherson by one of her friends that she should secure it as a refuge. It had been closed twelve months when she and some of her friends entered the deserted dwelling, and prayed to God that where death had been seen in all its terrors, there souls might be born to God, and that the voice of praise and prayer might be heard within those walls, which had once resounded with the groans of the dying. Twelve months after this, through the kindness of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Dobbin, and Mr. Blair, the building was secured and the rent promised.

It was not without danger that Miss Macpherson undertook the work of this home, for the streets round about it were known as the thieves' quarters—about three thousand had their headquarters there.

Within the square mile on which the refuge, now the Home of Industry is situate, 120,000 of our poorest population are to be found, and it is difficult to name any form of distress, or any class, which has not been relieved and blessed at this home.

In a letter she wrote to the *Christian*, describing her early residence there, she says: "No words can describe the sounds in the surrounding streets during the night; yells of women, of murder, then, of police, with the rushing to and fro of wild, drunken women and men into the street next our home, where more criminals are to be found than in any other part of London."

The need of emigration was greatly felt by Miss Macpherson about this time. In her own words, "Boys came to us for shelter instead of going to empty barrels, railway arches and stairways; but our walls had limits, and our failures in finding employment for many away from their old haunts became a great difficulty, and God opened the way of emigration to Canada for us. It was a new and untrodden way."

Here is a picture of the first batch of emigrants on the eve of departure. These once ragged, shoeless wanderers stood in ranks dressed in rough blue jackets, corduroy suits and strong boots, all made within the Refuge, the work of their own hands; all alike had scarlet comforters and Glengarry caps. A canvas bag across their shoulders contained a change of linen for the voyage, towels, tin can, mug, knife, fork and spoon. The day before starting a friend brought each one a present of a strong pocket-knife, much to their delight. A Bible, a *Pilgrim's Progress* and a little case of stationery were

provided for each, and while they were indoors singing their last farewell, a dense crowd had assembled outside in the street, having waited for hours in the pouring rain.

At St. Pancras Station a band of Christian friends had assembled to wish them God-speed, nor must it be omitted that a number of young match-box-makers ran all the way from Spitalfields in the pouring rain and rushed on to the platform to grasp once again the hand of their best earthly friend, Miss Macpherson, who was herself taking the children to Canada. The passengers and railway officials were deeply interested and struck with the sight of the boys of whose history they had heard; they thought they had never seen more intelligent faces, and were heard to observe, "Well, this is real religion."

When questioned as to the result of emigration, Miss Macpherson says, "We do not take little angels to Canada, but very human little boys and girls; but ninety-eight per cent. of the children do well, and for the two per cent. we do the best we can."

How I wish I could tell you about some of these children; it would touch your hearts, I am sure. A brother and sister who had lived in a dreadful place in Drury Lane, whose parents had been buried by the work-house, and whose occupation had been picking up rags and bones, and whose condition was too deplorable to be told, were taken by Miss Macpherson to Canada; they are now able to read and write; they are well clothed with their own honest earnings, and the boy is thinking of having a farm of his own.

Another, the son of a drunken woman living in Ratcliffe Highway, has been many years in a lawyer's family, and has saved enough money to be apprenticed as an engineer, and I might go on with a hundred such.

The Home of Industry has been likened to the Pool of Bethesda, as love for the sick and suffering is shown there in a way hitherto unthought of.

The Bible Flower Mission had its origin here and is still one of the principal centres. It was brought about in a very simple way. In the early spring of 1874 a few snowdrops and primroses, with two or three violets, which had been casually enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Merry, were passed round her sewing class of two hundred poor old widows for each to have a smell, and then given to three dying people, one of whom breathed her last fondly clasping them.

From that time flowers were collected through the medium of women's work and distributed by the ladies at the Home of Industry among the sick in the neighbouring courts and in various hospitals.

It is not too much to say that these flowers going deep down into the haunts of vice have proved ready-made missionaries; they have opened doors and hearts hitherto locked, and have prepared the way for the ministry of the word of salvation. Natures hardened by years of sin feel their hearts melt at the sight of flowers, which recall the days when they were innocent and happy. Indeed, no one can say where the blessing ends.

The Bible Flower Mission is carried on still in the Home of Industry. Twice in the week one of the immense floors is devoted to receiving the flowers, and friends come long distances in order to arrange them and attach to each little cluster an ornamental card containing some message of redeeming love. By twelve o'clock the baskets are generally filled, and all the helpers assemble for a few words of counsel and cheer before taking up their lovely burdens and dispersing them among the sick and poor.

Of the number of flowers, labourers and texts required, you may imagine when I say that the Home of Industry supplies thirteen

hospitals, four unions and one lunatic asylum, beside the supply to the Bible women and City Missionaries, who bestow them upon sick people in their homes. Think what these flowers are to the sick ones in these courts and alleys, whose aching limbs have nothing better to lie on than heaps of shavings on the hard floor of a room filled with noisy children and disorderly men and women!

I think, as there must be many thousands of our readers who have never seen the Home of Industry in the Bethnal Green Road, and who know nothing of the varied works going on within and in connection with it, it would interest them to accompany us there.

It is an immense building. The ground floor is really a large hall where, on this evening of our visit, a large number of men and women workers are assembled and who will, after tea, give a report of their work; so while the tea is going on we will look about us. The first floor is one large class-room provided with double windows to deaden the sound of the traffic, and mounting still higher the stone staircase (a gift of Louisa Lady Ashburton) we arrive at the second floor, which is divided into cubicles for the seventy-five workers who, with Miss Macpherson, live on the premises. Each cubicle is panelled with polished wood and is just large enough to sleep in with comfort. Texts and mottoes brighten each one, and they all open into one large space called the square, which is a very large room. Still up a flight of stairs and we come to another big room with forms all facing one way and tables covered with red cloth. Here sewing-classes are held for factory girls on a free-and-easy principle, so that they can roam about and talk if they like.

The only time they are required to be silent is during the ten minutes' gospel talk, and then you might hear a pin drop.

A little sitting-room opens out of this large one specially for the factory girls, but they like the class-room best. We were surprised at this, as it looked so pretty with its ornaments, photographs and nice furniture.

Every corner of the building is utilised, and every day has its special work and special workers.

The poor widows have a sewing class to themselves on Monday afternoons. Each has a good tea and sixpence for the work. It would fill your eyes with tears if you could follow some of the widows on their way home and note how they spend their sixpence—breaking it up into farthings and halfpennies' worth of articles necessary for life.

Every nerve is strained to the utmost and every moment is occupied. Hospitals, work-houses and lodging-houses are visited by the workers; children are helped to emigrate; men are encouraged to fight against drink, and women are taught to be self-respecting and to keep their homes clean and respectable.

Miss Macpherson is the moving spirit of it all, though she herself asserts, "It is not my work but that of my many helpers."

Sunday is the busiest day of all, and the work done here on that day will require a chapter to itself.

We will now go down to the lower room and listen while the workers give an account of their work to Miss Macpherson, who is well enough this evening to occupy the chair.

We were greatly interested in the various accounts: The Colonel's address was general, but two things in it struck us; first he related seeing a card in a friend's house with these words written on it:—

"LOST,

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each containing sixty diamond minutes.

No reward is offered as they are gone beyond control."

The second was his seeing his son and Bishop Selwyn off to India, and his hearing the man on the platform say to the guard, "Right behind?" "Yes, sir." "Right in front?" "Yes, sir." "Then right away." Good mottoes for life these.

One of the speakers was the colporteur whose barrow full of Bibles and other books was standing in the room. He may be seen any day with his barrow at the further end of Whitechapel. He said he could not talk like a college student, because standing in the streets twelve hours a day selling books did not give much chance of learning. He gave many very interesting stories of his daily experience. One was of three young men, swells, he called them, who passed by his barrow a short time since, and one said to the other, "Tom, buy a Bible." The colporteur followed this up by the remark, "You might buy a worse thing, old chap." "What's the use?" said the one called Tom. "It's all

lies; there isn't any God. What have you got to say to that?"

A crowd was collecting, and the colporteur prayed that he might give a convincing answer. Looking up at the man, he said, "Well, at least it's true where it says, 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'" It ended in the sale of a Bible.

He told us it was quite a mistake to suppose that in a place like London there isn't a house without a Bible. It was very far from the truth. This man was once an Atheist, but is now a very earnest Christian worker.

His wife next spoke of her experience among women and girls in the women's lodging-houses. She described their love of hymns, their special favourites being "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me." She spoke also of their love of flowers and their appreciation of kindness.

Then a workman rose and spoke of the great good visitors did in coming to the workshops

and factories. Visiting factory-girls while at their work is very difficult; if the visitors pose as their teachers they are up in arms at once.

The requirements of Miss Macpherson's mission annually are from £4,000 to £6,000; as it comes in so it is spent leaving her off with a very small balance, but always on the right side.

Whatever the state of the funds, neither she nor her workers ever fail in sympathy with the "Christies" grinding their old organs, and the "Jessicas" with broken hearts crying for bread in the alleys of London.

More workers are wanted, if only for one day in the week, and gifts of flowers and clothes are greatly needed.

It would be quite impossible to touch upon all the work done in this home, but enough has been said to show what this one woman has effected, and how much more she could do if only she had an increased number of workers and more funds.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

**DORS.**—It is natural for the hair to comb out, and it is only when it comes thin from combing out, that we can consider that there is anything wrong with the hair. The amount of hair that normally combs out varies very much in different individuals. Thus one girl will comb out handfuls every day, whilst another will not lose so much in a month. Yet in both cases the hair may be quite healthy. The point is, therefore, is your hair getting thinner? not, is your hair falling out? If you are certain that your hair is getting thinner, then it cannot be considered to be in a healthy condition. We have previously discussed the various causes of hair falling out. If the scalp is quite healthy, a pomade containing cantharides and rosemary is a very good application. Bay rum and brilliantine are useful in some cases. The yolk of an egg beaten up and rubbed into the scalp is said to strengthen the hair and to render it more glossy.

**VIOLET.**—It is not exactly painful to have your teeth scaled. It merely gives rise to an uncanny feeling when the teeth are scraped. No, scaling does no harm to the teeth, on the contrary, it improves their appearance and makes them last longer. The enamel of the tooth is not removed by scaling; indeed it is such an exceedingly hard material that the edge of any instrument would be turned long before the slightest impression could be made by it upon the enamel.

**VINCENT.**—You cannot do anything to prevent yourself from growing taller. Decidedly six feet two is rather tall for a girl of sixteen. It is as impossible for us to tell you why you are so tall, as it is either to prevent your growing taller or to lessen your height. It is exceedingly probable that you will stop growing soon, if, indeed, you have not attained your full height already.—2. We have given advice to very many readers about "red noses" during the last few months. If you will read the correspondence in the back numbers you will obtain all the information you require. This condition is usually caused by indigestion, and in women is a very frequent sequel to excessive tea drinking.

**MIRABELL.**—It is safer to have teeth extracted without gas. The administration of gas is accompanied with a minute amount of danger. There is, practically, however, no danger to be feared from having teeth taken out either with or without gas.

**CHRISTMAS ROSE.**—If it is necessary to feed an infant on cow's milk, the milk should never be given undiluted. The best way to prepare it is to mix one part of fresh milk with two parts of barley water and add a little sugar. The milk should be scalded and used when slightly warm. Barley-water must be prepared freshly every day. It must not be kept over-night. As the child gets older the relative quantity of milk should be increased. Be very careful to keep the bottle and tube scrupulously clean.

**PANSY.**—Hiccough during sleep may be dependent upon a great variety of causes. As hiccough is most commonly due to reflex irritation from the stomach, it is not surprising therefore that when hiccough occurs during sleep, it is usually due to some disorder of the stomach. Taking a late supper, especially if it is composed of indigestible food, is very likely to bring on hiccough. Drinking tea or coffee, or above all, alcoholic drinks, before going to bed is very likely to produce this effect. You should take nothing but a small glass of warm milk for supper.

**LABURNUM.**—The condition of your hair may be due to neuralgia, but we hardly think that this is the direct cause. You say that your hair is of a dry nature. Are we correct in our surmise that your hair is brittle and lustreless, and that you are subject to scurf? If this is so, then it is easy to account for your hair falling out. This is the condition known as seborrhoea or dandruff. This affection is often associated with neuralgia, for it is one of the number of complaints due to "the nerves." We advise you to wash your hair occasionally with warm water and borax (one teaspoonful of the latter to a pint of water). The yolk of an egg well beaten up and applied to the scalp is useful, but remember that if you use this remedy you must wash your hair thoroughly afterwards. A little sulphur ointment, rubbed into the scalp, may be used from time to time.

**ROSEBUD.**—In our answer to "Fair Isabel" we omitted a most important item in the treatment of acne, that is, *perseverance*. It is no good expecting to be cured from acne in a day or two. It is a question of months, often of years, before the annoyance is completely quelled. If you persevere in the treatment, and pay attention to every detail, you are almost certain to get relief. You can do practically nothing for the "open pores" left by acne. They will go in time if left to themselves.—The second of your questions is very "ridiculous." If you were twenty years older, then the chance of something being left on the sheet might be considered. But for a girl of twenty to ask such a question—well, most people would not consider a girl of your age sufficiently old to think about marriage yet awhile!

**ALICE MAY.**—We strongly advise your friend, and, indeed, all our readers who are prone to stoutness, to have nothing to do with any drug which is *supposed* to cure corpulency. If a person is stouter than she wishes, she may try to reduce her fat by carefully-regulated diet and exercise, but on no condition should she take drugs to "cure" herself. Personally, we know of no preparation which can make you thin without seriously injuring your health at the same time.

**CVCLIST.**—It is a disputed point whether cycling strengthens or weakens the back. It seems probable, however, that if it may appear that cycling may do either in different subjects. We think that, as a rule, excluding racing, cycling strengthens the back. That it injures the back in some cases is unquestionable. We have seen more than one serious disease of the spine which we strongly suspect was due to over cycling.

**A. H. H.**—We can give you no better advice than to read the answer to "Fair Isabel," and accurately follow every detail there specified. Sulphur by the mouth is quite useless for acne. It is the local action of the sulphur upon the skin that is required. We cannot say that we have ever seen the slightest effect from any form of internal treatment in acne. The use of sulphur ointment does not materially affect superfluous hairs.

**AN ENGLISH GIRL.**—We have answered both your questions quite recently. For the face spots read the answer to "Fair Isabel," which appeared in the correspondence column last April. For the freckles wear a red veil or a red parasol when you go out in the sun. Always walk in the shade. Remaining in a darkened room will often remove freckles. Glycerine and rose-water may be applied locally. It does not matter in the least whether you wash in warm or cold water.

**SUNFLOWER.**—The symptoms you mention do not suggest sciatica to us at all, but they sound very like "osteo-arthritis" (rheumatic gout) in the hip joint.

Indeed, taking you at your word, and all your symptoms together, we have little doubt that rheumatic gout is the cause of your trouble. This is a condition which we cannot cure, but can to a certain extent alleviate. Friction over the joint, massage, an occasional small blister or plaster will often relieve the pain. Always wear flannel surrounding the joint. We do not think that you would derive any great benefit from internal medication. Are you certain that your truss fits well? An ill-fitting truss may very easily cause your legs to swell, and it may produce symptoms very much resembling, if not identical with, sciatica or hip-joint disease.

**EMILY.**—1. You would do well to go to an oculist and have your eyes tested. They are evidently out of order, and can, in all probability, be relieved by treatment. Only go at once. If, as we suspect, you need glasses, it is imperative for you to obtain the proper kind. You say that you have a tendency to squint. If you do not obtain proper treatment you may develop a permanent squint, which is both disfiguring and inconvenient, and very difficult to cure.—2. Wash your face with sulphur soap, and apply a little sulphur ointment to the spots. Scruviness of the face has nothing to do with the "blood being out of order."

**PERSEVERE.**—The first question we would ask you would be, Can you account in any way for your perspiring more freely now than formerly? For instance, do you dress the same now as you did formerly? Have you suffered from indigestion or any other complaint? Do you eat and drink as you did formerly? The answers to these questions might give a hint as to the cause of your excessive perspiration, and also suggest any special form of treatment. If, however, nothing can be gathered from them, we must suggest remedies which are equally applicable to all cases. A bath, either hot or cold (a cold bath is perhaps better if you can stand the shock without danger), in which a little toilet vinegar, household ammonia or borax is dissolved, should be taken every morning. During the Franco-Prussian war the German soldiers were supplied with a powder consisting of one part of salicylic acid to a hundred parts of starch. This powder prevented excessive perspiration of the feet during long marches. We have frequently used this powder, and can highly recommend it for excessive perspiration of the hands and feet. A little of the powder is dusted into the stockings and gloves. Washing with toilet vinegar will reduce excessive perspiration of the face.

**CEDAR.**—The nightingale is rather locally distributed over England. There is a popular idea that the bird only occurs in the Home counties, but this is not quite accurate, for the nightingale is found as far north as Yorkshire, and as far west as Devonshire. It is rare in Devonshire, and does not visit Cornwall; indeed, we know of no single instance of its occurrence in the latter county. Though it usually sings in the evening, its song may frequently be heard at any time of the day or night.

**LUCIE SOUTHERN.**—We cannot give you the address of the correspondent you mention, as we do not know it ourselves. She says in her letter that the doctor mentioned died four years ago.

**HEALTHIER.**—A former correspondent has asked us exactly the same question as yourself. Doubtless before you see this you will have read the answer to the correspondent referred to.



## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**AN ANXIOUS SISTER.**—Do not be troubled when we say that the verses you enclose are not worthy of publication. They occasionally lack in metre and in rhyme, and contain nothing original; but it is a difficult art to write verse that is even moderately good. We quote two lines that are defective; the first is too short for the metre, the second is too long:—

"Beside the fire knelt a child,"  
"Hark! She is speaking in a voice so clear."

**STELLA.**—Considering your age we can commend your poems, for they indicate an ear for melody and poetic feeling. "Leonora" is the best. There are a good many technical errors; for instance, in one verse of "At Evening," you say—

"While above in the sky  
Shines the bright moon on high,"

Here you have a redundancy of expressions—"above," "in the sky," "on high." One, or at most, two of these would suffice. In "To my Cat," you use the second person singular and plural alternately—"your" and "thine." But if you read good poetry, and study, there is no reason at all why, in days to come, you should not write what is worth reading. We do not think you should at present give much time to composing verse.

**AMELIA.**—The poems you now enclose are decidedly better than the last. In "The Watcher" you commit a sin that is deemed unpardonable against the canons of poetic art; that is, you make "dawn" rhyme to "morn," "born," "forlorn" and "thorn." But "Orpheus" is the most musical poem ever submitted to our criticism, and this we say deliberately. It is so good, that we should strongly urge you to make it better. In a poem of this kind, with the Greek spirit, "form" is most important, and you should polish and re-polish. For example, "moved to thee" is not a happy expression of Aphrodite and Eurydice. "Jetty," from the other meaning of the word, is an impossible adjective; we should suggest "dusky hair." In "Eurydice" the accent is on the second syllable. The line—

"And moved along the gloom illimitable giving light,"

lacks awkwardly. "Stony throne" is unmusical. We feel that if you study and persevere your work should become known; but there is no "royal road" to success in the literary profession, and the only way is to try again and again, sending, if you wish, separate poems to the editor of any magazine for which you think them suitable. But first make them as good as they can be made, and study the best models. As to "when you can publish a volume," all depends on the quantity of really satisfactory work you have achieved.

**DOROTHY C.**—1. The three words you quote apply generally to the same class of object—spots of the sea. "Flotsam" signifies cargo found floating on the sea after a wreck. "Jetsam"—things thrown out of the ship to lighten it (French, *jetter*). "Lagan"—goods thrown on board, but tied to a cork or buoy in order to be found again (Latin, *lagere*, to tie or bind).—2. We have from time to time mentioned several amateur literary societies, in this column—consult our back numbers. Miss Hathaway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., has an established "Story, Essay and Letter Club."

**TROUBLED.**—1. It is a most perplexing matter to find fresh recitations, for the moment one is heard and liked, every amateur reciter seems to pounce upon it. See our answer to "Lena" (May) and others. There are some collections compiled by the Rev. F. Langbridge, M.A. (St. Peter's Row), where a variety can be found. We think it is a good plan to search the works of such American poets as Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and find what is not too familiar. The "Gordon League Ballads" are commended. See "Our Open Letter-Box."—2. You will find frequent suggestions in another part of "Correspondence" for making your hands white. But why not wear gloves while reciting "after dinner, or at an 'at home' after a wedding?" We should have thought this was necessary, and it certainly would relieve you from part of your difficulty.

**MARJORIE.**—The idea of your tune is not at all bad, but there are defects that show the need of study. There are too many consecutive fifths and octaves in the composition, and the seventh in bar 6 is wrongly treated. Could you not take harmony lessons? You have evidently some talent.

**PINBASKET.**—Needles of steel were introduced into England from Spain and Germany about the year 1395; but from prehistoric times sewing-needles of some kind have been in use wherever mankind used clothing made either from the skins of animals or woven fabrics. Originally the needle was made of fish-bone, bone, or ivory, and bone needles are used by uncivilised tribes till this day; but since the discovery of bronze, metal needles have been used in civilised countries. Towards the end of the 19th century steel needles were made at Nuremberg. Spanish needles were also very famous, and the story goes that a negro brought the secret of making them from Spain in the reign of Queen Mary. We have inserted your other question and your kind information in "Our Open Letter-Box."

ELISE writes to inform us that the Portfolio Sketching Society, formerly conducted by Miss Adkins, Faversham, has been transferred to Miss Munn, Sandhurst, Kent. Will our correspondents note the change?

**LITTYA DOBELL.**—Your story also shall certainly receive our attention when you send it to us. As to the question you ask—whether a girl with a Board School fifth standard education should persevere in writing—we should be inclined to say that she would do better to devote herself to reading. If you have "an insatiable appetite for knowledge," try to satisfy it by reading, not only a compendium such as Cassell's *Popular Educator*, but books of high reputation.



**QUELUPÉ (S. America).**—We are pleased to receive your letter, and will certainly criticise your story when it reaches us. Your home must be a very charming one, and we are glad THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is a welcome visitor.

## OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

**FREIZ, MISS E. M. BRYANT, and MRS. MATTIE CHESHIRE,** answer Rosebud's inquiry about "The Doctor's Fee." It is in a book of recitations entitled "Gordon League Ballads." These are written by an Oxford man, in connection with the "Gordon League" at the East End, and are told under the name of "Jim's Wife." Miss Bryant kindly adds that if "Rosebud" finds any difficulty in procuring the book, she will have pleasure in sending her a copy of the poem. Address, Miss M. E. Bryant, The Sanctuary, Fortlampton, Tewkesbury.

**MISS HAYES** inquires where she may find the recitation of that name. **PINBASKET** inquires the meaning of the (Hungarian) name "Tassilo."

"ETHEL" asks by whom the lines were written beginning thus—

"For never a day is given,  
But it tones the after years,  
And carries up to Heaven  
Its sunshine, and its tears;  
While the to-morrows stand and wait,  
Like silent mutes at the garden gate."

**MRS. MATTIE** also says, in reply to "Speculation," that the words in the poem were written by an Ombudsman occur in a parody by Southey on "Engene Aram."

## GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

**IRELAND MOSS (Advice on the Choice of Occupations).**—Most gladly would we help you as far as we can. Your not being "good at figures" we do not reckon a very terrible failing. Every capability is, of course, an advantage, but the absence of one sometimes signifies the presence of another. Let us hope it is so in your case. Do not, we would say urgently, become a nursery governess. It is only an occupation that can be pursued for ten years or so, and then the poor governess is considered too old to teach small children, and at the same time is supposed by employers to be unable to do anything else. For the good, or even the moderately-skilled dressmaker there are innumerable openings, there is scarcely a provincial town in England where a dressmaker might not thrive. Even the humble needlewoman who can repair gowns, retrim hats, hem curtains and so forth could find plenty to do. If you were to make known to the secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 60, Chancery Lane; to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street; or to the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, that you wished to be apprenticed to a dressmaking firm where you would be well taught and employed under satisfactory conditions, we do not doubt that your wish would be complied with. The millinery business is not quite so safe or so remunerative a one to the girl of moderate talent, and the apprenticeship premiums charged by good firms are exceedingly high, ranging from £25 to £50 for indoor apprentices. It must be remembered, however, that in return for this sum board and lodging are provided. But in general a girl would be wise to engage herself as outdoor apprentice, if she could find a home with relatives or friends.

**GISSY (Lancashire Works).**—It is almost useless to make fancy articles at home in the hope of selling them through some depot or society. The truth which we cannot too often impress on girls who wish to earn money by their labour is that they must go into business in one direction or another. Some firms which undertake ecclesiastical or decorative needlework, employ a large number of girls as workers and tracers of designs. But these girls work on the premises for regular hours. At drapers' shops also young women are much employed in working up the innumerable pretty trifles, such as cambric collars, chiffon throatlets, hair ornaments, etc., which are wanted from day to day by fashionable customers. But all this needlework must be executed on the premises, because alterations may be required and personal directions must be given. The case is very little different with those women who make fancy articles for wholesale dealers or retail stationers. If they devise a novelty which catches the fancy of the public, an enormous quantity must be made if these articles rapidly. The worker then treats her home (or her room in it) as her workshop, sets private engagements aside, and regards the fulfilment of the orders as her first care. Competing with women who work in this businesslike fashion, the girl who works at home fitfully and in response to no particular demand, has no chance. Would it not be wise, therefore, in your case, to seek regular employment? We do not "recommend anything for the nerves." We must leave that to the doctors. But the slight affection you speak of does not appear to be a serious matter. Probably nobody except yourself is aware of it.

**QUEEN HILDEGARDE (Teaching Abroad).**—It is pleasant to learn that we have in you another appreciative reader. It is more easy to obtain a situation in Germany or Switzerland than in France. For employment on the Continent, generally, it is wise to consult the Girl's Friendly Society's Foreign Registry, 10, Holborn Place, Sloane Square, S.W., and the Foreign Registry of the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, W. In Berlin an Employment Bureau has lately been established under the title of "Helios," at 62, Friedrichstrasse. If you go to Berlin you might apply there for advice or to the British and American Governesses' Home, 22, Kleinbeerenstrasse, Berlin. At the latter governesses are allowed to stay while looking for situations, and the charges are most moderate. The Empress Frederick has interested herself much in the home, and it is to her that its success is largely due. We do not recommend you to spend money in advertising, but you might reply to advertisements, using a considerable amount of discretion.