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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

### PART X. YORKSHIRE.

THAT this vast county should possess a large number of interesting examples of mediæval architecture is only to be expected, but upon examination it will be found that its wealth in this respect is beyond anything that could have been anticipated. Of course its noble cathedral is justly celebrated as being the largest ancient church in this country, and the recently created cathedral of Ripon, the collegiate church of St. John, Beverley, the still used abbey churches of Selby, Howden, and Bridlington are veritable cathedrals as to dimensions and architectural richness. Some of the monastic churches now in ruins must have been even more striking. Fountains, Byland, Whitby, St. Mary's Abbey, York, and Rievaulx must have been amongst the most magnificent churches in this country. Nor is the beauty of the Yorkshire churches confined to its cathedrals and abbey churches, for many of the parish churches are amongst the noblest examples in this country: several of these are built quite upon a cathedral plan, cruciform with lofty central tower, or spires. Holy Trinity, Hull (the third largest parish church in England), St. Mary's, Beverley, Hedon, Patrington, Rotherham, Sheffield, and Doncaster (the last named recently rebuilt) are very stately structures. Many of the moderately sized parish and village churches are excellent buildings—Thirsk, for instance, is quite a model parish church, not unlike the Suffolk type, with a finely proportioned western tower, Babwith, Bolton-Percy, All Saints', North Street, York, All Saints', Pavement, York, and St. Martin-le-Grand, York, are remarkable. There are also some very beautiful little village churches in the county. Skelton is a little gem of Early English; Adel and Birkin are rich examples of Norman work on a small scale; and Slaugh is a very perfect little Perpendicular church or chapel.

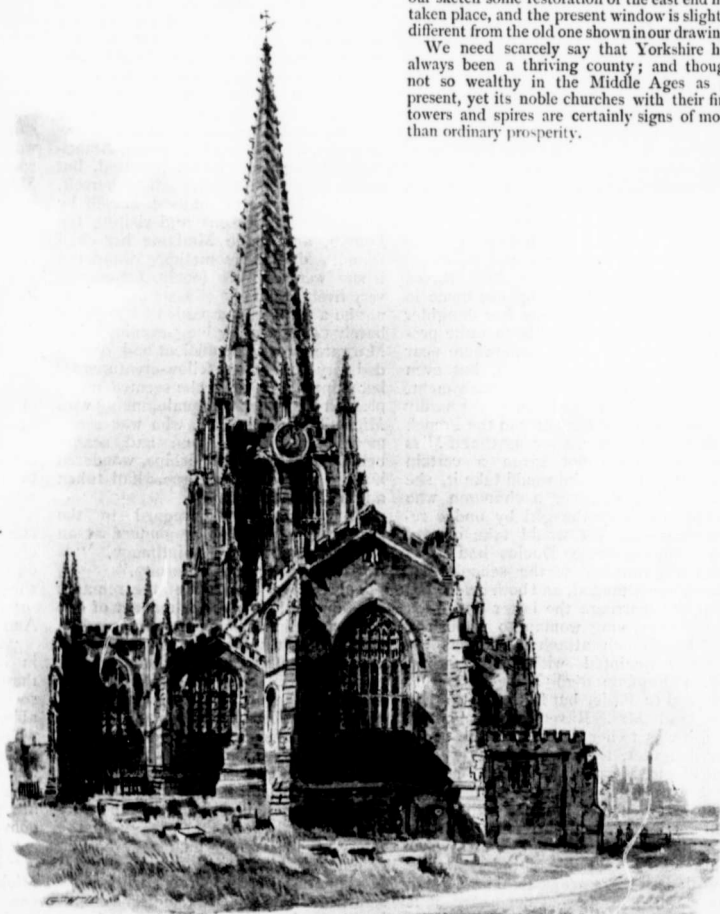
There are not many spires in the county. The best are Patrington, Rotherham, All Saints', Pavement, York, All Saints', North Street, York, and Sheffield. The church of Rotherham is a noble edifice in the Perpendicular style with a lofty central spire with pinnacles at the base rising over

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a finely designed tower. The whole building groups together in a very striking manner, and is a most characteristic example of a York-

shire church, although not quite so interesting as to detail as Patrington and St. Mary's, Beverley, it is more local in type. Since we made our sketch some restoration of the east end has taken place, and the present window is slightly different from the old one shown in our drawing.

We need scarcely say that Yorkshire has always been a thriving county; and though not so wealthy in the Middle Ages as at present, yet its noble churches with their fine towers and spires are certainly signs of more than ordinary prosperity.



ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE.

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

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



## CHAPTER XIII.

ADAME DUCLOS did not however trust to her own intention though she had perhaps as much confidence in it as in other people's judgment. Margaret was under her charge and she was not going to let her infringe the proprieties if she could help it. A few inquiries were enough to convince her that all Michael had told her about him-

self was perfectly true, and Mrs. B—, the lady to whom Michael had referred, and who was the very personification of British respectability, spoke so highly of him that Madame had no further scruples at receiving him at her house whenever he liked to come, provided only that Margaret mentioned to her mother that she had made this new acquaintance.

There were reasons why Mrs. Raven did not care to break up her home in England and accompany her daughter abroad. Margaret had been quite prepared to go into a flat somewhere near the skies with another girl, but even Mrs. Raven thought such an experiment, though feasible in London, would hardly do for her young daughter in the French capital. However, knowing that if Miss Margaret were not given a certain amount of liberty she would take it, she had tried to discover a chaperon who would not worry the girl by undue restrictions and yet would take care of her. Mademoiselle Duclos had been French governess at the school Mrs. Raven had attended, and both before and after her marriage the latter had often visited the young woman to whom she had been much attached and had become acquainted with her mother. When Eugénie died Madame Duclos returned to Paris, but from time to time she and Mrs. Raven corresponded. And it was to her the latter wrote about her daughter, telling her exactly what sort of girl Margaret was, and how to deal with her. Madame had had a wide experience of life, and although it had not included an intimacy with the views of the modern English girl, yet it had made her capable of understanding that though there are general laws which are excellent and even necessary, it is possible for some people to have independent views without being particularly wicked. She soon discovered that Margaret had not an atom of vanity, which

she considered the source of most women's undoing, that her tastes though not particularly womanly and certainly not girlish were never fast, and that though she had a good deal of precocious worldly wisdom she had a pure, upright and even noble mind. Accordingly she let her have more liberty than Eugénie would have enjoyed had she lived to be nearly twice her age. But inasmuch as she knew that Margaret was not quite so wise as she thought herself, and her eyes were opened to a great many dangers and difficulties that the girl knew nothing about, she took a good deal of trouble in accompanying her to the various places she elected to visit, and to keeping a careful eye on some of the very Bohemian friends whom Margaret made at and brought home from the studio, and whose society she desired not because of any personal affinity, but because this one had such a grasp of colour and that one was going to make an European fame as an impressionist. Occasionally she took part in expeditions into the country with some of her fellow-students, and especially a young American girl whom she rather admired, but on the whole she kept herself to herself, lived for her work, amused herself by taking fencing lessons and visiting the Louvre, and made Madame her chief friend. Madame sometimes wondered if she were a little lonely, for even a very lively old lady of sixty-seven cannot be a suitable companion for a girl of barely twenty during long evenings, but Margaret was self-sufficient and depended very little on her fellow-creatures for her happiness. Still, she seemed much pleased at her acquaintance with Michael, and Madame, who was sentimental and French, and had scanty belief in Platonic friendships, wondered if these two young foreigners had taken a fancy to each other.

"My motto, with regard to the sexes," Margaret had announced at an early stage in their intimacy, "is liberty, equality, and fraternity."

To which as to other of the remarks she flung at him with the manner of one who has definitely made up her mind on every subject under the sun, Michael replied by nothing more brilliant than a monosyllable.

He had begun by taking an interest in Margaret because she was Beattie's friend, but he soon came to like her very much on her own account. Perhaps he looked for the good points which he knew must exist if Beattie cared for her; at any rate he found them, and he very soon began to seek her society in the intervals of leisure which they had in common. Luncheon occasionally in Madame Duclos' little room with Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle regaling themselves likewise, became almost an institution, and then, after coffee, there was generally a walk with Margaret, or a talk in the small *salon* with

the slippery floor and the primly arranged old-fashioned furniture and the sunblinds drawn to shut out the afternoon sunshine, and Madame in her violet gown, with her doll's hands crossed on her lap, taking a quiet nap in company with her three furry friends.

Michael had never known any young woman like Margaret, and she was quite an education to him. He wrote about her to Norah, but he could not make the picture very sympathetic, because he soon realised that to the Puritanical mind of this other girl friend of his Margaret would not be quite comprehensible. But he understood her; and though they had many arguments, and Margaret sometimes accused him of being a Philistine, at others of being old-fashioned, she thoroughly reciprocated his liking, and perhaps was somewhat persuaded by him from doings and sayings which, though the vogue among a certain section at the studio, were hardly seemly for a well-brought up young Englishwoman.

"You're narrow-minded," Margaret said to him once in anger, when he wouldn't back her up in something to which she was trying to persuade Madame to consent.

"No, I'm not," said Michael. "But I judge by my own mother. She is very broad-minded and has wide sympathies, but I'm sure she wouldn't let any girl she cared for go to a place like that even to acquire knowledge."

"Your mother is all you say, no doubt, but she is the last generation."

"No she isn't," said Michael laughing; "she has often told me she was born before her time and was in advance of all her contemporaries in her girlhood."

"Is she unconventional?" asked Margaret, not yet prepared to bow to Lady Anstruther's judgment, but wavering.

"Well no, she isn't," said Michael stoutly. "She has come to the conclusion that public opinion is founded on something that deserves respect, so she gives in to it."

"Ah," said Margaret, disappointed. And she shook her head.

"But unconventionality isn't a merit in itself," said Michael, "any more than disobedience to any other laws of society. It is only admirable or pardonable, as the case may be, in people whose genius or whose eccentricity makes them overlook or disapprove of the things of everyday life. For my part I believe the highest characters are great enough to be original and conventional too."

"I don't," said Margaret.

"Then we must agree to differ," said Michael. "But look here, I'll just give you some examples: there are three modern great poetesses I can think of at once—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jean Ingelow, and Christina Rossetti. They were all saints as well as geniuses; they

were all essentially womanly; and so far from making their position at the cost of their womanhood, they exalted their sex by showing that intellectual greatness is not incompatible with modesty, nor power necessarily dissociated from sweetness."

"I suppose you have a very high ideal of woman," said Margaret, half-scornfully, half in earnest.

"Of course I have."

"But you won't admit she is the equal of man."

"Not in your sense, Miss Raven. I believe some women are a great deal finer than their husbands or brothers; of course a man isn't better than a woman just because he is a man, but I do believe, though I know you'll be dreadfully angry with me, that the finest man you can conceive of would be a greater creature than the finest woman."

"Ridiculous," said Margaret; "it's just a matter of taste. You might as well say that the finest red rose is more beautiful than the finest white rose. But some people prefer white roses."

"Speaking of roses," said Michael, seeing the discussion was not leading anywhere in particular, "let us go and buy some. Oh, are you afraid of the sun for your complexion. Oh, I forgot, you are above minding freckles. Madame, Miss Raven and I are going, with your permission, to buy some roses. Do you prefer them white or red?"

"Oh, Monsieur Anstruther," said Madame, delighted; gifts of flowers came rarely to her nowadays; "but that is indeed kind of you. If I may make a choice, I prefer that there shall be a few of each."

"Madame, you see, has much wisdom," said Mike to Margaret. Then turning to the old lady he added, "You won't mind if I keep Miss Raven out some little time, will you? I will take great care of her. We should like to look at the shops together, and I think she would enjoy an ice."

"Oh, no," said Madame, who though she thought it most improper for them to go about unaccompanied, since in her opinion even engaged couples ought not to do so, had been obliged to give in to Margaret's scorn and Mrs. Raven's indifference, and perhaps had discovered that the walks, at the pace, which the young people enjoyed, for Margaret strode along as fast as any man, were beyond her power to indulge in. "Only, Mr. Anstruther, you must not be very long if Miss Raven wishes me to take her to the entertainment at the V— this evening."

"Oh, that's all right, Madame," said Margaret, not looking at Mike. "I am not going. Mr. Anstruther says his mother would be shocked."

And, with her head erect, as if to prove that she had made no sacrifice of her own dignity in this concession to the opinions of a lady unknown to her, Miss Raven went to put on her hat.

Madame smiled.

"You have much influence over her," she said to Mike when they were alone. And she thought to herself, "I wonder

if then they already understand one another, as she considers the views of his mamma. But it is for Margaret a good match. She is a girl amiable and clever; but so charming a husband, and his father a man of title is much to obtain."

Michael never cared to be left long alone with Madame Duclou. He liked her very much, and when their intercourse was confined to looks and smiles it was all very well, but he had never quite conquered the inability which he had experienced at their first meeting of understanding what she said. Presumably she had not always been unintelligible, but even Margaret had to be very attentive when Madame was speaking. Privately she attributed the indistinctness to the fact that Madame did not open her mouth wide enough for the words to come out, and therefore she had to follow them. And the reason why she did not open her mouth, although Margaret did not betray it to Michael, he guessed to be, that the rows of small pearly teeth which art had substituted when nature failed were not altogether sure of their position.

Michael and Margaret in very good spirits, prepared to enjoy their half-holiday. Margaret did not care much for shops as a rule, and had none of the usual feminine eagerness to pick up bargains at the Printemps or the Bon Marché. Even the diamonds of the Palais Royale palled upon one who had no desire ever to possess any, and the wonderful things in hats and bonnets that would have sent Mrs. Swannington into ecstasies, left her utterly unmoved. But she enjoyed the sense of life and warmth and motion that even on this hot July afternoon made the boulevards delightful. The purchase of Madame's roses too in the shop which was a paradise of lovely flowers was very pleasant. Margaret loved flowers, but she never wore any. She considered they had been created for something else besides the gratification of man and had a right to enjoy their little lives. To shorten even that of a violet by putting it against the heat of her body and deprived of water was contrary to her code. She informed Mike as they loitered among the tube roses and carnations and lilies of the valley, that she believed it was with these things as with birds and animals, that though they were for men's use and delight, men were supposed to have enough love and reverence for them not to abuse or let them suffer. And she much shocked the kind-hearted shopwoman, who, seeing the way she lingered among the flowers, obligingly showed her some lovely blossoms which had just arrived and were to be mounted for some young ladies to wear at a ball that night, by remarking that she thought it was perfectly wicked of them, and that she looked upon them as little short of flower-murderers, to take these exquisite frail things which might give so much pleasure and kill them in an hour with heat and crushing.

"But, Mademoiselle," cried the woman, horrified, "if all had your notions where should we be? *Que*

*voulez vous?* It is often the flowers that make the costume."

And she took it quite seriously when Margaret said to Mike in French, that she thought she should start a society to protect flowers. "We have one to prevent cruelty to children, and one to prevent cruelty to animals, and one to prevent cruelty to birds, why not one to prevent cruelty to flowers."

Mike laughed.

"I do not think Mademoiselle will take the bread out of your mouth yet," he said to the shopwoman. "And after all we don't all buy flowers to kill them, do we? These roses will be taken care of, I am sure; and I think that plant would please Mademoiselle if you would kindly send it to this address."

The woman reassured, laughed too, and begged Margaret with true French graciousness to accept a little nosegay which she quickly put together for her.

"Now let us go and have an ice," said Mike. "I suppose you have no theories against their consumption."

"If I have," said Margaret, "I will waive them, considering that I am very thirsty. But on the whole I think an ice fulfils its destiny by being eaten, and that is all I contend for. I hate waste, you see, and especially waste of beauty, and that's why I am angry with the vain creatures who spoil the flowers."

"They wear them to add to their beauty, don't they?"

"I can't argue," said Margaret. "Strawberry or vanilla? Well, I think, like madame, if I may make a choice I prefer there shall be some of each. I always notice one can eat a whole ice if it is two kinds, and there is just too much if it is one."

"And again, you would avoid waste if you could."

"Certainly," said Margaret promptly, and the appearance of her plate when the ice was despatched did not seem to point to the likelihood of her ever coming to that woful want which is said to be the result of a wilful squandering of good things.

The ice and the tea which followed it and the purchase of some Marquis chocolate made Margaret feel very well disposed towards the world in general. She made Mike very angry by wishing to pay for her own refreshments on the "equality and fraternity" principle, but Mike maintained that her idea of "liberty" was to infringe his, and he insisted on paying. However, when the quarrel was at its height, Margaret was suddenly crushed by the discovery that she had left her purse at home, and could only settle her debts by borrowing of Michael, which of course he would not permit, and triumphed accordingly.

"I don't like your spending money on me," said Margaret, severely, when they had left the shop.

"What nonsense," said Mike, rather crossly. "A few francs like that."

"But there was the plant as well."

"Well, that is nothing. I thought we were friends enough for that."

"So we are, I suppose. But the giving shan't be all on one side. I must give you something."

"I have no objection," said Mike.

"But you have left your purse at home, you see."

"You needn't remind me of that. But this isn't the only day on which one can shop."

"Certainly not. And shops aren't the only places where one can buy presents. What I should like best of all, if you really mean to be so generous towards me, would be one of your sketches."

"Would you really?" And Margaret looked pleased. "I will do something for you."

"I am impatient. There is no time like to-day."

"Well, I will see when I get home. Only mind, I shall not let you choose. I have, as you know, a low opinion of your artistic sense, and I don't want you to possess something I am ashamed of."

"I don't wish to seem ungracious, Miss Raven, but I hope that doesn't mean that I am to have some of those very impressionist things you are so proud of, and that need the artist on the spot to explain them?"

"There are some things I did before I came to France that I daresay you would prefer," said Margaret scornfully. "Of course they are quite uneducated, but they are what you'd call pretty heads and things."

"That reminds me! I know I am not a handsome man, Miss Raven, but

is my chin quite half the size of my face."

"What do you mean?" said Margaret. And then she grew rather red. "Oh, did you see that? You oughtn't to have looked."

"Well, it was lying on the piano. And I took it up innocently enough, before madame came in, and of course when I saw myself, I couldn't help looking. It is very like, certainly, but—"

"There is no 'but' at all," said Margaret valiantly. "It is a striking likeness; and if I have somewhat exaggerated one feature, it does but bring out the character of the individual, which is what a good portrait-painter aims at."

"Oh," said Michael, meekly. "Well, at any rate, since you have done me the honour to paint me— By-the-by, was it from memory?"

"Not entirely. I have often sketched you in my pocket-book. Well?"

"May I be permitted to ask what you are going to do with the picture?"

"Keep it, perhaps. It will go in my gallery. I have a portfolio full of people at home."

"Why haven't you ever shown it me?"

"You never asked me to. You know I don't care to parade my performances. Besides, you don't know many of

those they are intended for, and I couldn't tell they would interest you. But, of course—" And she stopped suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"What is it, Miss Raven?"

"Nothing; I only had an idea."

"Is that nothing?"

"It is an excellent idea, but it requires thinking over. I am not sure whether I ought to do it."

"I expect you ought not, then," said Mike, laughing.

"Take care," said Margaret. "You had better not offend me. Besides, if I don't carry out my idea you, not I, will be the loser. I was wondering about your present. It struck me I had something in my portfolio you might like to possess, but perhaps I have no right to give it you."

"Can't I decide that?"

"No."

"Tell me what it is, at any rate?"

"It is a sketch of Beattie Margetson."

Michael was taken by surprise. Miss Margaret's keen eyes were upon him, and she saw the effect of her words in his heightened colour and the sudden light that flooded his face. But he only said quietly, after a short pause—

"I should like it very much."

"He is in earnest," thought Margaret.

"He may have it."

(To be continued.)

## IN THE TYROL.

### THE SULDENTHAL.



MUST send you to the air of the Glaciers," said Dr. White: "there is nothing like it as a nerve tonic."

So we went to the Suldenthal, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol.

We passed through Paris, though it is not necessary to do so; for one can go to Bâle from Calais via Laon and Rheims, a charming route. But we had friends in Paris and wished to see them. Their house is in the Latin quarter, near the Luxembourg Gardens;

it is an old house with a garden of its own, green and enclosed by a tall iron railing interwoven with ivy. A gate of beautiful mediæval ironwork shuts it off from the court of entrance. Tall trees shade this garden, and the walls that frame it in are ivy-covered. As we sat after dinner, in the summer twilight, looking out on this green enclosure, and heard girls' voices from a neighbouring orphanage joining in their evening hymn, we had a new idea of Paris; in place of the bright, glaring, kaleidoscope Paris near the Tuileries, was a quaint, sweet, quiet old-world city, haunted by memories of heroes and of saints.

So on by the night train, and then from

Bâle one unbroken series of lovely pictures flitting backwards as we flitted on. The Lake of Wallenstadt, in a sudden gleam under a bank of cloud, was specially beautiful; its steep sides draped here and there in "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," where a stream fell down to join its parent lake. Much of the scenery, as one enters Austrian ground, is like the Saxon Switzerland, but grander and more prolonged; the broken rocks far above one recalling with exactitude Scott's exaggerated description of the Trossachs.

"Wild crests as pagod ever decked,  
Or mosque of eastern architect."

The train goes on precipitous ways and over lofty bridges, notably the Trisanna Brücke, so that one needs to keep a cool head in order to enjoy the scene; and, at last, reaching Landeck, with its gloomy mountains and towers perched aloft like cyries, we descended for a few hours' rest in the Hotel zur Post. Before 6 A.M. on again, in the Post-wagen, and now at last we were embarked on our sixteen-hour drive, which was to end in the Sulden Valley.

The coach-road runs high on the hill-side above the white and swirling waters of the Inn, crossing it at the bridge of Pontlatz. This spot bears in lasting memory (the memorial engraved on the rocks is hardly needed) the patriotic valour of the women of the Tyrol. Here, in the Tyrolese struggle for freedom early in the century, the local Landsturm nearly annihilated the Bavarian invaders, ably seconded by the women, who, high on the cliffs, flung down tree trunks and stones

on the intruders. Horse and man rolled over into the flood, struck by the men's rough weapons or the women's ruder missiles, and for the time, the land was rid of the foe. Such are the events which lend force to the national song of the 'Red Tyrolean Eagle,' by the patriotic peasant poet, Senn, a native of the village of Pfunds, our first halting-place:

"Adler, Tiroler Adler,  
Warum bist du so roth?  
Ei nun, lass macht, mich dünket,  
Weil Feindesblut mich schminket;  
Das ist so purpurroth;  
Darum bin ich so roth."

Eagle, Tyrolean Eagle,  
Wherefore art thou so red?  
Ah now! it is, methinketh,  
The foeman's blood that tinteth  
My wings so purple red;  
Therefore am I so red."

The road becomes more and more striking as it proceeds, till it reaches a climax of beauty in the grand gorge of Hoch Finstermünz. The way leads round an abrupt corner, a jutting crag previously intercepting the view, which thus breaks suddenly on the spectator. A long vista of mountains opens up in front. Woods clothe these mountains with a rich green. At the left hand, rocks rise jagged and abrupt; below roars the Inn, its course diverted into sinuous windings by green promontories. The old road runs below by the river side, with a broken bridge and the ruined castle of Siegmundseck, and the old toll-house around which raged many a petty feud. This pass divides the Engadine

from the Tyrolean valley of the Inn, and again and again the sound of battle has echoed to these rocky walls since Duke Guelph of Bavaria fortified the spot in 1097. Fort Nauders, which guards it now, was built in 1840.

Lifting the eyes again from the lower road and the foaming river, one lets them rest on the soft and distant outline of the blue mountain that lies athwart the end of the gorge, giving a touch of distance and infinity to the too narrow and gloomy vale. A charming little hotel here offers a good halting-place for the night, and so does the pretty inn at Fischersheim, by the green waters of the Reschensee, where many an ardent angler comes to spend a week or two. It is not an unimportant item that the charges at this inn, which is clean and comfortable, are little more than half the tariff at the great new hotels in the valleys; and the trout you catch is deliciously cooked *am blau*.

From Fischersheim, the road slopes downward across a long plain of moderate width, till recently a barren heath, but now entirely brought under cultivation. And now, having passed the culminating point of our road and entering the valley of the Etsch or Adige, we see before us the snowy range of the Ortler group, the Kaiserspitz and the great Ortler. What is there so touching in the sudden aspect of snowy mountains? What is there in their ever fresh loveliness that overpowers the soul? Witness the tender line of the Alps that bursts on those who cross the Jura, as Lamartine and Hans Andersen have so well described. Their tender, unearthly beauty, pure as the clouds but more sparkling, more real, makes the heart beat and the sight grow dim like the high pathetic note of a woman's perfect voice.

With this fair prospect, changing its aspect, yet ever before us, we went on, our four horses trotting merrily, not stopping at the

noted inn at Neu Spondinig, where Frau-Emma, best of hostesses, makes the English so comfortable. At a place bearing the odd name of Gomagoi, we left the Post-wagen, and went on by landau up the nine long miles of the Suldenthal itself.

Sulden proper lies in an oval valley, closed in with mountain peaks, glaciers larger or smaller nestling everywhere among the crags, and (like the neck of a Florence flask) a steep and narrow gorge leads up to it, zig-zagged marvelously by the cleverly constructed new road. Lovely are the varied lights under the foliage, lovely the ever changing yet ever similar points of view for the traveller who passes through this gorge by daylight. "The shades of night were falling fast" as we made our way up it, however, and a sense of gloom and mystery hung heavy on us, till at last, emerging into wider space, we saw four great globes of light hanging, as it seemed, midway between earth and heaven.

These were the electric lights of the Sulden Hotel, and for a moment the modernness of the idea seemed a disillusion. Yet why should it be so? Is not the spirit of the old fairy lore of these sequestered valleys here meeting its final solution? Is not the Giant of the Lightning at length mastered by the Gnome Invention, and made to work for man's daily uses, like Samson for the Philistines? "The song of the electric light" has yet to be written, but is no mean subject for an ode. It would match, in worthy hands, that marvellous song of the stream which Goethe has called *Mahomets Gesang*.

At last, with much loud cracking of the whip, our Jehu brought us to the door of the Sulden Hotel, where a genial manager received us and steered us through the two rows of somewhat over-inquisitive eyes in the hall. A night's rest in a clean, tile-floored bedroom, with bear-skins thrown upon the tiles, and all the furniture of pleasant varnished pine, pre-

pared us to be well pleased with our surroundings. And they were very agreeable. Dr. White's recipe was a nice as well as an effective one. In the early dawn we looked forth, and saw opposite our window the pale solemn curves of the snow mountains, very, very near us, standing out like cameos on a grey-blue sky; and even as we looked the sunlight struck them and kindled them with a soft yet vivid orange fire. The rosy light of the Swiss dawn we never saw in the Tyrol, though at sunset sometimes a red glow would seem to transfigure the very rocks, and make them half transparent.

Before us was the Great Ortler, 12,800 feet high. Its outline is very graceful, and though on this side the snow only covers its summit, descending the mountain sides in glacial streaks, yet the rocky shoulders of a solemn but tender grey seem to spread protectingly, maternally, over the little village and church of St. Gertrude at its foot.

All the lower slopes are pine-clad except to the south, where the valley is closed by a group of white peaks, underneath which lies the great glacier that attracts the tourists; and beneath this again is the brown moraine that the glacier has left bare in its retreat, and the Suldenbach pouring its white water and its dash of spray down to the level.

These glaciers are the great attraction to the English. In the evening, parties would wend their way, under charge of a guide, by narrow mountain paths; some two hours' steady climbing brought them to one of the Alpine Club huts, where they supped and slept; the night in an atmosphere so thick that you could "cut it with a knife." Then in the earliest dawn, they were up and away, over the masses of ice, and up some snowy summit, glorying in the thin sparkling air, and the sense of lightness and freedom.

As the great sun shoots up into the blue, weird changes come over the mountains;



SULDEN.

they seem to live and breathe and speak; and for a few moments, man is brought face to face with something mightier than this lower life.

Till thirty years ago, Sulden was a *terra incognita*. The inhabitants, consisting only of some twenty-five families,\* lived simply and contentedly on milk, cheese and spring water. So lonely was it that a spot not far away was known by the name of *Am Ende der Welt* (At the world's end), and it is said that the bears came into the huts as unbidden but not forbidden guests, to share the frugal meal. The good Curé Eller, himself a son of the mountains, received the few chance guests, and then he and his sisters, Philomena and Kathi, opened a homelike hostel for the travellers who began to recognise Sulden as an admirable starting-point for mountain excursions. The Alpine clubs of the Prague and Düsseldorf sections have done a capital piece of work in marking out paths to the leading features of the mountain group, and building the huts where the traveller can spend the night. Then, on the track of the mountaineers, followed guests for health or pleasure, and the large new hotel in which we were built by Otto Schmid in 1892 to 1893. A sister hotel of greater pretensions was built about the same time in the adjoining valley of Trafoi. The special curiosity of Trafoi is a sacred spring pouring itself forth by three openings in the breasts of the images of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

The Sulden Hotel accommodates about two hundred guests, and is generally well

\* See *Sulden Trafoi*, by Th. Cristomannos (Innsbruck).

filled for seven weeks in the summer, closing early in September. The charges are not high; the *pension* is about seven francs a day, and the cuisine and service are good. The dining-room here and at Trafoi is a spacious, airy hall, with an open roof of polished pine. From one of its beams hangs a stuffed eagle with outspread wings, grasping in its claws a mossy branch gemmed with small electric lights like diamond fungi. The waitresses are Swiss girls in a pretty costume, and are neat and obliging. Among the guests, came the Princess Stéfanie, in simple, workmanlike costume, and ascended the rough path on foot, disdaining the mule that followed behind, laden with the warm wraps of her party. He had hoped to bear the weight of a princess, but had to content himself with a kindly pat on the nose from her royal hand. As the people stood round to salute her as she left, it was interesting to see the guides, in their rough but picturesque dress, form an inner group around her carriage, as much as to say, "We are the children of the soil here, and we claim the right to approach our own princess." The loyalty of the Tyrolese to the Austrian house has proved itself for centuries; "true to the death" are they, and they had a good right to the gracious bow their royal lady gave them.

The people of Sulden are a simple and pious race. None meets another without the salutation *Grüss Gott!* and on every road at intervals one sees a crucifix under a protecting board, which the passer-by salutes with a sign of reverence. On the green slope beneath the pines not far from the hotel, we noticed with interest and amusement the figure of one little

saint perched on a tree-stump in a shabby wooden niche, a flat stone acting as a roof. He was of wood and painted, and his garb was that of a priest. His face was very melancholy, all the more because the rain had washed the black from his biretta all down his cheek, and one arm—broken off—was stuck in absurdly by his ear. We found he was St. John Nepomuck, the Bohemian saint, and the cause of his transplantation from Bohemia was amusing. St. Joseph is the patron of the Tyrol, and was appealed to for help in a time of flood, but as his response to the appeal was unsatisfactory, St. John Nepomuck was added as a second patron, being supposed—from the fact of his having been drowned in the Moldau—to be well versed in matters concerning inundations, and to have special power to avert them. If successful, he deserves more gratitude than he would seem to get, judging from his poor little effigy.

When the time of departure came, it was hard to say good-bye to those quiet glades beneath the pines; those living, dancing streams; those ever-new aspects of the snow. The day was lowering; clouds had rolled across the mountains in masses, lying softly on grey ledges of rock, curling over the pine-woods; and at last settling down into an obdurate mist, "till on the wally," as an Austrian gentleman obligingly informed us. So in this veil of mist and cloud we left our sweet Tyrolese abiding-place; and soon the great hotels would be closed and the visitors gone, and silence and snow would settle on the land.

ANNE MERCIER.

## THE PRIZE DESIGN.

### CHAPTER II.

"He gave to misery—all he had—a tear;  
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he  
wished—a friend."

WHEN I entered my new abode the following morning, all my worldly goods were comprised in a small brown paper parcel, the few miserable bits of furniture in my garret having been seized by the landlord in lieu of rent.

I had scarcely said good-day to madame before I was introduced to my charges. The two little girls, who were twins, and the exact counterpart of their mother, shrieked loud and loud as I approached them. In vain did I coax them, in vain did I stroke their yellow hair and by all the endearments possible try to win them to my side. They were obdurate, and their cries got more frequent and more pronounced.

"The poor little darlings are so timid," said their mother, "and they have a rooted dislike of strangers, especially such as are unprepossessing."

This was an unkind thrust, but I took it humbly enough.

"Perhaps," said I, checking back my tears, "when they know me better they will begin to dislike me less."

"There is no doubt about it, for, as I told you before, when properly treated they are simply angels."

As she spoke she produced from the cupboard cakes and sweetmeats, and the "angels," forgetting to shriek, were now fiercely quarrelling over a particular cake with a chocolate pyramid on the top. She looked on approvingly.

"You see," she said, "what spirits my dear ones possess. I have known them to quarrel all day long over a doll with a broken head

and one eye. Their importunity was admirable, Miss Clair, I do assure you. Now, Jim—"

I trembled at his name. If these spoilt and naughty children were the angels, what could I expect from Jim?

"Jim," continued madame, "has perhaps a little too much life. He is so fond of kicking, biting and scratching; but as we intend him for the army we do not curb his restlessness, for Jim is every inch a man."

Just as she finished speaking this young hero entered the room. Seeing his sisters eating cakes he pounced upon them, and with a ferocity and greed that shocked me, began stuffing his mouth and pockets with what remained of the cakes.

I was about to remonstrate with the boy on his gross ill-manners when madame stopped me precipitously.

"Miss Clair," she said, "you really must not interfere with my son's behaviour. All his little peculiarities of temperament demonstrate in him the soldier and the man."

My heart began to sink, but I answered never a word, and presently madame told me to go to my room to deposit my things there, as she wished me to begin lessons at once. She furthermore informed me that I should be expected to eat in the servants' hall, as during the children's meals my whole attention would be required for them.

I left her silently and sought my room. It was situated in a wing of the house newly built, but as yet unfinished. My apartment, which was of huge dimensions, was absolutely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a small iron bedstead stowed away in the corner. The floor was bare, and even the walls were unpainted and unpapered. The room overlooked the stables, and not a green leaf, nor flower, nor tree was visible.

For one moment my heart rebelled, and I thought, with something like regret, of my dark little garret with its red geranium and its friendly creeper. But I had no time for thought, for even as I undid my humble parcel Parker, the butler, knocked at the door and informed me that I was wanted downstairs.

I could see by the way in which the man addressed me that he disliked me, and I found out later that his unreasonable aversion had spread to every member of the servants' hall, so that at meal times I was either made the object of ridicule or treated as an utter nonentity.

At lessons with the children another disappointment awaited me. I found they knew scarcely anything, and my most strenuous exertions to impart knowledge met with continual failure.

Heaven knows that I tried hard, with patience and perseverance, to train their thoughts from frivolity to seriousness. I would intersperse my teaching with anecdotes, and recite poetry to them, trying to inculcate them with a love and enthusiasm for nature and art. Sometimes I think my enthusiasm impressed them a little. They would listen with wide open eyes and remain very still—but, alas! they never remembered anything the following day, so my labour was in vain. Jim was absolutely untractable; nothing interested him, nothing amused him, and even to this day I have upon me traces of his many kicks and blows.

The hours which were not spent in teaching were taken up with mending and housework. I never had a holiday, and I never had a moment to myself. I was working hard and conscientiously, but with so little result that I was many a time taken to task by madame for the ignorance of her children.

I had been in the service of Madame

Clowne for almost a year when an event occurred which, though of trifling significance in itself, yet influenced the whole of my future life.

Let me relate it to you in detail.

It happened on one of madame's "At Home" days—a special one, I think, because ices had been ordered from Gunter's and cakes from Buzzard's. Madame's dress for the occasion was the cause of much comment amongst the servants. Mary Anne described it as an "adorable confection," and Sarah, the kitchenmaid, said that "her mistress's hands and neck looked white as the dribbling snow in contrast against the 'eavenly 'ue of the bodice."

During the afternoon, when the festivities were at their height, I was suddenly called upon to settle a quarrel between the girls and Jim. It had arisen, as usual, over some bonbons; and Jim, regardless of the company present, had given his sister a kick which had caused her to shriek at the top of her voice.

I soon made peace, and was about to leave the room when I distinctly heard one of the gentlemen present inquire my name of madame.

I looked up suddenly and caught the speaker's eye. His face seemed faintly familiar, but when and where I had seen it before did not dawn upon me.

Madame told him my name and then said in an undertone—

"She is a sadly plain creature to look after my pretty ones, is she not?"

He evidently did not assent, for the next moment he said kindly—

"I should like her also to be included in the picnic. I am sure a holiday would do her good!"

Madame said "Indeed!" in a very depreciating tone of voice, and I heard no more.

That same evening, however, when the last guest had departed, madame called me to her and told me that I might put on my best clothes the following morning, as Mr. Hamilton had invited me to join his picnic.

Now this particular "picnic" had been much talked about for some weeks past. It was to be a fashionable assemblage, and was to take place in the woods of Abbotsford, adjoining Mr. Hamilton's country seat.

Nothing could equal my astonishment at the invitation, unless it were the astonishment of others, who seemed to resent my intrusion into their select circle.

The servants were furious at my preference, and mortified me at table by asking me such questions as to whether I intended wearing my sprigged silk or rose-coloured muslin on the morrow.

Early next morning we took the train to Herne, and from thence carriages were awaiting us to conduct us to Abbotsford. As we drove along I forgot my ugliness, forgot my poor apparel, forgot everything in my rapture at the exquisite scenery through which we were driving.

Now we passed a little brown stream in a wood brimming over the grass and giving birth to myriads of wild flowers; now we drove through orchards where the luscious fruit glowed on the bending branches of the trees; and now amid darksome fir trees that waved their heads above us. We arrived at the Hall about mid-day. It looked to me like some quaint and picturesque old abbey with its lattices and casements peeping above the trees.

We had dinner almost immediately after our arrival. It was a wonderful meal, with dishes of rare concoction, and for dessert there were creams and ices and piles of strawberries and pineapples.

I ate little. I was too excited with the novelty of my situation to be hungry.

Nobody addressed a syllable to me nor took the slightest notice of my presence, except the host, who in the midst of his exacting duties occasionally looked towards me and greeted me with a smile.

After dinner, coffee and cakes were served upon the lawn. The ladies partook of these whilst the gentlemen strolled about and smoked.

Finding myself alone and not caring to partake of the coffee, I strolled away from the fashionable group and wandered into a forest of pine trees whose dark waving branches seemed to be calling on me to admire them. I walked through this forest as one in a dream. It seemed to me like some dim and vast cathedral, with the stems of the trees for columns, the dark branches overhead forming a Gothic roof.

I had not left the forest two minutes before I came upon another picture even more beautiful and in glorious contrast to the first. It was an old garden hedged in by a wall, a sort of ancient pleasance, I suppose, where in bygone times ladies with whooped petticoats had walked about accompanied by powdered cavaliers. Roses grew here by the thousands, nodding their perfumed heads in the strong and brilliant sunshine. A water fountain with a dragon's head for spout and two moss-grown goddesses threw a delicious shadow on the pathway, and there was a sun-dial in the corner up and down which the green lizards and bright-coloured beetles darted to and fro.

I was gazing at this exquisite picture and peopling it with dames and cavaliers, when I was startled by the sound of a footstep, and looking round met my kind host face to face.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked in his cheery tones.

I turned my head hastily aside, but did not answer. Those were the first kind words that had ever been addressed to me, and they called forth two large tears.

He made a few ordinary remarks, waiting until my emotion had subsided.

"What do you think of this spot?" was his next question.

I told him my thoughts as simply as I could, but I think my simplicity must have pleased him, for he encouraged me to go on, and listened as attentively as if I had been a person of judgment and authority.

After a moment's pause he said—

"Miss Clair, this garden has great historical renown and is particularly dear to me, because it was my mother's favourite place. I wish for a painting of it. Will you accept the commission?"

I blushed and stammered. I thought at first that he was laughing at me, and the blood rose to my temples.

"I—I cannot paint," I said with faltering accents; "at least I—I shall never paint again!"

"That is not true," he said firmly.

"How, sir? How do you know?" I stammered, now utterly bewildered.

"Because I have already in my possession a sketch of yours which is very, very charming."

"A sketch?"

"A red geranium with one graceful festoon of bright green creeper round it."

"Oh!" I exclaimed; and looking up at him recognised at once the man who had stood outside the judgment hall and taken my part when I had crept home worn and miserable.

"It was a failure," I said dejectedly.

"No," he replied; "it was a success, a great success, and it would easily have won the contest had worth alone been considered. But, unfortunately, in these days the gaudiness and show which strike at once have greater

worth than that subtle grace and charm which conquers by degrees."

His praise abashed me and I answered humbly enough—

"It is your kindness, sir, which prompts you to attribute worth to my poor endeavours. I thank you for it."

"Your endeavour has genius in it," he insisted—"a genius with which you can make a reputation for yourself."

"The half-starved beggar girl who had passed nearly all her life in a damp garret—might one day be famous! The idea struck me as ludicrous and I laughed aloud."

"Will you accept this commission?" he asked again, and I knew that he was serious. I thought for one moment and my thoughts were troubled and humiliating, in the next I answered firmly—

"No, sir! It is impossible!"

"What prevents you? Come," he said—"tell me the truth. Do you dislike painting?"

"Oh, no!" I caught my breath and my eyes gleamed. "I love it. It is my passion!"

"Then why do you refuse to oblige me?"

"I have no money with which to buy paints and canvas."

"But have you not your wages as governess?"

"No."

"Do you gain nothing in return for your hard, I might almost say brutal, work at 'Wee Nestie'?"

"I have my board and lodging."

"I never remember to have seen you at table, although I have called many times at 'Wee Nestie'?"

"I board with the servants and lodge in the new wing."

"You lodge in that cold, damp quarter of the house where all the rooms are so vast and so unfinished? It is shameful!"

His mouth quivered, his eyes seemed full of anger, and for some moments a silence reigned between us.

"If," he then said, recurring to the former topic, "you will be so good as to accept the commission to paint my garden, the money necessary for the expenses of production can be advanced to you, and you will, of course, lodge for the time being at Abbotsford."

I opened my eyes wide with astonishment; I could not for the moment realise his offer.

"I am going abroad for some weeks," he continued, "and my aunt, who is alone in the abbey, will be glad to have you with her as a companion."

Again no answer came from my lips. He was proposing for me schemes so wonderful that I could only show my gratitude by flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes.

Then suddenly, just as I was beginning to realise my happiness, I remembered my duties at "Wee Nestie," and I felt a sickening conviction that Madame Clowne would object to my leaving her, if only for a week. I recounted my doubts to Mr. Hamilton, who promised to intercede for me himself.

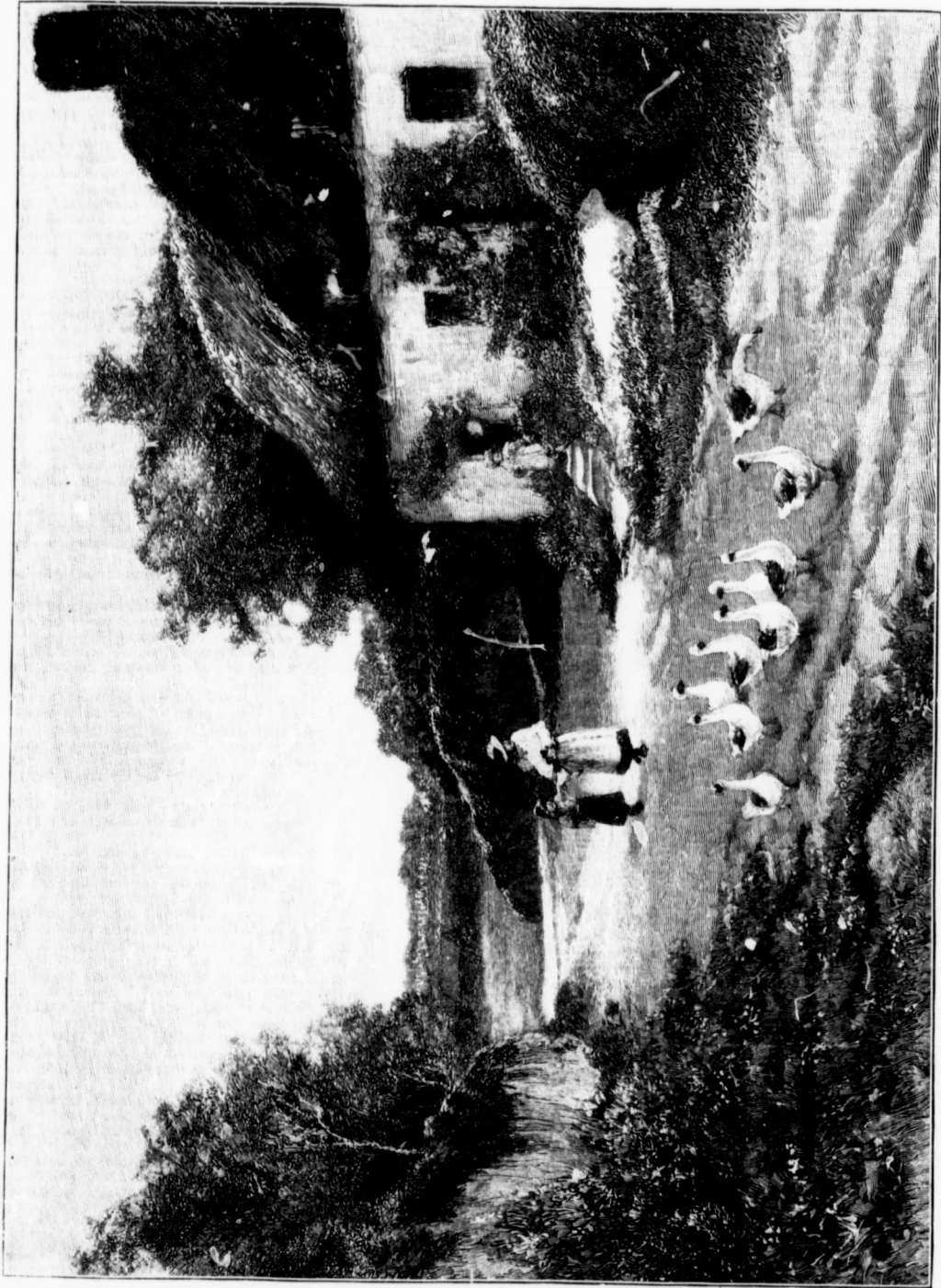
He must have been eloquent, for when I again saw my mistress, she shook hands with me before all the guests and wished me success in my enterprise.

Something in her voice, however, told me she was displeased, so just as she was about to leave I ran up to her and begged her not to be vexed with me, as I should return to her as speedily as possible.

She was alone and herself again.

"The idea of a thing like you being able to paint!" she cried. "If you don't return within the fortnight, you shall never enter my home again!"

(To be continued.)



A SURREY COTTAGE. (From the painting by Florence A. Siltner.)



## MY GARDEN.

By ERIC BROAD.

QUAINT is the garden that I love—and quiet,  
 Far from the strife and fever of the town:  
 There, roses blossom in a careless riot  
 Of red and white, and shed their petals down  
 On beds emblazoned, in a close confusion,  
 With mignonette, verbena, stock, and clove  
 From which an incense, freed from its seclusion,  
 Scents the box-bordered pathways that I love.

There, is a bower beautiful, and hidden  
 By twining tendrils—jasmine, clematis,  
 Wherein I love to rest, while thoughts unbidden  
 Sorrow awake, or maybe dreamy bliss:  
 'Tis there I listen to the tuneful rapture  
 Loosed from the careless thrush's golden throat.  
 Until the crescent moon in sea of azure  
 Above me sails—a far-off, fairy boat.

Oh, sweet the rest from all the moil and fretting  
 That fill my daily life from dawn to close:  
 Oh, fair that jewel-moon in twilight setting—  
 The fragrant incense of each dewy rose!  
 But sweeter far the thought that this fair garden  
 Is but a foretaste of what life may be—  
 That, if the fret and toil of life are hard, then  
 How sweet the peace of Paradise will be.

And if perchance I linger by the dial,  
 Which stands upraised above a verdant lawn,  
 Each lengthening shadow represents a trial,  
 And each will disappear when comes the dawn:  
 But 'tis the dawn of better life, of gladness;  
 Of life wherein is nought of grief and pain—  
 Oh, dear, quaint garden you will chase my sadness  
 When I shall know your rest and peace again.



## THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN THINGS.

With a sigh the old man laid down his pen. On the table before him were scattered many note-books and papers, some brown with age. In their midst was a pile of newly written sheets, the first of which bore the title, "The Story of my Life." A tale of a life full of toil and honour lay bedded in the pages, a record of deeds and rewards of which the most successful of men might be proud.

"Now," he said to himself, "I have told all;" and, as if tired by his task, he bent his head upon his hands. It was his history, for history is the book of memory.

Then the spirit of the aged man became as that of a little child, and sped away through the children's "ivory gate and golden" into a far-distant world. Keen were his eyes, wise was his heart, yet he felt timid as on that night long, long ago when first he strayed out into the dark, and he was glad to take the hand of a bright stranger who seemed to be his guide. For a time he could see nothing, but at last the mist shaped itself into the narrow walls of a cottage. A woman with a sad and tired face was sitting by a slender fire, staring almost fiercely. Now and then she looked to a rough cradle at her side, and the swift glance changed for a moment the light of her face. It became soft and tender, and sweet as an angel. But the smile died quickly as she turned again to work. The black dress, the look of grief, and the big, empty arm-chair at the opposite side of the fire-place told a plain tale of a widow's struggles for her baby son.

It was a vision of a mother's love.

There was a blur in the scene, and when it cleared again it was the same cottage, but the

mother had grown older and seemed more weary, and in place of the baby was a lad. A flush of anger—the senseless, quick-passing anger of youth—lit up the face of the boy. Roughly making his way to the door he flung himself out into the tiny garden path, and so out of sight. But the mother, when she had dried her tears, knelt for a few moments to pray. Then she rose and again took up her work, stooping painfully over it, though there was no sign of pain in her face. Again the boy returned, this time to his mid-day meal. The board was scanty enough—some bread and a little meat; but the meat was passed to the boy, and the mother was content with bread.

It was a mother's sacrifice.

The next scene was a leafy wood, in which the green had turned to golden in the rays of the evening sun. Between the stems of the richly foliated trees were peeps of the nestling village lying a little farther down the slope. It lay quiet in the hush of the evening, like a soul resting in paradise. At the stile, where the footpath from the village turned into the wood, a youth and a pretty maid of the hamlet stood hand in hand. There was a glow on the face of each, with which the setting sun had nothing to do. They were making their solemn pledges against the hazards of the world, for he was going off to a distant city to play a man's part, and she was to remain with her aged father to play a woman's. The farewells being said, the youth turned to the footpath in the wood, at the further side of which his home lay, and, shrugging his shoulders, tried to whistle, as if to show he was a man. But the girl hung long over the stile till the fading light died out of her face, and

across her grey eyes stole the look of one who has lost hope.

It was an idyll of love and faithlessness, for the youth never came back.

To this succeeded a room in the squalid home of a workman in a big city. On the bed lay a young man tossing in the delirium of fever. The housewife, gaunt and strong still—though her face had grown pallid in the lifeless air of a city street—bent over the sufferer and soothed his restlessness with words and tones such as would have surprised the woman's companions in the streets. Ungrudgingly she gave out of her spare living the simple delicacies which the poor can offer in a time of sickness, and so the unheeding sick man was kept in life. When the workman returned in the evening he sent his wife to rest, and then through the summer night sat watching his fevered chum, whom he and his wife nursed that he should not go unfriended to a hospital. As the morning dawned the fever passed, and the common toiler, with his shrewish wife, sobbed their gladness together. Patiently through many days the unceasing care went on, until at last the patient, in measure restored, went finally across the threshold to his own lodging, vowing undying mindfulness of his friends' goodness.

It was the beautiful, costly charity of the poor.

A contrast followed. In the private room of his offices the head of a prosperous firm sat deeply engaged in the details of business. The youth of the previous scenes had grown rich through the exercise of his fertile brain, and whilst still in middle life had come to honour. Presently a workman in his service entered the

room. In earnest speech he told his master of the distresses which had fallen upon him, of a home haunted by sickness, of children whose frailty did but add to the burdens of the home, of the little crippled one who was so sweet in his simple patience, but needed so much care, of the wife, fainting at last under the overgrown burden, ebbing from life as it seemed before his eyes. The man paused for a moment, for he was doing the last thing a workman cares to do, and then in a low voice, as if feeling a bitter shame, he asked his master for help. The great man was displeased. He lectured his humiliated workman on the want of thrift in the working-classes, spoke of the many claims upon him, and finally offering him a small dole, referred the man with his need to the usual channels of charity.

It was the uncharitable charity of a rich man.

The old man who had silently watched all

these things turned at length to his guide, asking, "What is the meaning of the things I have seen? What country is this?"

"This," replied the other, "is the land of forgotten things. When a man comes here he sees not the history which he remembers, but all the things which have gone from his mind and are written only in the book of God. You said to yourself as you finished your book that you had told all; now you may understand how much has been left out. Men think the past dies when they forget it, but it lives, it lives here; and it is well that it is so, for often men forget the most beautiful things in life and remember only the sordid. You have forgotten your mother's love and sacrifice, your forsaken sweetheart, your humble friends whose care—never requited in after years—saved your life; you have forgotten also the hardness of heart which has marred the sweetness of your many years. But before you go

there is one thing else to see which you have forgotten."

Thereupon out of the darkness grew a shining face—the saddest, kindest, most beautiful face man has ever seen; the face that has inspired the highest art, the most rapturous music, the perfection of thought; the face that has changed the world; the face of Him whom the saints worship as God. The man watching felt the flash which blinded Saul of Tarsus long ago, and he fell and fell . . .

As he came to himself in his library the fire was still burning, and the "story of his life" lay upon the desk. He lifted it slowly, and turning to the fire, threw a few pages to the flames. Long he sat feeding the unsated tongues that leapt in the grate, until all his labour was consumed. Then he arose with a clean heart.

HENRY FINCH-LEE.

## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER XV.



LETTER from André at last!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Génie, I began to think that we should never hear from him again. Only two short notes since he left us ten weeks ago."

"Ten weeks! Is it really ten weeks?" said Génie dreamily.

She was leaning back in her chair, her work had fallen idly into her lap and her eyes were looking out upon

nothing. They were seated in the arbour, for though the beginning of October, it was still very warm weather.

"I am anxious about him, Génie; the accounts of the fever in the papers make me anxious. It must have been very bad."

She broke open the letter as she spoke, and began to read it eagerly.

Génie was far away in the land of dreams. She was growing daily more and more conscious that at any moment she might be called upon to decide on the momentous question of her future. Monsieur Canière's manner, always attentive and *empresé*, had yesterday betrayed a kind of tenderness and devotion which could not be mistaken. The time was approaching in which she must make up her mind simply and honestly as to what she would say.

Could she care for him enough to become his wife.

"Génie," said Madame Féraudy, and the girl, startled by the unwonted agitation in her voice, turned quickly to her.

"They have had a terrible time in Paris. Read what André says."

"DEAREST MAMAN,

"I have been very remiss of late, but, truth to say, I have been worked off my legs in the epidemic through which we have just passed. I need not tell you about it, for you must have seen the accounts in the daily papers, and thank God it is over now. It has been very bad, and we who are left meet each other with pleased astonishment, as the few survivors of a shipwreck greet each other. A great many of the workers, nurses, sisters, doctors, are broken down. Rougemont, thank God, got through it. You remember him? He was senior to me and has been splendid in this affair. Our dear friend, Pasteur Nicholas, is quite convalescent, and he has gone off to the Hospice under the care of Nanon, the kindly woman who takes care of my room for me. The Hospice is quite full, and we have even added to it the large cottage we always coveted—this is a gift from a too-grateful patient. They were short of hands, but with Nanon and Sœur Eustacie, all will be right there. If you have any honey or jam to spare this year, will you send us some? The children love it so.

"I myself have had a touch of the fever, quite slight, so do not be alarmed. I have even been doing a little work since, but it has pulled down my strength, and I shall be of no further use until I have had a rest, so I also am going to the Hospice. There is really nothing much to do here, and we have had such a godsend; old Monsieur and Madame Potier, you know whom I mean—the millionnaires—they have conceived a most undue passion of gratitude for my very ordinary treatment of their only son

in this fever, and they have given me marvellous help. What a power wealth is! The good this money has done is untold; the children placed in orphanages, the convalescents sent to homes, the bread-winners helped, the wholesome food, the rest for worn-out nurses. God is good, *maman*.

"I am going to Dieppe to-morrow. You have never seen the Hospice. It is a mile out of the town and has a garden and a large field, and beautiful sands for the children's play. My bedroom is very tiny, but the *pasteur* and I share a little *salon* with tall windows opening into the garden; it will be enchanting, and I think I shall sleep for a month without waking.

"Your devoted ANDRÉ."

There was a slip of paper marked "private" which Madame Féraudy kept to herself.

"P.S. Did you give the letter I left with you to Mademoiselle Lacour?"

Madame Féraudy had not given that letter to Génie, and the omission troubled her conscience a little. She rose to her feet.

"I am going indoors, Génie," she said, "to fetch a letter I want to show you. Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, *maman*," answered Génie.

She was reading Doctor André's letter through blinding tears; it seemed to her very tired, very worn out, but with a restful thankfulness breathing through it that went to her heart.

She had put down the letter and brushed away the tears when a shadow darkened the entrance of the arbour, and Jean Canière came in.

Génie invited him to sit down. She was startled by the white agitation of his face, he, who was always so suave, so self-possessed.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have the permission of Madame Féraudy to speak to you. You must have seen, what it was beyond my power to conceal, that the hopes of my life are fixed on you,

that unless I can persuade you to accept my love and consent to become my wife, I shall never again know happiness. Listen to me, mademoiselle, no one will ever love you as I do!"

Génie shrank back.

"Oh, not yet, not yet!" she cried piteously.

Jean Canière was evidently not discouraged by her words. He took her hand with tender respect into his and pressed it to his lips.

"You shall not be hurried; it shall all be just as seems best to you," he said earnestly. "Only, dear Mademoiselle Génie, be merciful! Do not keep me in suspense too long."

"Be patient with me," she faltered. "It is not that I do not like you, but—"

"I am very patient," said Jean Canière tenderly. "Who would not be patient when he dares to hope?"

Once more he kissed her hand, and then he rose quietly and left her to recover her composure.

Madame Féraudy met him as she came down the garden walk and questioned him with her eyes.

"Not yet," he said in answer, "but she allows me to hope, and I am content."

"I am glad," she said hoarsely.

Jean Canière turned back and walked with her towards the arbour. He had something to say to her, and he did not know how to say it.

"Have you heard from Féraudy?" he said abruptly, when they were all together again.

Madame Féraudy looked a little startled.

"Yes, this very morning," she said. "I have a letter from him. Why do you ask?"

"Did he mention his health, madame? I have a reason for asking."

"He had had a touch of fever, but is better, and has been at work again; but now that the pressure is over he is going to his little hospice for rest."

"You have heard something, Monsieur Canière?" said Génie, turning very pale.

"Yes, you are right; I have heard from the Pasteur Nicholas. I knew him well in Languedoc when we once lived there. He says Doctor Féraudy's friends ought to know that he needs very great care."

"What more?" faltered Génie.

Madame Féraudy did not speak, her face was set and rigid.

"It seems that there was a dangerous

strain of the heart some little time ago, and that the fearful overwork of the epidemic had increased this, and—"

"Oh, André, André!" cried Génie in an agony, "it was done in saving me! I knew, I was sure that he was hurt! Oh, God, be merciful; it was all for me!"

Madame Féraudy's voice was hoarse and difficult.

"Tell me the truth, Jean Canière. Is there any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," said Monsieur Canière, trying to speak brightly. "But I think you would like to go to Dieppe. Nicholas says that there are nice rooms in a farmhouse close to the Hospice. I took it upon myself to telegraph to him to engage them for you. May I take you there?" he said wistfully.

Génie put out her hand to him gratefully.

"Not yet, Jean," she faltered.

He understood very well. He allowed himself no more tenderness, but plunged at once into practical preparations for the journey.

As he stood, two hours later, in the little country station and watched the train rush off into the distance, his heart was very full.

(To be continued.)

## A MINISTERING ANGEL.

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

### CHAPTER III.

#### LOCAL APPLICATIONS.



AM very strong and so was able to help Maggie to lay Ansell down flat on the floor. We loosened her dress round her neck, opened the window wide, put a little cold water on her face, and she was soon herself again.

Her little sister looked on open-mouthed with astonishment when we laid her down on the floor, and told us that she had been doing her best to drag up her head.

Maggie explained to me afterwards that fainting is caused by failure of the heart's action, so that it does not send enough blood to the brain. Consequently by laying the person down with the head on or below the level of the body the blood is driven back to the brain. Maggie says that a little weak brandy and water or a teaspoonful of sal-volatile in water can be given, only as it happened neither of those things were at hand at Ansell's. Ansell is in a consumption and not likely to live long, so the doctor says.

We got her back into bed, which Maggie made first of all, and the poor girl seemed very thankful to find herself there again.

"Don't you feel a draught from the door?" inquired Maggie, for the head of Ansell's bed in the tiny room was close to the hinge of the door; and really there seemed no other place in which it could be put.

"Yes I do, miss," said Ansell in a low voice which seemed to come with difficulty.

"Have you such a thing as an old linen

airer?" inquired Maggie, "for that makes a capital screen."

"No, miss."

"We have one at home which Ansell could have," I remarked.

"But until we do it up for you, you must not have that draught," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Let me see; if I place a nail just above the door near the hinge we could hang a dress or shawl on it, and it would keep off the air that comes through the hinges," and in a very short time Maggie had done this and was rewarded by hearing Ansell saying that she did not feel any draught at all.

We stayed and talked to her a little, and in the course of conversation discovered that she often found it very hard to raise herself in bed, and when her mother was out her little sister was too small to be of much use in the way of raising her.

"When I was in the A— hospital, miss," said Ansell, "there was a capital thing hanging over my bed by which I could pull myself up."

"Yes, I know," said Maggie; "well, when we come and see you to-morrow, we may be able to bring you something which will answer the purpose equally well."

Of course I was curious to know what this was, and Maggie explained it to me as we walked back. We stopped at our village shop and Maggie bought there a few yards of the webbing used for waistbands of skirts. When we got home she took a piece of stout stick about nine inches long, and after covering it with some rags and cotton wool she sewed a piece of serge over it neatly, thus making a padded handle. She doubled her length of webbing, and passing the stick through the loop she sewed it firmly down close under the handle, thus forming a cross-

bar to the double lengths of webbing. The next day she fastened the ends to the iron-work at the foot of Ansell's bed, the length of the webbing being enough to admit of the handle lying close to her and being not too long to afford resistance when she wanted to pull herself up by it.



But to return to the screen. We really made rather a nice one from the old linen airer. We spindled the woodwork and then nailed some old damask that we found lying by and fortunately not moth-eaten, and we took it down in triumph to Ansell, who said it was even an improvement on the nail arrangement.

"A screen like that is often of the greatest use in a sick room," said Maggie; "for if not wanted to keep off draughts, it can be placed so as to screen off the wash-stand and anything that does not add to the beauty of the room, or else it can screen off the fire."

Aunt Elsie had not been feeling so well, so we deferred, at her own wish, transplanting her to her new quarters.

"I often wish that I understood all about making poultices and fomentations and things of that kind," I said, after our return from Ansell's, and Maggie suggested an afternoon in the school-room and object-lessons.

"But I must take notes all the same," I said, "for I shall never remember when I want to use the things."

"Well, perhaps not at first," said Maggie, "but still you should master the quantities and methods to such an extent that if the doctor orders a poultice to be made that you can do it without referring even to your beloved note-book."

Certainly I thoroughly enjoyed that afternoon, and here is the result of it entered into my dear note-book.

#### LINSEED POULTICES.

These are made of crushed linseed. What is called linseed meal is not suitable for poultices, as it is merely oil-cake from which the grinding has extracted all the valuable oil, whereas the crushed linseed contains all the oil which is natural to the seed.

A bowl preferably metal with a handle and spatula or knife are necessary, as well as a board on which to spread the poultice; a deal table or drawing-board answers the purpose.

The first thing to do is to scald out the bowl with boiling water and then to pour in some fresh boiling water—enough to make the poultice—and the linseed is then sprinkled on the water while you stir quickly in one direction with the spatula. The right consistency is seen when the whole is blended into a smooth, soft mass.

The thickness of a poultice must be in proportion to its size and purpose. Medical poultices should be light, hot, soft and about half an inch thick, while surgical poultices should be as thin as you can make them.

When you have stirred the mass for a few seconds turn it out, and if properly blended it should come out of the basin without sticking to the sides.

Lint, warmed linen or tow which has been well teased out should be laid on the board and the poultice turned out upon it. Spread it quickly and evenly, dipping the spatula in hot water every now and then. Do not cover the whole of the lint, etc., but leave a margin an inch or less, this is turned over the edges.

If the poultice is not to go next to the skin, a single layer of soft muslin or net may be spread over the surface. Always test the heat of a poultice with the back of your hand before placing it on the patient. It should be applied as hot as it can be borne with comfort. Place some cotton-wool, lint or waterproof over it and keep the poultice in place by a binder or towel.

If you have to carry a poultice from one room to another do so between two very hot plates.

Always remove a poultice before it gets cold. If you have to put on fresh poultices every few hours do not remove the old one until the new one is ready. When the last one is removed a layer of warmed cotton wool should be put on in its place.

#### COMPOUND MUSTARD AND LINSEED POULTICE.

Two tablespoonfuls of mustard are put in the bowl and mixed until quite smooth with boiling water as it is poured in, the linseed being then added as if for an ordinary linseed poultice. The directions in the British Pharmacopœia order equal parts of linseed meal and mustard.

These poultices should be spread on cloth or brown paper, and a layer of muslin placed over them.

A strong mustard poultice must not be left on too long. There is a great difference in the delicacy of the skin in people. You can turn down a corner and see that no blisters are produced.

#### BREAD POULTICE.

The boiling water should be put in a basin already well scalded out, and coarse bread-crumbs from a stale loaf added to it and well stirred. Next cover up the basin and put it by the fire for a few minutes. Drain the water off, add fresh boiling water and then pour it away, after which you can spread and apply the poultice.

#### FOMENTATIONS.

The directions for these I copied from Maggie's note-book, and she told me that she had got the directions, which are excellent, from a manual of nursing, and had copied them for her own use before she ever did any fomentations practically.

"Fomentations have the same effect as poultices; they are lighter and more quickly prepared, but need to be changed every quarter of an hour. To prepare fomentations the following articles are required—

"A large metal bowl, a wringer, which is a small roller towel made of a yard and a half of waste, two sticks (hoop-sticks answer admirably), several fomentation flannels, each half a yard square (old pieces of blanket are better than new flannel) and a large metal saucepan of boiling water.

"In making a fomentation, the wringing sticks having been placed inside the wringer as far apart as they will lie, the flannel to be used for fomenting is spread between them.

"The central portion of the wringer, that enclosing the flannel, is then placed in the bowl (which has been previously heated) and boiling water is poured in until the bowl is three parts full. The fomentation is then partially wrung by twisting the sticks in contrary directions, so as to squeeze the flannel as dry as possible before it is taken out of the water. The wringer is next lifted out and the wringing is completed. When wrung the fomentation should be moist but not wet, or it will scald the patient. It should be shaken up, applied immediately, covered, first with a macintosh, then with two or three folds of flannel.

"Fomentations made with water in which poppy heads or camomile flowers, or both, have been boiled have a soothing effect, while fomentations sprinkled with a tablespoonful of common turpentine, or thirty or forty drops of spirits of turpentine are useful in severe cramp of the stomach and in cases of torpid liver for relieving pain and stimulating the inactive organ. The latter fomentation is called a turpentine stoup. Spongio piline answers rather better than flannel for medical fomentations; as being waterproof on one side, it maintains its high temperature for a longer period. It is wrung out in exactly the same way as flannel, but it is applied quite smooth. In some hospitals it is used, dry and warm, instead of macintosh and folds of flannel to cover fomentation flannels."

"I fancy I have heard of charcoal poultices," I said, when I had copied this from Maggie's book.

"Yes," said Maggie, "and if you like I can dictate to you how to make them."

"What are they used for?"

"They are used in many cases of offensive wounds or ulcers."

I headed my note

#### CHARCOAL POULTICES.

Take a teaspoonful of bread-crumbs and make a bread poultice with it. A quarter to half an ounce of finely powdered charcoal is gradually added and well mixed with it.

Sprinkle the surface of the poultice with finely powdered charcoal before applying it.

Another way—to add half an ounce of charcoal to four ounces of linseed meal and bread in equal parts.

"Are there any other things I could make a note of under this head?"

"Yes, you had better write down some hints as to the use and preparation of

#### "INHALATIONS.

"These mean the breathing in the vapour which rises from boiling water.

"You can get proper inhalers of various kinds, one of the simplest being an earthenware vessel, which has a mouthpiece and a tube which comes out from the side, so that air may be admitted. This vessel should be half filled by the removal of the mouthpiece, and then pouring in hot water containing whatever solution the doctor has ordered for inhalation. Another way is to fit a sponge into the mouthpiece and to pour the necessary number of drops upon it. If, however, you do not possess an inhaler you can use a jug with a wide mouth.

"Sometimes the steam is used alone, at others it is made stimulant, sedative or antiseptic by the addition of certain solutions to the water.

"Cover over the mouth of the jug with a towel and leave an aperture just large enough to admit the mouth and nostrils. Let the patient sit with his head bent over the jug and gradually bring the mouth near to the opening from whence the vapour is coming. He should breathe very quietly and quite naturally, and after seven or eight inspirations he should draw away his face for about half a minute and repeat the process. This he should go on doing for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Before going to bed is the best time for inhalations. If done in the daytime the person should avoid going out or into a cold room for some time afterwards."

"What is the real use of inhalations, Maggie?" I asked as I finished writing all she said.

"They are used for applying remedies to the air passages in laryngeal affections and in bronchitis and asthma, as well as sore throat and cough, to give relief from pain and difficulty in breathing."

In a few days Aunt Elsie was well enough to be removed, and certainly we girls had every reason to be pleased at her evident satisfaction with all we had done.

"I cannot help thinking that this room will help me to get better," said Aunt Elsie.

Jackson, the maid, had gone out of the room to fetch Aunt Elsie's dinner.

"I am so glad you like it, auntie dear," I said.

Certainly the room looked very much more cheerful than the one she had left, and sunshine was at that moment coming in through the window from which was a pretty view Aunt Elsie could enjoy on the days when she was able to be on the couch. Presently Jackson returned with the dinner, and I noticed that Maggie gave one of her sharp glances at the tray, on which was crowded a helping of meat and vegetables, a big jug of water, some pudding, a big butter-dish, a large salt-cellar, etc., and all arranged on what I noticed was a very tumbled cloth.

We left Aunt Elsie to have her dinner under Jackson's auspices, and as we left the room I asked Maggie frankly if she would tell me what was wrong.

"It seems like continual fault-finding," she answered.

"Not if you are giving me lessons and I am learning."

"Then I will tell you," she answered.

(To be continued.)

## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

### PART VI. "UNTO THE KING."



of Achaia; others "dedicate" only without the outward form and sign of water. But, some way or other, every Christian parent brings the children to Jesus that He may touch them, and bless them. Households still are enrolled under Christ's banner.

To-day I want to speak a little about further bringing "unto the King." There is a natural reticence shown by every human soul in its direct dealings with others. I think those good folk who encourage a "moral nakedness" are wrong. They go chiefly on the verse "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," forgetting that in each case an evil speaker is being photographed. We do not talk in public of our immense love for husband, child or parents. We show our love by our works. Most people are reticent as to their deepest emotions.

Even in our treatment of the King's daughters we should respect spiritual reserve. All the same, night and morning we must bring our girls "unto the King." A few words of Bible-reading, a few minutes of united, silent prayer. The daily formula—"Oh, Lord, defend this Thy child with Thy Heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom"—is more than an episcopal benediction. If accompanied by a soft touch of mother's hand on the curly head, a reverent closing of eyes, and a loving kiss, the King's daughters will never forget it.

Mrs. Tait, she who afterwards was called upon to bring all her five daughters in one week, unto the King, through the gate of death, had brought them to Him every morning of their short lives in another way. She has left on record the prayer she used, "Prepare these Thy children for what Thou art preparing for them." Such a short, pregnant formula, one we might well use even on our busiest days.

I am sure every parent feels that the heart of her child may be irrevocably turned against or towards God by the ideas imbibed in play and schoolroom. We realise the necessity of grave and careful thought, and definite resolve, as to what teaching the girl shall receive on this momentous subject, of being brought "unto the King." We shall not delegate to others the task which carries "joy and gladness" with it, yet "the times and seasons" each mother must seize for herself. The moments are few and far between in which mother and child will definitely realise that they stand on holy ground. Those are precious, just on account of their rarity. But the few deeply felt, softly spoken words on such occasions are a very real coming into the presence of the King. Afterwards there will

be a thousand showing forths of the King's care, His love, His tenderness, but they will not be spoken of. "The practice of the presence of God" will have been set, and the idea have become part of the child's life.

We may also bring the King's daughters to Him through every manifestation of life round us. Teach them to find

"Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,  
And good in everything."

This should be our programme in moral and intellectual culture.

"New thoughts of God,  
New hopes of heaven"

should be woven into the blessings of each day. The flowers come, because our Father has taken care of them through the long winter. This has been a happy day, because our Father has made it so.

The thunder is God's voice speaking to us; the lightning his artillery. "Just as the old Cavaliers brought up their sons and daughters in passionate loyalty and reverence for their not too worthy princes, so by having our hearts full of loyalty to the great King we shall influence our families. Let our daughters see what a grand thing it is to come to "the chief amongst ten thousand" by the style of our clothes, the ring of our voices, the carriage of our heads, by our talking, by our acts.

And if our little ones ask us, "How are we to know we have come to the King, mother?" make answer: "When my girls are gentle and sweet and happy, we know they are in the outer court of the palace, for,

"When you come, He makes your face so fair,

Your friends are glad, and say, 'The King is there.'"

But there is another and deeper, and fuller, and sadder way (for us) of bringing our little girls unto the King's palace. It is an arrow, though sharpened by love, that the post gives us as a token. Open in the hands, sometimes, comes the letter saying that our sweet precious nurslings are to prepare for a change of life, for the King is not willing that they should be so far from Him any longer. And oh! before the "great cloud" becomes an "exceeding glory" we have to still the trembling lips and nerve the shaking hands. We know—

"Snowy brows, no care shall shade them,  
Bright eyes, tears shall never dim,  
Rosy lips, no time shall fade them,  
Jesus calls them unto Him."

But we cannot help grieving—

"All adown the mighty ages,  
All adown the solemn time,  
They have taken up their homeward  
March to that serenest clime.  
Where the watching, waiting angels,  
Lead them from the shadow dim,  
To the brightness of His presence,  
Who hath called them unto Him."

"There is always something pathetic about a soul that stands upon the borderland of a great, new country beyond. There is always something that strikes a tender key about a life that has lately been, or is soon to be, merged into the fuller life of immortality." So writes one who has stood there with the little ones. I think the sentence explains our attitude towards the King's daughters. They have so lately come—fresh, sweet, and beautiful—from the Father's hand. We do not know how close they may be standing to the

many mansions, or how soon they may be called over the border line. Time has not yet obliterated marks of their nationality. Innocence, trust, and simplicity are still fully developed in the little ones who have come from a far country, and have not yet learned the shibboleth of earth. "The silver bells of youth," are not yet jangled out of time. Blue eyes are still blue with the glory of the heavens they lately passed through.

I think only a mother can really realise the awe with which we mothers approach, and touch, those who have come from and are going to the King.

"I appeal to all who bear babes—in the hour,

When the veil of the body we feel  
Pent round us—while torments reveal  
The motherhood's advent in power."

Are we doing all we can to prepare our daughters for the destiny in store for them? Bunyan has placed his Land of Beulah at the end of pilgrimage. Rather, I think, it should be put in that part of life when the children are children still. For here alone are the pilgrims' chambers perfumed with camphire and spikenard, saffron, calamus and cinnamon. With all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices. Here we anoint their bodies for that passage over the river which may be so near. For though—

"No rush of the mournful waters

Breaks on the ear,  
To tell us, when Life is strongest,  
That Death draws near."

Yet from statistics we know that nearly half of the world's population go back to the King in childhood. Only a little while may be ours to work the clothing of the King's daughter with wrought gold and fine needlework. Only a little while to act the part of Hegai, and see that all things necessary for their purification are theirs (Esther ii. 8). Only a little while to strike their lives in the key which is set to the songs of immortality.

I wonder if we think enough about this? The white bodies of the King's daughters must, we say, be kept pure and clean and wholesome. Oil of myrrh and sweet odours we metaphorically pour over them. We clothe them in fine linen, tucked and embroidered and frilled and stitched. We feed them on the finest of wheat flour and best of fruits. We make the pillars of the house they live in of the silver of love, paving it with gold and covering it with purple. We tend them carefully in sickness and health, in poverty and wealth. Do we equally, carefully, and systematically make this life only a part of that other life they may any day be called to begin? Not patching this old cloth on to a new garment. Not making it an exchange of old lamps for new ones. But weaving the fabric all of one piece. Letting the same threads twine and intertwine until there shall be nothing to change if the Master's voice came to-day: "Bring her to Me."

We so carefully bring our maidens for the lifework we think they have before them. The embryo schoolmarm takes a degree after years of study. The musician spends hours at the piano. The artist learns anatomy and colour and form. So, just as diligently our little girls should be trained for eternity. Other careers may be before them. Eternity must be before them.

"The beautiful gate" led from the court of the women into the Holy Place. It was made of strong brass, but overlaid with pure gold. It was carved with almond knobs and grape

vines. It was leaved with lilywork. Over-shadowing it were the everlasting azure wings, and none were afraid as they entered "the upper court" through its lovely portal. So we need to take away all horror at the thought of Death from our young people. It can never be "premature" then. "There is a time given to finish the work, and when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, nor one touch more given to the edifice in any of its parts." How eager and anxious we should be, in consequence, to work whilst it is to-day, and in polishing the jewels which are to shine in the walls of the golden city.

"God will take His children to Himself at their full growth." He knows when that is—we do not. We only feel that the fairest, the tenderest, the loveliest of our flock are taken. So it must be—always. The glow from over the river is in their eyes. They are nearing home.

In that solemn hour—when with the King's daughters we stand on the borders of the Kingdom, waiting for the last message from the King, we shall not think of the cleverness, or talents, or beauty of the one going from us. We shall only remember with joy that they are ready. "Death must be good to those that do good—because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth." Lord, we can trust Thee for our Holy Dead.

"With joy and gladness shall they be brought and shall enter into the King's Palace." It is not so here. Jesus Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus. They leave such a blank in the home, those King's daughters early called to Him. Such empty arms, such an aching heart. Our children have walked out into the great mystery. Fearless because they trusted in Him who was their guide even through death. We are left to face bereavement and sorrow. We can

only face it by entering into the fact that the King's daughters are with the King in the Palace of the King. They are gone a step further on the same road they have walked here; they are on one side of the door, we on the other. Jesus, who first set this little child in our midst, now calls her to go a step further to Him. Abiding places are prepared in the many mansions of the King's Palace.

Shall not you and I try to take up the closing verse of the psalm—

"Therefore shall the people give thanks unto Thee, world without end."

The King has loved our Esther, the little girl reared and cultured and cared by us for Him—above all the women—she has obtained grace and favour in His sight more than all the virgins. So that He has set the Royal crown upon her head and given her a long life—even for ever and ever.

## WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO EAT IT.

### HERBACEOUS MEATS AND FRUIT DIETS.

"O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!  
"Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat."  
Sydney Smith.

It is not often in our own immediate times that we find so eminent a person as the Pope of Rome taking the somewhat humble subject of food and diet into serious consideration; his poem, lately published, "In Praise of Frugality," presents to us so fine a picture of true epicureanism and catholic taste, that I crave permission to quote some of its lines here.

"What Diet lends the strength to Life,  
and frees

The flower of health from each malign  
disease?

The good Ocellus, pupil from of old  
And follower of Hippocrates, has told,  
Rating base glutinous with anxious air,  
He thus laid down the law of Frugal  
Fare:—

Neatness comes first. Be thy spare table  
bright

With shining dishes and with napkins  
white,

Be thy Chianti unadulterate,  
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit's  
weight.

Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine  
Be sure that you put water to your wine.  
Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-  
made bread,

Thy meats be delicate, and dairy-fed;  
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food; nor  
tease

Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.  
Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly  
raw,

Or deftly poached, or simply served *au  
plat*,

'There's wit in poaching eggs,' the proverb  
says,

And you may do them in a hundred ways.

Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that  
feeds

The infant, and may serve the senior's  
needs,

Next on the board be Heaven's gift—  
honey—placed

And, sparing, of Hyblean nectar taste;  
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—  
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—

And chosen fruits—whate'er the times  
afford;

Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.  
Last comes the beverage of the Orient  
shore,

Mocca, far-off, the fragrant berries bore.  
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,  
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip."

It is to Mr. Andrew Lang that we owe the translation of the Latin words.

A meal so rare as this puts our tables to shame, but, if we cannot follow this regimen literally, we can bear in mind that "even in suburban gardens salads grow;" we can have "pure home-made bread," "tender" meats, and the bowl of "foaming milk." Above all, we can bear in mind that "neatness comes first," and look to it that our table is faultlessly set, shining, sparkling, and cheering. Rare fruits and wines may be beyond our power or desire; fragrant coffee is accessible to all.

The more substantial articles of a herbaceous dietary we considered in our last study of vegetables, but as the term herbaceous includes also the foliaceous parts, shoots, stems, etc., of plants, we take these separately. On account of their succulent nature they yield but a small proportion of nutritive matter, but they are exceedingly valuable on account of their antiscorbutic properties, for their salts, and for the sake of the variety they give to our bills of fare.

Gardeners are continually adding to our list of edible plants by various methods of cultivation; things that in a wild and uncultivated state would have been coarse and unpalatable are rendered, by rapid growth and partial exclusion from light, delicate, fine-flavoured, and digestible.

One of the most patent instances of what cultivation can effect is illustrated by contrasting the blanched and succulent *dandelion* that is grown for salad, and the rank, dark-green leaves and bitter root of the *dandelion* of the hedgerow.

To the large and constant sale of *watercress* and small cress with mustard, Londoners owe much of their comparatively good health.

*Celery* is yet another instance of a like kind. The common or wild celery is a native of Britain, and in its original form it grows in marshy places and by the side of ditches. In this form it has a coarse, rank, bitter taste, and rather objectionable smell. The know-

ledge of how to cultivate for table use came to us from India about a hundred and seventy years ago. By excluding the light, allowing only the leaves to remain above ground, the stalks grow white, become mild and sweet in flavour, and tender enough for eating in their raw state.

Under the name of *laver* we have various kinds of seaweed which are all good for food, indeed so good (according to Dr. Letheby) are they, that he urges the advisability of extending the use of a so valuable and abundant stock of food. As they contain about sixty per cent. of starchy matter and sugar they are amongst the most nutritious of vegetable substances. By the peasants of the coasts of Ireland and Scotland they are much used, as after soaking them in cold water for several hours, they are stewed in milk until tender, or they are pickled. The Chinese eat them freely and make a pleasant jelly from them.

Of *Lettuce* and *endive* and *cress*—commonly called "small salad"—we have a goodly variety; in this class we should keep in mind what the French call *coquille*, and which we know as "corn salad." As this last is very hardy it stands out all winter, and in very early spring, before lettuce of any kind is available, it is at its best for table use. Lettuces are chiefly valuable for their cooling properties; they are excellent for the skin, easy of digestion, and have a slightly soporific effect on the system generally.

After a meat course, or anything that is rich and highly seasoned, a salad comes most acceptably to the palate, and not only acceptably but necessary from a hygienic point of view. With eggs again, as eggs in a minor degree have much the same constituents as meat, salad is the most appropriate accompaniment we can have.

It is a mistake to let the dressing of a salad overpower the flavour of the herb or extinguish its character. The celebrated recipe of Sydney Smith, from which we quote in our headline, is altogether too elaborate for all but the *gourmet*. The simple mixture of oil and vinegar, pepper, mustard and salt, with or without the hard-boiled yolk of egg, is quite sufficient for every-day needs. It would be well if *salads* replaced pickles on the working man's table much oftener than they do. The preparing and dressing of a salad is not beyond the skill and the capabilities of the most illiterate housewife, but, alas! the trouble that must be taken is a great deterrent.

Besides herbaceous plants we have certain fruity products which are consumed as vegetables and ordinarily rank as such, viz., the tomato, cucumber, vegetable marrow, pumpkin, aubergine (or egg-apple) and the squash or melon-pumpkin.

All are of a fleshy nature, capable of being eaten in a raw state, but better for digestion if cooked.

The actual nutritive value of all of these is very low—they cannot be said to form food; but their value in other ways is great; they are cooling, laxative, and contain mild medicinal properties.

*Fruit* as an article of diet has a most favourable effect on the system, but if we took it alone as a staple food the direct contrary would be the result. "Its proportion of nitrogenous matter is too low, and its proportion of water too high, to allow it to possess much nutritive value;" (Dr. Pavy) "it is chiefly of service . . . for the carbo-hydrates, vegetable acids, and salts it contains . . . Of a highly succulent nature, and containing free acids and principles prone to undergo change, it is apt, when ingested out of proportion to other food, to act as a disturbing element, and excite derangement of the alimentary canal."

Fruit is of particular value as a set-off to dried or salted foods, to bread, and to meat. Where a vegetarian, for instance, may make a perfect meal from seeds, as pulse, beans, etc., with the addition of bread, fruit, and milk, having thus all the constituents required for repair and rebuilding, the non-vegetarian will fall short if to meat and bread he add neither succulent greens nor fresh fruit.

The practice of eating a little bread with fruit—cooked or uncooked—is a good one.

The *apple* heads the list of fruits in order of popularity, and even we might say in order of good, for its virtues are many and its uses innumerable. The smallest apples grow in Siberia (Siberian crabs), and America has by processes of cultivation contrived to produce the largest and finest, though not the best-flavoured, apples ever seen. The British Islands take the palm when flavour is in question; it is well that fruit-growing is at last becoming a better-known industry amongst us, as, owing to the peculiarity of our much-abused climate, we may take the first rank wherever we choose.

As fruit ripens the starch it contains undergoes transformation into sugar, and the insoluble pectose into pectin, gum, and gelatinous substance. The agreeable taste of ripe fruit owes its existence in part to the due relation of acid, sugar, gum, pectin, etc., and the amount of water it contains. Over-ripe fruit loses its flavour because, on account of oxidation, the sugar and acid both become destroyed, and consequently deterioration has begun.

The sour taste of certain fruits, like the gooseberry and currant, is caused by the amount of free acid they contain being greater in proportion than the residue of gum and pectin is capable of disguising. Cultivation increases the proportion of sugar, as we notice when we compare the cultivated with the wild strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, etc.

*Oranges*, with lemons, citrons, limes, shaddock, pomegranates, and quinces, all of the *pomaceous* tribe, have strongly similar features and properties. Of them all the two first-named are the most useful, as they are also the best known. The orange is with us now all the year round, more or less, as when the consignments fail us from one source—when Lisbon is orangeless, Seville all consumed, and Malta cleared—Jaffa and far China take up the tale, thus perpetuating the supply that pours into English ports. The rind of an orange is slightly tonic; it contains a quantity of volatile oil, and is largely used, apart from the juice, as a flavouring agent.

The true *Seville orange*, of which there is but a limited importation, is obtainable only for a certain period in the early part of the year. It is immediately replaced by the *bitter orange*—*par complaisance* Seville also—and few people know the difference, one being almost as good as the other for preserving purposes.

*Lemons* and *limes* are strongly anti-scorbutic; hence in all affections of the blood, the skin, etc., and for gout, they are invaluable.

*Shaddocks* are more common in America than with us. They are a refreshing fruit, and make an excellent preserve.

The rind of the *pomegranate* is strongly astringent, and is sometimes used in medicine on this account. The pulp is refreshing and mildly astringent.

The many varieties of *plums*, *cherries*, with peaches, nectarines, apricots, olives, and dates, all called *drupaceous*, present a quite different kind of fruit to the foregoing. They all have a hard stone or kernel, surrounded with a fleshy substance, more or less acid. In either the unripe or over-ripe stage all these fruits are unwholesome, and because of their excess of acid they should only be eaten in moderation even at the most perfect stage.

Large quantities of plums are imported from abroad in a dried state, and known as *prunes*. These, when well-cooked, are more digestible and more nutritive than any kind of fresh plum.

In plums pectous substances preponderate over all other substances except water. The amount of sugar varies according to the kind of plum, some kinds possessing so little as to make them absolutely uneatable whilst raw.

*Cherries*, like plums, should be eaten in moderation. *Kirchwasser* and *Maraschino*. Two highly esteemed liqueurs, are both prepared from cherries. Cherries contain a greater proportion of sugar and water, and a less amount of pectous substances than do plums.

*Peaches*, on the other hand, are remarkable for the small amount of sugar they contain; but as the amount of free acid is also small, and that of the pectous and albuminous substances is large, the fruit becomes one of our most valuable, refreshing, and luscious articles of diet.

*Dates*, both fresh and dried, count as a staple food with the Arabs. Cakes of dates, pounded and beaten together, form the "bread of the desert." The fleshy part of this fruit contains fifty-eight per cent. of sugar, with a large amount of gum, pectin, etc. The tree bears its fruit in clusters, which weigh heavily—from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

*Olives* are chiefly valuable for the oil that is obtained from them; they contain this in a large quantity. When ripe the fruit is black, but in its green state it is imported into France and England for table use, either as an appetiser or as a dessert, preserved in a solution of salt. Spanish olives are larger, richer, and oilier than those grown either in Italy or the South of France.

To the *baccate* tribe belong most of the fruits of the berry kind which have stones or pips, like the grape, gooseberry, and currant. The pulp of the grape possesses wholesome, refrigerant, and nutritious properties, and besides its uses as a fresh fruit it is dried and imported under the form of raisins and currants, the dried currant being the fruit of a vine which grows in the Ionian Islands. The process of drying both grapes and currants by the sun and air causes them to lose their acid properties, and leaves the sugar more abundant; consequently they are less refreshing than the fresh fruit, but more nutritious. If eaten too freely they are apt to set up derangement of the digestive organs.

Cultivation has made our *gooseberry* the fruit that it is now. Originally it was a wild, prickly shrub, common enough in Asia. It is

a most wholesome and useful fruit. Both *currants* and *gooseberries* have similar dietetic properties, and both are natives of Asia and North America. Cultivation has produced the white currant from the red, and in Russia a yellow currant has been produced from the black variety.

Cranberries, bilberries, barberries, and elderberries are all hedgerow fruits, more or less common and indigenous to our islands and to America. They are all far too acid to be eaten in their natural state, but when cooked they are both useful and delicious.

The cultivation of the strawberry, raspberry and (more recently) of the blackberry is a testimonial to what skill may effect. The common wild strawberry of the field and thicket would hardly dare to proclaim itself as the parent stock of a British Queen, yet, if we go back to find origins, it certainly is so.

The *strawberry* contains a large percentage of sugar, and, in proportion to other fruits, a large percentage of albuminous substances; but, as usual, we have over eighty per cent. of water here as well.

The *mulberry* has almost gone out of cultivation as a fruit; it used to be highly esteemed for dessert, and was both wholesome and refrigerant, while a very agreeable wine was made from it.

*Figs* are allied to dates with regard to the nourishment that they contain; either in a ripe state or dried and pressed they are nutritious enough to form an important part of the food of the inhabitants of warm countries. The figs grown in England are inferior in flavour to those grown in sunny climates; the best of all are known as Smyrna figs. A very large proportion of sugar is found in figs, especially when they are dried and compressed.

We have still another group of fruits which may be called the *gourd* tribe: these are the melon, pineapple, plantain or banana, guava, and the mango; also the bread-fruit, common to the Polynesian Islands, almost unknown in our own.

Melons and pineapples are most familiar and popular with us, although bananas—the smaller plantain—run the two first-named very close. The pineapple is one of the very finest and most luscious fruits that we possess. Plantains and bananas, when dried, furnish a fine meal that is much used for infants and delicate persons: it is said to be easy of digestion. It consists principally of starch, but, having a certain percentage of nitrogenous matter, it is more valuable than other purely starch foods, like arrowroot, etc.

The mango, a fruit we rarely see, is highly prized in parts of India, Ceylon, and Jamaica. It is large, luscious, and refrigerant.

The bread-fruit holds the same position in its native clime that corn holds in our own.

The fruit of the carob tree—almost the only tree that grows in Malta—is commonly called *St. John's bread*, as it is supposed to have formed the chief food of St. John the Baptist. In times of scarcity it has served as a most useful article of diet.

Hence we see that in certain climates a reliance placed upon fruit as a staple article of diet is not only practicable but also is almost necessary. The question of its being so suitable in our own climate and to our more complex needs is quite another matter, although there are many people who try to prove that a fruit diet is the only perfect one.

Here again, however, as we look upon the abundance and variety that is ours to avail ourselves of, we may say we have them "richly to enjoy," and be glad and grateful that it is so; using as many as it is possible for us to do, using them wisely and temperately, and so add another pleasure to living.

L. H. YATES.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

X. Y. Z.—So long as the remarks are not addressed to you, and only to the children, we do not see that you have any business to interfere. You will find throughout your life that it is well to be deaf at times, both for outward peace and our own quietness of spirit. You must follow the way of peace at all times in such things, and avoid judging anyone harshly.

EBRU must inquire at a library, or of a bookseller. If these titles be articles in magazines she must give the name of the magazine; if books, the name of the publishers.

GIP.—The cat wants to be well brushed and kept clean; the skin, especially on the back, requires attention, if they be much in the house, with a garden.

X. Y. Z.—If the old painting were worth £500, say a hundred years ago, it would gain in value, provided that it retained its good condition. In the fashion of the time, when offered for sale, would affect the question of value, and the country where it was exhibited. There are continual changes in the run made on certain old masters, and the season when put up for sale. Sometimes the competition is large, and at other times, as when "London is out of town," there is scarcely any at the great picture-sale repositories.

J. S. BOLGER.—In reply to your letter, we promise you a series of articles on the subject of "Marks on Porcelain" in our next volume; for it would be impossible to give you the information you require, on a subject of such proportions, in our correspondence columns.

A. B.—To clean white straw hats, you must make a warm lather of soap, and with this wash the hat thoroughly inside and out, using a soft brush. Thorough taking out all grease and dirt effectually, you must be gentle with the straw or you will break it. When clean, rinse off the soap with cold water, and then bleach and restore the colour. To effect this, take from a quarter to half an ounce of oxalic acid powder—depending on the number of hats you have to whiten—and put into a large clean pan, and pour sufficient boiling water over the acid so as to cover the hat completely. Then immerse it and hold it down with a stick for five minutes, when you should take it out and dry it in the sunshine, or before a fire. Next prepare some parchment size or white glue, melting either in a hot-water bath, and brush it with a broad flat paint brush over the inside of the hat to stiffen the straw. Remember that oxalic acid is poison, so do not leave it about.

MARY MACLAGAN.—Brabazon Home for Ladies is at 8 and 9, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road. Write for information to the matron or secretary.

ELIZA.—Clans exist in the Highlands only, not in the Lowlands.

THE JOLLY TAR.—1. When a bee uses its sting it generally leaves it in the wound, and the loss is said to kill it; at least this is the popular belief.—2. Kissing under the mistletoe has its origin in ancient mythology. Balder "the beautiful," and the Apollo of Scandinavian fable, was killed by a shot from an arrow of mistletoe, given to a blind man by the god of mischief. He was restored to life, and the arrow was confided to the care of Friga, that it might never be an instrument of harm until it touched the earth—the dominion of the mischief-maker (Lod). So the mistletoe is hung up out of harm's way, and the kiss of peace is given beneath it, where it is no longer a means of evil.

VIO.—You should be more careful how you speak of the acts of your Creator. It is profane and even blasphemous to say "When God made man He did it so badly that he fell." You seem to forget that He did not make him an automaton—without reasoning powers, without free will, without the promise of "very ready help" in every time of temptation. But you quite forget your position. You dare to be your Maker's judge; and though a finite creature, you fancy you can understand the infinite! But you cannot. There are wheels within wheels, as it were, in the dealings of the Almighty; and there is a needs-be for all His ways in reference to His creatures. You may safely leave all in His hands, and beseech Him to create a new heart in you and to lead you into the way of holiness, of faith, and of peace.—2. Your handwriting is cramped. You should write copies daily, and hold your pen higher up on the handle.

DAME DURDEN.—You will find numerous replies to your question by consulting our Indexes. Press the flowers between sheets of clean blotting paper and change them when damp.

DARK CLOUDS.—We feel an interest in all you have confided to us, and thank you sincerely for so gracious an acknowledgment of obligation to us. The bridegroom gives the bouquets to the bride and the bridesmaids. We hope all will be overruled for your ultimate happiness.

LUSTRE PAINTING.—An article appeared in the "G. O. P." on this subject in 1880.

A PANSY BLOSSOM.—As we have already given an article on the subject of furnishing a girl's room, to which you refer (and have the volume), we have no intention of publishing another at present. We are glad you appreciate our paper.

A. A. A.—It is not the custom for the bride's family to provide household necessaries such as linen, furniture, etc. A man should not ask a girl to leave her own home until able to provide one as well appointed, or with a sufficiency, in exchange. Of course there is no limit, nor hard-and-fast rule, as to what her parents may be pleased to give her. But the rule is that a man should provide a suitable home for the woman he asks to marry him.

Y. Z.—1. "Foreign bonds" are foreign securities yielding interest to those who have invested money in them.—2. We never heard that any injury to the eyes would result from wearing steel hair-curlers.

E. CLAYTON.—We answered you before. There is a hospital for epileptic persons in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., near St. John's Wood Road Station, where patients are received on payment according to means, and in some cases free. Otherwise the ordinary charge would be (for a bed in a ward, one at night, two or three beds) 21s. weekly. Apply to Mr. H. Howgrave Graham, the secretary. It is difficult to give any satisfactory answer when totally uninformed respecting the age, condition in life, and pecuniary circumstances of the invalid requiring a home, or hospital.

INSATIABLE.—Consumption is a disease which exists almost in every country, and the death-rate from it is said to be as high in Italy as in this country. But we imagine that this rate may be greatly augmented by that of persons seeking a cure in the more genial climate of the former country, least taking the disease with them. Avoid Florence. Pisa will probably suit well, the air is so balmy and climate equable. Take an apartment on an upper floor, and always return home from a walk a full hour before sunset, and never go out for as long a time afterwards, for the great heat of the day draws up the moisture, and low fever is too often the result of the miasma. If wintering at any time in Italy, the 1st of May is the latest date for seeking a cool summer locality. The baths of Lucca might suit an invalid wintering at Pisa; or, perhaps, Capri, one at Naples, or some decidedly less objectionable—to the point of dangerous—after April for any northerner. Once attacked by Roman fever and you remain a victim to its tenacious hold of your system for life.

ANNE'S MATH.—Have you no mother that you apply to—a stranger in a matter which she should decide? You have no right to engage yourself to any boy or man without her permission. To marry a lad seven years younger than yourself would be silly in the extreme, and discredit to yourself. No young man knows his own mind till at least five-and-twenty. And if he does, he will probably change it and deplore his rashness, when he has seen a little more of the world and had some experience of life.

JOEY.—You should not take him out in the east wind, and you had better consult a veterinary surgeon about him. Let him have a little cloth jacket.

D. L.—The University of Aberdeen was founded in 1495, by Bishop Elphinstone, as a *Studium Generale*, in which he constituted a college, known as King's College, in 1505. This university admits women to degrees in divinity, arts, science, law and medicine; as well as certificates of proficiency in the local exams, which it has instituted throughout the northern counties of Scotland. For any further particulars you must make direct application.

MISNIE.—We are not acquainted with a Home of Rest at the place you name. You might write to the rector, sending an addressed and stamped envelope, and ask him kindly to excuse the liberty you venture to take in inquiring for such a place in his parish.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—However clever you may be as a nurse, your God-given duty, as an only child, is to devote yourself to your parents, not to strangers. Do not stray out of the path set before you. Any extra time that can be spared from home might still be bestowed on the sick. The sort of book you require is one called *Sick Nursing at Home*. It is a small manual published by Gill, 70, Strand, W.C. (at the *Bazaar* office).

EVELYN can find her most reliable answer in the New Testament. "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," see 2 Cor. vi. 14. Englishmen do not wear wedding rings. The bride gives none at the marriage ceremony, as such a presentation forms no part of the service. We think that foreigners wear them on the same hand as the bride.

LOVER OF STAMPS.—You would have to send your full address before we could help you in the matter of an exchange of stamps.

EAGLE.—A book on leather work is published by Messrs. Barnard & Son, Edgware Rd., and they also supply the materials for it.

CAMERATION, JAPONICA, ROSE AND OTHERS.—We have several times answered this question. Flowers must be pressed in botanical paper, or if not, in ordinary blotting paper. The secret of preserving their colour seems to lie in careful pressing, and in much changing of the paper in which they are placed, so as to dry them expeditiously.

M. P.—Stains made by milk, either plain or sugary, such as blanchage, are difficult to take out. We have succeeded best with pure cold water, for silk is a very trying material, especially if light-coloured, and delicate in hue. Lay the stained spot on a damp towel and use a tiny sponge, not too much wetted; pressing it on the stain gently. Boiling water would answer, but the coloured silk would not stand it. If any grease-stain remain, you can then take that out with a little benzine. Unfortunately, most stains are complex, and composed of two or more ingredients.

TWINS.—1. We have been told that pigs make the best return for the amount spent on them. Much waste in the matter of food is saved, and everything turned to good account. But we do not consider them "to take up"—if you have "bad ears for music" spare your friends the infliction of playing any description of instrument, and above all, stringed or wind ones, as you would have to make the notes which are made for you in a piano.

A GREAT LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—Make a mixture of the cold cream, iris powder, and the heather honey, and apply to the inside of the gloves. Heather honey is the honey gathered from the places where the heather grows, and is considered to be the best flavoured of all honey. The iris powder is probably added to this recipe to thicken the other ingredients, so as to make a paste which would not melt with the heat of the hands, and, of course, for its fragrance also.

CHRISTABEL.—How happy you are to live amid such beautiful scenery! We are much afraid that the binding of your Bible is hopelessly damaged; but you might try to revive and clean the leather with a very little glycerine, or perhaps still better, a very little oil rubbed in gently with your hand. This will sometimes restore and clean dirty leather, but must be done carefully and gently.

M. E. D.—All articles are better polished than varnished. Full details of polishing are given in Sporn's *Workshop Recipes*. The work is by no means difficult, but needs great patience and perseverance.

E. E.—We never heard of the perquisites of a dressmaker, and think the term is only applied to cooks, etc. Why should a dressmaker have perquisites? Would it not lead to some dishonesty?

IRISH GIRL.—We were pleased to hear that you gave us so much satisfaction, and also that our paper is to great a favourite. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

A SUSSEX ROSE.—A minor must obtain the permission of parents or guardians to marry. His signature or hers is of no legal value. He cannot witness a will nor any legal document. Besides, a girl who was so silly as to marry so young a lad—even with the consent of the parents—would run a grave risk of ruining both his happiness and her own; for the choice made at so inexperienced an age, and with such unmaturing tastes, would be very different from that of a few years of ripened judgment and experience of life. Fancy how you would feel when in a few years he discovered his mistake.

PHYLLIS ought to be very thankful that her lover changed his mind before the attachment went further, and now she had better forget all about both him and it, and turn her attention to some more worthy subject. Seventeen is very much too young to be talking about lovers and matrimony, and we should advise you to try to improve your education by reading and study, with plenty of outdoor exercise and cheerful society.

PERPLEXED ONE.—The materials for the Japanese cabinet, the bamboo and Japanese paper—may be obtained at Liberty's, in Regent Street, W.

SNOWDROP.—We should say that your father's opinion should be your guide on this subject until you be of an age to judge for yourself.

M. S.—"Miss Smith accepts with pleasure Mrs. Browne's kind invitation for Monday next, the 18th January." We do not understand your second query; perhaps the husband of Mrs. Browne is absent or dead, and she has run her pen through the name for that reason.

DUTY.—We can only advise you to cultivate that perfect love which "casteth out fear." If your engagement be intended to continue you must do this, or be constantly in torment. Give your betrothed husband your absolute love and trust, and cast out doubt and suspicions.

A WINTER BIRD.—The 7th of February, 1876, fell on a Monday; and the 18th July, 1875, on a Sunday.