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A PORTRAIT FROM ABROAD.

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## LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

## CHAPTER III.

**I**T is not too much to say that Charlie Cameron returned to Fellfoot that day a changed man. When he realised that Laurella had really left him, he rose and stumbled in a dazed sort of way from the house. Almost unconsciously his feet carried him along the familiar path up to the moors; gaining the outskirts of which he threw himself, face downwards among the heather, stunned for the moment by the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Then a storm of anger swept over him, anger against fate, against himself and against Laurella; but this in turn gave way to a better and more manly spirit. He remembered that trembling touch of her fingers on his head. "God bless the innocent darling," he said. "Who am I, to blame her for refusing to link her fate to that of a degraded fellow like me." But a ray of hope crept back into his heart in spite of his self-abasement. That Laurella loved him deeply he did not doubt; he knew that in giving him up for conscience' sake she had done violence to her own heart. "But I will win her yet," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "God helping me, she shall see that I have yet the grace to pull myself up, and make myself worthy to share her pure life—as worthy as a man can be."

Full of this new resolution he strode homewards, straight into the presence of Sir Cosmo, for he knew there could be no trustworthy commencement of the new course he had marked out for himself until he had proved his repentance by a voluntary confession of his fall and its consequences to his father.

He was prepared for a stormy scene, but not for the anguish of shame and anger which overcame the stout old soldier when he realised that his son—his Charlie—of whom he had

been so proud, had indeed fallen so low as to be "thrown over by a girl because he was a drunkard."

In the first violence of his passion Sir Cosmo spoke words to his son which we will not repeat here, and finally ordered him from his presence.

The young man bowed to the storm; the ordeal of his father's just anger was part of his punishment, and as such he accepted it. Gradually, however, the love of a lifetime prevailed over the anger; the old man's heart softened towards his only son, and began to make excuses for him. "At any rate I must not drive the boy into further evil courses by over severity," he said to himself.

He still bore himself gloomily, and went about with bent head, as though ashamed to look any one in the face, but one morning, unexpectedly meeting Charlie in the garden he held out his hand to him. "We must let bygones be bygones, Charlie," he said mournfully. "If you meant what you said when you spoke of your intention to mend your ways and start afresh, you will find me ready and willing to help you."

After one long and painful interview with General Lonsdale, at the end of which she extracted from him a promise to bury in oblivion, or at least in silence, the brief episode of her engagement and its rupture, Laurella took up her home-life again. The spring of happy gaiety and enjoyment was broken indeed, but her cheerful sweetness and devotion to her father was as unflinching as her graceful fulfilment of social and domestic duties; whilst many a squalid home in the vicinity had abundant cause to bless the sweet face and helpful hand of Miss Lonsdale during the hard winter that followed.

Charlie Cameron's name was never spoken between the father and daughter, and if the old General and Sir Cosmo came across each other in clubland, an embarrassed nod was all the greeting that took place between them, but during the ensuing spring and summer Charlie's name began to appear in the papers, he was speaking at provincial meetings, and what he said attracted notice. Then he stood for a by-election, and came in as the Conserva-

tive member for his own county; and when the autumn came round again, the young M.P. was spoken of as having joined the temperance movement, and presently as a zealous worker with, and upholder of the noble band of men and women who carried their crusade against the drink fiend into every stronghold of the enemy in Christendom.

The General would glance over his newspaper at his daughter's fair face after having nodded approval over some paragraph or article in which Charlie and his doings were lauded. "The child has been growing brighter and more like her old self of late," he mused. "I shouldn't wonder if that young fellow comes forward again—if he should—," and at this point of his cogitations the old man would wag his head knowingly and smile to himself. It was on a bright May morning, in the central room of the Royal Academy that Laurella Lonsdale and Charlie Cameron came face to face again. She was with her father, and Sir Cosmo leant on his son's arm; the two parties would have bowed and passed on, but Laurella herself stepped forward with outstretched hand. "Mr. Cameron—Charlie—will you not speak to an old friend?" she said smilingly, while the colour deepened in her cheeks. Then the four shook hands, and the light of hope sprung into Charlie's eyes as he touched once more the hand which was still the dearest and most coveted thing in the world to him.

"Am I forgiven at last, Laurel?" whispered Charlie.

The old loving smile answered him as Laurella raised her eyes shyly to his, and when the two presently rejoined the General and Sir Cosmo, their blissful faces told their story for them.

"Humph," muttered the former to his old friend as they approached, "so that's it, is it? well, he may have her now—he has fairly won her."

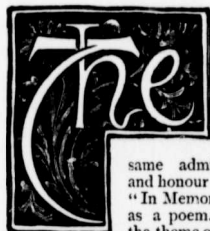
"God bless her," said Sir Cosmo in a low tone of emotion, raising his hat as he spoke. "God bless her, she sived my boy, General, by her steadfast stand for right, and made him what he is now—a son to be proud of, sir."

"God bless them both!" responded the General. [THE END.]

## NOTES ON TWO CHORAL WORKS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

## I.—GERMAN REQUIEM.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."



German Requiem by the great composer, Johannes Brahms, who died recently, is worthy as a musical composition of the

same admiring recognition and honour which Tennyson's "In Memoriam" commands as a poem. In both works the theme of Death is treated with devout discernment of thought, and reverential daring of imagination prompted by a profoundly-felt personal loss; and in both,

the poet and the musician in their contemplation of the subject "dream a dream of good." Both see beyond the mystery of the visible death and seek to unfold the mystery of the invisible life.

In the intricacy of its harmonies, in its variety of rhythms wrought out by the different parts at the same time, in the startling novelty of some of its intervals, in its frequent changes of key, and in its wide range of compass it presents difficulties of execution which are almost baffling. It is music much of which is of the character of some of Browning's poetry, difficult and obscure save to the patiently studious.

It is divided into seven sections, each being rendered chorally with baritone or soprano solo in sections 3, 5 and 6.

## Section 1.

After a weirdly soft solemn symphony, the opening words, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall have comfort," are sung in

melodious whisperings of soothing and solace, the gentle rise and fall in the tone indicating the struggle of emotions in the breast of the bereaved. Soon the subdued voices rise and swell from pleading tenderness to earnest assurance,

"They that sow in tears  
Shall reap in joy;"

and this contrast is illustrated with the most telling impressiveness in lights and shades on to the close of the section.

## Section 2.

The symphony here is a funeral march unique in its stately solemnity; and with it the voices soon blend, first in unison, with a soft utterance like a submissive recognition of the fact:

"Behold all flesh is as the grass,  
And all the godliness of man  
Is as the flower of grass;"

then in a pathetic piece of harmony the thought is expanded:

"For, lo, the grass with'reth,  
And the flower thereof decayeth."

The first passage, "Behold all flesh," etc., is repeated, being declaimed loudly the second time an octave higher than before, like a stern arresting announcement.

The exhortation to patience follows,

"Now therefore be patient  
Unto the coming of Christ;"

then the promise of Faith and Hope,

"See how the husbandman waiteth  
For the precious fruit of the earth,  
Till he receive the early and latter rain;  
So be ye patient."

The opening theme of this section is again given as before (all the musical masters are loth to leave their best bursts of inspiration), and then follows the great authoritative assurance,

"Albeit the Lord's word endureth,  
Endureth for evermore."

The chorus proceeds and finishes with a new musical treatment of the same idea of contrast as appears in Section 1,

"The redeemed of the Lord shall rejoice,  
Tears and sighing shall flee from them,  
Joy everlasting shall be upon their heads."

Here the exquisite crescendos and diminuendos and grand fortissimo outbursts describe to perfection the varying emotions; and in no part of the work is the composer's imaginative power more wondrously displayed.

Section 3.

A baritone voice at once sings the prayer,

"Lord make me to know,  
Know the measure of my days on earth."

\* \* \*

"Surely all my days here,  
Are as a hand-breadth to Thee,"

which is taken up by the chorus. Here again are expressive light and shade passages, as where the tones ring out high and loud on "my lifetime, Lord," and sink down to a reverent softness on the words "is nought to Thee." At one time there is an agony of awe-struck acknowledgment, at another the serenity of uncomplaining resignation in the treatment of the phrase,

"Make me to know  
That I must perish."

Then comes a transition from the idea of the vanity of man's best state to the answer to the query, "Lord, what do I wait for? My hope is in Thee," the section ending in a magnificent fugal passage with a grand bracing rush of harmonies on the words,

"But the righteous souls are in the hand of  
God,  
Nor pain nor grief shall nigh them come."

Section 4.

This is the most charmingly tuneful of the choruses. It is a smoothly flowing strain of melodious sweetness, a devoutly rapt tribute to the loveliness of the House of God. "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts," etc. Sung in a fine old cathedral, it is an

exquisite piece of tone painting set in a beautifully appropriate frame,

"Where through the long drawn aisle and  
fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of  
praise;"

the singers enjoying the benefit of both visible and near sources of inspiration in the arching ceiling, the long vista of the nave, the noble pillars, and the upturned earnest human faces of the great congregation suggestive of the living stones that are built up a spiritual house. "For the temple of God is within you, whose temple ye are."

Section 5.

Again we note a contrast in the words of the piece—

"Ye now are sorrowful,  
Howbeit ye shall again behold me,  
And your heart shall be joyful,  
Yea, I will comfort you,  
As one whom his own mother comforteth."

Here, I take it, the idea meant to be conveyed is that of the departed soul imparting comfort to those mourning his loss.

"Dare I say,  
No spirit ever brake the band  
That stays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?"

A soprano voice first alone, and then along with the chorus sings the phrase, "Ye are now sorrowful," &c., the music of which throbs with a keen and yearning sympathy. The strain is so high set as to severely tax the resources of even an exceptional voice; but the heart-melting significance of the solo soprano carolling high, clear and sweet—

"Your joy no man taketh from you,"  
and

"Ye shall again behold me,"

against the subdued tender reiterations by the chorus of—

"Yea, I will comfort you,  
As one whom his own mother comforteth,"

can only be realised and appreciated by hearing a satisfying rendering of it.

The music is of that soul-stirring character which gives rise to reflections rich in suggestion, but difficult of expression. Mr. J. A. Symonds' vivid lines from his fine sonnet "The Chorister," afford some description of the effect of the solo—

"But hark,  
One swift soprano soaring like a lark  
Startles the stillness; throbs that soul of  
fire,  
Beats around arch and aisle, floods echoing  
dark

With exquisite aspiration; higher, higher,  
Yeams in sharp anguish of untold desire."

Perhaps the pure spirit of the music finds the most perfect literary utterance in Tennyson's beautiful verses, part 94 of "In Memoriam":

"How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought  
would hold,  
An hour's communion with the dead.  
In vain shalt thou or any call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except like them thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all,

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest."

Section 6.

This section is remarkable for the composer's powerfully original treatment of the resurrection scene. The climax of the work is reached here, both in the difficulties of execution and the elaborate grandeur of the effects. Especially impressive is the transition from the sustained fortissimo on the word *Where?* ("O Death where is thy sting?") to the second great fugal passage—

"Worthy art Thou to be praised,  
Lord of honour and might,"

which reaches the highest heights of praise and adoration—

"For thy good pleasure,  
All things have their being,  
And were created  
Worthy art Thou, Lord," etc.

Section 7.

The tone of the last chorus is one of solemn rapture and reverent gratefulness.

"Blessed are the dead  
Which die in the Lord,"

Well may the mourning find the blessedness of comfort, seeing that the dead are blessed.

"They rest from their labours,  
And their works do follow them.

Blessed are the dead which die in the  
Lord,  
Blessed, Blessed."

The closing word and note and tone of the work are as the opening. "Blessed" is softly, tenderly, lingeringly breathed.

II.—A SONG OF DESTINY.

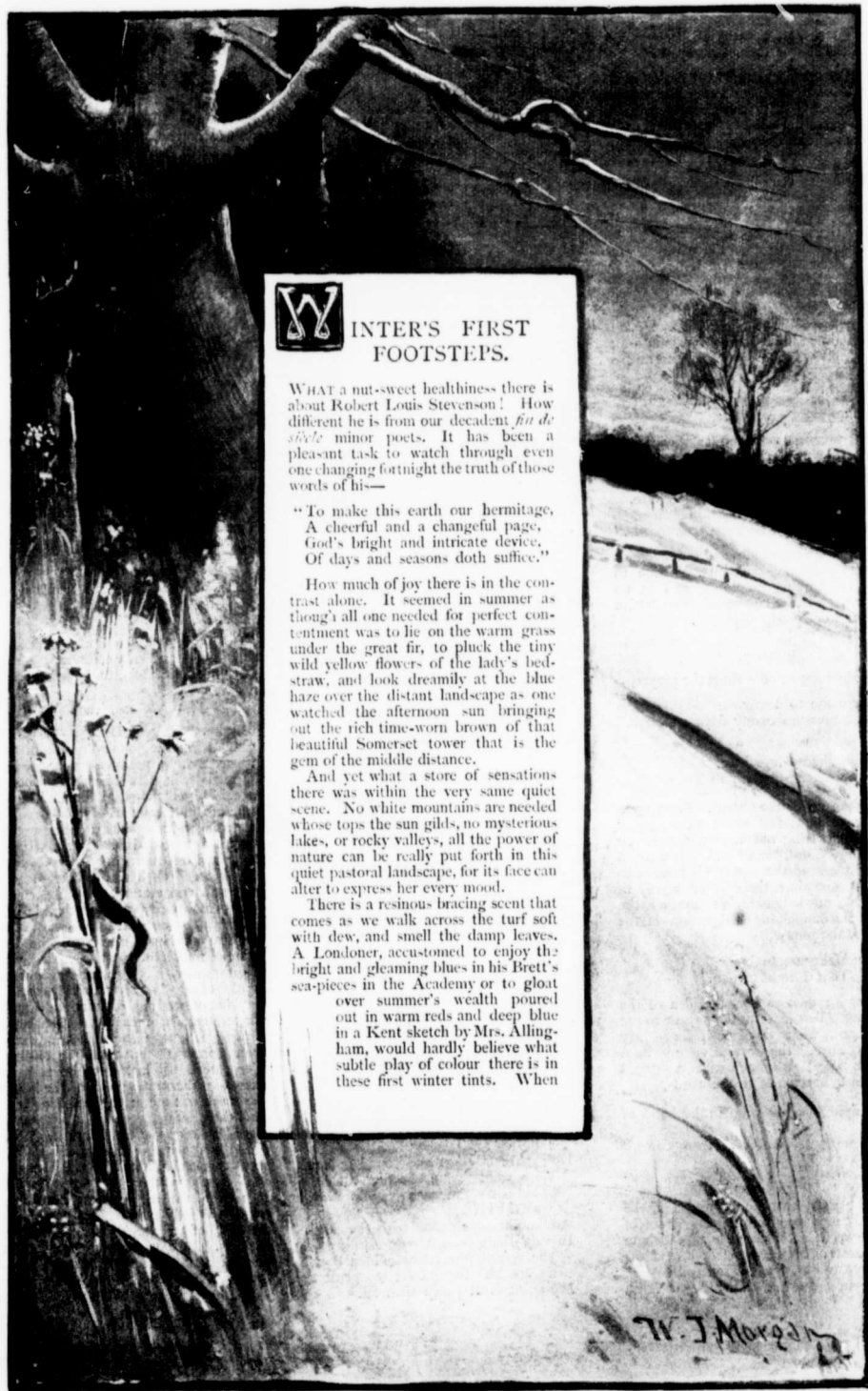
Brahms' Song of Destiny deals with a contrast. First the joy and peace of the spirits in heaven are impressively suggested; second, the restless, hapless weariness of human existence is forcibly figured forth. The song has some of those touches of awe-struck reverential feeling which make the same composer's Requiem memorable. The first part recalls the exquisite sweetness of the Requiem chorus "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place." The same subdued ecstasy, the same enrapt sense of bliss and purity and peace are in both.

Brahms' tone painting is full of interest. For instance how graphically he treats the figure of man living "blindly," and "blindly" passing away. Those grand outbursts on the word "blindly"—what a vivid presentiment of the idea of groping, distraction, despair, overwhelmment, in darkness. What an eloquent moving language he makes music. In the solemn intervals in which the closing phrase is repeated, "at last does he pass away," is expressed the running out of the last grains of the sands of time in the individual's life; the final breathings ere, as it appears to the physical sense, the total darkness falls.

Brahms' music in these examples has the majesty that commands, the sympathy that soothes, the mystery that arrests and controls. It reflects the religious attitude of a strong mind wistfully "believing where it cannot prove," of a large heart imploring yet adoring. In a true and deep sense may it be said of such as he, "Being dead he yet speaketh."

WILLIAM PORTEOUS.





W

### INTER'S FIRST FOOTSTEPS.

WHAT a nut-sweet healthiness there is about Robert Louis Stevenson! How different he is from our decadent *fin de siècle* minor poets. It has been a pleasant task to watch through even one changing fortnight the truth of those words of his—

“To make this earth our hermitage,  
A cheerful and a changeful page,  
God's bright and intricate device,  
Of days and seasons doth suffice.”

How much of joy there is in the contrast alone. It seemed in summer as though all one needed for perfect contentment was to lie on the warm grass under the great fir, to pluck the tiny wild yellow flowers of the lady's bedstraw, and look dreamily at the blue haze over the distant landscape as one watched the afternoon sun bringing out the rich time-worn brown of that beautiful Somerset tower that is the gem of the middle distance.

And yet what a store of sensations there was within the very same quiet scene. No white mountains are needed whose tops the sun gilds, no mysterious lakes, or rocky valleys, all the power of nature can be really put forth in this quiet pastoral landscape, for its face can alter to express her every mood.

There is a resinous-bracing scent that comes as we walk across the turf soft with dew, and smell the damp leaves. A Londoner, accustomed to enjoy the bright and gleaming blues in his Brett's sea-pieces in the Academy or to gloat over summer's wealth poured out in warm reds and deep blue in a Kent sketch by Mrs. Allingham, would hardly believe what subtle play of colour there is in these first winter tints. When

W. J. Morgan



is the green ever so vivid as in these moist mornings where the sun lights up but does not scorch? What a marriage it is of colours that are not often seen in harmony, when the far elms look purple, steel-purple against the emerald of that strip of field. The bare twigs are moist with dew, and the shade of filthy purple is so delicate that Turner's brush alone could paint it. It is a puzzle to let the sprouting grass that comes before the second journey of the plough, should carpet the low field with a lovely bluish green, and be a brighter tint by the hedge-side. So it is, and one leaves the farmer to tell the reason, and longs for Boughton or Marcus Stone to paint that blue-green they like so well. The three great brown horses that drag the plough belong of rights to the perfection of the picture.

Another day begins, and the same scene wears a different face. The coppice away eastwards to the left of the highway is a harmony of copper and brown with a brighter yellow in the near oak, and behind some tender lingering green. A great tree in front stretches out its arms with soft ebony hues and recalls a great road-side crucifix seen long years ago on a Bavarian hill-side as the train steamed past to Nuremberg.

Before the sun set the scene was flooded with amber which changed to gold and the gold to rose, and the deep-blue solemn cloud-curtains melted to purple, and as the sun touched the horizon a little boat of lavender-frayed cloud ventured under the disc till one remembered—

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear,  
The rest may reason and welcome 'tis we musicians know."

Soon after, the laurels in the hedge-row bed looked quite squalid through the window-pane, but the memory of the sunset remained.

A week later, and what a different world it is. All the sun-light is gone. The wind sweeps round the house in long sighs like the pain that comes when unkindness takes the place of love. The great boughs of the trees bend and sway as the wind passes through them like some messenger of woe to scatter sorrow and then pass relentlessly on: the spirits of the storm, who, so thought Telemachus, had carried away Odysseus, and made him for ever inglorious among men.

"*Ἦν δὲ μὴ ἀδελφῆς ἀρνίαι ἀνθρώπων.*"

Another week passes and the face of the fields has a new expression. The heavy rain that came, with intervals of glistening steel-grey skies, soaked into the earth, so that when the sunlight came again the ploughed fields had lost their dark puce-colour and had soft tones of lavender and pink and warm slate grey where the sunlight transformed them. The walnut-tree in front of the beech with its few bright last leaves, stretches out its twisted arms thick with pale green lichens so that it has a hoary look of premature old. The monotonous laurels that make the garden-hedge above the road were very dull and dusty in the heavy summer-days. Pro-

bably Swinburne was thinking of the historic bay and not the common laurel when he said:—

"Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day.

But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlasts not May."

And yet the vivid green, the short-lasting white blossoms in May, and the bitter essence of the modern shrub (the common laurel was first sent to Europe in 1576 by His Excellency David Ungnad, Ambassador from the Emperor of Germany at Constantinople, to Clusius at Vienna), almost seem to point to it as the nearer to the thought of the poet. Its beauty did indeed seem gone in the July heats, but now that the elms above the hedge are

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sung,"

the laurels have another kind of beauty, and they fit the winter better than the spring. The rain has made them shine, and their spear-shaped leaves are very keen and clear against the dark bare hedgerow across the road.

Love and laurel may not always match the may-time, but sometimes a bitter strain is conquered into flavour instead of sourness.

Browning sees deeper into love than Swinburne, and one turns again and again to his lines in Paracelsus:—

"... love not serenely pure,

But strong from weakness, like a chance-sown plant

Which cast on stubborn soil, puts forth strange buds

And softer stains unknown in happier climes;

Love which endures and doubts and is oppressed,

And cherished, suffering much and much sustained,

And blind, oft-failing yet believing love,  
A half-enlightened, often chequered trust."

Perhaps sorrow gives as tender touches to lives as the soft rains do to these fields at the year's latter end. The plough has gone deep into that far field, but how lovely are the tiny tufts of random grass it puts out, quite unheeding of the frosts that will come and nip.

Desdemona comes to our mind, and all her furtive little acts of love to Othello, spite of the harrow that had made such furrows in her tender heart.

"Unkindness may do much,"

she says to Emilia,

"And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love."

How lovely those bare banches of the trees are in spite of being "bare ruined choirs;" perhaps they have the same worth that belongs to ruined walls and towers of Tintern, which Westminster Abbey with its pews and hymn-books and vergers is sometimes felt to want.

They let one see so much *through* them of the earth and the hills and the sunset, so that they are strangely akin to spiritual things, and set one musing more than dusty leaves.

"Grant that we may so pass *through* things temporal that we lose not the things eternal," for there was no limiting "finally" in the original version.

The old masters used to make a great study of the stems of trees. Even when they had their leaves on them they painted them with more care and insight than the moderns do. Who does not remember the serrated ranks of the tree-trunks in Bellini's "Death of Peter Martyr" in the National Gallery. They form such a contrast to the passion and speed of the murderous onslaught, their deep-rooted stillness enforces the pity and terror of the spectacle in the foreground.

And in another of the world's great pictures—Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"—how the trees haunt the memory, the trees that slope in age and decay in that orchard of the soul which is the background to the Saviour knocking at the door. These trees have few serene leaves of late autumn, and are trees seen at night. How ghostly are the sloping stems in the moonlight.

In our quiet landscape we see just such an orchard beyond the church and between us and the faint blue trails of smoke from the village chimneys, so clear in the cold air. Perhaps it is later autumn now than that scene painted in the Worcester Park orchard. Beyond them is a bright withy-bed almost cinnamon-coloured against their black trunks, instead of the sluggish river; but none the less, they bring to our minds the immortal orchard ground of the great picture.

The orchard lies westward, and the setting sun sends sloping rays through those low stems of the apple-trees, with their mystical mediæval look that tell of the fruit of Eve.

"... of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe."

How can they be otherwise than full of mystery when the world's poetry is interwoven in their gnarled stems, the world's religions steeped in the romance of them, dear to the Greeks as the trees of the garden of the Hesperides, to the Hebrews as the trees of the garden of Eden.

"Ah, lady, we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live."

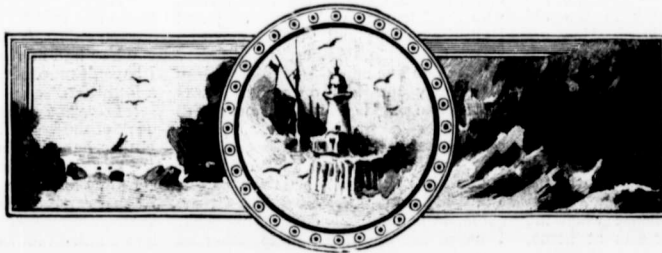
Yes, Coleridge was right, and it is the human associations that hang around these quiet fields

"the still sad music of humanity,"

that makes a Wessex orchard full of pleasant and lovely wealth for simple people, so that as we look on it we seem to feel that

"Something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky and in the mind of  
man."

CLOTILDA MARSON.



## SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.



**A** FORTNIGHT in London passes quickly enough; but the time seems much longer to the friends who are left at home, and who have no variety in the quiet course of their lives.

Half-a-dozen times a day Lettice and Norah said to each other, "What will Hilary be doing now?" And when a letter came, telling the plans of the next few days, they followed her movements hour by hour, telling each other, "Now she will be driving into town!" "Now she will be looking at the pictures!" "Now she will be dressing for the evening!" When the day of the traveller's return arrived, there was quite a bustle of excitement in the home. Lettice ordered Hilary's favourite puddings for dinner, Norah gave the drawing-room a second dusting in the afternoon, while Miss Briggs put on her cap with the pink ribbons, and dressed Geraldine in her best frock. They were all in the hall, ready to receive the travellers, as the fly from the station drove up to the door, and while Mr. Bertrand stayed without to pay the driver, Hilary lost no time in hurrying indoors. Within the first two minutes the sisters noticed a change in her manner. Her voice seemed to have a new tone; when Miss Briggs held out a welcoming hand, she extended her own at an elevation which made the good lady stare, and even while kissing the girls, her eyes were roving round the hall with an expression of dissatisfaction.

"Why have you not lighted all the lamps?" she inquired, and when Lettice replied in amazement that there were as many lamps as usual, she shrugged her shoulders, and muttered something about "inky darkness." If Mr. Bertrand had not appeared at that moment it would be difficult to say what would have happened, but he came rushing in like a breeze of fresh, wintry air, seizing each of the girls in turn, and folding them in a bear-like hug.

"Well—well—well—here we are again! Glad to be back in the old home. How are you, dear? How are you, pet? Miss Briggs! I see you are flourishing. How have all these young people been behaving while I was away? What about dinner? I'm so hungry that I shall eat the Mouse in desperation if I am kept waiting. Well, little Mouse, glad to see your father back again, eh? Come upstairs with me while I change my coat for dinner?"

It was like another house when the cheery, bustling master was at home,

and Lettice and Norah forgot their passing annoyance in rejoicing over his return. During the evening, however, Hilary managed to give offence more than once. She kept frowning to herself as she sat at the head of the table, and looking up and down with a discontented air which was very exasperating to those who had done their utmost to study her tastes, and to give her a pleasant home-coming. When dinner was over, and the family party adjourned into the drawing-room, she kept jumping up from her seat to alter the arrangement of plants and ornaments, or to put some article in its proper place. Norah elevated her eyebrows at Lettice, who nodded in sympathetic understanding, but both girls controlled their irritation out of consideration for their father, whose pleasure in the first evening at home would have been spoiled if his daughters had taken to quarrelling among themselves.

Mr. Bertrand had brought home a perfect treasure-trove of presents for the stay-at-homes. A beautiful little brooch and bangle for Lettice; music, books, and a paint-box for Norah; furs for Miss Briggs; and a small toy-shop for the dear little "youngest of seven."

Such an excitement as there was in the drawing-room while the presentations were going on! such shrieks of delight; such exclamations of "Just what I wanted!" such huggings, and kissings of gratitude! Mr. Bertrand declared at last that he would be pulled to pieces, and ran upstairs to the shelter of his beloved study. After he had gone, Hilary seemed for the time being to forget her grievances, whatever they might be, and drawing her chair to the fire, settled down to one of the good old-fashioned gossips which her sisters loved. Lettice and Norah had a dozen extra questions which they were burning to ask about every incident of the visit to London; and they were not more eager to hear than Hilary was to tell, for what is the good of going away and having adventures if we cannot talk about them when we come home?

The meeting with Madge Newcome was a subject of much interest. "Quite grown up, you say, and very grand and fashionable! And you went to lunch with her one day. Are the boys at home; what are they like? There was Cyril, the little one in the Eton jacket, who used to play with Raymond; and Phil, the middy; and the big one who was at college, Arthur, wasn't he? What is he like now?"

"I only saw him once, but it was quite enough. He is in business with his father—a terribly solemn, proper person, who talks about books, and says, 'Were you not,' 'Would you not.' Miss Carr says he is very clever, and good and intellectual, but all the same, I am sure she doesn't like him. I heard her describe him to father as

'that wooden young man.' It will be nice to see Madge in the summer, though I haven't forgiven her for leaving me alone that afternoon. Oh, and I must tell you——" and the conversation branched off in another direction, while the girls crouched over the fire, laughing and talking in happy reunion.

Alas! the next day the clouds gathered over the family horizon and culminated in such a storm as was happily of rare occurrence. The moment she left her bedroom Hilary began to grumble, and she grumbled steadily the whole day long. Everything that Lettice had done during her absence was wrong; the servants were careless and inefficient; the drawing-room—Norah's special charge—looked as if no one had touched it for a fortnight; the house was dingy and badly lighted, and every arrangement worse than the last. Lettice hated quarrelling so much that she was prepared to bear a good deal before getting angry, but quick-tempered Norah exploded with a burst of irritation before the afternoon was half over.

"The fact is you have been staying for a fortnight in a grand London house, and you are spoiled for your own home. I think it is mean to come back after having such a lovely time, and make everyone miserable with your grumbling and fault-findings! Lettice did everything she could, and the house is the same as when you left it."

"Perhaps it is, but I didn't know any better then. I know now how things ought to be done, and I can't be satisfied when they are wrong."

"And do you expect things to be managed as well in this house with five of us at home besides father and Miss Briggs, and three servants to do the work, as it is at Miss Carr's, with no one but herself, and six or seven people to wait on her?" Lettice spoke quietly but with a flush on her cheeks which proved that she felt more than she showed. "It's very foolish if you do, for you will only succeed in upsetting everyone, and making the whole house miserable and uncomfortable."

"As you have done to-day," added Norah bluntly. "I would rather have an old-fashioned house than the finest palace in the world with a cross, bad-tempered mistress going about grumbling from morning till night."

"Norah, you are very rude to speak to me like that! You have no right. I am the eldest."

"You had no right to say to me that I haven't touched the drawing-room for a fortnight."

"I have a right to complain if the work of the house is not properly done. Father has given me the charge. If I see things that can be improved, I am certainly not to be quiet. Suppose Mr. Rayner, or the Newcomes came here to see us, what would they think if they came into a half-lit hall as we did last night?"

"Yes, I knew that was it! It's your grand London friends you are thinking of. If they are too grand to come here, let them stay away. Father is a greater man than any of them, if he is not rich."

"Girls, girls, girls, what is all this?" Miss Briggs pulled aside the curtain over the doorway, and came hurriedly into the room. "I heard your voices across the hall. Are you quarrelling the first day Hilary is at home? Don't let your father hear, I beg you, he would be terribly grieved. What is the matter?"

"It's Hilary's fault, she has done nothing but grumble all day long, and I can't stand it. She has made Lettice miserable; the servants are as cross as they can be, and there's no peace in the house."

"Norah has been very rude to me, Miss Briggs. I am obliged to find fault when things are wrong, and I can't help it if the servants are cross."

Miss Briggs looked at the younger girls. "Go upstairs, dears, and change your dresses for dinner. I want to speak to Hilary by herself," she said quietly, and Lettice and Norah left the room with awed faces. The kind old governess did not often interfere with the girls now that they were growing up, but when she did, there was a directness about her speech which was very telling, and this afternoon was no exception to the rule.

"Hilary," she said slowly, when the door had closed behind the two younger girls, "I have been with you now for ten years, and have watched you grow up from a little girl. You were my first pupil, and I can't help taking a special interest in you. You were a dear little child. I thought you would grow up into a sweet, lovable woman, but you will have to change a great deal, Hilary, if you are to do that! You will think me very unkind, but your mother is dead, and I must be truthful with you for your own good. I think you have behaved very unkindly to your sisters to-day. You have been away enjoying yourself while they were left at home;

they did their best to fill your place, and counted the days until your return, and you have made them miserable from the moment of your arrival. The house is as you left it, but even supposing you had noticed a few things which were not to your taste, you could have put them right quietly, or spoken of them in a pleasant, kindly manner. Things have gone on smoothly and quietly while you were away—more smoothly than when you are at home, my dear, for though Lettice is not such a good manager, she has a sweet, amiable manner which makes the servants anxious to please her by doing their best. You are very young, Hilary, and you make the mistake of over-estimating your own importance, and of thinking you are necessary to the welfare of the household. You can easily make yourself so, if you wish, for you are a very clever housekeeper, but if you continue to be as self-satisfied and as regardless of the feelings of others as you are at present, I tell you plainly that you will end in being a hindrance rather than a help. I am not saying that the other girls are faultless, that would not be true—but instead of setting them a good example, in nine cases out of ten, you are the one to begin a quarrel. You think me very cruel to speak like this—it's not easy to do, Hilary—but you may thank me for it some day. Open your eyes, my dear, and try and see yourself as you really are, before it is too late!"

Miss Briggs swept from the room in a flutter of agitation, and Hilary sank into the nearest chair, and gazed blankly at the fire. Her heart was beating in heavy thuds, and she put her hand to her head in stupefied fashion. For several minutes she sat motionless, unable to form any definite thought. She only felt a curious shattered sensation, as though she had come through some devastating experience, which had laid waste all her fondest delusions. What had Miss Briggs said? The household arrangements had been managed better in her absence

than when she was at home. If she did not alter, she would end in being a hindrance rather than a help. She set a bad example to the younger girls and was the instigator of quarrels! Hilary's cheeks burnt with a flush that was almost painful. Her pride was wounded in its most sensitive point. She would have been ready enough to acknowledge that she was not so sweet-tempered as Lettice, or so clever as Norah, but she had been secure in her conviction that no one could touch her in her own department, that she was a person of supreme importance, without whom the whole fabric of the household would fall to pieces. And things had gone on better while she was away! Better! Hilary writhed in humiliation, and the flush burnt more fiercely than before. If she could only manage to disbelieve it all, and wave it aside as a piece of foolish prejudice; but she could not do this, for her eyes were opened, and she saw the meaning of many things which she had mis-read before. Miss Carr's quizzical, disapproving glance; her father's anxious gaze; the little scornful sniff on the face of the old cook as she took her morning's orders. Could it be that they all felt the same, and were condemning her in their hearts, as a stupid, consequential little girl, who had no importance whatever except in her own estimation? And—"a hindrance!" The word brought with it a throb of something deeper than wounded pride, for, with all her faults, Hilary was devoted to her father, and her brothers and sisters, and the thought stung like a whip that they might not care for her—that the time could ever come when they might even wish for her absence!

The light was growing dim in the deserted room, and, as Hilary laid her head back in the old-fashioned chair, the tears which rose to her eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks were the bitterest she had known in the course of her short life.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

### GIVING OF MEDICINES

(1) A marked measure glass should be used when possible. (2) The medicine must be given regularly. (3) Measure carefully and correctly. (4) Pour out on the side furthest from the label. (5) Wash the glass or spoon after each dose. (6) Keep applications for external use only in blue fluted bottles, and in a different place from those medicines to be taken internally, for fear of mistakes. (7) Always read the label before pouring out.

### COD LIVER OIL

is best given early in the day and after food; it may cause diarrhoea, especially in hot weather; if so, a different preparation may be tried.

### IRON

should be taken after meals, and it often gives rise to constipation, so watch should be kept and an aperient given when necessary. Should indigestion be set up by iron, a different preparation may be tried.

### TO GIVE CASTOR OIL.

This may either be given in strong coffee or warm milk; the latter method is the better way for young children. Another way is to give it in boiling water, which breaks up the fat globules and renders it less greasy; or the castor oil may be given in soda water.

### SOOTHING POWDERS

should not be given to babies unless ordered by a doctor, they often contain opiates, and may do grave harm.

### EFFERVESCENT MEDICINES

should be brought to the patient in separate glasses and mixed when the patient is ready to drink.

### POWDERS

may be mixed with jam, sugar, or glycerine, or put to the back of the tongue, and a drink of water given to carry it down.

### IN SCARLET FEVER,

the most infectious time is when the patient is convalescent, and the skin is peeling; it is a good plan to rub the patient with some disinfectant ointment or oil to prevent the particles of skin from flying about. Flannel ought to be worn next the skin, especially over the region of the kidneys, so as to avoid any chance of a chill, which is a serious matter, after even a slight case of scarlet fever.

### IN DIPHTHERIA

all the discharges are highly infectious, all rags, etc., used should be burned at once. The patient should be kept lying down as much as possible to give the heart rest, and be watched afterwards for any sign of paralysis. The first indication of this is very often the liquid food comes down the nose, instead of being swallowed naturally, owing to the muscles at the back of the mouth being paralysed.

## COME SOON, DEAR HEART!

BY EDWARD OXFORD.

COME soon, dear heart! The days are lone and long,  
 And each new dawning wakes my sleeping tears,  
 For in my breast the old sweet memories throng,  
 And hopes arise that soon are felled by fears!  
 With thee afar the world all desert seems,  
 For thou to me its one oasis art,  
 The one sole star that o'er my being gleams,  
 And now its light is lost! Come soon, dear heart!

Come soon, dear heart! I count the hours that move  
 In tardy sequence, and for one I pray  
 Wherein thou wilt return to me, and prove  
 That love is sweeter still through love's delay!  
 Didst thou but know that, as the moments pass,  
 I of the earth still less and less grow part,  
 That life may fail with thee still far, alas!  
 Thou wouldst not leave me thus! Come soon, dear heart!



## CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.

BY THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BUTLER.

THE great secret of mental success is concentration of thought. Talent and genius, industry and perseverance are all helpful agents in the attainment of knowledge, but they are helpful only so far as concentration of thought is brought to bear upon them. The moment the mind becomes the depository of irrelevant ideas and reflections to the study upon which it is engaged, the study comes to a standstill, for the mind cannot contain more than one thought at a time. Thoughts may follow each other so quickly that they may seem simultaneous, they may blend into each other so gradually that they may seem identical, but they are no more simultaneous or identical than the separate forms in a zootrope complete one picture, or than the different illustrations in dissolving views represent one scene. The mental vision like the bodily vision is incapable of being fixed on more than one object at once. So wandering thoughts insinuate themselves not only to the exclusion of thoughts which are relevant to the work of the moment, but also to the intrusion of thoughts which are irrelevant to it. And their harmful influence affects the student as well as the study, for they enervate the heart and the brain and render the mind less disposed to future study. Union is strength. Disunion is weakness, and disorderly thoughts are as dangerous to a mind as civil war is to a nation. We may be quite sure that no undertaking will be successful where they are

tolerated, and that few will be unsuccessful where they are excluded, and those few through apparently unsuccessful will have wrought a good work, for where concentration of thought has been applied to a purpose, a real though it may be unseen benefit must follow as surely as day follows night:

"No endeavour is in vain,  
 Its reward is in the doing,  
 And the rapture of pursuing  
 Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Now this mighty power of success, like all the best blessings of life, is a full and free gift to man and lies within reach of us all; for it depends upon strength of will, and we are each endowed with a will, the development of which rests with ourselves. But the control of the will over the thoughts must be exercised in youth, or in mature years it will be found wanting. And we must exercise it alone, unperceived by our nearest and dearest, in the secret recesses of our own hearts. Your friends and teachers, my young readers, cannot help you in its actual application. They may tell you of its utility and expediency as I am doing now, but if you yourselves do not choose to apply it, their words will be in vain. No one but yourselves can fix your own mental energies on the occupation of the moment, no one but yourselves can chase away those intrusive little creatures of the imagination which pop up

unbidden and unwelcome in the mind, like soldiers shooting at an enemy from behind an ambuscade. Wrestle with them and you will suppress them, suffer them and they will triumph over you.

Concentration of thought, like everything else worth having, requires an effort. We are all more or less slothful by nature. Difficulties dismay us, doubts discourage us, and we need a vigilant watch over ourselves to persevere in the simplest undertaking. We embark upon a new study with the eagerness we are apt to bestow upon any new thing, and when the novelty has worn off, we listen to the whisperings of slothfulness and laziness which tell us that our study is beyond our capacity, that we are wasting our time and energies over it, and that for our profit as well as for our pleasure its abandonment is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Now these whisperings are generated by wandering thoughts, and cannot be suppressed without a strong effort of will. At the first sign of their approach, we should do battle against them.

We should chase them away, and in quiet resolute patience think only of our work, and gradually our doubts and difficulties will vanish, and we shall find that our mental capacities are far greater than we imagined them to be, for the thoughts are the great centre from which the mental faculties proceed. They shed light or darkness, strength or weakness, ignorance or wisdom on the mind according to the rule brought to bear





IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

upon them, and this habit of concentrating them on the work of the moment has been practised by the successful men of all ages and professions. One of our most successful brewers was in the habit of stating, "I could brew one hour, do mathematics the next and shoot the next, and each with my whole soul." And the great Napoleon said: "My mind is like a chest of drawers. When I have done with one subject I shut it up, thus I have no confusion of ideas." And thus the work of the moment entirely occupied his thoughts, and he was able to attend to every detail of his duties separately. It is said that he even noticed the buttons on his soldiers' uniforms. He found time for everything because he gave his thoughts to one thing at a time, and he reached the highest pinnacle of success that has been reached by modern man.

Now we cannot hide from ourselves that the civilisation and education of the present day have a tendency to disorganise and scatter our thoughts in spite of the boundless blessings they shed on us. They create such varied interests, such numberless occupations, that when we are doing one thing we are haunted by the next thing that has to be done and our ideas become confused. Woman's work specially seems subject to this irksomeness and want of rest. Men have professions to which to devote themselves, and if circumstances exempt them from following professions, they can concentrate their energies undisturbed on some one subject which appeals to their intelligence and wisdom, and which requires all the efforts of their mind to master. But we women are different. Our duties are often trivial, and are always liable to interruptions, and we scramble through them as quickly as we can, so as to be free for more congenial occupations. And the reading of the present day encourages the same slack desultory habit of mind. Our books and newspapers are so numerous that in our eagerness to peruse them all, we skim and skip a great part of their contents. Then we wonder that our daily duties have such feeble results, and that our reading is so soon forgotten. But is all this to be wondered at? Can any good solid work or good solid reading be effected without application of the heart and mind, in other words without concentration of thought?

No, the law by the sweat of his brow man must earn his bread has reference to his higher as well as to his lower nature, and by the exertion of his mind he must fulfil his duties and earn his knowledge. The most homely duties require concentration of thought for their fulfilment, just as the most trifling knowledge requires it for its attainment. Ah, that tree of knowledge! It presents itself to us as it did to our first mother Eve six thousand years ago, as pleasant to the eyes, and as a tree to be desired to make us wise, but if we think as she did, that we have merely to stretch out our hand and take and eat of it, to be nourished by its divine fruit, we shall find as she did, that it will be a curse to us instead of a blessing; but if we follow Nature's will concerning it, and concentrate our thoughts on the acquirement even of its humblest branches, we shall reap the fruit of our labours, and it will shed upon us unbounded blessings.

My young friends, as your lives will be so specially exposed to the temptation of wandering thoughts, let me urge upon you, now that you are standing on life's threshold, to use means which will prevent your indulging in them. Concentration of thought, as I said before, is a matter of individual will, but like all actions physical or mental, each time it is put into practice the inclination to repeat it is strengthened, and I would suggest three rules for its regular practice which, if you follow, will unconsciously to yourselves weave it into your life and habits:—

1. Never try to do two things at a time either of which require any effort of mind. From the mind's inability to contain simultaneous thoughts, simultaneous employments create a zig-zag confusion of ideas which is fatal to their advancement. There are some occupations, such as sewing or knitting, etc., which, although they cannot be learned in the first instance without a mental effort, can, by constant repetition be performed so mechanically that while the fingers are occupied with them, the mind may be free for some totally irrelative effort; but even in their case, both pursuits would probably have more satisfactory results by being followed singly.

2. Set yourself a task for a certain time every day which necessitates concentration of thought, and choose the time and place

to work at it where you are least likely to be disturbed by outward influences. The task should be something congenial to your tastes so that your heart as well as your mind may be in it. It may be learning a few lines from a favourite poet by heart, or reading a passage from a favourite author and putting it into your own words from memory, or contemplating some subject in all its different lights, until you can form and write down your ideas on it, but let your task be something definite, something which necessitates results which will test whether you have exercised concentration of thought or no. Before beginning it you should see that any outside helps you may require, such as pens, paper, books of reference, etc., are ready and handy for use, so that the search for them may not distract your thoughts once you have started upon your work.

3. If, when you are engaged in any study, you find your thoughts beginning to wander, retrace your study from where they began to wander, and go over it again with your mind fixed on it. The irksomeness of having to repeat your work will put you on your guard against wandering thoughts. They will soon forego their attacks upon you, and you will feel your mind invigorated by the effort you have made to resist them.

These three rules are simple and easy to follow, and only need a little resolution on your part to be put into daily practice. If riches or renown were their promised reward, which of you would not submit cheerfully to the discipline they involve? But they will bring you a greater prize than riches or renown, for they will help you to acquire a perpetual capacity for happiness over which circumstances can have no control. In your prosperity, a steady and systematic concentration of thought on some lofty subject will gladden you with a calm enjoyment, and will strengthen your character against the enervating influence of fortune's smiles, and in your adversity, in those hours of sorrow and anxiety which sometimes shadow the brightest of lives, the undivided application of your mental faculties on some one study, will be like "balm to your hurt mind," and will enable you to bear your sorrow with a resigned spirit, and to come to a wise decision on the subject of your anxiety.

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

### MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE STORM BURSTS.

MRS. HARCOURT looked up uneasily.

She did not regret her action, but she could not forget the expression on her step-daughter's face when she left the breakfast table, so she prepared for a storm. She little knew how much mischief had been done.

Helen was to her but as any other child in the village, and Madge's constant and lengthened visits to her had ever been a grievance.

She intended to meet the girl's indignation with a high hand and assert her authority, but when she looked up and met Madge's stony dark eyes, she was rather taken aback, and turned her head away.

Madge advanced to the table, and

leaning one hand heavily upon it, said, in a voice of stifled indignation—

"I suppose you have heard what happened last night?"

"I have heard that Helen Liston is dead," replied her step-mother coldly, "but I really don't know why you should look so tragic over it. The poor child had been dying for months, and now it is a merciful release."

"Tragic," repeated Madge, with a slight sneer. "Yes, that is a good word for it: but since you know that Helen is dead I need not speak of her. It is of ourselves I want to speak. What has happened affects you and me materially. No, do not interrupt me," she continued quickly as Mrs. Harcourt was about to speak. "I won't keep you long, it is better to come to the point at once. For months past your conduct

to me has been goading in the extreme. You have treated me always as if I were a child, and for Jack's and father's sake, I have tried to put up with it, but now I tell you I won't stand it any longer. I was sent for to my friend when she was dying, and no matter who or what she was, you had no right to keep back my message. You left me in ignorance and made me break a sacred promise. I cannot forget, I never shall. After this any pretence of love between us would be too utterly ridiculous. You go your way and I will go mine. I absolutely refuse to obey you any longer."

While Madge, in a quick, but distinct voice, spoke these words, Mrs. Harcourt's anger rose rapidly, and the instant her step-daughter paused, she stood up and confronted her.

"How dare you stand there and speak to me like this," she exclaimed, almost beside herself. "A chit like you to tell me my duty; to lay down the law to me; to defy me to my face! Of all the impudent, ungrateful girls I ever knew or heard of, you are the worst. Haven't I taken care of you nearly all your life? Didn't your father entrust you to me ten years ago?"

"To my bitter cost," broke in Madge, giving way to the storm that raged within her. "He entrusted my happiness to you, and look at me now. See what you have done for me! I don't believe you could find another girl of nineteen more thoroughly wretched. I don't know if I ever was a child in the real sense of the word, I can't remember it. All I know is, that ever since you came here, you have nipped in the bud every childish delight, and spoilt every pleasure with your maxims and severity. I verily believe you hate to see people enjoy themselves. You would have poisoned my own brother against me if you could. I know I am not like other girls, I never was, but when did you ever try to understand me? You have given me neither friends, pleasures nor sympathy. My father meant you to be a mother to me, and instead you have been a hard taskmaster."

"That's right! call me names," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, hardly able to speak for wrathful indignation. "To think that I should live to be insulted in my own house by a girl in her teens," and she looked as if she would have struck her, had not the girl's fierce, proud eyes quelled her. "I will speak to your father at once. He does not believe me when I tell him of your insolence. I hope this will convince him," and she marched out of the room, returning quickly with Mr. Harcourt.

"There she stands," she exclaimed, waving her hand towards Madge, "ask her yourself if she has not called me names and defied my authority."

"Come, Madge," said her father, coaxingly, "what's all this about? I wish you women would settle these matters between you and not bother me."

"That's exactly what I wish to do," replied Madge. "I have told Mrs. Harcourt that I will not obey her any longer. I protest she has no right to treat me as she does. If I may not be

my own mistress, I will leave home and beg my bread rather than remain here to suffer daily humiliations and be treated like a wicked baby."

Mr. Harcourt fidgeted uneasily, and then, turning to his wife said, a little nervously, "Well, my dear, why should not it be so? Madge is quite old enough to act for herself."

"I daresay," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt. "She is to act for herself and turn the house topsy-turvy if she likes, is she; and to abuse me if I remonstrate? That's what you call loving and honouring your wife, is it?" and she turned sharply on her husband. "I suppose you will furthermore wish me to study her wishes entirely, and the servants to go to her for orders."

"Nonsense, my dear," muttered Mr. Harcourt, wishing himself well out of it. "Of course I don't mean anything of the kind. I know Margaret would not wish to usurp you, and as for abusing you, her own inborn gentleness would render such a thing impossible."

"Inborn gentleness," sneered Mrs. Harcourt, "I should say it was conspicuous by its absence. You would have thought so had you heard her storming at me just now. If these scenes are to occur *ad libitum* the sooner one of us leaves the house the better."

"Listen to me, father," put in Madge, more quietly. "All I want is to be free. You may trust me not to do or say anything I know you would disapprove of. I only want to be left to myself and I, in turn, will interfere with no one. By your old love for my mother you owe this to her child."

"Very well," said Mr. Harcourt in a relieved tone. "It shall be so; in future you are your own mistress."

"And you mean to say you will let this disgraceful scene pass without an apology," cried Mrs. Harcourt. "I tell you she has insulted me, I insist upon an apology."

"Then you must get it for yourself," he replied, losing patience. "I have said all I mean to and I wash my hands of the matter," and so saying he hurriedly left the room.

"And you?" continued Mrs. Harcourt, turning sharply to Madge. "Do you mean to leave this room without begging my pardon?"

"Most certainly," replied Madge coldly, and without waiting for more, she walked away with a haughty step.

That night, as she sat in her old seat watching the stars, strange thoughts filled her mind.

The deep, grasping thoughts that come to us when we face actual death for the first time and cannot understand.

"Like eyes, glistening with heavenly tears, over the little lot of man," she repeated slowly. "Oh! is it really a 'little lot'? Surely if we human creatures are capable of so much feeling, we must be capable also of something great—but what? We know little else but that we can suffer deeply and are hopelessly ignorant of those things we most desire to know."

She bent her head down on her hands and shivered.

Suddenly she rose abruptly. "It is no use thinking about it," she said, half fiercely. "It only makes matters worse; I have thought till I am sick of it, and what good has it done? I will grow hard and teach myself not to care, nothing can hurt me then. Those who have stifled feeling can forget even the loneliness of life."

The loneliness of life! ah! may it not indeed have the first place? Do we not all stand alone sometimes, in an hour of bitter need, and know it, though each may not feel the anguish of it? In our bitterest strife, in our wildest doubts and questionings, in our deepest pain, are we not alone? And was not even He alone when His disciples slept, and again alone when all of them had fled?

But it is well to have patience and wait. Wait until the kind years have lessened the suffering. Wait until we can fold our hands calmly and with dry eyes look back into the past, and see there, standing beside our anguish, the blessing that we may have been too blinded by tears to see before.

But it is hard for the young to wait, and patience only comes with years.

In the months that followed, Madge never melted, and in the old Manor House step-mother and step-daughter lived their lives apart.

They met and addressed each other with freezing politeness, but without any pretence at mutual interest.

And the bitterness in Madge's heart grew apace. Helen, the only one who could soften her, was gone. In her hour of bitter need she was indeed alone.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

**PERIODICALS IN AMERICA.**—Most periodicals in America sent direct to the readers by "mail" or otherwise, and paid for by the year; the more prosperous kind in advance, and others whenever the money or any sort of equivalent (all the way down to water-melons) can be wrung out of the subscriber.

**HELPFUL BOOKS.**—If a book is helping us, the right feeling to have, says Mr. Ruskin, is "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now I hope I shall some day."

**A FOOLISH EXPECTATION.**—How can we expect that a friend should keep our secret, whilst we are convincing her that it is more than we can do ourselves.

### A QUIANT EPIGRAPH.

In Bideford churchyard is the following epitaph:—

"The wedding-day appointed was  
And wedding clothes provided;  
But ere the day did come, alas!  
He sickened, and he die—did."

**DOING GREAT THINGS.**—To do great things we must live as though we had never to die.

### A DEVONSHIRE SAYING.

If you want a bus'lin' wife,  
And children well look'd arter,  
The one to suit you all your life  
Is a farmer's oldest darter.

**COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.**—We often hear of a person who has command of many languages, but it is seldom that one is mistress of her own tongue.



## COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."

### SECOND PRIZE ESSAY.\*

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Since reading in the summer number of the G. O. P. the announcement of the competition for stay at home girls, I have wondered much whether or no I should make an effort and write an account of how my days are spent. Sometimes I have thought mine is such a quiet life, that when compared with the lives of other girls who have many friends, and many opportunities for social intercourse, and whose days are filled with a round of visiting, studying and pleasure taking; mine, with its daily routine of work would appear somewhat dull and dreary; but I am glad to say that it does not appear so to me, for I am always happy and contented, and I believe the truest happiness is to be found in striving to do our duty faithfully in whatever sphere of life God may have placed us.

I am the daughter of a Methodist Minister, and as the custom is in our Denomination we are often moving from place to place usually living three or four years in one Circuit. I like travelling about and living in different parts of the country, though it has its drawbacks. It takes a long time to get used to the new people, also the different customs in various parts of the country in connection with our Church work. While my actual home duties are about the same in whatever part of the country we may be, my duties in connection with the Church vary in the different circuits, according to the class of people we find, for I hold myself in readiness to fill any vacancy in the Church that I possibly can, believing that a Minister's daughter should be as energetic and as ready to assist in any branch of Christian work as the Minister himself. There is one department in all Churches that never seems to be sufficiently supplied with workers and that is the Sunday school. Wherever I go there is always the vacant class waiting for me, and in two schools I have filled the position of secretary, because no one else could be found willing to undertake the work. Then in two places I have had to take charge of the choir, and have been organist for six years. At present I am living in a large colliery town in South Wales, and have been here just long enough to get nicely settled, and to feel at home with our people. At first everything seemed very strange to us, for though our services are in English, and our people speak the English language as well as their own, we found it very difficult to understand them, and in many respects they are very different from the people we have always been accustomed to, but fortunately for me as the phrenologist informed me when he examined my head I can adapt myself to any circumstances, and so I have settled down as comfortably as if I had been born in Wales, and I am quite happy and contented amongst my Welsh friends. I always think when we are going to a new Circuit that at last I shall have a little leisure time, and be able to devote a certain portion of each day to studying, improving myself in music, or in doing fancy work; but I

have not yet arrived at that stage, and at present I am busier than ever, and my time is even more taken up than it ever was before.

My home life is a particularly happy one, we are four in family, father, mother, and one sister who is away in business, so that all the home duties and privileges fall to my share. We do not keep a servant, nor have any help whatever in our housework. Mother and I between us do everything, even the washing. As far as possible we are methodical, and do a certain portion of work each day, but sometimes we have to postpone it if there is anything special at the Chapel for that is always our first consideration. Monday is set apart for the week's washing, which is rather larger than we have been accustomed to, for everything gets so very dirty in these colliery districts, one day is taken up with the ironing, Friday is the day for thoroughly turning out the bedrooms, Saturday of course means a general cleaning up downstairs, while the other two days are fully occupied with special work, of which there is always plenty to be found in every home. It seems almost impossible to describe minutely the work of each day separately, there are so many little things to be done in every house, that take up a great deal of time, and yet leave nothing much to show for it. I am a fairly early riser, and always commence the day with a cold sponge bath, for which healthful habit I am indebted to the teaching of "Medicus" in the G. O. P.

Breakfast is the first consideration, then family prayer, after which the usual day's work is attended to, but not without many interruptions. Sometimes we have callers, or there is some shopping to do or a business letter to write and take to post, for no one but those intimately acquainted with a Minister's work, know of the many letters that arrive constantly needing attention. I do most of the business correspondence, and nearly all the Circuit writing which is considerable, for Methodist Ministers are not Pastors with but one Church to superintend, they always have several in a Circuit some of them many miles from their home, and a great deal of the business is then carried on by correspondence. Then too we have to keep a strict account of all the work done in one Circuit, of the income and expenditure of each chapel and school, and copies have to be forwarded to the District Meeting and to Conference. All this means hours of work for me, beside which we have a large magazine circulation to attend to, a Circuit plan to make every quarter which occupies several days according to the size of the Circuit, beside many other things too numerous to mention.

All this serves to take up a great deal of my time so that when I have special housework to do such as spring cleaning I am obliged to rise a few hours earlier in the morning. I always whitewash the ceilings and sometimes paper the walls, and I can also paint the house in a creditable manner when needed; these, I

often say are my accomplishments and though perhaps not so ladylike as some I find them exceedingly useful. Beside the general housework and washing we do our own dressmaking and of course plain needlework, this includes all my sister's as well, for she has no time to do her own; sometimes we get a few hours in the morning when we are dressmaking, but usually our sewing is done after three o'clock when housework is finished. I never do any fancy work for want of time. I knit all the stockings and winter gloves for the family, this occupies my odd moments. The only time I sit down and remain idle is just after dinner while father has a nap, and mother and I indulge in a cup of tea and half an hour's reading, and sometimes an hour before bedtime.

My evenings are much taken up with Church work. One is the Preaching service, another the Mutual Improvement class, while on Wednesday evening I often attend three services, Catechumen class, Band of Hope, and Choir practise. I am the assistant leader of the Catechumen class which is a preparatory class for training our scholars before they join the Church. I am also the Vice President of the Band of Hope, this office I accepted because there was no one else to fill it, we are very short of workers, and on two or three occasions I have found myself there alone, and have had to give out the hymns, play the harmonium, pray, make a speech, and keep order, the latter being the most difficult of all. I am not the organist of our present Church, but I have to play at most of our week-night services, and sometimes on the Sunday. During the winter I give an essay at our Mutual Improvement class, and I have several times read a paper at a Circuit, or Sunday School Convention. Then I have my visiting to do among the members of our Church, and there are often social gatherings, and tea-meetings in connection with the Church, and during the summer months there may be a picnic or two, these are my times of recreation and enjoyment. Sunday is a very busy day, I attend school morning and afternoon, preaching service twice and finish up by attending a prayer meeting, and in the course of seven years I have only been absent on an average one Sunday in the year.

Space forbids me to speak of our flower garden and lawns which I keep in order, or of an occasional mountaineering expedition with father, or of the pleasure of entertaining old friends who visit us sometimes, or of the letters I write to absent friends, or the delights of a short holiday in the summer when I can be spared from home which is not every year; but all these pleasures combined with my daily work convince me that a life well spent is worth living, and that no girl need wish for a more peaceful and happy life than the one I am living.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Aberdare.

"ROSE."

\* These essays are printed without revision of any kind. The two remaining Prize Essays will be published in our next monthly part.—Ed.



## THIRD PRIZE ESSAY.\*

## "WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME."

I AM the eldest daughter of a doctor. My home is in a pretty village by the sea, sixteen miles from the nearest railway station. Since I left school three years ago most of my time has been spent there trying to be the help and comfort that a good daughter ought to be in her home. Our household consists of Father, Mother, six year old Alice, a wee baby of three months, myself, servant and boy.

Now in order that you may know how my time is spent I will commence with my morning's duties which are very much alike all the year round.

I generally rise at half past seven. After dressing myself my little sister, who sleeps in a cot in my bedroom and is entirely under my care, has to be washed and dressed. After going down stairs my first work is to prepare the breakfast, and lay the table in readiness for it in the breakfast room. By the time the coffee, ham, and toast are ready, Father and Mother come down, and we sit down together to our morning meal. Directly breakfast is over, Alice has to be sent to school. When she has gone, the breakfast is cleared, and the dining room drawing room and hall are put in order and dusted. The dusting of the drawing room always takes me a good time, as it contains so many ornaments and nick nacks, that require most careful handling. If necessary I next go out into the garden, and pick some flowers, and arrange them in the vases. We are all very fond of flowers, and like to have a little of their beauty and fragrance in our rooms, as well as out of doors. The next work to be done by me is to go upstairs to make my own bed and little Alice's, and put our room in order. One morning in the week it is my duty to see that the servant girl gives all the bedrooms a thorough sweeping after which they have to be dusted by me. When my work upstairs is finished, I go down again into the kitchen to assist in the preparation of the dinner; or should the servant be busy with other work, to take the entire charge of the cooking of it. Any pastry or cakes required for tea are also always made by me during my morning's cooking. Mother having been unwell during the preserving season this year, all the jam and jelly were made by me. As our large garden supplied us with an abundance of fruit for the purpose, I was able to make quite a large quantity of preserves. If there is any time left before dinner after finishing my cooking, it is spent in changing

my dress, and in making Alice also presentable to appear at the table. My afternoons are spent in various ways. In the summer weather the first part of my afternoon is often spent doing some darning or sewing on a shady seat in the garden, where Father and Mother often join me. Whilst Mother and I sew, Father reads aloud from the newspaper anything he sees likely to interest us. After going in from the garden, unless Mother wishes me to take the baby for a while, I practise my music, which is always a source of great pleasure to me. Father and Mother are also very fond of music, so I try to devote a certain part of every day to a steady practice of scales and difficult pieces, in order to improve my playing. But it often happens, that my afternoon passes without my being able to do any practising. Some of our friends may call, and in that case the rest of the afternoon is spent in helping to entertain them. If they are musical like ourselves, we generally manage to have a little music before they leave. Of course Mother and I have to give an afternoon now and then to returning these calls; and seeing other less fortunate friends, who may be in sickness or sorrow.

When 'tea is over in the summer months, I generally go out of doors. There is nothing I enjoy better on a fine evening than a row in our little boat "the Daisy."

Two of us rowing, and one steering, we go along the water at a good rate, and soon leave far behind us the stone pier from which we started, and the little town with its white houses ranged in terraces along the side of the hill.

As the boat dances gaily over the sparkling waves, and the fresh sea breezes play about us, we feel our spirits rapidly rising, and one of us may break out into a song, which is joined right heartily in the chorus by the rest of the company. We pause now and then on our oars, to admire the scenery along the shore, where we see a coast bound by layer upon layer of stratified rock broken up into all kinds of fantastic shapes, and here and there into islets and caves. In this way time passes very quickly and pleasantly, and before long we are back again on the stone pier, talking over our evening's experiences, and making arrangements to meet again another evening for some more boating before we separate to go to our various homes.

Another evening Father may take me out for a drive along the pleasant country roads bordered by hedgerows which are in the summer time gay with honeysuckle, dog roses, and other wild flowers. We drive on

past waving cornfields and green meadows, or sometimes over moors on which nothing grows except heather and gorse. Presently we may see before us a cart in which a farmer and his wife are joggling along slowly and contentedly, with whom we exchange a friendly greeting in Welsh as we pass them by. Occasionally I have to wait outside a farmhouse or cottage, whilst Father goes in to see a patient. It often happens, that before I have been long waiting, an old Welsh woman appears in the doorway making a quaint picture in her short striped skirt, check apron, little red shawl, and clogs. In her hand she carries a glass of fresh milk, which she smilingly offers to me. Of course I have to accept it gratefully. When Father comes out he finds the kind old woman and myself having a friendly chat together in Welsh. On returning from my row or drive, Alice has to be given her supper and put to bed, also our supper prepared. The rest of my time until bed time at eleven o'clock is spent in Reading, sewing, answering letters, or copying Reports etc. for Father.

Girls used to the bustle and gaiety of large towns, would perhaps think my life here during the winter was rather a dull one; but having always plenty of interesting work to occupy my time the winter months pass very happily by. I go for a brisk walk every afternoon, after which the remainder of my day is spent indoors, unless I attend a Public meeting or concert in the evening. The long winter evenings when spent at home were employed in practising my music and singing, sewing, or reading my books from the Home Reading Union by whose guidance I followed an instructive and interesting course of reading in History, Literature, and Science. Any spare time in the afternoons was given to painting, and working for a bazaar in which we had a stall.

Sunday in our home is always a quiet peaceful day. In the morning and evening I go to chapel to a Welsh service, and in the afternoon to the Sunday School, where I teach a class of little girls. As I sit there trying to teach the little ones around me to read and understand God's word, my thoughts often carry me back to that time in my own childhood, when a dear one whose voice is now silent used to talk to me of Jesus and heaven and a great desire fills my heart to lead a better and more Christ-like life.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"ANEMONE."

Cardiganshire.

## CHIEFLY ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

ONE should never boast about one's health and strength. Though, like Mark Twain, I cannot say that I have suffered from every ailment under the sun "except house-maid's knee," still I have during my wanderings here and there in many lands, and at home too, had numerous illnesses. Also I do not think that I could write so well on troubles I had not experienced the *pains* of. Experience gives an atmosphere of reality to whatsoever an author writes. For example, in writing serial novels, or stories, I never depend altogether on my imagination for any scenes, and

sel-dom for any human character. I have never gone through any part of my life with my eyes and ears shut. I have never travelled anywhere by sea or land, in America, India, Europe, Africa, or even in the Arctic Regions, without two friends—a note-book and a drawing pencil. And whatever of interest has appeared before me is at once transmitted to paper. I do not profess to be an artist, I only just possess the knack of catching salient points and lines. But a sunrise, a sunset, a wild romantic scene, or storm of any kind if sketched by pen and

pencil on the spot, comes in wonderful handy when writing fiction. So too do droll faces, and while travelling in my caravan "The Wanderer" I meet many, many curious-faced folks on tramp and by the wayside.

Here is a hint anyhow to girls who would become writers. Unless you are acquainted with human life and nature, you can no more write a good story than you could paint a decent picture *minus* a model. I know many young ladies who write short stories, or rather try to, which no editor outside Hanwell would look at. These stories are destitute of reality

and as a rule made up of school-girl gush, sentiment and twaddle. So their ultimate destination is the Balaam basket.

Nevertheless, although a man some years over fifty may be as hardy though not so strong as a fellow in his twenties, I, for one, do not wish to have illnesses, for the pleasure of describing them with a greater degree of minuteness to my girl-readers.

But here is a morsel of my own experience that may be welcome to some. After ten years' service in the Royal Navy constantly abroad, I was invalided on half-pay and became a *litterateur*. I was invalided for chronic rheumatism. I had some years before caught jungle fever on the East Coast of Africa. We soon after ran on shore, and I knocked an ugly hole in our saucy gun-boat and ripped away our keel. We got off on a very high tide and proceeded to Bombay docks. It was pump, pump, pump, three hours every watch for nearly three weeks. Then we reached the docks.

But all our pumping could not have saved us had not Providence been kind. You have heard I suppose about—

"The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft,  
To look after the life of poor Jack."

Well, that cherub, during our hazardous voyage to Bombay must have been aloft with us. For strange to say, the ship sucked into the leak a quantity of floating sea-weed, partially filling it up and thus saving our lives.

But though I got easily over the jungle fever, I found myself getting stiff and ill. The appetite failed, I felt constantly tired, when I sat down it pained me much to get up again. Before reaching Bombay—remember I was the only medical man in charge—I was obliged to keep to my hammock, and my patients—and they were very many—just came or hobbled to the quarter-deck where I lay, and there were treated by me—whom my messmates thought a dying man, because a huge shark day after day kept following the ship, in spite of the fact that whenever a fin of his appeared above water, it was played upon by a fountain of revolver bullets.

I was pretty ill when I reached Bombay, red and swollen joints, and sickness all over.

Captain G—, a dear, kind little fellow, said I must go on shore to the Military Hospital. There was no Navy one.

"What!" I cried peevishly, "and leave all my poor patients! No, sir, unless they go too, I remain."

So I was humoured. And a pretty procession we made, filing through the streets and along the esplanade borne in hammocks, by red marines and blue-jackets. Fifteen suffering men and a pale-faced young doctor. Arrived at Dr. Dimmock's he told me he could take the men but had no officers' wards disengaged. But seeing me look so sad and ill, his heart melted in pity for me. There was one outlying building, he said, that I might have, however. I jumped at the proposal, that is as far as any man in acute rheumatism could jump.

It was indeed a lonesome ward, but very large—three huge open windows at each side, and my bed in the corner. I had an Indian servant, however, as faithful as a dog, who

slept on a mat on the floor and never left me five minutes night or day.

For a whole month I was utterly helpless, unable so much as to lift a hand to my aching brow, or move a foot. I think I lived on medicine, soda-water and squee (a kind of flour porridge). Moreover when Pandoo left the room for a few minutes in flew at least a score of impudent Indian crows. There was no species of mischief they were not versed in. The remains of my squee (N.B. They were too wise to tackle the physic) was eaten up, so was my fruit, and they hopped all over the ward with my spoons.

Seeing my helplessness, one or two would sometimes hop on to my chest and glance at me most roguishly. "You've got blue eyes," one seemed to say, "We've often picked out dark ones, but never blue. Give us a bit."

The wonder is they didn't blind me. But when bare-legged, linen-dressed Pandoo re-entered, the rout was soon completed, though the din of it was a perfect pandemonium.

Now here is a strange thing, some years after this I contracted chronic rheumatism, and was sent to Haslar Hospital. When I was discharged on half-pay, I soon took to cycling, and have been a wheel-man ever since. But although I take but little care of myself, sleeping with open windows, bathing all the year round, letting my clothes when wet dry on my back for example, and doing much that I ought not to do, the wheel has entirely cured me, and I have never had a twinge of rheumatism, and very seldom a cold since I took to it.

The rationale of this is probably as follows. My skin is always beautifully open, that is the pores are, and one would scarcely believe what an amount of effete matter is daily discharged from the skin. My liver seldom troubles me. Sitting so much as I do, I suffer in other ways, however. Well, the best cure for this is prevention—if that is not an Irish bull. But plenty of ripe fruit before breakfast, oatmeal, the cycle and early rising keeps one well and happy. Frequent change of underclothing and socks or stockings is a *sine qua non*.

Keep on the road, I say, winter and summer. I'd rather pedal through mud than run the risk of having obstructed pores. On the other hand if you spurt much, it will stretch or weaken the heart, so that if you are at all inclined to have chronic rheumatism, you will be far more likely to take it.

At what age may one commence cycling? It is best, of course, to begin young. But a gentleman of my acquaintance, who lives in a very hilly country, took to the safety some years ago. He was then sixty-three, I believe, but thin, active, and wiry.

He was being threatened with chronic rheumatism, but that is entirely gone.

I would not, however, advise an elderly, stout lady or gentleman to adopt the cycle. In these cases, the heart is nearly always more or less flabby, and not only surrounded with bands of fat, but as pale as a spring chicken's.

Again, it does not follow that cycling will reduce corpulence, although it will gradually bring up the muscular strength. A patient of mine, a very free liver, had the courage to give up stimulants entirely. Well, he began to grow fat, and I recommended a good tricycle—he was not very young—but, strangely

enough, the more he rode, the rounder he grew. So he had to abandon this fascinating exercise.

So those who are beginning to suffer from rheumatism, either about the joints or muscles, should at once diet themselves, not eating too much and being careful to take nothing that creates acidity of the stomach. If the stomach is soured so will the blood be and deposits will take place in ligaments. Hence the pain.

Walking and plenty of it is *the* exercise for stout folks.

The cold bath every morning, a warm bath every third evening, and a Turkish bath once a week have often made a man or woman young and active again in six months' time.

Let me caution the reader against the quack blood-purifying medicines so freely advertised in the press. Even sarsaparilla, though at one time so much extolled, is now found out to be a fraud. I heard a very eminent professor say, not long ago, that, as far as blood-purification was concerned, sarsaparilla was about as useless as a decoction of hay would be.

Too much sugar should not be taken by those inclined to either corpulence or rheumatism. But it is strength and energy for the wiry man, and even for the nervous.

Saccharin may be taken for a few weeks, but remember that in the end it does much harm—is almost a poison in fact.

Well, although compared to the people who possess that unhappy slight inclination to *emboutpoint*, we hardy, somewhat nervous individuals are the salt of the earth and keep the world ago, there is one thing which we should remember. We must never overdo it. I confess I do not always practice what I preach, but then I'm like a finger-post at cross-roads. Sufficient if it tells you the road. You must not expect it to come down and walk all the way alongside you. But there is a verse in the Corinthians which I think we should all remember:

"Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

I sometimes experience the truth of this. It is just while I am feeling fittest, that I catch a nasty little cold, the toothache, or tic, or a week of partial insomnia—this last caused by writing too long without sufficient exercise in the fresh air. And I always say I'll be wiser—but I never am. Sitting with damp or wet feet often encourages an attack of rheumatism. So does sitting in a draught with damp clothing on. But otherwise, speaking from my own experience, I never catch cold or anything else though writing all day close beside the widely-opened windows of my wigwam winter and summer. If in a train, the windows should be let down, and so long as you feel no chill there is no danger even should you be riding against the wind.

Waterproof clothing and those feet-rotting contrivances called goshes speedily open the door for rheumatism to enter.

Well, for the cure of chronic rheumatism, I believe far more in the regulation of diet, regular exercise daily, avoidance of exposure to inclement weather, the baths as stated above, and all-wool clothing night and day (no linen sheets), than I do in medicine. The latter may be needed, but can only be prescribed for individual cases, according to symptoms and constitution.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

**D. B.**—You will find the words of the poem "Unanswered Yet" in the October part of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, under the heading "Browning, Havergal, or Another."

**DARWIN**—You should study the elementary rules of grammar and spelling before attempting to write verse. "Please accept this poetry," contains two mistakes, one in spelling, the other in accuracy of expression.

**ORISKO**—By all means send us the little play for children and the short stories, for criticism. We are always glad to help our readers in this way. The incident recorded in "The Child's Prayer" is pretty, but the setting is scarcely suitable. Blank verse is not adapted for a homely, simple tale such as this, and as there is nothing specially poetical in the lines, the reader wonders why the story was not told in prose. One line "Delighted with her flowers, on she goes," is halting.

**S. U. J.**—We have read your essay and sympathise with you wish to earn a little money by writing, but we must frankly tell you we do not think it is of the least use for you to entertain the hope that you could do so. The profession of literature is a profession like other professions, and to succeed in it, one must have something to say that will attract public attention. Your remarks on "Sympathy," though quite true, only express what is familiar fact to all. Read our next answer.

**ELISE**—We feel extremely sorry for you, as an unhappy and discouraged spirit breathes from your letters. We have carefully read your story. One great source of the disappointment felt by many young writers, in common with yourself, is this, they cannot realise that the profession of literature, even in its minor branches, needs training and long practice as other professions do. It is no discredit to them if, without this, they cannot succeed. Your story shows that you have not mastered the laws of construction. For instance, you begin "It was Violet Hermesley's birthday," and describe her very well. We expect something is going to happen, but nothing does; you suddenly leap over several months and begin anew. This is a defect. You occasionally use expressions that would not be admissible in serious composition, e.g., "tilted the lot." But the gravest criticism we should be disposed to offer is this; your story is likely to give false views of life. We do not see how a woman could live so as to dress prettily and keep healthy on "competition fees" from, at most, half-a-dozen music pupils, even if fancy work at twopence per hour were thrown in. At forty, your heroine, with such experiences, must have had a few of the lines that describe her mother, and her marriage, some time later, in the fashion of *Jane Eyre*, with the rich father of a pupil, is too much after the style of the fairy tale, where all comes right. Your closing sentence seems to imply that Violet's religious trust and faith gained her this happy ending to her troubles. But, in fact, you will see, on reflection, that this is all too unlike the ordinary course of events for such a statement to be justifiable. In conclusion, we urge you not to allow too melancholy a mood to grow upon you. If there is any one thing you like doing, and can do well, take that up vigorously; if it is of importance for you to learn to use your pen, read and closely study the masters of your art; make composition a matter of daily practice, and do not, at present, hope to do more.

**MAYFLOWER**—We could hardly tell you whether your verses are "sufficiently advanced to compete with other poems of a similar kind in a prize competition," unless we knew more about the competition in question. But we must candidly say that we are afraid they are not of a very high place anywhere. The metre abruptly changes in the last verse—

"I am sitting in the twilight,"

is of a different cadence to

"But now it will seem all rest."

and your possessive cases and plurals are mixed up indiscriminately. The lines are also too sentimental for our taste.

**A. MARK WOMAN**—The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, is excellent as a "Reading Society." Amateur societies are often mentioned in this column. We think you would hear of one from Miss Anderson, Hathway's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

**MADemoiselle JEANNE BOISSY**, Avallon par Aves, Charente Inférieure, France, wishes to correspond with an English girl of good family and of about the same age (18). Mademoiselle Boissy would write in English, her correspondent would reply either in English or French.

**Miss LUCY HARRISON**, ward maid at the Infirmary, Cottage Homes, Hornchurch, aged 21, would like to correspond with a French girl of musical tastes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**AUNT SUSAN**—Your kind letters have much interested us in you, and we feel greatly drawn towards one who is in so pitiable a plight spiritually. Your lonely life in a far-away land and your yearnings for light in the reason that shall tend to a pure faith in revealed religion fill us with a strange sympathy, and give us a keen desire to be serviceable to you. One of the authors to whom you addressed an enclosed letter is now passed beyond the veil, and the other is, it seems, passing. We send you, with our earnest hope that it may be useful, Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion*, edited by Canon Gore. Romanes' thoughts used to be similar to those expressed in your letter, but the higher light came before his end, and this little book contains some of the final conclusions of that powerful thinker. How can we thank you for the delightful present of seeds. All our staff were able to participate in the gift, and there is much friendly rivalry in our attempts to make them grow.

**GUSNORA BRADSHAW**—1. You might, with the education you have received, put an advertisement in a local paper to the effect that you are prepared to go out as a visiting governess, either in the town or neighbourhood, being certificated. Or that you would receive pupils at home (parents consenting). If plain sewing be among your acquirements, you might add that you would go out to the country houses round by the day or week, to assist in making, mending and re-arranging clothing, or to take charge of children during the temporary absence of the mother. Cards stating these proposals might be placed in the shops and windows of friendly tradespeople, to whom you might communicate your wishes, and who would oblige you so far. Show them your certificates. You write a good hand, which is in your favour.—2. With reference to the period of "fusion" in English History, we suppose you mean the time when Ireland was incorporated with Great Britain (or England, Scotland and Wales) as one United Kingdom, the Act of Legislative Union being passed on January 1st, 1801. Wales was united to England in 1283, and Scotland in 1706.

**A. B. C.**—It is not true that the poet who composed that beautiful "ode" (as it has been classified) on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" never wrote any other poem. We are not prepared to say how many poems he wrote, but we know a song by him:

"If I had thought thou couldst have died,"

set to the Irish air "Grammachree." Charles Wolfe was in Holy Orders, and died of consumption while still a curate. He was a native of Dublin (1750-1823). He published the poem which earned him immortal fame anonymously; any shameful act, it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who was forced by overwhelming evidence to the contrary, to confess the odious fraud, and to express his contrition. The Reverend Charles Wolfe was curate of Ballinacorney, Co. Tyrone, and afterwards Donoughmore. He died of over-exertion in attending to the wild and scattered parish of which he had charge as a curate.

**CHARLES H. (St. John's)**—You are of about medium height (though not for our Northern Counties in England), but you have probably not yet acquired your full height at seventeen. No self-respecting woman could so demean herself as to try to "get a beau." It is the beau that should try to get her. **A. B.**—There is no difficulty in giving the answer to your query, respecting the quotation which occurs in Henry Drummond's book, viz.,

"I expect to pass through this world but once."

It is from Marcus Aurelius, an author of whom he was very fond.

**ROSE**—If you had any real talent, there would be no need of searching for it. It would make itself evident without your assistance.—2. For the icing of a large cake you will require to sift 8 oz. of fine sugar; put the same into a mortar, with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and the whites of two eggs beaten and strained; whisk well, and when the cake is almost cold, dip a feather in the icing and cover the cake well with it. Set it in the oven to harden, but do not let it stay long or it may become discoloured. The cake should stand in a dry place. For almond-icing, beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth; beat 1 lb. of Jordan almonds very finely with rose-water; mix the almond paste and eggs lightly together; add 1 lb. of powdered loaf sugar by degrees, and when the cake is baked take it from the oven, lay on the icing, and put it in the oven to brown.

**PODLE**—1. Of course the higher the degree and position a man has, the better for him in every profession, even when not obligatory.—2. We think that the ginger cake is baked in too hot an oven, and it gets cooked at the edges, and not in the middle; or else your cake requires more flour to make it into a stiffer dough. Opening the oven door is also a source of trouble in the baking of cakes. It should not be opened on any account till the cake is perfectly set.

**L. H.** (Scarborough)—Write to Miss Lefroy, 17, Eillon Road, Kensington, London, W., Secretary of the United British Women's Emigration Association. You must show good testimonials as to character, and capability to work in some way. This society will secure proper protection for you on the voyage, and reception on arrival. For one or two years after they will keep you in view; and if you were specially well recommended, they would advance you a loan without charging interest, and endeavour to find you a situation through their correspondents.

**NORAH GRAYSON**—If your joints be supple, and you have a correct ear, and good musical taste, you are not too old to learn to play any instrument sufficiently well to give pleasure to yourself and your audience, though not to become a professor.

**OLD POLLY**—You should write to our publisher for any indexes you require, which perhaps he may still have. You do not say of what description of work the slippers are required to be—embroidery on cloth or silk, crochet-work, or knitting? Small sixpenny manuals for the last two kinds of work applied to any purpose as slippers.

**DAISY (Russia)**—Many thanks for your kind and correctly written letter. We are surprised to hear you have only learnt English in one year.

**FAITH**—Write direct to the address given for all information, enclosing a stamped envelope. It is better in all cases, when you have such a clear address, to write to headquarters.

**SHAMROCK**—Amongst our most distinguished Lords Justices of the present reign, we may name Robert, Lord Cranworth (1811), afterwards Lord Chancellor; Sir Hugh Cairns (1851), afterwards Lord Chancellor; Sir Wm. Page Wood (1868), afterwards Lord Chancellor. The present Lords Justices, Sir W. M. James (1870), Sir R. Baggallay (1875), Sir George Bramwell (1870), Sir W. Balliol Brett (1876), Sir Henry Cotton (1877), and the Hon. Alfred H. Thesiger (1877). We do not pretend to "place these in the order of merit!" Amongst the humorists, Thomas Hood, the poet, was one; Theodore E. Hook was celebrated for his "wild sallies of wit and drollery;" Charles J. Lever, M.D., J. L. D., Robert Burns, poet, and Edward Lear, author, amongst other publications, of *The Book of Nonsense*. Tennyson alludes to him in one of his lyrics as having

"Such a pencil, such a pen."

**BLUEBELL**—Cucumber jelly should be made, like any other jelly, with isinglass, or with gelatine. A good recipe for orange or apple jelly, or aspic, might be followed, so far as the clearing and the quantities are concerned.

**MIRIAM H.**—Miss Prince Browne holds classes for dressmaking and millinery throughout the year (we believe) at Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. Pupils can enter at any date. Terms for twelve lessons, one guinea. Visitors may see the work being done in the studios any Tuesday or Friday, either in the morning or afternoon. Miss Prince Browne is the registered teacher under the "City and Guilds of London," and is also a teacher of artificial-flower making, tailoring, French pattern modelling, and making-up of straw into bonnets and hats.

**WARRINGTON**—Yes, it is quite true that an English woman can go all round the world without once leaving British territory. The course of the journey is from England to Quebec by the C. P. R. to Vancouver, from thence across the Pacific to Hong Kong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, and England. There is an alternative route, from Penang to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, and Gibraltar. Most of the journey is of course by sea, but there is a very long land journey from Quebec to Vancouver.

**GIRGON** inquires what is meant by a "hone" in a river, as in the Severn and elsewhere. It is occasioned by the advancing front of a tidal wave when it stretches across a bay or mouth of a river. These waves rush with such impetuosity as to sweep all before them. The same phenomenon occurs in the river Garonne as in the Severn. In mid-ocean it does not exceed the average surface of the waves by more than about three feet; but at Chepstow the spring tides rise to forty, and at such times a "hone" some nine feet in height rushes up the stream. This phenomenon occurs off Patagonia, between La Plata and Cape Horn; in the Indian Ocean, in the Bay of Bengal, and in the Arabian Gulf.—2. We do not anticipate any return to the styles that obtained when Her Majesty ascended the throne, and loyalty does not demand it, for she has worn all the various fashions which have successively followed, like every one else.

**XAVIER**—Candidates must pass through a training college for missionary work, learning the languages needed, and must be in good health. The age would be from 25 to 28; but it would depend on circumstances.

**CARRIE T.**—We never heard that there was any rule on the subject of ladies wearing flowers either on one side or the other. As a fact, we believe they are nearly always worn on the right side.



*[By permission of Messrs. Pyne & Co., Richmond.]*

THE LATE PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

*"Thou art gone to the grave!—but 'twere vain to deplore thee,  
When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,  
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died."*—HEBER.