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I.  
 TRAVELLER fair, with the eager feet,  
 With lightsome heart and smile so sweet,  
 Whither away  
 This sunny day?  
 What will you do with the hours so fleet?  
 To regions of song, of flowers, and fight,  
 Where love fills the heart and all is bright,  
 Thither away  
 This sunny day:  
 I heed not the hours yet hid from my sight.  
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## PROSPECTS

II.  
 Pilgrim tried, with the faltering tread,  
 With chastened heart and careworn head,  
 Whither away  
 This cloudy day?  
 Come, tell how the hours with you have sped.  
 To lands where sorrow and sin are unknown,  
 Where hopes are fulfilled and joy reigns alone;  
 Thither away  
 This cloudy day,  
 To reap evermore what the hours have sown.

T. C. MUL-  
 HOLLAND.



## IN SPIE OF ALL.

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

## CHAPTER VI.

MICHAEL would have liked to tell his mother about Beattie, but during the first few days of his return she had to be kept very quiet, and no topic of conversation was introduced but familiar ones, and such as were likely to cause nothing even approaching excitement. She had had another attack of palpitations, and again the household had been greatly alarmed on her account. The change to Michael, after the free atmosphere of his holiday and the hopes and happiness which had been associated with Beattie was rather a painful one. Sir John, after the first pleasure of seeing him had passed, was more than usually irritable and complaining, finding fault with those about him, with things in general, and even, on occasion, with Michael himself. There was no one with whom Michael could play tennis, and except Mr. Gilman no one with whom to talk intelligently. With his mother lying ill he was not disposed to go far afield for society, even if he had himself been in the mood for it. He spent a good deal of time alone, read poetry, thought of Beattie, and as may be imagined grew fonder of her daily in this interval of absence.

So a week passed. Then one day, walking in the village he met Norah. He had never been so pleased to see her. She noticed how his face brightened as he drew near to her, and he squeezed her hand so hard that he hurt her. Here was some one who knew Beattie and could talk of her.

Norah was looking very well and prettier than Michael had ever seen her.

"I am so glad you are back," he said.

"Mrs. Gilman asked me to stay another week," said Norah, "but I felt I had been away long enough."

She might have added that her father had written that Mike had come home and seemed very lonely.

"Everybody has wanted you," said Mike. "Old Mrs. Emery is saying she can't tell the days of the week, now that Mondays pass without your going to see her! Mrs. Wilson takes it as a personal insult that neither you nor my mother have seen the twins, and seems to think that is why one of them doesn't thrive, and Lady Anstruther says to me every day, 'I shall be glad when Norah is back.'"

"Do you think I may come up this afternoon, Mike?"

"Oh do. You can tell her about your trip. Was it nice?"

"Very. We went all round the coast, staying at different places. The Gilmans are in Cornwall now, and will stop another fortnight."

"I have been to the seaside, too," said Mike. "Do you know Crabsley?"

Norah laughed.

"You know I don't know anywhere,

Mike. But I have heard of Crabsley. Oh, yes, it was Beattie Margetson who was going there. Did you see her?"

"Yes," said Mike, hoping his voice sounded as unconcerned to his hearer as to himself. "She was there with her uncle and aunt. Such a funny little aunt. Looks as if she had been melted and poured into her clothes, and she can't stoop, I know, because I watched her trying to pick up her parasol once, and it was the funniest sight. However, I went to the rescue. It seems rather a pity somehow that Miss Margetson should have to be tied to her."

"Oh, she is very kind," said Norah. "She was as nice as possible to me, and she said perhaps she would let Beattie come and see me some time. Wouldn't it be lovely to have her here?"

"It would," said Mike, with genuine feeling. Norah's "lovely" did not sound to him in the least gushing, though it would have seemed a school-girl's expression not many weeks ago. "Mrs. Gilman is very fond of her, and so is Eva. I have never met any girl I liked so much at first sight."

Mike felt inclined to say, "nor have I," but said instead, "Well, you have not known many, you see."

"No. Beattie has so many friends. She is popular with everybody. But then," Norah added thoughtfully, "she has never had to do any fighting, and I think that makes a difference."

Mike laughed.

"Why, you haven't been particularly pugnacious, have you?"

Norah reddened.

"I don't know if you'd understand," she said. "Only I mean that Beattie has been rich and hasn't had to think about things, and she takes the world as she finds it, and if people are kind to her she just likes them; but I have had to be more serious, and I seem older than other girls, and besides—" she hesitated.

"Well," said Michael.

"I don't think I'll say it."

"Yes, do."

"It's only that I have learnt a good deal from father and your mother, and—when you are trying to fight your own sins and to serve God, it isn't so easy to be friends with everybody."

"You mean that they are what is called 'worldly.' Oh, well," said Michael, "I don't go in for those distinctions myself, and I think the people who do are generally prigs." Then, seeing that she turned away her face, he added quickly, "you're not a prig, Norah, you're far too sweet, and I daresay there's some truth in what you say. Only, you see I'm not given to introspection. I suppose saints do feel out of it in the world. But still, I should think Miss Margetson was good enough for most people."

"It isn't a question of goodness," said Norah. "Of course she is good.

If she hadn't been one wouldn't feel so drawn to her. But I mean she hasn't put herself in opposition to evil."

"Perhaps that's not her business," said Mike. "I don't see why she should put herself in opposition to anything, unless it's Mrs. Swannington. She'll have to put herself in opposition to her one day, or I'm very much mistaken." And he laughed, a little consciously.

"Why?" Norah asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't think she was a person overburdened with the scruples about worldliness which apparently beset you. Still, she was very kind to me, and let me bore her rather, I expect, so I mustn't say anything against her."

"I suppose you saw a good deal of them?"

"Pretty well. Of course a week isn't a very long time. I came back to the mother rather hurriedly—they wired."

"Shall you stay here for the rest of your holidays?" Norah asked, poking at a tuft of grass with her parasol.

"Oh, no," said Michael, with something like eagerness in his tones. "I must be off when I see my mother better. I—I shan't go to the sea again, I expect, but I have business in London. It won't be very long now before I start for Paris."

"No," said Norah, rather sadly.

"I daresay I shall be backwards and forwards a bit," said Mike, thinking of Beattie. "Really, Paris isn't so very much farther than London."

"Still, there is less chance of seeing you," said Norah. "I am going to be in London, perhaps, next spring, Mike. Mrs. Gilman wants me to go out with her."

"Well done, Mrs. Gilman. Why, Norah, when I come back from Paris I shall find you quite a changed young woman, I expect. You will have forgotten the admonitions of a couple of middle-aged people whose own experiences have saddened them, and be as interested in the vanities of life as all the other young ladies who like pretty dresses and flirtations and compliments better than taking broth to the sick and meditating on serious subjects." And then, as she raised her gentle eyes to his face to ascertain if he was laughing or in earnest, he said quickly: "But I hope you won't, for I like you best as you are."

And this little speech was enough to make Norah happy.

In the afternoon she went up to the Hall. Lady Anstruther was on the sofa in the morning-room. Sir John was sitting with her, keeping her company after a fashion of his own which left his wife uncertain whether to laugh or cry and was singularly trying to her nerves, for he never spoke except to assure her that everything was going wrong now that she was not there to see after them, and the rest of the time he regarded her

in gloomy silence. Lady Anstruther was very fond of her husband; she had loved him deeply in her youth, and she knew that he was devoted to her, but his way of showing his affection was not conspicuously unselfish, and, as his peculiarities grew upon him, Lady Anstruther sometimes needed to revive her tenderness towards him by remembering what he used to be in the past. He departed soon after Norah's arrival; he and the clergyman's daughter were not at ease in each other's society. Her views were rather offensive to Sir John. He had been heard to speak of her as a "goody-goody chit," and naturally Norah did not show to advantage in his company. She had a tendency to say things which shocked her, and moreover Norah was a little bit afraid of him. She was sensitive to likes and dislikes.

She had brought a lot of photographs with her, and Lady Anstruther's memories of Devonshire were revived as she looked at the pictures of the beautiful Dart scenery which, she told Norah, she considered as lovely as that of the Rhine.

"I should like to go to some of these places again," she said wistfully, gazing at a picture of Fowey and Polruan. "We went to Cornwall for our honeymoon. But I don't think Sir John would care for all the scrambling, and long coach-drives, and boating on rough seas, that he revelled in then. I am afraid I shouldn't, either," she added smiling. "But one day, Norah, you and I will go quietly together."

Norah's eyes shone.

"I should like that," she said. "This little peep at the world has made me feel so very ignorant. I sometimes felt quite ashamed when Mr. Gilman spoke of various places and I knew nothing about them. And I couldn't do anything either. I think they must have got rather tired of me. Cousin Alice can swim, and row, and ride, and when we met people she had so much to say to them, and I often seemed just a dead-weight."

"Well, dear, you haven't had many opportunities, you see. Mrs. Gilman is a woman of the world, and you are only a young girl. Besides, I daresay there are things you can do and they can't, only this was not an opportunity for displaying them. But now tell me about the little friend you made."

"Beattie—oh, you would like her, Lady Anstruther. Mike saw her at Mrs. Gilman's. Didn't he mention her?"

"No; he only told me he had seen you," said Lady Anstruther smiling. "I don't think Mike is much given to noticing young ladies."

"Well, he spoke to her. She is beautiful, Lady Anstruther. I have never seen any one so pretty. She has such a happy look, too. She has eyes that have a smile in them. I only saw her three times, but I have got quite fond of her."

"And does she reciprocate your affection?" asked Lady Anstruther laughing. Norah was not often enthusiastic.

"Oh, she is different, I think she liked me. But she has heaps of people to be fond of. I should think she has almost everything she wants; and she is dressed like a picture. I wonder Mike didn't tell you about her."

"Why, Norah, Mike doesn't notice people's dresses; but I believe this Beattie has made you discontented."

"Oh no; only with myself."

"You needn't be, dear Norah. I daresay there are many people who would prefer you to her; and, even if not, you have your gifts just as she has hers, and you know, darling, the great thing is to draw people, not to yourself, but to God. You try to do that."

"I want to," said Norah shyly, "only I can't help wishing people to like me, and they don't care for you, just because you are trying to be good. As I said to Mike, that makes it harder to get on with them, because you can't take pleasure in things in quite the same way; clothes and food and that. Mr. Gilman thought me very silly not to mind what I ate, and said the hotel cooking was wasted on me, and Mrs. Gilman thought I ought to take a great deal more interest in my clothes. Now father says—"

"Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,  
And say withal, earth to earth I commit."

and

"Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave."

"Your father knows best," said Lady Anstruther. "But I am not sure that it wouldn't be wise to take an interest in cooking and clothing for the sake of other people." And then she laughed. "Poor little Norah. What did Michael say, I wonder, when you discoursed to him in this fashion?"

"Oh, he told me not to be a prig," said Norah; "or something to that effect."

"But you are to go to Mrs. Gilman in the spring, I hear, so you see you can't have made such a very bad impression. I don't suppose other people take these little things so seriously as you do, Norah. When you have had more experience life will seem a different matter to you, and all these details will be merged in something bigger. I am sure, if you are loving and sympathetic to Mrs. Gilman, she won't mind if you can't be enthusiastic about French bonnets; only I don't see why you shouldn't take a reasonable interest in them. Probably, when you marry, your husband will want to be proud of your appearance; and I don't think you ought to expect all men to be like your father and George Herbert in the matter of food."

And Lady Anstruther laughed again, as she reflected that Mike was by no means above enjoying his dinner, however little he might understand the mysteries of ladies' dress.

Lady Anstruther was obliged to treat some of Norah's scruples very lightly, lest the girl should make her life harder than was necessary. Virtues and faults lie

near together, and saints may sometimes lose their human sympathies.

Michael did not come into the room while Norah was there, but he encountered her in the drive afterwards, and walked home with her to have a chat with the rector who had sent him a message. Norah was very animated on the way home. A talk with Lady Anstruther always did her good, and she had borrowed some books which she was looking forward to reading. Michael made a grimace as he looked at the titles of the volumes he was carrying; they seemed to him to be rather serious reading for his youthful companion, but Norah cared little for any other books, though she had considerable literary tastes. Her slight acquaintance with fiction would have astonished the modern novel-reading young lady. Lady Anstruther thought a course of good novels would be beneficial to Norah, enlarging her views and widening her sympathies, besides, in some sort, supplying the lack of that education which is to be gained by general society, but Norah took so slight an interest in them, and cared so little for the fate of heroine or hero, that Lady Anstruther lost patience with her, angry, that what was a refreshment to herself, was only a weariness to her pupil.

"I can't subject my favourites to your slights," she said, when Norah brought back *Consuelo* with the marker at the fiftieth page, and confessed to having found *Martin Chuzzlewit* unreadable. The only story she did care for was *Cranford*, and, as a reward, Lady Anstruther gave her the volume in the newest and best edition.

"I like realities best," Norah would say quietly; "and the books which help me to meet them are the ones I value most."

So her ladyship lent her *The Lives of the Saints*, and biographies of men and women who had had struggles and victories, and such works of philosophy as Norah selected from the library when Sir John was safely out of the way. They were the books most neglected by himself.

"You are too good for ordinary people," said Michael, looking at her with a shake of the head. "Why, here is actually a volume of sermons. Aren't two every Sunday enough?"

"These are very beautiful," said Norah; "and besides, I like to hear some one's views besides my father's. I read these to him sometimes. There are lovely thoughts in them."

The sermons were some by Robertson of Brighton.

"Well," said Michael, "religion makes you what you are, I suppose, and everybody loves you. But it does seem queer for any one to read sermons from choice."

"Perhaps one day you won't think so," said Norah gravely. "For my part, I don't see why the highest and best part of life should be reserved for one day in seven, when it may make the other six better worth the living."

"But this world is so beautiful, why need you be always thinking of another?"

"I am not," said Norah; "I am

learning how to do my duty in this. Besides, this world is not enough to satisfy me."

"It satisfies me," said Michael.

Norah looked up at him. Why should it not? He had youth, health, hope, and a career in which he delighted before him. She did not know that in addition he saw the world through the glory which love-light throws.

"But then," he went on, "I am materially and you are spiritually minded, and I daresay that makes all the difference."

Norah was silent. Her father had told her that to all men, sooner or later, comes disenchantment and weariness, and the soul calls out for God.

The afternoon post had just come in. They passed the postman in his cart. Norah found a letter awaiting her, and seized it with the eagerness of one who has a limited correspondence and has not learnt to open envelopes with dread.

"Why, it is from Beattie," she said.

"Don't let me prevent your reading

it," said Michael, hoping fervently the rector would not come in till it was perused.

Norah opened it, and began to read. Mike had to restrain a longing to snatch the letter from her hand.

"Any news?" he said indifferently.

"M—M—M," said Norah, making the aggravating noise of a person who reads a letter half aloud. "They don't like Crabsley as much as they had expected. Why, Mike, I thought you said it was so delightful? They return home this week, and then her aunt is going to take her abroad for a month. How lovely!"

The rector came in and bore Mike off to his study to look at some things he had under a microscope, but he was rather disappointed at the young man's absent-mindedness and the lack of his usual interest. Mike kept fidgeting about as if impatient to go, and when released had to work off his restlessness by running most of the way home. He felt he could not keep away from Beattie

any longer, especially if she was about to be spirited off to the continent during the short time that remained to him in England.

In the evening he sat with his mother a little, while Lady Anstruther talked about Norah.

"She is in the blush of a young girl's first friendship," she said, "and talks like a lover about this Beattie. She seemed quite surprised that you were not as impressed as herself."

"I was," said Mike, with a short laugh, and he opened and shut his hands nervously.

Lady Anstruther looked at him in amazement. "But you never mentioned her!"

Mike forgot all about his mother's heart disease, and everything else.

"Look here, mother," he said, "I'm in love with her. I simply can't live without her; and I'm going to London to-morrow to see if they'll let me marry her."

(To be continued.)

## IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

### PART VIII.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE. DAY-DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

"To everything there is a season—a time to keep silence and a time to speak" (Ecclesiastes iii. 1, 7).

"Whatever things are pure—lovely—think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8).



SINCE our last meeting one sweet thought has often recurred to my mind. What was then read proved how fully many of us realise that we are "every one members one of another." When the message of God's infinite love in Christ has come home to one of us, she has resolved that others shall share the blessing, even whilst hesitating as to the best way of passing it on, and fearing lest what she values most of all should be lightly esteemed by them.

"Is it wrong of me not to speak?" asked one, and another told how she prayed for strength and courage that she might not be afraid to speak of Christ to anyone. The position of the latter is especially difficult, for she is associated in her daily work with other girls who seem "to regard life as a mere playground," and have no inclination to think of anything beyond the present.

To your questions, dear girl-friends, I would answer, "Do not be in too great a hurry to

speak to those between whom and yourself there is no sympathy in higher things. You may be very eloquent without words. If you have experienced this real change of heart, you cannot help showing it in your life. And of what is your life made up? Surely of words and actions so far as your neighbour is concerned, for only God is a searcher of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Do you not remember that beautiful story, told in the early days after Christ's ascension and the gift of the Holy Spirit to the waiting disciples? Peter and John, about to enter the temple at the hour of prayer, saw the lame man lying at the Beautiful gate waiting for alms. They had no money to give, and Peter owned their poverty. "Silver and gold have I none," he said, "but such as I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

You know the rest, or you may read it for yourselves in detail and picture him who was restored to soundness of limb, following Peter and John into the temple, "walking and leaping and praising God," whilst the people ran in eager crowds greatly wondering. Next we picture the two apostles in prison, because they had spoken boldly and preached Christ to those whom news of the miracle had brought together.

The apostles were equally courageous and eloquent when before the high priest and his kindred, to the amazement of their judges who, seeing that Peter and John were unlearned and ignorant men, "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." They would fain have inflicted punishment on these bold speakers, or silenced them; but the first they feared to do, the second they could not do.

The miracle had conferred a benefit, and it was so real and manifest that "All glorified God for that which was done," though very unwillingly, they were compelled to let the apostles go.

Do you ask, "What has this New Testament story to do with our questions?" Much. It is only one instance out of many which go to prove, not merely the courage of those first disciples, who spoke for their divine

Master as you long to do, but their wise discretion as to time and opportunity. They met with the lame man at the gate of the temple whither they were going at the hour of prayer. They put forth the God-given power that was in them on his behalf; the crowd gathered, eager to listen, and Peter seized the opportunity to tell the story of the Father's love for sinners, and of salvation through Christ alone.

Peter and John could not have forced their way into the presence of the high priest and his kindred, but their prison opened it for them, and when accused they were enabled not only to defend themselves, but to proclaim even to Annaas and Caiaphas that, "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

Their act on behalf of the lame man was what set people wondering and asking whence comes the power these men exercise.

You, dear girl-friends, cannot work miracles for others, but true love for Christ is certain to work miracles in your life. You will be silent witnesses for your Master if you are His faithful servants. You will be more pleasant to work with, more patient, gentler in speech and manners, more thoughtful for your neighbours' comfort, more ready to yield somewhat where you would once have insisted on having "your rights." You will be sensible of a difference in your tastes, and your standard will be a higher one, but this will not make you hold yourself proudly aloof, as if saying, "Stand aside; I am holier than thou."

On the contrary, as the disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour, you will think more humbly of yourself because, in looking to His perfect life, you will see how much you have to learn and to correct in your own. And as this knowledge comes to you, bit by bit, you will judge more leniently—if you judge at all—those who have not even made the start on the "narrow way."

How can I mention all the changes, in that part of ourselves that is open to the world, which will follow each other gradually if we are only in earnest? Happily the example of quiet, good doing is always seasonable, but words, even wise words, are not. We have

often to wait for a chance of saying the word in season, but in the meanwhile, our lives will be eloquent and those around us, noting changes for the better in the little things which make up the sum of our daily lives, will begin to wonder how they have come about. Perhaps they will take knowledge of you, dear ones, that you have been learning at the feet of Jesus, and seeing that you are happier in yourselves and more anxious to promote the happiness of others, they may wish to know your secret and give you the chance you long for. Then you will not speak for Christ in vain. I repeat, "Do not be in haste to speak, but be ever watchful for an opportunity, and then ask that the right words may be given you in accordance with Christ's own promise to His disciples."

As a last word on this subject, let me urge upon each of you how important it is that you should be a bright, happy-tempered, Christian girl, and that you should specially manifest yourself as such, when things are not running smoothly in your daily life. It requires little effort to show a bright face and say cheery words when you have everything in your favour. To do this under depressing circumstances needs more than mere human strength and courage; and it is an evidence that, far below the surface of your being, there flows a well-spring of hope and gladness and a sense of enduring blessedness, which neither the storms nor trials of daily life can exhaust or destroy.

Now I want to say a word or two about the persistent day-dreams which prove a disturbing element in the spiritual life of one of you—probably of many.

In a recent talk I said something to you relative to the golden dreams in which many of us are prone to indulge. I think most of us, if asked individually, would plead guilty to day-dreaming at one time or other. I should for one, and more than this, I should own that I had often found it very pleasant, especially when the dreaming accompanied manual work which was not altogether congenial and needed no thinking about.

When I was a young girl, I was taught to do every kind of household work, and I did not always like it. Then however, it was part of every girl's education; for fewer servants were kept and, even in the homes of the wealthy people, the daughters superintended their work or helped in turn in all but the menial part of it.

I used to dream over my share of it many a time, and many a story which some of you may have read, had its beginning as the box-iron glided over the skirt of my muslin frock.

I am sure that pure, happy, innocent day-dreams lighten labour. They bring smiles to our faces and pleasant anticipations, though they may never be realised. Still, not being real buildings, their ruin does not trouble us much. Our "Castles in Spain," are like the card houses of the little folks, built to be demolished, many a time and oft, yet one always has a sort of childish pleasure in beginning again.

All the same, a word of warning about day-dreaming will not be out of place. If a girl can say, "I should not be afraid were my good mother to look into my mind and read its imaginings as in an open book," her day-dreams are not likely to be hurtful ones. If, however, they mean a constant longing after forbidden pleasures, foolish picturing of ourselves in positions impossible of attainment, and for which we should be utterly unfitted if we could attain them; if they serve to make us discontented with the place and portion God has allotted to us and neglectful of daily duties; or, if they bring a flush of shame to our own faces when we dwell upon them, they are bad and to be fought against at all costs.

Should we continue to cherish these worse than idle fancies, they will grow and multiply

to the injury of our higher nature. By constantly dwelling on unrealities, we shall lose both the will and power to devote ourselves to the duties which lie nearest to us. At the same time, conscience will reproach us for the misuse of the talents, whether few or many, which we can call our own.

If any of you have such day-dreams, fight against them. Banish them as the gardener unsparingly tears away the weeds and clears the ground before he plants the flowers.

It is not enough to banish bad and foolish imaginings. The ground of the heart must be occupied with seed of some kind. Resolve that it shall be such as will blossom into the fair flowers of good doing and the faithful performance of present duties, and when dreaming as you go about your work, dream of the highest and best things.

Many a girl who indulges to excess in reading unwholesome and unnatural fiction, straightway sits down and fancies herself a heroine of the sort described. A nobleman's daughter in disguise, a peasant endowed with such rare beauty and gifts as fit her to be the bride of a prince! She sees herself adorned in costly garments and decked with priceless jewels, with a palace for her home and countless servants to do her bidding.

Naturally, when necessity arouses her from such visions, she is disgusted at the realities around her and discontented with her lot.

Let me tell you, dear girl-friends, that a higher title and a more glorious home are yours by right if you are true disciples of Christ, for you can claim the proud title of "Daughters of the Lord Almighty," and "Children of God."

If you sigh in poverty here, do not waste time in longing after costly surroundings, but remember that if you are indeed believing and loving children of God, you can claim a more glorious heritage than earthly imagination can picture. Read what God's Word tells us.

"If children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

As to the inheritance! Once yours it is yours for ever, since it is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you.

No fear that this will vanish like those you have seen only in fancy. Once yours, it differs too from the grandest of real earthly possessions in this. Death robs us of them. Death gives us the eternal title-deeds of our heavenly heritage.

Do you who are poor envy the wealthy ones amongst us, their rich apparel and ministering servants?

There is one robe which is worth more than all the costly garments that skill can devise and mortal hands fashion; that one in which those are clothed who, in the eternal home above, praise Him who has redeemed them.

If you are children of God and heirs of salvation, here is another message for your comfort. It matters not what may be your station in this life you have a share in the ministry of angels, for, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Let us take comfort from these things and bear in mind that this family name and title, the rich heritage, the clothing, the home and the service are alike for high and low, rich and poor, young men and maidens, old men and children on the one condition. We must be children of God, through faith in Christ.

Dream if you will of your heritage, and in God's good time you shall awake from your last earthly sleep to find in the Home above how real it is.

Before we met to-night I meant to speak of our daily life, including its lighter occupations and amusements in relation to the glory of God. I have been a little carried away by the subjects which have occupied us thus far,

so the rest must await our next meeting. To fill our last few moments one of yourselves shall speak to you as she has already done straight to my heart in her delightful letter signed "Une de vos filles."

I am not going to quote the grateful, loving words addressed more particularly to myself, but I will read you bits here and there which will be helpful to you. As you listen you will feel with me how much each of us may contribute to the good of the rest, and that, in striving to bless others, we are ourselves doubly blest.

"For some weeks it has been in my mind to write to you, and yet I shrank from it in case you might not like it. The thought comes to me that it is only right and kind to let another know when he or she has done us any good."

The writer tells how our Twilight Talks have been helpful, "sometimes by rebuke, sometimes by encouragement, and sometimes, just by showing me that others have the same difficulties and temptations to contend with." She describes her surroundings, and the picture she draws of parents, home and family is very beautiful. "Yet, having so many rich blessings," she writes "there is still room in my heart for gratitude to God for giving me this extra one, the strengthening words," which have travelled to her through our sittings in the twilight.

One passage I must give in its entirety. "The only thing that others might think a drawback to my happiness is, that for fifteen years I have been more or less of an invalid, some days suffering severely, at other times tolerably well, but never quite free from pain. And yet I can truly say I would not have been without this discipline, for I know that God has given me some of the highest and most precious blessings of my life as direct consequences of the suffering. Sometimes I do long to be able to serve Him more actively; but then it comforts me to remember that, 'Lord, all my desire is before Thee,' is true in my case also, and that, afterwards 'His servants shall serve Him.' So I am very happy, and it is wonderful how He sends little wee bits of work to do for Him within the power of even a weary frame like mine."

Surely this sweet message from "Une de mes filles," is one of the "bits of work" done in Christ's name. Does it not show us all that it is possible, even amid many drawbacks, to keep on the look-out for something to do for God and our neighbour, and to rejoice in using all the powers we possess in His Service?

So many, even of those who profess to be God's servants turn aside, and shirk the share of work they are well able to perform, but the one who has truly given her heart to Him, cheerfully does her best and only grieves that she cannot do more.

My dear correspondent is a day-dreamer, and she allows me to have a glimpse of her visions. Would that all were like hers, for looking onward and upward, she pictures our gathering again, not in the twilight as now, but in heaven where there is no night. For the heritage and the home we have been talking about are real things to her now, and she concludes thus, "I have been trying to give you a little of my share of thankfulness, and I am looking forward to talking to you about it there when we are both in the presence of the Lord, 'whose we are and whom we serve.'"

Do not you, with whom I have shared a portion of this sweet letter, join with me in a heartfelt message of love and thanks to the dear writer for the good she has done us? A prayer too, that the same spirit of patience, submissiveness, firm faith and loving service may animate us all, and that our day-dreams may be not of earthly splendours, but of the time when we shall dwell in the eternal "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

## IN THE JOY OF JUNE.

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



"Ah, what is so rare as a day in June!  
Then, if ever, come perfect days—  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in  
tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Yes, and it would be a sorrowful heart indeed that could not rejoice in the joys of June. The fierce heat of July has not yet come to dry the earth and burn up the grass. There is a sweet freshness in the air, especially at early morn, that we do not find at any other time of the year. Showers may fall, the sky may weep, but its tears are tears of happiness, and they gladden the earth till every blade and leaf turns a brighter green.

And listen, if you live in the country, to those glorious outbursts of bird-song that arise from every copse and hedge. All know the melodious fluting of the blackbird, and the half-crazy song of the mavis or thrush, because these birds like to be close to the haunts of man; so too does the sweet lilting robin, and the chaffinch also, with his wild defiant notes that make echo ring from tree to tree.

But if we go further afield, if we penetrate into the silent woodlands, if we cross quiet green meadows or linger by reedy streams, we shall hear bird music which, though neither so loud nor so ambitious as that of our garden favourites, is sweet indeed to listen to. These songs are not meant for the ears of man; they are love ditties, pure and simple, sung by the male to his dear we mate as she sits mute but enthralled, on her little grey nest, her orange bill and head leaning over the edge.

Here is a little June picture that rises to my mind as I write. I am lying, with a book by my side, among the white clover and orange

bird's-foot trefoil, near to the banks of a silent stream in Norfolk. The water moves lazily along in the sunshine, and tall green sedges adorn its banks, but among these sword-shaped blades is the crimson of the ragged robins and great orchid-like flowers of orange or yellow. Dark-plumed aquatic birds sail slowly past, now and then looking shorewards at me with great bright wondering eyes of jet. And, see, although there is hardly a breath of wind, there is just breeze enough—and, oh, 'tis balmy and sweet!—to gently sway some reeds between which is suspended the nest of a sedge-warbler.

I am near enough to see the owner's back and head as she sits there so cosily upon her eggs, and I am near enough to hear the low and beautiful song the male bird trills, as he swings to and fro on a twiglet not far away.

But his little morsel of a wife cannot live on music alone, so presently away he flies, and a few seconds afterwards I see him hovering over the nest, while he places soft food in the upturned yellow mouth of the hen. Again and again he goes and returns till she is satisfied, then he sits closer by her now and once more warbles that soft sweet song which, though meant only for her ears, falls also on mine. Surely this is an idyllic love-scene, and those who wander quietly by wood and stream, and who are themselves in touch with Nature, may feast their eyes on many such.

But June, dear young readers, is a kindly time—kindly not only to the birds and beasts and insects gay, but to us poor mortals, artificial though we be.

No need now, methinks, for any but town dwellers to go away for a holiday.

And, concerning holidays in general, I hold opinions which, although differing from those of many, are not far from the truth.

I maintain that no sickly person or weakly invalid should go on a long journey, to the seaside or elsewhere with the hopes of enjoying herself and getting rapidly well. Happiness, remember, is generated in our own hearts, and the condition of the mind depends entirely on that of the body. I do not mean to say that the pure air of a seaside watering-place, bracing or balmy, may not at times greatly improve the state of the health and be instrumental in enabling a patient to round the corner and get into the straight road, that leads to health. But there are many drawbacks to this holiday.

First and foremost, no sickly person can really enjoy the sights or scenes of such a watering-place. It is rest, *rest*, she seems to need, and perfect rest cannot be obtained here. Even in the quietest streets of, say, Brighton, an invalid is unable to obtain ten consecutive minutes of *siesta* on a sofa by the open window. Bands of nigger minstrels interfere with this, the everlasting street cries, and that horror of horrors, the hurdy-gurdy. The gorilla-like handle-turner will gape and grin at you, soliciting alms, till you feel life to be a burden—you'd fain lay down.

The Scots are notably first in all reforms, and the English adopt them after a time. Why then should not Brighton follow the example of Edinburgh, and banish street organs and street noises, as St. Patrick banished the frogs from "Ould Oirland." Let bands play and niggers sing along the beach, and everybody go mad there that wants to; but, as a journalist, I for one should write Brighton up as a model watering-place, if the side streets were but cleared of all objectionable noises. As it is, Brighton's quietest streets are not even desirable by night, and

many a poor soul who has tossed upon a bed of weariness till the June sun rises, and is dropping into a soothing sleep, is aroused by the crowing of cocks under her window, or, later on, by the yelp of the brutal milkman.

But even the railway journey to the seaside from, let us say, the Midlands is a terrible ordeal for the invalid; the depression or enervation caused by this is often so great that a whole week elapses before one recovers therefrom.

Many and many an invalid, I can assure you, is dragged away down to the seaside through mistaken kindness—only just to die.

I say boldly that medical men who send old and infirm patients away to Nice or any part of the Riviera have very much to account for.

Well, at a seaside watering-place on our own coast, should an invalid be minded to stay at an hotel, the noises, day and night—indoors, mind—are incessant, and there is an utter and entire absence of all the little comforts which made home so snug and comfortable.

In apartments it is even worse; the beds are seldom comfortable, all the surroundings are tawdry and trashy, and, as for the food, it is oftentimes inedible; if you have a joint or steak it is tough, fish is spoiled, a fowl done to a cinder, and the pudding splashy and tasteless.

A person in good health can stand all the discomforts of the modern watering-place, but for the invalid there are precious few of the joys of June at the seaside. Therefore I say let her take a holiday at home.

This latter is by no means impossible. All work must be given up, all care and worry must be forgotten. The main object is to let things slide for a month or more.

But all therules of health must be obeyed; the food be moderate and tasty, but never forced. Where there is no appetite, there really is not the slightest good in stuffing the poor delicate stomach. Just that kind of food which seems palatable should be eaten. And don't forget that one girl's meat is another girl's poison.

Put not too much faith in medicine; very often you will be better without any. But early rising is much to be recommended, and the cold bath in June often invigorates a weakly person more quickly than anything I know of.

Fresh air—with sunshine if you can get it—is invaluable. But linger and lounge about in the air all day long, and if you have an umbrella you need not fear a summer shower. No mackintoshes—they are most unwholesome and even dangerous. No goloshes.

Gardening is a most delightful and healthy pastime for June. It is thoughtful and calmative, though the exercise must not be carried to the boundary line of fatigue, else it will injure. If there is a seat in the garden so much the better, for then the invalid can rest now and then and read.

An invalid should avoid cycling, except very moderate exercise on the wheel on the most level of roads.

The "bike," I must admit, having been an ardent cyclist myself for over twenty years, is capable of curing many of the ills that flesh is heir to—chronic rheumatism among others—but, on the other hand, it has often produced fatal ailments of the heart and other internal organs, and so wheeled its votaries to the grave.

Another joy of June which the invalid may indulge in, is that of studying Nature while taking quiet walks in the country. There

are ten thousand things worth observing—buds and leaves in every stage, the wild birds and all their strange ways, which prove beyond a doubt that they possess reason just as you and I do, for the word "instinct" nowadays is only heard from the mouths of the ignorant. Moles and voles, and other busy little gentlemen clad in fur; insects that fly, insects that creep, and the myriads of living things to be seen down in the bottom of a pool, in streamlet or burn. The invalid whom such a study as this does not please and calm must be destitute of a soul.

Here before us, in meadows and woods and by the wayside, we have great Nature's own theatre opened to our view. The scenes are ever changing—tragedy, drama, and even farce, and no other theatre is able to while away an invalid's time so very pleasantly as this.

I often speak of obedience to the laws of health. I must not be supposed, however, to refer to a diet of constantly the same sort and

nature. Change is very necessary as regards this, though oatmeal porridge may be taken with advantage for breakfast all the year round, in June as well as January. A more silly and iniquitous libel on this most strengthening and delicious of all food, was never published, than that which associates the use of oatmeal with heat of blood and papular eruptions. It is quite the reverse, for good porridge—not boiled into slime—keeps the system regular, and this actually cools the blood. The skins of those who have such a breakfast every day after a cold bath are as soft as satin and as white as a baby's.

Well, with the exception of this, the diet should be varied almost every day. Too much meat is the bane of this country. Plenty of good milk is a blessing when it can be digested—and this, in ordinary states of health, when the stomach is not too acid but able to secrete pepsin, it can always be. But the milk obtained from the shops or

delivered at the house should invariably be scalded, and frequently a sample ought to be sent for analysis, for nothing is more common nowadays than the addition to it of borax—to make it keep—in such quantities that cannot fail to injure the health of the adult, and which often proves fatal to very young children.

For farmers and others to put borax or any other poison in their London supply of milk, is not only actionable but criminal.

I mean (D.V.) to have a paper on "Rest" at no distant date, and trust to be able to tell the reader something new on this all-important subject.

Meanwhile I want to warn girl-readers or their mothers against burry and spurring on the cycle. For every two persons that "biking" benefits, there is one whom it injures internally. Moderation should be studied in all things, in all kinds of exercise, but more especially in cycling.



## SO EASY.

## SCISSORS PUZZLE.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

WE have been making use of scissors in the two experiments I have before described, but only as a means to the end, now we will increase their importance and make them the chief factors. The following trick is by no means a new one, but it is such a good one that it will bear repeating, especially as it is not universally known, and to any one who has not the secret literally at his (little) fingers' ends it seems incomprehensible, and yet when performed properly it appears "so easy."

All we require is a moderate sized pair of scissors. Put your two little fingers through the handles, allowing the points to hang downwards as in Fig. 1, which shows the hands as seen by a spectator. Now shut the fingers and continue the movement thus imparted to the hands, bringing the points of the scissors by a kind of circular sweep upwards, over, and then towards your chest, and still continuing, downwards in the same direction they were at first, and after that let

them rise again until their points are directed towards the ceiling, and your hands are in the position shown in Fig. 2. The points of the

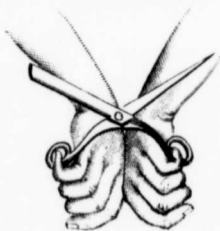


FIG 2

scissors will then have described a complete circle and a half, and your hands will have gone through a series of movements during which the palms which were at first upwards are now each pointing outwards. It is very difficult to give a clear description of the movement, but perhaps the best is this, when you have put your little fingers through the handles of the scissors, and closed your fingers, turn your hands over towards you, keeping the knuckles touching.

But if the instructions are difficult the performance is a hundred times more so, in fact it is impossible unless you know the secret—and the secret is this—when at the commencement you put your little fingers through the two handles do not insert them further than the top joint, if you do it is fatal; and when

you close them and swing the scissors over, take care that the handles are still only on the top joints. Fig. 3 will explain my meaning; in that the left hand is shown as seen by yourself, with the points of the scissors towards your breast, and you will observe that the handle is really resting on the palm of the hand and only kept in position, as it were, by the little finger, though that is still through the loop. Of course the right hand acts in identically the same way. From this point you will have no difficulty, and can easily continue the remainder of the movement.

If you exhibit this trick to people who do not know it, they will never grasp the dodge until it is explained to them, and though you perform it again and again, they don't gain much by watching you, for the whole action takes but a very small space of time, though you have to pause for a fraction of a second as the scissors sweep over, to allow them to fall on to the palms before continuing the motion with the hands.

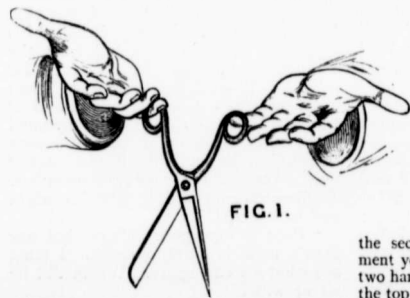


FIG. 1.

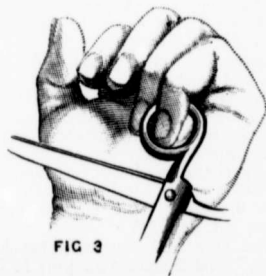


FIG 3

## THE LITTLE ORGAN-GRINDER.

By E. NESBIT.

DOWN the long street, the dusty street,  
I go all day on weary feet;  
I turn the handle round and round  
To make the noisy music-sound;  
The handle moves so heavily—  
Oh Italy, my Italy!

The strange cold smileless people go  
About their business to and fro;  
Their speech is strange, and sad their eyes,  
They have not seen our happy skies,  
They frown and pass me hurriedly—  
Oh Italy, my Italy.

Still sounds the tiresome heartless tune  
Through this grey smoke-dimmed afternoon;  
Oh for the gold noon far away  
Ablaze between blue sky and bay,  
Where life's a tune sung merrily—  
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Upon the terrace by the sea  
My little sister waits for me;  
To each white sail she cries in vain,  
"Ah, bring my brother back again!"  
The white sails pass her silently—  
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Dear little sister, safe at home,  
I come not yet, but I will come;  
'Tis but a tale of months or years  
Ere I sail home to dry your tears;  
But the days go so wearily!—  
Oh Italy, my Italy!



## DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Is Doctor André at home?"

It was the voice of the *pasteur*, Father Nicholas, and he climbed up the rickety stairs to the miserable attic in which his friend lived. It was the first time he had been to see him in his new abode, and he looked round him with concern.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the good man, "but is not this going a little too far? and his life is such a valuable one to so many! *Hola!*" he started.

The attic was large, and in the far corner of it was a small hard bed, on the outside of which André had thrown himself and was lying in a dead sleep.

"Dead beat!" said the *pasteur* to himself. "Well, I would not awaken him for the world. Poor lad, poor lad, he is too hard-worked. Now I wonder what he has eaten to-day."

Stepping softly so as not to awaken the sleeper, Father Nicholas went out of the room. On the lower flight he saw one of the doors which opened on to the general staircase ajar, and he went down and knocked at it.

"Come in!" cried a shrill, cheerful voice, and he obeyed.

A woman sat before a table strewn with gaily-coloured materials out of which she was making artificial carnations. She looked up and nodded brightly, continuing her occupation.

Father Nicholas sat down heavily.

"Well, Nanon, and how are you? It is too hot, *hein?*"

"You may well say it is too hot, Father," said Nanon with pins in her

mouth. "We shall have the fever again, and la, la, I have only one left!"

"*Le bon Dieu* will spare you your one! Is she well?"

"Well, thank God, but an imp of naughtiness. No one can do anything with her but our best friend, Doctor André, *ça!*"

"Ah, and how is that?"

"He won't her gratitude, father," said Nanon, stooping over the pink and crimson petals strewn the table, and selecting those she required. "You know that terrible wild cat of hers that sleeps in her bed, and scratches everyone who goes near it. She cares more for that brute than for anything else in the wide world, and one day the boys got hold of it."

"Boys are little fiends, especially the boys of this street," said the *pasteur* indignantly.

"*Dame*, Heaven made them so, and they have little else to amuse them unless they are tormenting something!"

"Heaven did not make them so," began Father Nicholas, but Nanon cut him short.

"Ah, bah, of course I know that, father, but what will you? one cannot always pick one's words. The boys were going to drown *Fifine's* cat when she burst upon them. She kicked and fought and screamed, but they held her fast, and she was nearly mad with rage when Doctor André came round the corner, and when he saw what was going on he came down upon them scattering them right and left. The cat flew

into *Fifine's* arms and clung round her neck, all its ugly claws stuck into her, but she did not care, for it was safe. After that Doctor André took her in his arms and carried her upstairs, for she was rigid and almost in convulsions. No mother could have been more tender. Can you wonder that she adores him?"

"He is good! There are none like him," said Father Nicholas slowly. "I went into his room just now; he was asleep on his bed. He looked ill."

"He is tired out," said the woman anxiously. "Everything falls upon him, and so much is closed to us Protestants—poverty, sickness, all fall heavily upon him. And Heaven only knows what will happen if we have fever again."

"Why is he especially tired out, Nanon?"

She shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Who knows? It is true that he was up all last night, and to-day has eaten nothing but bread and salad, but that is nothing new. Listen, father; his *déjeuner* came in as usual from the cook-shop; I saw it, an excellent *ragoût*. *Fifine* loves to wait on him; she arranged the table for him, and at twelve o'clock he came in accompanied by that ragged imp of a *Pierrot Cloisson* carrying a basin, and all the *ragoût* went off to feed those six little wretches. Their mother was drunk again last night and locked up!"

"Poor things, poor things, but one man's meal is barely enough. I must see what we can spare. Whom did he sit up with?"





"UPON THE TERRACE BY THE SEA  
MY LITTLE SISTER WAITS FOR ME."

"Gaston, the sweep. He closed his eyes at six this morning, and a good riddance too for his wife and children!"

The door burst open and a wild-looking little figure rushed in. Fifine's eyes were bright and sparkling as jet, her thick black hair escaped in elf-locks from under the little cap tied down over it; her frock was tattered and patched till little of the original stuff remained. In her arms she hugged a ragged grey cat. "The doctor is awake!" she exclaimed. "I have given him his letters; he has put on his coat; he goes out again at once. He had saved a little milk from his coffee for Miao-miao. See, she grows fat!"

"I will go up and see him before he goes out!" said the *pasteur* hastily.

He could not help it, he was desperately afraid of this wild imp, never sure what her next antics would be. He went upstairs again with a double-quick tread.

Father Nicholas knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, he pushed it open and went in.

The young doctor was seated in front of the table on which lay an open letter; his face was hidden, bowed down upon his arms.

"André, my boy, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the good *pasteur*, going in hastily and putting a kind hand on the thick, stubborn hair.

André raised his head and looked up, his dark eyes met those of Father Nicholas with a look of pathos which went to his heart; they were dim with pain.

"Tell me what it is," he said gently; "you have had bad news? Tell your old friend; sometimes things are not so black as they are painted."

"I do not know that I ought to call it bad news," Dr. André said heavily. "But you shall read for yourself!"

He rose, brought forward his wicker arm-chair, and placed the *pasteur* in it. Father Nicholas slowly read Madame Féraudy's letter.

André went to the little window and stood looking out over the roofs of the sordid houses around him. Above him the sky was intensely blue, one or two white pigeons wheeled restlessly round the chimneys. André was very tired and nearly fasting, and it seemed to him an eternity before Father Nicholas finished Madame Féraudy's letter, and yet it was not long.

"MY DEAREST NEPHEW,

"This afternoon Madame Canière paid me a state visit, and in due form asked me for the hand of our Génie for Jean Canière. You, who received her dead father's last sigh, are more her guardian than myself. Can you come to me at once and settle what is to be done.

"Your devoted aunt  
"LAURE FÉRAUDY."

"My friend," said Father Nicholas gently, "is this so much to you? It is not settled, you have a first voice in the matter, it seems. If the right of decision rests with you, why are you like this?"

André had mastered himself now; he came and sat down, leaning his brow on his hand.

"It is for this reason," he said; "I can never marry. My life is cut out for me here. Is this a place to which one could bring a delicately-nurtured girl? No—no, Nicholas! I chose my path and I must abide in it."

"But, my boy—"

"Let me tell you. It is my own choice, that is, if one can call it choice when the path of duty is so clear. When I left the college I had two good posts offered me—one of them I was about to accept when I came across an over-worked doctor who wanted a real rest, and while waiting I took his work. Imagine my astonishment when I found myself in a quarter of Protestants in the heart of Paris, a remnant of old Huguenot days—a handful that had escaped. I myself am a southerner; I come from the sunny slopes of the Orthez hills, from a little town called Sauveterre. The Gave rushes down its leafy valley. Through a break in the hills the mighty Pic du Midi breaks the sky-line and loses his eternal snow in the clouds. Ah, I dream!"

"I am listening with the deepest interest," murmured Father Nicholas.

"These streets of Protestants were poor. You know how terribly poor; work was scarce; they were cut off from many of the fine charities of Paris. In spite of misery and squalor, in spite of much evil and vile sin, I grew fond of the wretched people, absorbed in the work of looking after their sordid lives. Well, it ended in my refusing those appointments; one of them was given to my predecessor here who loathed this work and, you know it well, neglected the poor. Well, I had money of my own then, a good deal. You know the little Convalescent Home at Dieppe to which we send our sick and the children. That was my investment and I have made its future safe; what I had was just enough to endow it."

"The Hospice is yours? Your own, André?"

"Yes. I only tell you because I want you to understand that I have nothing left—nothing. I live on my professional earnings, and they are enough for me to live upon but no more, in this poor quarter."

"Did I not hear of the offer of another appointment this spring?"

"Yes," said André slowly. "I am ashamed to say it tempted me greatly. It was in Orléans, a quiet, old-fashioned happy place, and at that time I had become acquainted with a dying painter. You knew his name in the *Salon*? Rotraud Lacour and his daughter. I—well, I saw a great deal of them. She was in great distress. In his last moments he went back to the old faith, and of course they took possession of him. You have seen it in such cases. Père Etienne came to him; I managed that. He was very kind, but of course the trial for her was great; but I got her to thank God at last, for the man had lost all faith. I had some strange talks with him. Then, it was so beautiful! They offered her a home; she was to teach little children in the Convent of the Nativity. The nuns are kind, gentle little ladies; they often ask me to see

their poor. There was nothing else open to Eugénie Lacour; she was quite alone in the world and without money, but the usual condition was attached—she must join the Church of Rome. Little Génie, delicate, fragile, golden-haired child! Ah, it is not for nothing that we trace our descent to those few strong ones of the earth who kept the faith and died for that which they held more dear than life itself. The undeviating strength of truth possessed her, and she refused all, believing that the alternative was starvation! Who would not love so noble, so glorious a soul! I loved her, my friend, yes, I love her, and she herself has taught me to live and give myself, my all, my happiness to God's work."

"My boy," said the *pasteur*, deeply moved, "my poor boy, tell me what followed?"

"I found her a home with my dear and kind old aunt, Madame Féraudy, to whom she has become a daughter indeed."

"And you refused Orléans?"

"Could I do otherwise? Giles Brunet would have taken my place."

"Ah, I understand."

"And," André went on dreamily, "all this time the thought of her has been to me like a guiding star, whose gentle light shone on all my life and made it good, and now—now—"

"Well, my friend, now?"

"You read the letter; Jean Canière is just the man to whom tender parents would confide the happiness of a daughter. He can give her a peaceful home, a sheltered nest, and I—what have I to give? I know myself, if I turned from this hard path of sordid duty, my life would be darkened by unavailing remorse. So you see, *pasteur*," he said, looking up with a smile more sad than tears, "such happiness is not for me."

"God bless you, André. You are too good for this world," said Father Nicholas with a full heart.

"And now," said Dr. André suddenly, "tell me, father, what brought you here this morning? What have you to tell me?"

"Just this, my boy; fever has broken out in St. Eustache. I met Doctor Baux this morning. He says it will be in our quarter to-morrow."

"Then I will go down to Féraudy this afternoon and talk over this business with my aunt," said André alertly. "Thank God, Gaston is dead; he died this morning at six o'clock. That was a horrible death-bed, father, horrible, hopeless! Well, this is the last free day we shall have till the fight is over; it will spread like wild-fire at this season. Where did Baux say the first cases are?"

"Rue Pellier—Rue St. Eustache."

"So near! Well, adieu. I shall be back by the train which arrives at three o'clock in the afternoon to-morrow."

The *pasteur* held out both his hands and clasped André's with the firm grip of a heart too full for speech; then he turned away, and the young doctor, thrusting a few necessities into a hand-bag, walked off to the station.

(To be continued.)

## A VICEREGAL DRAWING-ROOM IN CANADA.



**T**he Countess of Aberdeen held their fifth Drawing-room in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. But in spite of the snow, crowds of people wrapped in furs stood around the entrance to the Houses of Parliament to catch a glimpse of the gay dresses and smart uniforms of the ladies and gentlemen as they dismounted from their sleighs—for during a Canadian winter all carriages are taken off their wheels and put on runners; in fact, every vehicle is a sleigh.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards in their tall bear-skins (like those of the Guards at home) were drawn up outside the Parliament Buildings as a guard of honour; and very cold they must have found it, poor fellows, notwithstanding their thick great-coats. There were military bands too, and under the blaze of the bright electric lamps, the grounds and terraces of the fine Parliament Buildings were almost as light as day.

Father, mother and I, went in at the Speaker's private entrance, and so avoided the crush at the door by which the general public were admitted. After we had taken off our wraps in one of the Speaker's rooms, I left mother, and went with father to the Senate Gallery, where her Excellency had very kindly, and to my great delight, given me leave to go in order to see the presentations; and I had a good seat in the viceregal "pew"—for it was really very much like the front seat in the gallery of a church.

When I first came in there were about thirty or forty officers, in all sorts of uniforms—scarlet and gold, blue and silver, green and black—standing in groups on the floor of the Senate Chamber, laughing and talking together; but no ladies were as yet to be seen on the floor, though the end gallery was filled with officers' wives, all in evening dress.

About five minutes afterwards these officers formed two lines extending the whole length of the Chamber, and then the band played the

first few bars of "God Save the Queen" as their Excellencies entered; while they were coming in, attended by their staff, and taking up their position on a slightly raised platform in front of the throne, everybody who had been seated stood up.

The Governor-General was in full court dress; a blue coat, heavily embroidered with gold, white satin knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles. Hanging from his neck was the badge of an ex-Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick; and he also wore the star and ribbon of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the star of a Baronet of Nova Scotia.

Lady Aberdeen wore a beautiful gown of green tulle with gold embroidery, and a tiara of diamonds. Indeed, whenever she moved, her jewels flashed and sparkled most brilliantly. I thought there could hardly be a more stately looking couple.

The aides-de-camp, the Military Secretary, father, mother, and the other ladies and gentlemen of the household, stood to the right and left of the throne. Mother was dressed in grey brocade, with veil and feathers; father wore his staff uniform.

Then came the presentations. First of all, the ministers and their wives, and the leading officials were presented. These ladies and gentlemen had the privilege of what is called the "private *entree*," that is to say, they came in at a door to the right of the throne, before the general public were admitted. They bowed low as they passed before their Excellencies, and then the ladies took up positions on the raised platforms at the sides of the Chamber, while the ministers grouped themselves round the throne. The ministers wore their privy councillors' uniforms of dark blue (or black—I am not sure which) with a good deal of gold lace; and the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a Privy Councillor of Great Britain as well as of Canada, and who therefore has a white feather edging to his cocked hat, looked, as he always does, very distinguished and picturesque.

There was a short interval of a minute or two before the other ladies and gentlemen came in; and through the door at the end of the chamber facing the throne I could see that the outer corridor was thronged with people eagerly waiting their turn to be presented.

Then between the two rows of officers there flowed into the chamber a continuous stream of gaily-dressed ladies, with here and there a man in a black evening coat.

The Military Secretary, a tall, handsome man, who stood at the Governor-General's right hand, but not on the dais, looked very imposing in his Royal Canadian Archer's uniform of green and gold, with heavy bullion epaulettes. Each person, on reaching the point where the Military Secretary and one of the aides-de-camp stood, handed a card with his or her name on it to the aide-de-camp, and the aide-de-camp handed it to the Military Secretary, who thereupon read out the name; and then the person named moved two steps to the right, and made a low bow (or if a lady, a curtsy) first to the Governor-General, and then, taking two more steps to the right, another to her Excellency. Their Excellencies had to bow and smile to more than seven hundred people that evening, and this must have been very tiring.

Some of the ladies curtsied very low indeed, and I almost held my breath because I was afraid they would never be able to get up again; but they seemed to do it quite easily. Others went down in what appeared to be a series of little jerks; and then, as their heads bowed forward, their feathers bobbed forwards also, and this had a very odd effect. But almost all of them did it very prettily and gracefully.

Some of the ladies wore long court trains, some short trains, and others no trains at all; but nearly everyone wore veils and feathers. The waving feathers and the sparkling jewels, and the handsome dresses, and the fine chamber in which the Drawing-Room was held, made altogether the prettiest picture I had ever seen.

After all the presentations were over, their Excellencies, preceded by their staff, and followed by the ladies of their suite, and by the ministers and other high officials, marched in solemn procession down the middle of the chamber to the principal entrance, on their way to the Speaker's rooms; and then there arose a great buzz of conversation in the Senate Chamber, and the people began to move off into the lobbies and corridors. The Drawing-Room was over, and I felt rather like Cinderella did when the clock struck twelve.

C. M. V. H.

## VARIETIES.

## WHERE NELSON FELL.

An old lady went on board Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*. The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded—which is marked by a raised brass plate—an officer remarked—

"Here Nelson fell!"  
 "And no wonder," exclaimed the old lady;  
 "I nearly fell there myself?"

IN SYMPATHY.—"How beautiful is sympathy," says George Eliot. "What greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting."

## SECOND-HAND ART.

*Picture Dealer*: "Let me call your attention to this Murillo, very old, formerly hung in the Vatican Gallery and afterwards in the Louvre.

*Mrs. Startup*: "Of course; that makes it second-hand. How much off on that account?"

BEWARE OF INSINCERITY.—Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation to be otherwise. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is one of the most dangerous.

SCANTY KNOWLEDGE.—After a girl discovers how little she knows, she begins to suspect that possibly others do not know as much as they pretend to.

## BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE-TALK.

"A dinner such as we have had to-day," said the elderly lady-boarder, "makes me feel quite young again."

"Indeed," was all Mrs. Hasbrouck deigned to reply.

"Indeed. When I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must be still a little girl."

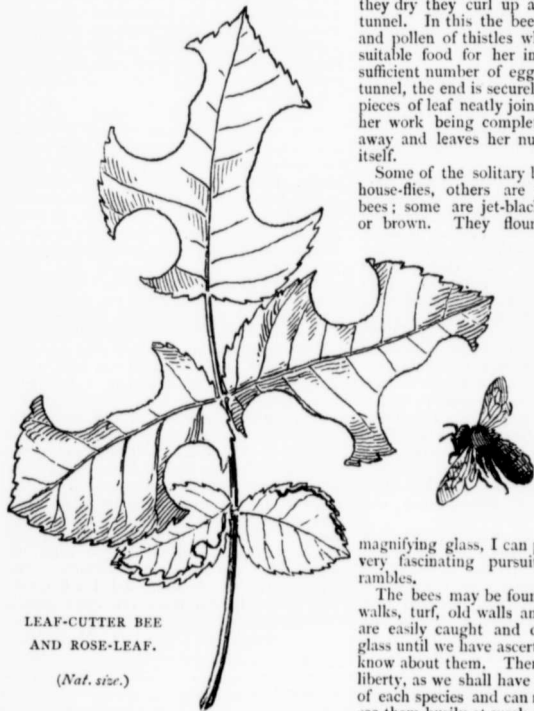
A HUNDRED GUINEAS A LESSON.—Rossini, the great musical composer, was, we believe, the hero of the record price for a few music lessons. When he was in London in 1823-4, he was worried by a nobleman who wanted instructions in singing, and in order to put a stop to the annoyance he asked what he thought would be the prohibitive price of a hundred guineas a lesson. To his amazement the offer was accepted.

## RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

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

## THE LEAF-CUTTER BEE

BESIDES the common honey-bee, we possess in England many hundred species of what are called solitary bees. Their lives are extremely interesting, for many reasons. They live in all sorts of places, some in holes in our gravel walks, some in dry banks where they form long, deep burrows in which they lay their eggs, and then close up the holes, leaving the young bees to find their own way out. Other species adopt ready-made holes in walls and brickwork in which to rear their families.

LEAF-CUTTER BEE  
AND ROSE-LEAF.

(Nat. size.)

Empty snail-shells may often be found half full of dried mud placed there by one of these eccentric bees, and if we examine this deposit we shall find small cells which are the cradles of the immature bees. A hollow bramble stem is the choice of the Mason bee (*Osmia leucomelana*). In this convenient circular chamber the bee sets to work and removes some of the pith till she has a clear space of five or six inches; then having prepared and masticated some substance which she knows to be suitable for the food of her grubs, she places a small quantity of it at the end of the hollow space and lays an egg in it so that when hatched the larva will only have to feed and grow till it changes to a chrysalis. In that condition it remains through the winter and comes out a perfect bee in the following June. Six or eight eggs are thus laid in one bramble stem each divided by a thin partition.

I constantly see another of these very curious solitary bees at work on my rose-

tree. She is known as the Upholsterer bee (*Megachile centuncularis*), so-called from her dainty fashion of lining her nest with rose leaves. The nests are not easily found, but I was fortunate enough to light upon a specimen and could examine its curious formation.

The bee settles on the edge of a rose-leaf and holding it firmly between its forelegs saws out a round piece of the leaf and flies away with it. About ten or eleven of these pieces are required to line the burrow the bee has scooped in the bank; they are neatly fitted together without any sort of cement and as they dry they curl up and form a neat little tunnel. In this the bee stores up the honey and pollen of thistles which form a sweet and suitable food for her infant bees. When a sufficient number of eggs has been laid in the tunnel, the end is securely closed up with three pieces of leaf neatly joined together, and then her work being completed the mother flies away and leaves her nursery to manage for itself.

Some of the solitary bees are smaller than house-flies, others are as large as humble bees; some are jet-black, others are yellow or brown. They flourish in great variety through the spring and summer months, and their remarkably interesting habits should lead young people to inquire about them.

As a guide in identifying the various species, I would recommend *British Bees* by W. E. Shuckard (published by Lovell Reeve and Co.) With this book, a small net and a magnifying glass, I can promise my readers a very fascinating pursuit for their summer rambles.

The bees may be found on flowers, gravel walks, turf, old walls and hedge banks; they are easily caught and can be kept under a glass until we have ascertained all we desire to know about them. Then we may set them at liberty, as we shall have learnt the appearance of each species and can recognise them as we see them busily at work out of doors.

Unless a dried collection of insects is really needed for scientific purposes I always strongly discourage the indiscriminate killing of insects; it seems to me that it must tend to blunt kind and tender feelings in young people, and it is really needless except for those who are in training to become practical scientists.

THE HOVERER-FLY (*Syrphus Plumosus*).

As the humble-bee fly is a harbinger of spring and one of the first insects we may see visiting the early blossoms of the year, so the hoverer-fly betokens the arrival of summer. It revels in the hottest sunshine, and is one of the most active, swift-winged creatures imaginable.



THE HOVERER-FLY.

The specimen I watched to-day was a *Syrphus plumosus*, one of the handsomest of the species.

It is covered with yellow down, the wings having a few dark markings, and its general appearance is so like a small humble-bee that most people would take it to be one.

This fly seemed quite as intent upon studying me as I was to learn about it; it poised in the air for a minute or two, staring at me, humming loudly and watching my every movement.

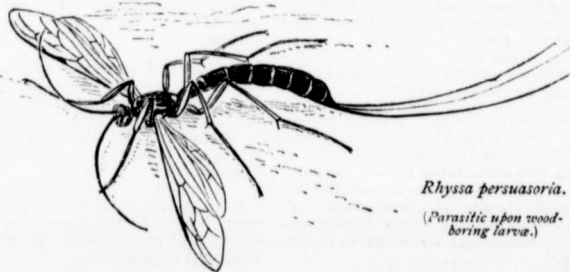
It is quite curious to observe how stationary in the air the creature remains, its wings quivering with such exceeding rapidity that they are quite invisible, so that one is puzzled to imagine how the insect is supported in the air. Thus it will remain until I make some slight movement, when instantly the fly is gone and my eye cannot trace its flight.

One day I desired to make a drawing of a *Syrphus* and I shall not soon forget what an exercise of patience it was to capture it. I did succeed at last by a quick sweep of a gauze net, and my captive was detained for a while until I had taken its portrait.

It had not the patient gentleness of the humble-bee-fly, but continued to buzz and fuss in an angry manner until I was able to set it at liberty.

## ICHNEUMON FLIES.

If we observe creeping up the window panes or hovering over the flower beds some curious looking flies with very slender bodies and antennæ constantly quivering, we may know them at once to be Ichneumon flies. They have a strange and cruel habit of laying their eggs in living caterpillars and chrysalides, and they are ever on the watch to find some unfortunate insect which shall become a receptacle for their progeny. These flies are of all

*Rhyssa persuasoria.*

(Parasitic upon wood-boring larva.)

sizes, ranging from a minute creature like a small gnat up to the one figured in the illustration. When we consider that almost every insect has one or more enemy of this kind we may imagine that Ichneumons abound in our gardens and, when once our attention has been called to them, we shall quickly know them by sight. They are peculiarly restless insects, always prying into flowers, and running up and down the leaves in a never-ending search for their prey. They are doubtless of great use in keeping down the hosts of caterpillars that feed upon our vegetables, and all through the spring and summer months this secret warfare is going on.

The Ichneumon fly is furnished with a long thin ovipositor which enables it to pierce the skin of the caterpillar and deposit a number of eggs in its body; these hatch into minute grubs, which feed upon the internal organs of the caterpillar. The victim does not appear to suffer; it goes on consuming its food and growing until the Ichneumon grubs are nearly mature. They then attack its vital organs until the caterpillar dies, and the grubs, after turning into chrysalides, hatch into the perfect insect.

I well remember my surprise and disappointment some years ago when a caterpillar, from which I expected to rear a very beautiful moth, instead of turning into a chrysalis suddenly became covered with small yellow cocoons, which, I need not say, presently turned into an unwelcome swarm of Ichneumon flies.



It was in this way that I first made the acquaintance of this tribe of insects, and ever since I have been learning the immense variety of species which exist and their subtlety in pursuing their prey.

#### FLAX

(*Linum usitatissimum*).

The delicate pale flowers of the flax are now opening and remind me afresh not only of the beauty of this plant but of its great usefulness also.

We owe to the strong fibres of its stem our linen, cambric, lawn, lace and thread; its seeds, when crushed, produce the valuable linseed oil so much in use by artists and required in house painting and in many trades and manufactures.

We all know the remedial effects of linseed-tea and the value of the ground meal which forms soothing poultices to relieve inflammatory pain, and finally when the oil has been pressed out of the seeds the mass of husk which remains is made into cakes which form an excellent and fattening food for cattle.

Surely we ought to look upon such a plant as this with admiring gratitude as we remember its many uses.

Those who possess a garden or even a few pots upon a window ledge can easily grow their own flax plants by sowing a pinch of the seed in May.



SNAKE-FLY AND LARVA.

Snake-fly, five times nat. size.

Larva, six times nat. size.



It only needs good soil and watering in order to produce an abundance of its delicate blue flowers, and when they are over we can see for ourselves the round seed capsules, like little balls, which are alluded to in Exodus ix. 31: "The barley was in the ear and the flax was balled," that is swollen.\*

This leads us to reflect upon the great antiquity of this plant and its frequent mention in Scripture.

It is believed that flax has been cultivated in Egypt for five thousand years, and great quantities of it must therefore have been grown to supply the immense demand for mummy cloth, as it was invariably made of linen either fine or coarse.

From a reference in Ezekiel xxvii. 7, we learn that sails for ships were made of linen, which again shows that the fibre could be woven, either into the finest cambric or a cloth of the coarsest and most durable nature.

When the stems are mature they are dried and split, then steeped in water and afterwards hackled into threads by means of a comb to separate the coarser fibres and leave the fine strands which are fit for weaving purposes.

The severe processes required to make the stems into material for the loom have led to the flax plant being used as an emblem of the Divine purposes of earthly trials. The Venerable Bede thus speaks of it. "The flax springs from the earth green and flourishing; but through much rough usage and with the loss of all its native sap and verdure is at last transfigured into raiment white as snow; thus the more that true holiness is tried and afflicted the more brightly does its beauty come forth."

I must add one other thought in connection with this plant. The simple little lamp of sun-dried clay, used by the village people in Palestine is filled with olive oil and burns by means of a few fibres of flax inserted as a wick. When the supply of oil becomes exhausted this flax-wick gives out a pungent smoke so that either more oil must be added or the lamp extinguished.

\* This derivation is taken from Professor Skeats' *Etymological English Dictionary*.

In Isaiah xlii. 3 we find the promise, "The smoking flax shall He not quench," referring to the infinite mercy of the Saviour who will cherish the least spark of grace in the human heart and foster it until the dimness passes into a shining light.

The flax of commerce is extensively grown in Ireland to supply material for the manufacture of linen; it is also cultivated in some parts of Scotland and may be found growing wild in fields and waste places in England, but is not truly indigenous.

Our only British species of flax is *Linum catharticum* or white flax. A graceful little

plant growing about five inches high with small drooping white flowers. It is said to be violently poisonous.

#### THE SNAKE-FLY (*Raphidia Ophiopsis*).

The hot weather we have lately had has driven quantities of different kinds of flies indoors.

Certain passage windows on the north side of this house are full of interest for me, as I find there quite an assortment of winged creatures, not the common house-fly, but large and small Ichneumons with their ever-quivering antennae, minute gall-flies, brilliant green and golden sun-flies and a host of others whose names and life-histories are as yet unknown to me.

One very remarkable four-winged fly appeared amongst the throng about ten days ago. It struck me as being rather rare, so I placed it in a glass globe in order that I might become more intimately acquainted with its habits and manners.

After some little searching amongst my books I found that I had captured a snake-fly, a most appropriate name for a creature with a long slender neck and a flattened, vicious-looking head which at once suggests the idea of a viper.

This fly is a highly sensitive little creature, it is on the alert the moment it sees or hears anything unusual, lifting up its little serpentine head and glancing from side to side with much intelligence; full of courage, also, for it will try to seize a small twig or anything held near it.

Although its natural food consists of small insects, I find the snake-fly will eagerly accept little morsels of raw meat upon which it fastens its powerful mandibles, and with a lens I can watch it evidently enjoying a hearty meal.

Almost all flies are fond of sugar and honey, so I offer these dainties, as well as meat, and they appear to be highly approved.

The larva of this fly lives under the bark of trees, where it, as well as the fly, feeds on minute insects.

My specimen possesses a long ovipositor which gives it a rather formidable appearance, but I do not imagine that this organ could ever be used as a weapon of offence or

defence, it is simply a long tube by means of which the insect is able to deposit its eggs in suitable crevices in the bark of trees. I had written thus far the description of my snake-fly when, a few days later, whilst sitting under a tree, there dropped upon the book I was

reading a wriggling creature which I saw at a glance must be the larva of the said fly.

There was the snake-like head, the long neck and slender body, only no wings and no ovipositor.

I secured my captive and supplied it with

some raw meat which it pounced upon and devoured with avidity.

Whether I can succeed in keeping the creature until it turns into a perfect snake-fly remains to be seen, at any rate I shall keep and feed it hoping it may prosper in my hands.

## "THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON.

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.



### CHAPTER III.

"H, mother, what do you think has happened?" cried Clarice Day as she entered the room where her mother was sitting. "That quaint little person whom I described to you has invited me to have lunch with her, and I believe the lunch is here in this parcel—potatoes, unpeeled, uncooked, mother, and I am dreadfully hungry! I'll come home as soon as I can, but she lives in Artleton, so when Charlie comes you can tell him to walk over to meet me. He'll be sure to find me in the village, though I never asked the old lady her name—how funny! She knows my name. I expect she heard it in the shop. I'm awfully sorry to leave you alone, mother, but you have me every day. My heart really ached for the poor little creature, and the girls were so rude to her, but I must tell you more when I return."

"But, my dear, are you sure this old person is not deceiving you; there are so many wicked people in the world?"

"Oh, mother, she is as simple and transparent as the daylight. I am sure if you were to talk to her you would say so. One seems to read her heart in her face. And really I feel I ought to be kind to her to make up for the rudeness of Miss Martin and Miss Pringle. I never was so ashamed in my life. I think I'll put my lace fichu on, mother, in honour of the occasion, and I will take this bunch of mignonette for my hostess, I will buy you another. And do you think she would fancy two or three of your nice wheatmeal scones? Just put a few in a paper bag while I run up-stairs to smooth my mop, there's a good mother!" and Clarice rushed away.

"I think you might take a few songs, dear, your voice is very soothing when I am tired," said Mrs. Day, when Clarice reappeared with face fresh and rosy.

"Thank you, mother. Good-bye!"

"More parcels, my dear, what have you there?" asked the little person as Clarice met her in the street.

"Once mother lived in Scotland, and she learned to make lovely scones," said Clarice shyly, "and I—I—thought you might fancy two or three."

"I shall enjoy them very much, my dear. We shall have quite a treat!" and the little person's eyes danced merrily.

"Poor thing, even a trifle gives her pleasure!" thought Clarice.

Presently the little person paused at the door of a confectioner's shop and asked—

"Do you like bon-bons, my dear? I do."

"And so do I!" laughed Clarice. "But they cost so much money."

"Oh, this dreadful poverty!" groaned the little person. "But never mind we'll be extravagant to-day, we'll walk in here and buy some chocolate creams."

"But this is a very dear shop!" whispered Clarice. "All the aristocrats come here. I know the sweets are lovely, but they are very expensive."

"My dear, when you were showing me some ribbons the other day, you informed me very gravely that the high-priced ribbons were often the cheapest in the end, and the same truth applies to the sweetmeats. This is a festive occasion—come along! I know the proprietor of this shop, he is always attentive to his customers." And, as if by magic, the doors opened and the little person and Clarice walked in.

"I am afraid I am leading her into unnecessary extravagance!" thought Clarice.

Then with surprise, she saw a new expression in the worn, old face, and noting the deferential tones of the shop-assistants she felt more and more ashamed of Miss Martin and Miss Pringle. Presently she saw the little person look to the door with an air of embarrassment. Clarice followed the direction of her eyes. She saw nothing but a brougham and a handsome pair of greys advancing towards the shop.

"What lovely horses! I should love to ride behind them," she whispered.

"And so you shall, my dear," cried the little person, with an expression of relief.

"No, oh, no! I was joking!" pleaded Clarice, in distress.

"But I say you shall; they are my horses."

"Oh, dear me, what shall I do? Is she often subject to these attacks? Poor little creature, I must persuade her to leave the shop quietly," thought Clarice.

Aloud she said soothingly, "Let us go home and prepare the lunch. We'll have such a pleasant time. Look, I have a bunch of mignonette for the table. We can leave these parcels." Then, turning to the astonished shopman, she said, "They have been ordered in a mistake."

"No, they have not!" cried the little person shrilly. "Take them to my carriage, and be sure to send that hamper of confectionery to No. 1, Hamer Street this evening without fail—Day is the name."

"Oh, what shall I do; she is quite insane! I must return and cancel the order. My poor little person!" groaned Clarice inwardly.

Once more the shop-doors swung open and Clarice and her companion were bowed into the street. Then a stately footman advanced and asked, obsequiously, "Have you any further calls to make, ma'am?"

"Home now, Calvert."

And, stepping into the brougham, the little person waited for Clarice to follow her. But Clarice stood upon the pavement with a look of stunned surprise in her face. The little old person was wealthy after all. How deceitfully she had acted!

"I think you won't require me any longer."

"Come, come, step in. Scold me afterwards, but don't make a scene in the street,"

whispered the little person; and stretching out a gloved hand she drew Clarice towards the door of the carriage. With quivering lips the girl stumbled in.

"Now scold me, and then I will scold you, for I have a crow to pull with you, Miss Clarice Day."

But Clarice could not speak a word.

"I suppose I must do all the scolding, then. In the first instance, you, or rather your shop-friends, concluded that I was a broken-down governess—you need not deny it. They gauged my position by my clothing, a very natural way of thinking, the way of the world, my dear. Finding that they worshipped the rich and despised the poor, I thought I would humour their fancy, and see how rude they could be to a poor, defenceless old woman. You see, I had my eyes open all the time. No, don't cry, my dear; you were never rude. Your education is defective, but you have the instincts of a lady, and you are a Christian, which is the best of all. But I haven't forgiven you for thinking that I was a lunatic. I am sane, perfectly sane, my dear, but all my friends say that I am peculiar, and of course I have grown to believe them. No, don't cover your mother's scones with the corner of your jacket. Believe me, I shall enjoy them immensely, for they are flavoured with love. My dear, though I am rich I am really a lonely old woman. But I am thankful that to-day I have found a little girl who has proved herself a friend indeed. Character is greater than clothes, my dear, and a loving heart than a mine of gold. Now, you would like to know why I carry my potatoes wrapped in a newspaper? My dear, last week I carried home a bunch of carrots uncovered, but I told my costermonger friend that if he did not provide paper for his customers I should withdraw my patronage—hence the newspaper this week. The fact is, I bought a poor lame lad a barrow, and started him in business, and of course I patronise him. My cook doesn't like his vegetables, so I send them to the cottage of a labourer on my estate. Now, tell me about yourself. Imagine we are going home to a garret to feast upon potatoes and milk."

Presently the carriage passed through the gates of a lodge into a sweeping avenue, and Clarice looked up with a startled face.

"We are going to Artleton Manor."

"Yes, my dear; that is my home."

"But you are not Miss Artleton, the lady of the manor?"

"Yes, my dear, I am. Now, don't look so disappointed. I know I am not half so interesting as I was half an hour ago, but you will forgive me, dear, won't you? You intended to bring a little sunshine into my lonely life, didn't you?"

Clarice blushed, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Clarice, you may do so still. Here we are. Jump out. Lunch will be waiting."

With the feeling that she was acting a part in an Arabian Night's story, Clarice alighted from the carriage, and entered a lofty domed hall, adorned with exquisite paintings. If only Charlie and her mother were with her,

Clarice thought she would be perfectly happy, for like a sensible girl she speedily conquered her passing annoyance, and was on the best of terms with her hostess.

Then followed lunch in the big dining-room, which to Clarice would have been oppressive had not Miss Artleton chatted and joked in a manner that astonished her silent servitors, but which set Clarice at her ease.

The misleading dust-cloak and the girlish sailor-hat had vanished, and, attired in a soft grey cashmere and a cap of lace, Miss Artleton looked what she was—a dainty old lady.

As they left the table and went into a conservatory, Clarice looked at her earnestly. "A penny for your thoughts, my dear. No, I won't be put off."

"I was thinking how pretty you must have been when you were a young girl, indeed you are pretty still!" said Clarice shyly.

"You wicked little flatterer!" frowned Miss Artleton, but there was a gleam of gratified vanity in her eyes. "There is my photo," and opening a locket that was suspended from a chain she revealed two portraits, one of a girl with sunny eyes and golden curls, and the other of a dark, handsome man.

For an instant Clarice looked at the two faces, then she raised her eyes questioningly—"Yes, my dear, I too have had my little romance—a love-story of one chapter with an abrupt conclusion. It will have its sequel in another world. My lover was drowned on his way to India where he hoped to win fame and fortune. My father was a proud man and so was my Dennis, and thus I am left alone. Now we have talked enough sentiment, you have captured my heart, little girl, or I should not unlock its secrets. This is my favourite rose-tree. Would you like a bunch of roses to carry home for your good kind mother?"

"How do you know that my mother is good and kind?"

"I have judged the mother by the daughter, little greenhorn."

"I am afraid you are the flatterer now," laughed Clarice. "By-the-way, Miss Artleton, next half-holiday Miss Martin and Miss Pringle are coming to Artleton with the Dairy Street Sunday School scholars."

"Yes, they are to have tea under the trees in the park," answered Miss Artleton with a comical smile.

"Ellen and Dolly are merely thoughtless, not really unkind, Miss Artleton. You know you do look different in the sailor hat and dust-cloak."

Miss Artleton laughed. "Yes, I believe I do. I think I shall discard them. I am sure my maid will rejoice. If she dared I believe she would sell them to the rag-man. But though she has been with me twenty-seven

years she never takes liberties with my property. By-the-way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"And when did you say you were to be married?"

"I didn't mention any time," answered Clarice blushing.

"You said your Charlie—wasn't that the name?—was clerk in Griffith and Gaunt's office."

"Yes, but he is a very intelligent fellow—not at all like the ordinary run of clerks. I am sure he will rise if he has the chance."

"Doubtless, my dear!" said Miss Artleton with emphasis. "He is a perfect young man, I feel sure."

"Now you are laughing at me. I am sure you thought Mr. Dennis was perfect."

"I was just as enthusiastic as you, my dear. Now you shall sing for me."

"Oh, I cannot!"

"But you brought your songs for that purpose."

"I thought—I thought," faltered Clarice.

"You thought I was a friendless old woman, and so I am. Come and try my favourite piano." And drawing aside a curtain Miss Artleton led the way into a spacious drawing-room.

"Please don't be critical!" implored Clarice.

"I shall see!" answered Miss Artleton grimly. "Do you play 'The Bird Waltz,' and 'The Last Rose of Summer,' with variations?"

"No I don't!" cried Clarice indignantly. "Never despise the old airs, my dear. Now sing something soft and sweet."

"This is mother's favourite," and striking a few chords Clarice cried, "Oh what a lovely piano!"

"Is that your mother's favourite, my dear?"

And without further hesitation Clarice sang "Darby and Joan."

Though her voice was not highly cultured it was very fresh and sweet, and when she had finished Miss Artleton looked at her with eyes that were suspiciously moist.

"Thank you, my dear, your voice is very soothing."

"Mother always says so," answered Clarice simply.

"But it has defects which I will point out to you some day. Have you guessed my Christian name, Clarice?"

"No, Miss Artleton."

"My name is Joan, and if you wish to please me you will call me Miss Joan. It is a whim, my dear, merely a whim. Now I think I should like to rest. You won't mind my absence?"

"I hope I have not tired you. Charlie will

be waiting in the village. I must go. I have enjoyed myself so much."

"In spite of the disappointment that I was not a pauper?"

Clarice laughed.

"You are so different from what I imagined the real Miss Artleton would be; but you are so much nicer!" cried Clarice enthusiastically.

"Thank you, my dear. Be sure you come next half-holiday, and bring your mother and Charlie. And don't betray me to your two companions at the ribbon counter. Good-bye, dear!" And, leaning forward, the lady of the manor kissed the shop-girl.

As she walked along the avenue, Clarice felt as if she were in a dream, from which she would suddenly awake and find herself in Hamer Street. Those stately British oaks were real and substantial. There was nothing airy or visionary in their construction. And, marvelling at the events of the afternoon, Clarice walked through the lodge gates along the dusty road to the village.

Artleton nestled in a hollow, and as she walked towards it she began to look for her lover.

All down the village street were ivy-covered cottages and trim little gardens, each one of them looking as though its owner took a pride in home and a pleasure in life.

Presently she saw the back of a tweed-clad figure of a man standing near to a garden gate, and a rosy-faced woman, with whom the man appeared to be conversing. She drew near noiselessly.

"No, sir, I don't know any poor person in t' village like what you describe. There's Martha Grime an' 'Melia Huggins, but it won't be either o' them. One on 'em suffers from t' rheumatics an' t' other from brownchitis, an' I can't think o' nobody else. Mistress Taylor's been to Sandrington this mornin'; but shoo's a terrible big woman, an' shoo comed by 'ersel'. I know, for I were mendin' our David's stockin's when shoo passed t' garden gate. The carriage from the Manor druv past about two o'clock, an' there were a young lady in it, an' our Polly says to me, 'Do you think Miss Artleton's gotten company, mother?' But of course that couldn't be them as you're lookin' for."

"Oh, no, the old person I mean would not drive in the Manor carriage!"

"Then I can't give you no more infymation, sir. You might ax Miss Megson at the shop. Shoo's as likely to know as anybody. You'll see t' shop when you get up t' hill. There's a post office wi' it." And with a nod the old woman went into her cottage.

"I think I can give you a little 'infymation'!" laughed a girlish voice. And, turning, Charlie beheld Clarice.

(To be continued.)

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DISCARDED tea cosies of a large size can be usefully employed to cover over hot water cans in bedrooms. The water can be kept hot for a long time if thus covered over.

CELLULOID balls and other toys, though very pretty to look at, should never be given to children, as they are highly inflammable and very dangerous.

NEVER slam an oven door if pastry or cakes are cooking in the oven—it will make them heavy.

Do not ever burn or throw away corks—they are valuable in many ways.

THE nicest way to eat an orange is to cut a slice off the top and scoop out all the juice with a tea-spoon; a spoonful of sugar can be put in the middle if the fruit is sour.

PINEAPPLE juice is said to be valuable in cases of diphtheria.

BOOTS and shoes should never be kept in a cupboard or box; they should be left where air can get freely to them, and whenever it is possible the insides should be aired.

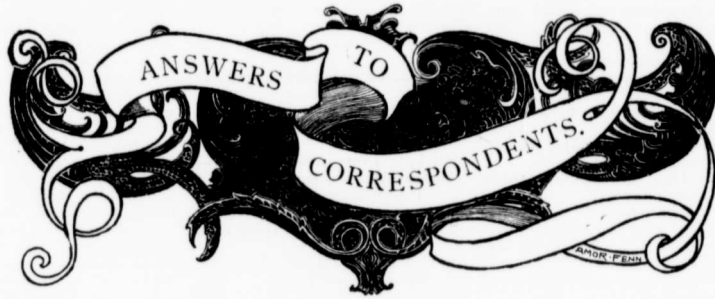
SILK handkerchiefs are extremely nice to use, and a present of a few to an invalid would be very acceptable.

COCOA is always best made with milk, not water, and should be boiled, not merely made with boiling water.

NUTS and almonds are very nourishing food.

BEDROOM fires should be lit oftener than they are; it would save much illness and many colds, for it is when one goes to bed tired and weary after sitting in hot rooms that one is most apt to catch cold.

TOOTHBRUSHES should be occasionally placed in cold water with a little borax, sanitas or other disinfectant, and left to stand in it for a while.



## MEDICAL.

"RITA" asks us for a cure for very large tonsils which, whenever she has a cold, become larger, painful, and covered with little white "ulcers." These attacks are acute tonsillitis, occurring in chronic tonsillar enlargement. When you have these attacks you should remain indoors, preferably in bed, until you are well again. Take as much nourishing liquid food (i.e. milk, bread and milk, eggs beaten up with milk, custard, etc.) as you can, and avoid anything very hot or highly spiced. Sucking ice often gives great relief. Quinine and iron, or other preparation of iron, is often recommended, but you must not expect too much from it. A gargle or spray of hot boracic acid (1 in 40), or permanganate of potash (1 in 100) is very efficacious. Painting the tonsils with glycerine of tannin as soon as they become at all sore, often wards off a severe attack of tonsillitis. During the intervals between the acute attacks paint the tonsils every evening with menthol in paroline (1 in 8) or the glycerine of tannin. If you want to be rid of the whole trouble have your tonsils reduced by a surgeon. The white spots on the tonsils are not "ulcers," but the mouths of the glands of the tonsils plugged with dried secretions. "ANNE and JANE" want to know what to do to grow "tall and rosy," for they are "short and pale." If they attend to the general rules of healthy living—early rising, plenty of exercise, good food, and remaining out of doors as long as possible, they will do all that can be done to grow "rosy and tall." If they have finished growing, that is, if they are past twenty-two, nothing on this earth will make them grow taller.

YASHTI.—That any chemist could be so ignorant of his trade as never to have heard of "calomel" we cannot believe. A grocer who had never heard of sugar would be more excusable than a chemist who did not know calomel. Of all drugs that act upon the liver in "biliousness," calomel is far and away the most certain, the least unpleasant and the safest. Two other drugs, cascaryns and podophyllin, act upon the liver. A pill containing one or both of these ingredients is very often used. Camomile and taraxacum (dandelion) do not act on the liver, although they are popularly believed to do so. The treatment of biliousness is not only a question of drugs; you must pay attention to all the details of treatment which we gave to "An Old Reader."

M. A. B.—To remove freckles always wear a veil when you go out. In very bright sunshine a red sunshade will often prevent the development of freckles. It is the light and not the heat of the sun that causes freckles, and red-coloured shades keep off the ultra-light rays (violet) of the sun. Peroxide of hydrogen, carefully applied, will often bleach freckles. Glycerine and rose-water is also helpful in ridding the face of freckles and keeping the skin soft.

DAISY.—The pimples on your face and neck are due to acne. The "little holes" left after the pimples have gone are scars. They invariably come if the pimples contain pus, and they cannot be removed or remedied by anything. Therefore treat the acne as soon as possible to prevent any more pimples from developing. You will find every detail of the treatment in last month's correspondence column.

SADIE.—Unfortunately it is impossible for us to tell you what is the cause of your unpleasant symptom without personal interview. It may be due to nervousness, but is more probably due to some local cause.

TROUBLED ONE.—Decidedly you suffer from constipation and indigestion. The furred tongue; the nasty taste in the mouth; the offensive breath; the flushings and blushing to which you are subject all point to indigestion and constipation as the cause of your ill-health. Do you drink much tea? You must give it up entirely. Take an aperient every day; the best to take is the pill of aloes and sulphur. Read the many answers that we have lately published to correspondents with indigestion.

## STUDY AND STUDIO.

FRIEND STUDIO.—1. It would be a great pity if you were to be "sorry and unhappy" because you cannot perform absolute impossibilities. Your sketch "Serpents' Tongues" is very good, so far as the subject goes, and rebukes what is far too common a fault. But we must repeat that you use un-English expressions, which only familiarity with English people, or perhaps with English literature, could prevent. Some of these are "speak *with*," instead of *to* the girls; "growing always more excited," instead of "growing more and more excited"; "nothing to fear *of*," instead of *from* them. "If I am a peasant already I will sleep at least," would not be said; and "my ladies," is not used as a form of address. It is wonderful that you write so well in a foreign tongue.—2. We insert your request below, and are glad that our International Correspondence scheme is useful and pleasant to you.

MARY THOMPSON.—Unless we are mistaken, we translated your Welsh quatrain for you in our March number. We can only (as two questions are our limit) translate two of the Latin quotations:—1. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The correct form in the Vulgate (Gen. iii. 19) is "In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane."—2. "Happily—unhappily" (Feliciter—infelicit).

STEPHANIE.—We are sorry that our rules do not allow us to answer letters by post, as we have often informed our readers; and we are also sorry to have to disappoint you by saying there is not the faintest chance of your earning money by your pen. Writing for the press is a profession like other professions, and needs training. Try and think of some other occupation that would suit you.

MABEL.—We should suggest that you procure Dr. Stainer's instruction book for the American organ, sold at 1s. 8d.

JULIET.—It is always impossible for us to publish an answer until two or three weeks at least after it is written, because we go to press long before you receive your magazine. Surely you must have seen our repeated criticisms on literary efforts in this column? yet you say, "I have never yet seen any criticism given, or anything of the kind, in the answers to your correspondents." With regard to your MSS., the sketch on "London and its Sights," deals with too well-worn a subject, but "Lucia" is a pretty story, well written. We can scarcely believe that the son of an English baronet would scour the world wishing to marry an Italian flower-girl, of whom he knew nothing but that she had a strong claim on his gratitude; this being granted, however, the tale is good. At present you could not expect to earn, but it is quite possible that by dint of education and practice, you might be able to do so in the future. We must add that in view of the great competition which exists, it would be unwise for you to neglect other serious occupations for the sake of writing. 2

M. H.—You write a very good letter. Would you like to join the National Home Reading Union? Apply to the secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London. The only way in which you can educate yourself is by reading, and excellent advice is supplied through this society. As to your future career, we should suggest that, as you have a friend who is a hospital nurse, and you are most anxious to take up nursing, you should pursue that idea, studying the book she has lent you. We should think that if you are strong enough to work in the mill, you would also be strong enough for nursing, though of course we cannot tell.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"FRIEND STUDIO" writes that she would like to correspond with Gladys Wilding, New Zealand; Maud C. Ogilvie, India; Mary Sheard, S. Africa; Carlotta E. Robertson, Texas; Minnie J. Lindo, Jamaica; and Hilda D. Rozari, Bangalore, if they will send her their addresses. How has "Friend Studio" heard of these young ladies?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

E. A.—Portraits of the contributors you mention have been printed on the end papers to the yearly volumes on several occasions during the last few years. We are much too modest to print them as frontispieces as you suggest!

W. C. M.—We are indeed sorry to hear that you find so great a difficulty in procuring our Story Supplement in your town. Have you ever ordered it at your bookseller's? If not, is it not your own fault that you find a difficulty in getting it? If you have ordered it and your bookseller does not supply it to you please let us know.

EMMA.—The following is a recipe given to us by a lady who had lived many years in India, and we have found it answer admirably for the brass trays. Buy one pennyworth of oxalic acid, put it into half a pint of water, bottle it, and leave it for four hours. Use with a sponge, washing the tray well with the mixture, and then rinse with boiling water and rub with a leather. A free use of boiling water is required to keep trays bright.

SUNFLOWER.—In reply to your query respecting the statement of some friend as to the relationship between himself and the original of a portrait, i.e., "sisters and brothers have I none; but, that man's father was my father's son," is easily explained, for the portrait was one of himself. It is evident that the likeness was not a very good one or it must have told its own tale.

OLIVE K.—If not in the same position of life as the clergyman who called on you, the visit should be considered as simply parochial, and you are not to return it. If yourself in society, your father, husband, brother, or grown up son (residing in the house) should return it. If the clergyman have a wife, or lady relative, she should have called with him, if he desired a mutually-visiting acquaintanceship. Of course a lady does not call on a gentleman, nor send her card by her husband, unless an old friend, or very near relative. He was right, however, in leaving a second card. A first visit should be returned at once if possible.

DOPO.—We recommend you to apply to the secretary of the Royal Naval Female School at the office, 32, Sackville Street, W. Pupils are admitted on nomination of the committee. There is also the Royal Naval Benevolent Society. Apply to the Secy, 17, 18, Adam Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C. A SUBSCRIBER to the "G. O. P."—All invitations should be answered immediately, and if there be an invitation which could be answered sooner than immediately, it is one to dinner.

IS LOVE.—It is quite permissible for a man to send flowers to any girl he admires, as it is merely a graceful compliment, and binds him to nothing; nor do we understand how it could possibly place you in "an awkward position;" nor do we see at this present juncture where your parents come in; nor how this could worry your mother, since he has not proposed to you. You say that you "love him dearly, but I doubt whether I ought to allow my feelings to get the better of me." If your feelings got the better of you, what would be the result? We should recommend caution, seeing that the young gentleman has not proposed, and may not do so, especially if he should find out that his gift of flowers had quite unbalanced your mind. Be a sensible girl, do not do anything except to give smiling and gracious thanks for one of the ordinary attentions of society.

SPANISH ZINGARA unfortunately does not say where she lives or we could advise her to better purpose. A course of ambulance lessons would be very interesting and useful, as she is fond of nursing, and we see no harm in her study of physiognomy. Lavater's book on the subject is easily obtained, as it has passed through many editions. This study was begun by Della Porta, at Naples, in 1615. The work which presents the most succinct view of the modern relations of physiognomy is Darwin's on the *Expression of the Emotions*, which shows that facial conformation arises from the special use of certain muscles over others.