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THE SEA'S SONG.

By NORA HOPPER.

I AM the sea.
Come down and wash the world-stains off your hands;
I send the wind that sweetens many lands,
And whoso loves me shall be loved of me,
Yea, though I drown him. With a thousand strands
Stronger than women's hair
I knit his soul to mine: and what I find
Harsh and unlikely, that my own I bind
And make it clean and fair:
And that I love I set not ever free.

I am the sea,
And all the golden sands my breakers drag
Crying, and clutching, down,
And every trail of broad wet weed and brown,
And all the samphire dangling from the crag—
Yea, each and all of these is part of me.
And each shall speak through silence to my lover
And mysteries to him shall each discover.
Once he shall speak with naked soul to me,
And hear my soul make answer—ere he drown.

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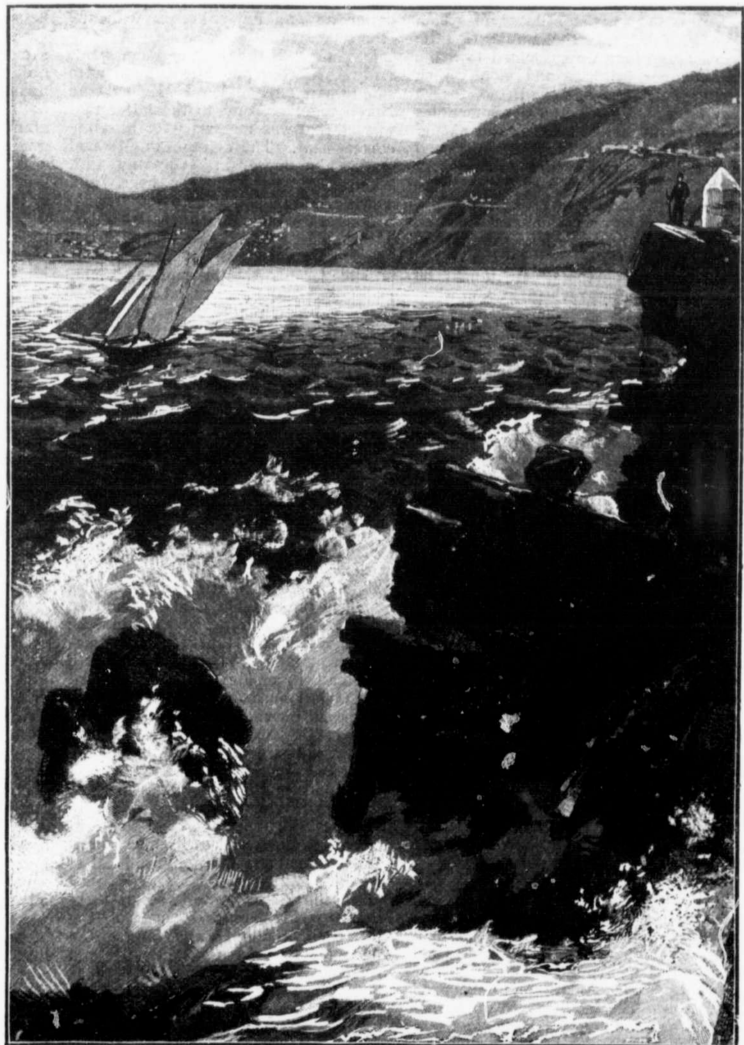
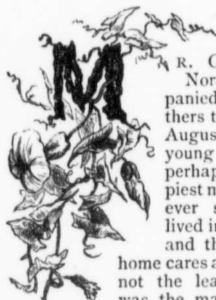


"ALL THE GOLDEN SANDS MY BREAKERS DRAG."

IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER XIX.



MR. GILMAN and Norah accompanied the Anstruthers to Cornwall in August, and to the young girl that was perhaps the happiest month she had ever spent. She lived in the present, and the absence of home cares and anxieties, not the least of which was the making a little money go a long way, seemed to make her younger, brighter, and more girlish than usual. She was glad, too, to see her father looking better, for sometimes she grew uneasy lest his health should fail; he, like his daughter, seemed to have put off the weight of his responsibilities, and he fully entered into the delights of boating and coaching, and excursions over the breezy moors. Even Sir John seemed less grim, and to have grown softer and gentler away from his usual haunts. Or it may be that old memories revived in him when he and his wife were left alone by the sea, and he realised that he loved her no less in reality than he had done in the days when they were full of present gladness and happy expectations, instead of being saddened and tired with the journey of life. At any rate, to Lady Anstruther, as to Norah, those days of rest and sunshine and companionship were almost ideal in their satisfaction. And afterwards, looking back, there was one day which brought such wonderful joy that all those that followed were irradiated with gladness. Indeed it is not generally a place which in itself brings happiness or the reverse to people, but that which happens there, or a mood induced by other things invests it with a charm or a sadness not its own. There are dreary slums which have been homes of keenest joy, and there is here and there an earthly paradise where men have known such utter anguish that, when they have gone forth, their minds shrink from dwelling on the memory thereof; and they would fain forget how the flowers bloomed and the birds sang, and the air was fragrant and sweet and warm, since to remember that is to recall a tortured spirit that these things mocked.

For some reason the promised visit to Moorwinstow had not taken place, though Mr. Gilman, who was a keen admirer of the author of the *Cornish Ballads*, both as man and as poet, had set his heart on going there. But one morning Lady Anstruther announced that it was her intention to go further afield than she had yet done, and that Sir John had "given her a holiday"—a piece of praiseworthy unselfishness on his part, as to be left alone was generally a cause of grievance which everyone who had neglected him was made to feel. His wife, especially, he liked to be at his beck and call, even although he might not avail himself of her society when it was at his disposal. It was part of the general improvement in him that he showed during this visit a disposition to consider the pleasure of others independently of himself; and when Norah offered, after an inward struggle, it is true, to take Lady Anstruther's place, she was told in quite genial tones that this was not the season for self-denial, and she had better go and enjoy herself with the others.

Of course, if the four of them went, Lady Anstruther and Mr. Gilman were sure to pair off and leave Michael and Norah together, and to the latter that was all that was necessary for absolute contentment. The change in Michael made him more in sympathy with Norah than he had ever been, and sometimes he found her companionship a refuge from the loneliness which he felt when he remembered Beattie. But he was far too steadfast for it to be possible for him, at any rate at present, to take, as some men would have done, the love which might be his as solace for that which he had lost. Indeed Michael was not a particularly sentimental person. He had not many illusions about matrimony, and his attachments for the most part were to things rather than to people, though where he gave affection once he never wavered afterwards. So that though he would have given everything he possessed to call Beattie his own, yet, if she were denied him, he was more likely to concentrate his powers on those other interests than to find consolation in some person not herself. Still, he was very fond of Norah, and, although he hoped she did not care for him too much for her own peace of mind, he could not fail to be touched by her unfailing gentleness, her patience with him in all his moods, and her unaffected and unassuming interest in all that concerned himself. So that when at the end of the long drive Lady Anstruther and Mr. Gilman, with the ardour of the tourist and the antiquarian, made their way at once to the grey and venerable church, the young people lingered in the interesting burying-place where in nameless graves rest the shipwrecked sailors, some beneath the figure-head of their ship which met its fate as they did in the stormy waters. And there Michael told Norah stories of the rescues effected by Hawker, and of the difficulties he had to fight with and overcome in the lonely and perilous place, where the wreckers took advantage of the storm to lure their fellow-creatures to their doom on the rock-bound, inhospitable coast. He told her how the apostle of light, amid darkness and ignorance, had to show the value of human lives by risking his own to save them, and to teach reverence for the dead by his endeavours to recover the bodies of the unknown men who were dear to someone, that they might have decent Christian burial.

And as he talked to her, kindling with the enthusiasm which most men worthy the name feel for any who have fought, and not just let life slip by in self-indulgence, something he said revealed to Norah that he and she were now as one in the ideal which they had set before them. She did not ask him what had altered him, but she knew that, if he might differ from her in details, the great aim of his existence would be the same as hers; and that if it were ordained they should pass their lives apart and not together, yet they would be one in a sense deeper and more abiding than even marriage can guarantee.

When Lady Anstruther came out she rebuked them for their want of interest in what ought to have been the object of their visit, and sent them in to inspect the church itself, calling their attention especially to the moulding of the Norman arches which divide the north aisle from the nave.

"Do you know what Hawker said of that?" said Mr. Gilman. "Baring-Gould spoke of it as zig-zag moulding. 'Zig-zag!' said Hawker with indignation. 'Do you not see that it is near the font that this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism. Look without the church—there is the restless old ocean thundering with all his waves; you can hear the roar from here. Look within. All is calm; there plays over the baptismal pool only the Dove, who fans it into ripples with His healing wings.' It seems a curious thing," he added, turning to Lady Anstruther, "that men of poetic faculty and imaginative power are so often placed among ignorant and unlettered people, where their special gifts are not apparently appreciated, or even useful, and where practical unvisionary men would do better ministerial work."

"In the case of Hawker," said Lady Anstruther, "the practical and the poetic seem to have been combined. But I have often felt what you say myself. Men with a strong literary faculty are not usually gifted with a power to manage the ordinary affairs of life in a way that commends itself to the general mind; and it is not often either that you find literary people have the knack of dealing with their fellow-men. They live too much in theories to grapple with facts, especially such facts as obstinate human beings. Still, the world gains if they are thrown back upon themselves. No doubt the very limitations they find to their intellectual side lead to a concentration of that

faculty which entails its being poured forth in the form of literature, and gains them a large congregation and wide influence."

"Well, certainly our literature owes a good deal to the clergy of lonely country places," said Mr. Gilman. "By-the-bye, Mike, wasn't it in one of the churchyards near here that Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs* was conceived? He was a curate somewhere in Devonshire, I believe."

Mike, who had never read the *Meditations*, was obliged to confess to complete ignorance of the subject, but Norah, in whose memory were stored a great many out-of-the-way facts, crowned herself with honour and delighted her father by remembering that Hervey's curacy had been at Bideford, and that the churchyard was said to be that of Kilkhampton.

When on inquiry of the coachman it was found they could look in at Kilkhampton on their homeward drive, he was more satisfied still.

"I wonder how many girls of your age have read a book with such an unpromising and gloomy title?" said Mike.

Norah smiled. She did not mind Mike laughing at her now.

"It is very beautiful," she said quietly.

"Do you think my child is too serious for her age?" asked Mr. Gilman of Lady Anstruther, when they had left the two young people to inspect the building, and were walking together towards the side of the combe where they had elected to have luncheon. "I have heard Mike say things of that sort to her many times lately. It is true she has few amusements, and seems to prefer to touch the graver side of life, but I have had so little to do with young people that it has not struck me as unsuitable. Her mother was different, as you know she had always a joke ready, and laughed and made us laugh when she was ill and suffering; the boys are more like her. But Norah is not morbid; she is often cheerful under very depressing circumstances, and her mission seems to be to comfort others. Only she is undoubtedly grave. I have noticed that since she has been here, without responsibilities, and constantly in the society of someone near her own age, she has been gayer than I have ever known her, and possibly she would be better if she were less alone."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself about her," said Lady Anstruther. "Norah will probably be livelier as a woman than she is in her girlhood. She certainly is not quite like ordinary girls, but that may be partly owing to the depth of her religious convictions. I do not see why gravity should be undesirable. Laughing is not always a sign of real happiness. I have rather changed my opinion about Norah lately, and am inclined not to force her into the ordinary groove. I used to fear she would become narrow; but if she does it will only be theoretically. She is too sympathetic to stand aside from any of her fellow-creatures who may have need of her. After all, the only girl for whom she professes friendship is apparently entirely absorbed in pleasures and interests that Norah despises. As far as I can make out, Beattie Margetson is nothing but a beautiful and high-spirited girl who is, to use Norah's words, 'quite worldly.' As to Mike, no wonder Norah seems solemn to him; he is fresh from the society of a young woman who is full of curiosity about everything in the world, has endless theories, and insists upon being emancipated from all restrictions to her liberty. Norah's life is both beautiful and useful. I am sure even Sir John, who is not a person easily influenced, has seen that her unfailing goodness has a source which is beyond his understanding. Her light shines, you see."

"Sir John is changed," said Mr. Gilman. "He is, I think, less unhappy."

"He will never get over the loss of our children," said Lady Anstruther.

"Nor will you," thought Mr. Gilman, noticing the silvered hair and lines of endurance on her thin face. And then they changed the subject. Not even to so intimate a friend as Mr. Gilman would her loyalty permit her to discuss the character or the failings of the man she had vowed and striven to "love, honour and obey."

The mention of Geoffrey had saddened Lady Anstruther, but her eyes brightened again when she saw Michael and Norah coming towards them. She could not help trusting that even yet happiness was in store for her boy. She knew that if once he married Norah he could not fail to grow constantly fonder of her, and that Norah, who had been so loving a daughter and unselfish a sister, would make an ideal wife she had no doubt. She wanted Mike to marry one day. He was the only son now, and if he died and left no heir, Woodfield would pass away from Sir John's branch of the family to distant relatives, with whom he had long had a quarrel. She knew that her husband's feelings towards Norah were sufficiently changed for him to regard her, if not with gratification, yet with equanimity, in the light of a daughter. And he, like her son, would, she was convinced, grow fonder of her when once she was a member of his own family. There were not many things that Lady Anstruther now ventured to desire very earnestly, but this was one of them; and during the homeward drive she made up her mind to let Michael know that this was a cherished wish of hers. She would not urge him to take any step, but she knew that he would not turn away unthinkingly from any path which he knew would bring contentment to his mother.

"He must do as he likes," she thought, "but there can be no harm now in telling him the thought that lies near my heart."

As it chanced she had an opportunity that evening. On their return, Mr. Gilman found a packet awaiting him containing letters which had been forwarded from home, and he suggested that he and Norah should stroll out on to the cliffs and look at them together. There was still an hour before *table d'hôte*. Lady Anstruther, who was tired, elected to stay at home and rest, and Michael went to sit with his father. But, as it happened, Sir John was in the middle of an interesting article he was reading, and did not apparently wish his solitude interrupted just yet. Michael therefore strolled into the drawing-room, where his mother lay on the sofa, and took up a book. After a minute or two, however, he grew restless; he was never a good hand at sitting still.

"I think I'll go out and find the Gilmans," he said to his mother.

"What—haven't you had enough of Norah's society?" said Lady Anstruther, smiling.

"Oh, it isn't Norah," said Michael, reddening. "I thought I would hear if there is any news from home, that is all."

"That can wait, can it not? There is not likely to be anything very exciting. Come and talk to me a little while. I hardly get a word with you now, Mike. But still, I am glad you care to be with Norah. It is of her I wish to speak to you."

Michael felt rather miserable. He was afraid his mother had noticed what he did not want to believe true. Apparently his face betrayed his feelings, for Lady Anstruther laughed as he came towards her.

"You look as you did when you were a little boy, and thought you were going to be scolded," she said.

"I haven't done anything wrong now, have I?" he asked.

"No; or if you have I haven't found you out, so you need not be afraid."

"The part I minded about scolding was that you used to say I had made you unhappy. The father's floggings were nothing to that. However, if I haven't done anything you mind, I am not particularly afraid. But what is it about Norah?"

"Oh, Mike, you are such a trying person to talk to. You want one to say things straight out. There are subjects that have to be approached gradually—led up to. Now you know I am afraid of you sometimes since you have grown up. We have changed places."

"You afraid of me! Why, mother, I thought you were the most fearless of women! And why ever should you mind such a harmless person as I am?"

"Because I love you, boy; and I can't bear to think you should fancy I misunderstand you or fail to sympathise with you in any way."

"I shan't do that, mother dear. But what has all this to do with Norah?"

"Only that Norah and you are very much connected in my thoughts. I am only less fond of her than I am of you; and the happiness of both of you is dearer to me than my own. It is my own. The time has gone by when I can look for much personal satisfaction. If I could see your children playing about the old place it would be all, and more than all, I could wish for."

Mike grew crimson.

"Oh, mother," he stammered, "don't ask this of me. I can't change. I have

told you about—that other. I shall never care for any one else."

"But, dear, perhaps you are mistaken in her. You did not know her so very well, or for very long; Norah's value you have tested."

"I love Beattie," said Mike simply; and his mouth wore the look his mother knew for unflinching determination.

"I shall never change," he said presently. "Norah would not care for half a heart."

"I am not so sure," said Lady Anstruther, smiling. "If you offered her the half to start with and told her where the other was——"

"Mother," said Mike suddenly, "you don't think Norah loves me, do you?"

"No one but Norah has a right to answer that question, dear," said Lady Anstruther. "But I do not think she will ever marry anybody else."

Mike was silent.

"Don't throw away what you may possess for a dream, darling," said Lady Anstruther presently. "Even in this matter there are others to think of besides yourself—your father, me, and perhaps Norah."

"Well, there's plenty of time," said Mike presently, with a sigh. "I'm not worthy of Norah—that's quite certain. But I promise you this, mother—I'll never marry at all, or I'll marry Norah."

Lady Anstruther shook her head.

"That doesn't sound altogether satisfactory," she said, laughing. "But don't look so gloomy about it. Hark! there is Norah's voice."

He stooped and kissed her, and hastened from the room.

Norah had indeed returned with her father. Lady Anstruther had been wrong in her surmise that the letters were not likely to contain news of anything exciting. The first Mr. Gilman had taken from the packet had been addressed in a handwriting which he did not at first recognise, and the envelope bore several foreign postmarks.

"What is this about, Norah?" he said, puzzled. "Who do we know out in Africa?"

Norah glanced at the letter, then gave an exclamation almost of awe; her complexion changed, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint, and a trembling hand was laid for support on her father's arm.

"My dear," he said anxiously, "what is it?"

Her voice shook so that she could hardly speak.

"Father," she whispered, "the miracle has been wrought." Then, as he gazed at her wondering—"Don't you see? Look closer, dear! That writing is—Geoffrey's!"

"Geoffrey's! But Geoffrey is—— Norah, can it be possible the boy is not dead, after all? Open it quickly—quickly! Here, sit close by me! Read it, child!"

And breathlessly, in tones that with an effort she rendered distinct enough for her father's hearing, Norah read the note.

It was not a very long one, and it had been written in extreme weakness. It told how he had been desperately wounded and left for dead, but how by the kindness of some Dutch people he had been taken care of and nursed through months of misery, when his mind as well as his body had been affected; how, when he began to recover, he had struggled back to a place of civilisation, only to be taken ill again, and brought near to death. How at last he had again recovered, and had learnt through an Englishman he had met, who knew him, that he was reported to be dead; how he sent this letter to Mr. Gilman rather than to his parents, lest the suddenness of the news should harm his mother. Possibly she might have heard through some official source, if it was yet rumoured in England. In that case they would want to know his whereabouts. He said that he was still hardly fit to travel, but he should sail as soon as possible.

The father and daughter sat silent, looking at each other, rejoicing, but overcome.

"Father," said Norah presently, "I prayed for this at first. I had heard of such things, and I could not, somehow, feel that Geoff was dead. But I gave up hope long ago."

Mr. Gilman turned to her with shining eyes.

"Norah," he said, "I understand you now. Will Sir John say, with you, the miracle has been wrought?"

The girl was silent. This prayer had been answered; she could not doubt the other, which had been most frequent lately on her lips, would be likewise.

"Come, dear—we must not keep this to ourselves any longer. I will go to Lady Anstruther. The sad news we broke first to him; but this surely should go first to the mother."

But wonderful, incredible, unexpected as it was, after a year of mourning, the mother needed no telling. The sight of their moved faces, the letter which Norah held towards her, the trembling yet careful haste with which they strove to put into words the message of untold gladness, were enough. Or did she have a spiritual before an intellectual grasp of the truth? She knew the end while Mr. Gilman was still stumbling over his preliminary announcement of good tidings.

"There can be only one thing," she cried. "God has given me back my child—God has given me back my child!" But the joy was too great and she sank back fainting.

Her first words when she recovered consciousness were to Norah.

"His father," she whispered—"tell him!"

And relinquishing her to Michael's care, whom Mr. Gilman had hastily summoned, Norah went to fulfil her mission.

Very different was Sir John's reception of the news to that of Lady Anstruther's. No hint availed for him, no faltering words of something wonderful which had come to light roused his suspicion of the truth.

When Norah told him simply from whom a letter had been received, he could not believe. She showed him the letter, and though he shook with excitement he doubted still. The postmark was no guide. The date—when was it written? At last he read it. Norah watched his face. Slowly, slowly a light stole over it; the gloom passed away. Then he sat silent, looking straight before him. When at last he spoke, it was in a low voice, scarcely more than a whisper, and his eyes, which were upraised, were as the eyes of one who has been blind and now sees. His words were the words of his wife, and they came slowly, with long pauses—

"God—has given me back my child!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Musical Enthusiasm.

"Ah, you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith!" said a music-mad girl to Tom Hood.

"Excuse me, but I do," replied the wit; "musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

In studying History.—History should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify her views about the present, and even determine her forecast of the future.

A Model Address.

Louis XIV. of France, when passing through Rheims, received an address from the mayor who, presenting him with some bottles of wine and some pears, said, "Sire, we bring your majesty our wine, our pears, and our hearts."

"Ah!" replied the king, laying his hand on the shoulder of the mayor, "that's what I call a model address."

Being Educated.—Opposition and danger are educations. Without war—no soldier; without enemies—no hero.

His Fortune was made.

The Inventor: "Ah, ah! My fortune is made! Hurrah!"

His Wife: "How?"

The Inventor: "I've just perfected a duplex reversible device for automatically indicating to a woman whether her hat is on straight."

Death brings Changes.

If death dissolves dear relationships it also creates others dearer still. Then, possibly for the first time, the brother becomes a friend; but then also the friend is often felt to be more than a brother.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART XI.

OUR HIDDEN SELVES.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. iv. 23).

WONDER whether you, my dear girl friends, have duly considered how supremely important our thoughts are, and that our "hidden selves" need to be watched with the most jealous anxiety. I suppose we are all ready to own that our thoughts are the seeds whence spring our words and works. If so, these seeds should be treated as diligently and constantly by us, as the gardener treats those which he has sown, in the hope of seeing them grow into plants full of grace and beauty. Just as he cherishes the healthy seedlings, removes from their midst those which are weak and worthless, and unsparingly tears up and flings away the weeds, should we do in dealing with the seeds of thought which are ever springing within us. We need to encourage those which will grow into beautiful realities, to be seen by and to influence others, as well as to make our own lives reflections of our Master's image.

It is so common, not only for the young, but for people of all ages to say, "My thoughts are my own. It does not matter to anyone what I think. I cannot be called to account or punished for thinking."

There is an old story of a man who was brought to justice for spreading evil tales about his neighbour. It was proved that the latter had suffered unjustly, both in character and position, through what had been said. The culprit was fined and admonished to keep his tongue within proper bounds for the future. As he very unwillingly paid the money, he asked:

"Can anybody fine me for thinking?"

"No," was the answer.

"Very well. I thought what I said about that man was true, and I think so still," replied the offender, and he left the court, probably feeling that he had some return for his money after all.

It is quite true that our thoughts are our own, but unfortunately, we do not always understand the vast responsibility which is attached to these possessions, which, hidden from all the world beside, are an open book in the sight of Him, who "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

In the text with which we begin our talk this evening, great stress is laid upon this truth. It reads, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." But the margin of the authorised version gives the words, "above all keeping," and the revised version makes it if possible stronger, so that the text should read, "Keep thy heart above all that thou guardest;" because, just as from it the blood flows into every part of the body and is "the life thereof," so the thoughts are the springs whence come words and acts which make up our life before others.

You and I, dear girls, must face this great truth; that the thoughts which we have deemed of little consequence, because our neighbour could neither read nor call us to account for them, are given the first and most important place in God's estimation of what goes to make up our being. He would have us keep our hearts above all that we have to guard, for the very reasons that we too often set aside, namely, that to Him alone we have to give an account of them; the character of our own lives, the influence we exercise over others, and our personal happiness or misery all spring from them.

We are particular about externals, are we not? We do not like to go amongst our neighbours in soiled garments, and with unkempt hair, or unwashed hands. We do not like our companions to find us in our homes amongst needless litter and discomfort. If surprised under such circumstances, the flush of shame would rise to our faces, and we should hasten to do something to lessen the disorder; just as though the things which shame us when seen by others could possibly be right if only known to ourselves.

In our daily lives we come face to face with many things which we would not willingly allow the eye to dwell upon, and from which we turn away with an expression of horror and disgust if we are seen looking at them even for a moment. As to words which fall upon our ears from time to time; our tongues would refuse to utter them, and the very thought of our speaking in such a manner and being heard, fills us with shame.

Yet many who are particular as to the places they visit; the persons they associate with, and the language they listen to and use, will let their thoughts dwell on subjects which they would shrink from alluding to. They will say, "I cannot help thinking. Thoughts come unbidden. Who can shut them out?"

These are poor excuses which we make for not having, in the first place, guarded that citadel of the heart, which God has bidden us keep above all things that we have to guard. The heart that is full of love to Him and to our neighbour, has no room for such vile intruders. It "thinketh no evil."

Should a wrong or polluting thought creep in, we need not give it a welcome by dwelling on and cherishing it.

The wind may whirl the tiny seeds of some noisome weed into the plot on which a gardener has sown those of rare flowers. He could not help this intrusion, but, when the weeds show themselves above ground, will he encourage them to take stronger root and spread and choke his fair blossoms? Ask him, and you will be promptly answered.

"Let them stay? Water them so that they may grow here? I should be mad to do anything of the kind. When I catch sight of a weed, however small, out it must come, and the sooner the better. He is a poor gardener and not worth the name of one, who does not remove a weed as soon as it is big enough to be seen. Everybody knows that, living, it takes the room and saps the strength of better things, and if allowed to grow and seed, it will prove the parent of hundreds like itself."

It is just the same, dear girl friends, if we allow a wrong thought to dwell in our minds. It is sure to be a fruitful parent, and its presence encourages the coming of other wrong thoughts. Who can see the end of the harvest of varying consequences which spring from a good thought or an evil one?

We cannot run away from our thoughts. They are ever present with us, either as our friends, to stir us to pure and noble actions, or as our enemies, to incite us to the opposite. They are never silent, and we cannot help listening to these inner voices, whether we obey or resist their influence.

Looking from our inner selves into the world around us, we get many lessons to prove the importance of the unseen.

I was out boating one day, and was anxious that we should row in a particular direction. To my ignorant eyes all looked fair, safe and tempting, but the boatman shook his head.

"It looks all right, but there are some sharp, pointed rocks thereabouts. They are only small ones and are seldom seen, except when the tide is uncommon low. But because they are small and sharp they are more dangerous, specially to people that don't know every inch of the coast. Those of us who do, keep right away from that part, or we should have a hole through the bottom of the boat before we knew we were near. A big rock is a trifle compared to these little things, scattered up and down and mostly all under water."

Sailors could tell us of many hidden dangers far more to be feared than those which are visible. There are swift currents which run below the surface and have power to hurry a boat to destruction if it gets within their influence. The wise keep as far from them as possible.

How terrible is a dense fog on land! How much more terrible and dangerous at sea! There is room enough on the wide ocean for the vessels of all nations to voyage safely, and there would still be room were they multiplied a thousand fold. But when the fog, which is worse than darkness, surrounds them, each ship is a source of terror and danger to every other, as it may, all unwittingly, deal destruction and be shattered in the act.

The danger lies in the unseen, and the words "If the fog would but lift! If we could only see!" are on every tongue.

Thought and word or action are often compared to the lightning and the thunder which follows it. We often fail to note the flash, but the roar of the thunder tells that it has been near us.

In the unnoted flash lay the real danger. It was the cause of the thunder which was only harmless noise, and in this, lies the difference between it and the consequences of our thoughts.

Acts follow thought as thunder follows lightning, but they, unlike the thunder, are not without results, for they must have an influence of one kind or other. The roll of the unseen thunder dies harmlessly away. The act or word which has sprung from thought may soon be forgotten, but its consequences travel on and on, through time and to eternity.

Sometimes a wayfarer seeks to drink at a little stream which he has known from childhood and on the purity of which he can rely. He approaches it with confidence, but he finds that, all along its banks, refuse has been thrown, and the stream, thus adulterated, is unfit for drinking. He remembers, however, that the well-spring, whence it is fed, is not very far off, and to it he goes, with weary feet it may be, but with hope in his heart and longing to slake his thirst with a cool, pure draught.

He is not disappointed. The source of the spring lies far down beneath the surface, amid great rocks which it has spent ages in polishing. Its waters are ever flowing outward and sweeping away all minor obstructions of dead leaves and such like trifles which the wind bears down upon them. And even in the centre of that broader stream, that men have polluted, there may be discerned a silver thread which, flowing steadily

onward from its hidden source, remains untainted by the impurities around it.

Is not such a stream a fitting emblem of one of God's true children and servants, who guards the heart "above all that has to be guarded?" Of one who, conscious of weakness and inability to keep the citadel unaided, has gone to the Giver with the cry "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The margin of our Bible gives the words "Constant," or "Stedfast," as alternative readings to right, and they seem to make the verse stronger. We want not only the right spirit, but we want it all the time, so that our heart's devotion may not vary.

God, the great and generous Giver of all good, condescends to ask just one gift from each of us. "Give Me thine heart." "Let thine heart keep My commandments."

Oh, my dear ones. The All Wise Creator "of whom are all things," knows our weaknesses, our temptations, our sins which most easily beset us. So, whilst bidding us guard the stronghold of our hearts above all that He has intrusted to our keeping, He also says "Give them to Me. Let Me be the tenant and the habitation will be safe. Give Me possession and there will be no room for aught that would pollute or destroy. My Spirit shall preserve the heart's purity, and it shall be the abode of holy thoughts, holy desires, of love, peace and goodwill towards all mankind." These, though not the exact words of the Bible, convey what it teaches in many places.

I think I hear you say, "The picture is very beautiful. Would that it were real in my case! Oh, that I were a true child and servant of God, happy in doing His will from my inmost heart! But what He asks is so difficult and hardest of all to yield. Have I not tried to do right, and yet the close of each day shows a record of things omitted that I had resolved to do, and others done which conscience told me were wrong."

My object this evening is to try and help you to find out the cause of your failures. We will not spend our time in brooding over or vainly lamenting our mistakes and misdoings. We will go straight to the cause of them, and see what can be done.

Were an architect called in to inspect a building the walls of which were sinking, would he be justified by examining them only and certifying that the bricks were good and well held together by the mortar? No; he would say at once that the danger lay below the surface, and did not arise from what could be seen.

"There is something wrong with the foundations," he would say. "The walls are sound, but the supports have given way."

So with the cleansing of a stream. If the source be pure, there is hope. Outward contaminating substances can be cleared away and the banks guarded against their renewal; but if it springs from a foul source, vain will it be to attempt to cleanse the bed along which it flows.

You and I must be in earnest in our searchings of hearts. We know that our thoughts are the spring whence words and actions flow. Very early in the history of the world, as the Bible tells it, this great truth is summed up, Gen. vi. 5. The prophet Isaiah repeated, and Christ Himself quoted the inspired teaching, "This people honoureth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me."

How hateful mere empty words and professions of love and friendship are to us when the speaker's acts contradict them! Silence and estrangement can be endured, or even pass unnoticed; but want of truth and sincerity are always contemptible in our human eyes. What, then, must many of our words and acts be like in the eyes of Him to whom our thoughts are as an open book?

If we want to serve God we must begin at the beginning. Give Him our hearts and ask Him to take possession of the source, so that the stream of our lives may be a pure one.

"Will God do this?" you ask.

I answer your question with another—"What did Jesus say when teaching His disciples?" "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

If we want God's presence dwelling in our hearts we must ask for it, and ask earnestly, wanting to have it. Then there is our own share to be considered. God will work in and with us, but we are not to be idle. You have the control of your bodily senses. Do not let them be the channels by which evil thoughts are brought into the heart. If your eye sees what is wrong or impure, turn it away; do not continue to look on. If your ear is offended by the sound of foolish, slanderous, profane, or obscene words, do not listen; get out of hearing as soon as possible and strive to put them out of your mind, otherwise memory will repeat them at intervals to your hurt.

If you find yourself in the company of those who make light of sacred things or turn passages of God's word into idle jests, leave it as soon as possible and avoid such for the future. "The foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," are specially named in God's word as things to be avoided. So, too, is the society of those who are likely to lead us astray. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

We can all to some extent choose our advisers and our intimates. I know that there are some of you, my dear girl friends, who are associated by your daily work with those who rather hinder than help you in the right way. This you cannot avoid, but you need not make them your advisers and confidants.

Try to use all outside influences for the good of your inner selves by shunning whatever suggests wrong ideas or stores up evil memories. Your inner self is the source of your visible life. All outside of and around the latter, re-acts on the mind. Endeavour to dwell on what is holy and Christ-like, so as to occupy your thoughts with what will be pleasing to God.

"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, think on these things."

We can only really occupy our minds with one thing at once. Let us resolve that the one thing shall be such as to make us feel glad that God sees and reads it.

Perhaps you are thinking to yourselves, "This is a high standard which demands that my heart shall keep God's commandments, and that I am to guard it above all that I have to guard. How shall I attain to this?"

It is a high standard; but it is God's standard, and with every command He will give the power to obey. He bids us "Work out our own salvation." We are to do all that in us lies, but He adds by the mouth of His apostle, "It is God that worketh in you; both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

As to these senses of ours that are so apt to lead us astray. Is the tongue the offender? Pray "Keep Thou the door of my lips that I offend not with my tongue." Are you straying from the right way? "Lord, deliver my feet from falling?" and so on.

The Bible will furnish you with words of prayer for every need, and promises of strength, help and blessing, and gracious answers are sown broadcast over its pages. Let us be very thorough in looking at our inner selves, our "hidden selves" to all but God.

The surgeon who has been watching a wound which will not heal is not contented to look only at the outside, but probes to find how deep the mischief lies.

So, dear ones, you and I must search our hidden selves, and be contented with nothing less than giving to our Father, God, the loving, whole-hearted service, which it is alike our duty and privilege to render.

"THE GOLDEN HEART."

CHAPTER III.

ON the fourth day after Allison's flight from home came a letter to Mrs. Carne from her married daughter Lizzie to the effect that her sister was with her and very ill. The doctor said she had brain fever.

"Ally came here three days ago," wrote Lizzie. "She seemed quite dazed and broken down, and complained of her head. She wouldn't say anything about herself, only that she had been somewhere on business and felt ill and tired. There's something I don't understand, but perhaps you will; so please come quickly, as she's very bad, poor dear."

Mrs. Carne needed no second call, but repaired without delay to her daughter's house, leaving the ferryman to manage for himself, with injunctions that neither he nor Dan should venture to come till they were sent for. The good woman was greatly troubled and alarmed, for, where had Allison been during the first day and night of her absence from home and what could have caused this sudden illness?

She was not destined to discover, for Allison lay dangerously ill during three anxious weeks, unconscious that the dear mother towards whom she had so grievously failed in duty was her constant and devoted nurse.

At the end of that time she was on the road to recovery, but as weak as a baby. Moreover, the illness appeared to have obliterated the memory of the unhappy incidents which had been its forerunner. Allison's mind was a blank as regarded everything, and a fortunate thing that was.

No questions were asked by Mrs. Carne, no painful recollections called into being. The girl was very quiet, very submissive, that was the most marked change in her. She would sit for hours saying nothing, but watching her mother about the room with a look of wistful content upon her face. The only remark she made that showed she had been inwardly questioning herself was—

"I can't remember how I came to be here at Lizzie's."

"Why, you came on a visit, dearie, and then you fell ill. Father's been missing us sorely, he'd like to have us home again," replied her mother.

"Let us go home," said Allison, "I feel stronger now."

So they went home, and all went on as if nothing eventful had happened, nor were the neighbours any the wiser.

Dan's name, however, never passed the girl's lips till Sunday evening just about the time he used to come in and claim her company. She was restless and frequently rose from the easy chair where she still reclined, in order to look across the ferry in the direction of the opposite hills.

Her mother watched her, but said nothing.

"Do you think he'll come to-night, mother?" asked Allison presently.

"Who, dearie?"

"Why, Dan. It's about time for him to be here."

"Aye, so it is. Yes, he'll come, to be sure. Sit ye down again, my pretty, and wait."

Soon there came a gentle tap at the cottage door, which opened immediately, and the shepherd's tall figure stooped to enter. Allison rose timidly as though uncertain of her reception, but Dan's manner was as gentle, his voice as kind, his smile as hearty and affectionate as of old.

It was only in Allison there was a change, but Dan thought it was for the better. She looked more like a delicate lily than the scornful gipsy-queen he had parted with six weeks ago, and her manner was soft and even deprecating.

Mrs. Carne left them together and sought her husband by the ferry. She laid her hand on his broad shoulder.

"We shall have a wedding in the autumn after all," said she; "'tis all right 'tween Dan and our Allison."

And so it proved. The past was gone and forgotten like a nightmare that has disturbed our repose, and is thought of no longer when the daylight shines.

Dan was a good husband. Allison's after life had its trials, as the happiest of lives must have, but she had found a heart of gold to lean upon.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "MY GARDEN IN MAY."

I've been waiting for May all the winter through;
(And the winter is long in the North Countrie)
But the bulbs have sprung forth; and I daily view,
In the sun-lighted distance, the deep blue sea.
O Crown Imperial, O tulip proud,
My loving heart just laughs aloud!

It is blithe when it all-that-it-longed-for gets;
(But the summer is short in the North Countrie)
We must hastily take drear old Winter's debts,
And hug to our heart and memory
The Iris, snowflake, and wall-flower sweet;
For spring-time days have footsteps fleet.

Prize Winners

One Pound.

Mabel Barnicott, Furze Bank, Preston, Brighton.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

Gertrude Smith, 10, Ferron Road, Clapton, N.E.

S. P. Smithin, Sherriff's Linch, Evesham.

Eight Shillings Each.

Richard Smyth Benson, The Rectory, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

Josephine Coupland, 12, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorks.

Ethel Lorina Jollye, Merton, Stratford-on-Avon.

Nellie Meikle, 2, Newsham Drive, Liverpool.

E. R. Oliver, Frankley House, Weston-Super-Mare.

Gertrude Dean Williams, 53, Cranswick Road, South Bermondsey.

Helen B. Younger, 5, Comiston Gardens, Edinburgh.

Special Mention. (Equal with third class.)

Amy Briand, Mrs. Deane, Ellen R. Smith.

Very Highly Commended.

Louie Bull, Julia Hennen, Percy H. Horne, Edward Rogulski, L. E. Seal, Amy I. Seaward.

Highly Commended.

Eva M. Benson, Annie Fitt, Edward St. G. Hodson, Rose A. Hooppell, Mrs. C. A. Martin, J. D. Musgrave, Dorothy W. Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, K. Smith, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Adkins, Edith K. Baxter, M. Bolingbroke, E. H. Brookfield, M. J. Champneys, Alice J. Chandler, M. A. C. Crabb, Sarah M. Crerar, Ellie Crossman, Mrs. G. Cumming, Rose D. Davis, Jessie Facey, Ada Goodale, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, J. L. Hawks, M. Hodgkinson, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Ethel Jackson, Mary Jackson, Elsie M. Jay, Alice E. Johnson, Gertrude J. Jones, Mrs. Latter, Ed. Lord, Ethel C. McMaster, Helen A. Manning, M. Theodora Moxon, Mrs. H. W. Musgrave, E. C. Milne, Lucy Richardson, Kate Robinson, Mrs. Sanderson, Mildred Seaton, A. C. Sharp, N. Skitter, Stuart Bostock-Smith, Isabel Snell, Sarah Southall, Mary E. Spencer, Minna Starritt, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, Violet C. Todd, Maud Tremaine, Hubert Tutte, Florence Watson, Miss Whithard, M. Wilkins, Emily M. P. Wood, Diana C. Yeo, K. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Alas, for our prophecy! One solution was perfect in every respect, and two others gave every word correctly. But even this result, good as it is, shows a great falling off from recent achievements, and the puzzle must rank with the most difficult of the series.

If we had not so great a passion for imparting instruction, our report might well have ended here, for solvers can hardly desire more than to know the solution and their fate. But we have a great fact to communicate: Two hogsheads are *one butt*. The full beauty and significance of this information will quickly dawn upon those who have the energy to turn to the third line of the puzzle. There are the two hogsheads. Substitute one butt minus one and butt takes their place. Begin the line with Butt and there you are! How very easy it all is, and yet a very large majority of the would-be solvers began the line with Now. How that is obtained, we will leave our readers to discover. It is quite a little puzzle in itself, and the solution thereof is not quite as easy to comprehend as some other things we know.

The *huge* t in line 10, being a new device, also gave much trouble. We will not disclose the extremely fanciful substitutes for "hug" presented by despairing solvers—it would not be kind. Finally we must refer to the flowers in the eleventh line. The iris was generally identified, but the wallflower was often mistaken for a pansy, though not by a majority. Very few solvers failed to identify either flower, and they only because their horticultural education is not yet complete, and not from any fault in the drawing. At the same time, it is only fair to say that one competitor does not agree with us. He is learned in many ways, though, with becoming reticence, he does not say so, but he frankly acknowledges that he knows nothing about flowers. This being so, "I have been obliged," he says, "to get the opinion of several of the botanists of the day on your pictures—they are all unanimous in disagreeing as to these being flowers or anything else—the greengrocer says they look like carrots and onions, but which is which he cannot tell."

It is obviously an impertinence to obtain advice and then not to act upon it, though we believe it is sometimes done—and our correspondent accordingly adopts "carrot" and "onion" for his solution. When he has finished hugging these very useful vegetables to his "heart and memory" we shall be extremely pleased to record his sensations if he will kindly endeavour to describe them.

No. 73. In your solution of "A real Christmas" you wrote "in" instead of "with" in line 6. This mistake, in such a close competition, was fatal. Punctuation, neatness, and the "form" of the verse are taken into account in difficult adjudications but not caligraphy.

FOREIGN AWARD.

SAINT VALENTINE.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Mrs. F. Christain, P. O. Bangaon, via Monghyr, Bengal, India.

Mrs. F. H. C. Sneur, Daphne Cottage, Wynberg, Capetown.

Very Highly Commended.

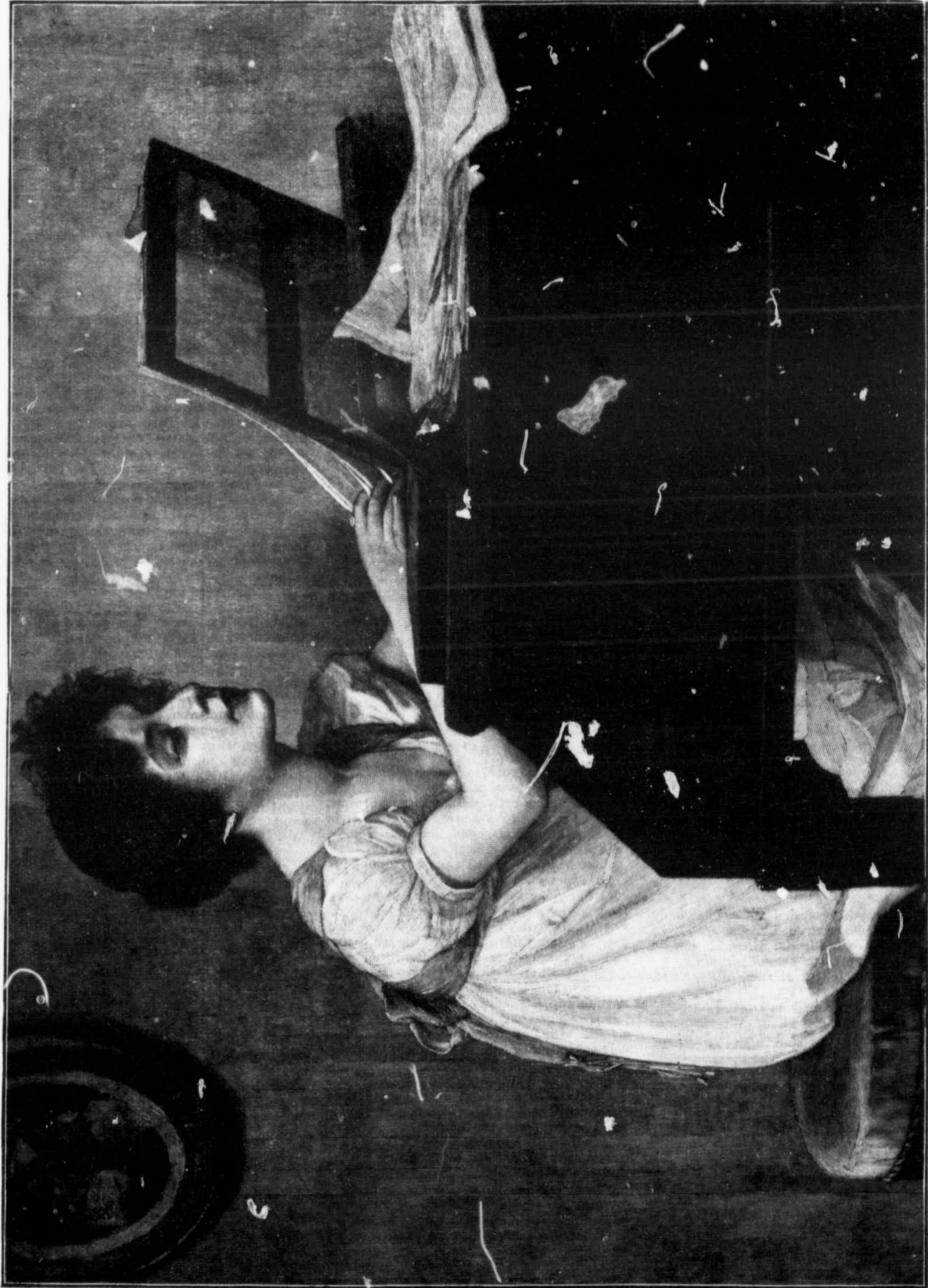
Elsie Davies (Australia), Violet Hewlet (Canada), J. W. W. Hogan (Straits Settlements), Nellie M. Jenkinson (Australia), Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Florence Watson (?).

Highly Commended.

Lillian Dobson (Australia), John A. Fitz-Maurice (Australia), Katherine J. Knop, Hilda D'Rozario, J. S. Summers (India), Edith Wassell (Australia).

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. H. Andrews (Canada), Margaret L. Baller (China), May Malone (Antigua), Ina Michell (Cyprus), Frank and Ruth Ondatje (Ceylon), E. Nina Reid (New Zealand), Lilian Rodgers (West Australia), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony).



SUNDAY EVENING.

[From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.

SOME NEW SACRED SONGS.

"THE First Steps of Jesus," by Edmond Diet (Metzler), with English and French words, is a legend of singular beauty, recounting how, that to rescue a wounded dove our Saviour took his first infant footsteps on earth in the cause of the weak and suffering. The music is sympathetic with the theme, and quaintly descriptive; it suits a mezzo-soprano voice.

Another similar song, very simple and with a touching little story is "The Christ Child," by Francis Thomé (J. Williams): it breathes the same spirit of old French music which possesses a peculiar charm all its own, suggestive of the carillons from antique belfries abroad in days long passed away. The compass is small and any medium voice could sing it.

Again, Benjamin Godard's duet for soprano and mezzo, "The Babe of Bethlehem" (Metzler), is another example, of much beauty and simplicity. "The Wondrous Cross," by Myles B. Foster (Weekes), is really a setting of Dr. Watts's fine hymn "When I survey the wondrous cross" for mezzo-soprano, and the harmonious music (which is thoroughly good but not difficult) is full of reverent feeling, and expressive of that sad "sweet story of old;" the ending is particularly appropriate and telling.

"Pray for Me," words by F. E. Weatherley, music by Gounod, is one of the few sacred songs which unite extreme simplicity with true excellence. It is admirably adapted for home singing. This applies to another of Gounod's, "Rest in Peace," which though solemn is a calm soothing air for a somewhat heavier voice, compass e to f sharp; and it is easy and short to learn by heart; the words are by Clement Scott. Both these songs are brought out by Metzler.

A theme that will find an echo in all hearts is "The trust of little children," by D'Auvergne Barnard (Osborne). The song is published in four keys with a 'cello obbligato, and an organ accompaniment. The music presents no difficulties and is very prettily conceived, while the words are of import and exceptional sweetness to old and young alike.

"Make Thou our hearts like those of little children
Teach us to put our faith and trust in Thee."

"The Vision Divine," by Joseph H. Adams (Ricordi), is in a more ambitious style; it is narrative and certainly interesting with an effective refrain and a full and not difficult accompaniment; care must however be taken at the beginning of the first and last verses, to play it in a reverent manner or it would be too light for the words. It is published in three keys.

So too is the "City of Rest," by Francis Lloyd (Keith Prowse), and it is excellent for low or high voices; the words and music are very good and inspiring, and linger in the memory with very happy effect.

Frederick Cowen has written a song in his usual capable way, called "The Watchers" (R. Cocks): it reminds one of "The Better Land," in its very pretty questions and answers of mother and child. "The Heavenly Dream" is one of the popular quasi-sacred songs of Bryceson Treharne's published by Messrs. Morley, which will be found most useful and pleasing for girls to sing in many home circles.

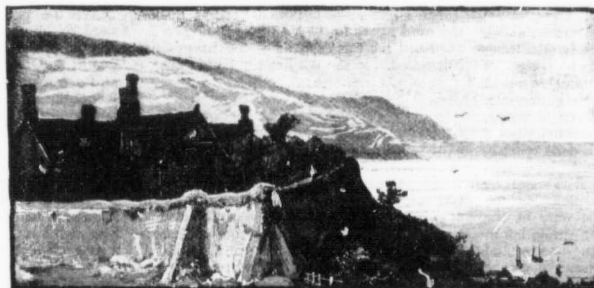
The same may be said of "Father Eternal," by Hartwell Jones (Phillips and Page); it is impressive and interesting, and it requires little study for voice or fingers; a choice of three keys is given.

For a high mezzo-soprano we have "Cradled so Lowly," a sweet, melodious little song, composed and written too by Frank Moir (Metzler). It is perfectly easy, and the refrain with direct simplicity sums up the vast extent of our Christian benefits:

"He who is able to save you,
He who eternal life gave you,
Suffered, suffered
And took all your sorrows away."

We hope many of these songs may help those of our girl-readers who sing to employ some Sunday or weekday hours happily for the gratification of those around them.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

BY O. H.

BEHIND the scenes in hospital life gives unbounded scope for the study of human nature. One quickly learns (with the philosopher who romanced of the World Unclothed) that the omnipotent tailor, who creates class distinctions, does not confer the hall-mark of greatness with his broadcloth or Court uniforms. For beneath every work-grimed fustian coat beats a human heart, and those who know the "hardy-handed sons of toil" in their hours of weakness can testify how often they are "kings of men."

The pathos of a hospital-ward is rivalled by its humour, but the pathos comes first. Some one is playing "Home, sweet home" on the old harmonium. One of human nature's most vulnerable points is the soft spot of home, the tender name of wife or mother; and there is a peculiar hush as the dear, familiar strains fill the long ward. Is it that "music hath charms" which stills the chattering tongues of those rough diamonds? But no, they are all asleep, the occupants of the long rows of beds, with their heads half smothered in the pillow, or hidden beneath the sheet. Yet presently nurse becomes painfully aware that they are only feigning sleep. Oh, what is one soft-hearted woman to do, surrounded by great men who are crying? What, even that swearing fellow in No. 10 bed? Yes, even he. But the player, with tact, bursts into martial airs and sailor-songs and triumphal marches quite foreign to the wheezy old harmonium. Some of the men wake up and begin to get interested, and even hum the tunes after a furtive glance round to ascertain that no one knows what fools they have been. But under one counterpane a form is shaking as if with sobs, and nurse steals up to offer her—perhaps futile sympathy.

"Daddy—what is it, daddy?"

Then she draws the screen round (that troublesome leg is always wanting attention), and hidden from view of the others, hears all about it from the rough seaman whose heart is breaking for wife and children far away, and for the honest little home going to ruin with the bread-winner in hospital. "And what shall I be but a poor cripple for the rest of my days?" No doubt he will be as surly and crabby as ever the next time nurse dresses his wound, but she will have more heart to bear with him now, and at least he has said, "God bless you, dear," with his tears on her hand, and seemed comforted.

Many a touching little scene at different bedsides shows that the domestic life of the poor is not all wife-beating. Here is an old Darby with trembling fingers smoothing his Joan's hair.

"Don' ye work so hard, my darling; you must leff off some of that there heavy work."

"I've a'most done for to-night," she answers cheerily, then whispers aside, "I've got heavy mangling, nurse ma'am, and shan' be done till twelve o'clock, but don' ye tell 'n. Things be looking up, an' only waitin' for ye to come whum again," she adds to old William.

There is an artisan who has found true love run smooth through many years of married life.

"If I haven't slept for pain, I'll be bound her haven't for thinkin' of me." And he's never content unless, under some pretext, his wife comes to see him every day for "a bit of courting." Sometimes only a glimpse through the windows, accompanied with the remark, "Did you ever hear tell of Romeo and Juliet, nurse?" A very erudite fustian, this!

In the corner is a Welshman who dreams every night of his "angel bride," and lives on her daily letters, written in Welsh, with a grateful postscript in childish English to the nurse. The love between these simple couples lasts on till they can sing together, "John Anderson, my jo, John," or compete for the flitch of bacon. Listen to this old pensioner.

"Have you had a happy afternoon, daddy?"

"Ay, a nice long court to-day, nurse," and his face flushes beneath his silver hair as his "missus" comes into the ward on visiting-days. And she, dear old lady, is far from being jealous when he says to his nurse, "Oh, my dear, you'm enough to charm the heart of a snail!"

Just now the comic characters of the ward are two men who are convalescing from severe operations, and they pace the ward together, nicknamed "The Comedians," for Nature was in a humorous vein when she moulded the quaint figure of the old bachelor, and the crinkled face of the young one. The young comedian is a coachman by trade, and it is his boast that he is going "to drive nurse to her wedding, white ribbons and a'," though in sadder moments, looking at his arms in splints, he puckers his absurdly childish face and meditates, "I'll be a poor hand at the ribbons after all!" The other comedian is an old fox-hunting butcher, with a face like a nursery rhyme. He has fallen from the opulence of butcherdom and the proud possession of a hunting hack to abject poverty, but nothing can quench his inborn drollery. He assumes a courtliness, too, that is very funny.

"Pretty well this morning, nurse?" he asks deferentially. "Well and pretty, nurse, well and pretty." Indeed, he is something of a gallant altogether, and romances of the old times when he was "trigged up in Sunday best with a flower in his buttonhole. And many's the mile I've been courting, in the happy old days, down country lanes." He makes a great affair of his daily toilette, carefully brushing the patched, blue tail-coat and threadbare velvet collar, as if he were getting himself up in pink for the chase. He shuffles about the ward in the old slippers, which have a little spring left in them, as if they still were dancing-pumps, and it is his great ambition "to dance a hornpipe with nurse." Unfortunately, that is not commensurate with nurse's idea of professional dignity, though sometimes, in mad moments, she can imagine herself skimming the polished floor between the beds, keeping step with this agile, old-world comedian.

Oh, God bless you, dear, honest, great-hearted simple fustians!

II.

It is night without. In the children's ward the firelight flickers on the folded cots. A little group is gathered round the fire by a baby wailing faintly. The dying infant lies on the nurse's knee, its little head moving from side to side in pain. Beside it kneels the fair little Sister, trying to coax the pet of the ward with spoonfuls of brandy and milk, and the young doctor leaning against the nursery-guard with grave face and professional air, is concentrating all attention on the wee, wailing baby.

It is one of the poor little "not wanted" lives; but if medical skill and nursing care can save it, it shall he saved.

Then the mother is sent for from the workhouse, not far away. She looks a wild Irish girl as she, too, comes into the glow of the firelight. She is picturesque, in spite of her roughness, in a big blue apron, and shawl pinned across her breast, ruffled black hair, and head unbonneted. Her words are careless enough.

"S'pose I should feel it, first going off," she says, alluding to her baby's death; yet, with a mother's heart within her, she passionately kissed the little one, then sits rocking herself to and fro, her head buried in her apron.

Ah, bright-eyed Jessie! Poor, unkempt, erring Jessie! In you culminates the sigh of pitiful, perplexed humanity!

The house-surgeon turned back as he left the ward to say to the Sister—

"Send for the chaplain if the baby is not christened. It will not live till morning."

III.

Christmas in the wards, undeniably Christmas, kept up as Christmas used to be.

First, Christmas Eve, the good, old-fashioned Christmas smell of holly; and a very old-fashioned litter of decorations in new-fashioned, germless, aseptic wards. Every patient hangs a stocking to the bed-head, even such old souls as are dubbed "Grannie" and "Daddie," with all the expectant glee of children. Later, "in the stilly watches of the night," a nurse, or, it may be, an impersonated Santa Claus, steals round with presents labelled for each patient according to their age and tastes, but spied by a wakeful patient here and there. For instance, Grannie, whispering delightedly—

"I see'd ye, my dear; ye can't catch Grannie napping. Oh, my! What a Christmassing to be sure! Never haven't hed such encouragements and indulgences ever since I was a—barn." And she looks round benignantly on the lofty ward, "like a fairy palace, zure," hung with flags and ivies, the firelight reddening the holly-berries, and casting mischievous lights on the mistletoe bough.

Except in childrens' nurseries, Christmas is nowhere so ideal as in the wards. "Good-will" certainly abounds; the sick forget their sickness in the general gaiety, and the querulous their plaints. It is the nurses' delight to add in every way to the festivities, and their spirits are exuberant, hospital discipline being relaxed. At the Christmas Day dinner the steaming turkeys and the flaming puddings are followed by dessert and crackers and songs. No wonder such unwonted feasting draws from the Welsh lad "Taffy" the remark—

"It's my seventeenth Christmas, nurse, and the nicest I've ever had yet."

And an Irish sailor chimes in—

"I'm coming back next year with the wife and all the family, and if ye put me out at the door, I'll come in to the window."

"Christmassing" does not end with the feast of the nativity; concerts last through the week, and the spirit of festivity dies hard. Boxing night is devoted to carol-singing (the whole day having been a sort of expanded grin after Christmas fare). There is an unusually fragrant aroma in the male wards, where the patients are propped up in bed smoking long pipes; this unwonted privilege is more prized than all the rest of the season's good things. Presently the wide doors open, and a whole orchestra of nurses, in their spotless uniforms, troops in. Lights are lowered and windows opened, and the sound of carols fills the ward, the echoes floating to the street outside (where many passers-by, to whom Christmas has brought no joy, pause to listen to the sweet singing, and feel it would be no hardship to be within those great walls, cared for and "tended" in a little hospital bed). The men hum in unison with the nurses' singing, or click their pipes to the quaint tunes.

But they knock out the ashes and listen reverently to a hymn which recalls the Christmases of childhood—

"O come all ye faithful."

(*To be concluded.*)

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PRESERVING AND CONSERVING. AROMATIC HERBS AND SPICES.

By L. H. YATES.

"But happy they, thrice happy, who possess
The art to mix these sweets with due
address."—*W. Hone.*

In England "to preserve" means, five times out of six, to boil our fruit to a jam or jelly. Even in large factories only a small proportion of the stock of fruit used is set aside for bottling or canning. In America the opposite is the rule; to can and bottle is quite a matter-of-course with the American housewife —jellies and jams with her are a luxury. To sterilise or can fruit, they say, retains its flavour far more perfectly than any other mode, and this process is both less troublesome and more economical than the "old-fashioned" method of preserving fruit pound for pound with sugar.

This may be true, but it is also true that in England we cling to our old fashions, however much others may decry them, and we are loth to give up our beloved sweet, even if it is troublesome and costly. We might, however, with advantage keep our jellies and jams for table use only, making them extra good on this account, and use more "canned" fruit for cooking purposes. (By canned fruit we mean also bottled fruit).

Fruits may be canned (or bottled) with or without sugar, but as the sugar, unless it is previously boiled to a syrup, has no preserving quality, and as the fruit itself retains its freshness and flavour better without sweetening, it is best to leave it out.

To have a supply of bottled fruit in store enables us to indulge in tarts and compotes in winter that are but little inferior to those we enjoy in summer; but we find the indulgence to be a luxury if we have to buy the bottled fruit, as partly on account of the initial expense of the bottle and canning apparatus, and partly because this kind of stock is of a bulky and perishable nature, grocers and others charge more for them in proportion than for jams.

For home purposes, however, once the bottles with their screw tops have been purchased, there is no great expense afterwards. Large-mouthed glass jars should alone be used. If rubber rings are fitted to these as well as screw tops, see that the former are in

good condition each season, renewing them if necessary.

Only perfectly sound and freshly-gathered fruit should be used for bottling purposes. If bruised or cracked they will mould and taint all the rest. It is a good plan to set aside the best and finest fruit for this purpose when about to make jam, as the less perfect will boil down for the latter, and for jelly.

There are two ways of bottling fruit, *i.e.*, to cook the fruit until it is tender in water or syrup, then to fill the heated bottles while the fruit is boiling hot, fastening down at once; or to pack the prepared fruit into jars, filling each jar or bottle with cold water, placing the lids loosely on the top, standing the jars in a pan of cold water deep enough to allow of the water coming quite up to the neck, and bringing it very slowly to boiling-point. As soon as the water boils, lift the jars out, screw the tops down tightly, and set them aside (out of the draught), to cool.

All small fruits like strawberries, raspberries, and currants, apricots, pared peaches, and some pears, may be bottled in this latter way with advantage; but for plums, greengages, apples, and cooking pears, a cooking in syrup or water is much to be preferred.

When filling the jars, take care to have slipped these sideways, rolling them round in boiling water, and let them be as hot as possible at the time of filling. If the fruit is of a large kind, use a wooden spoon, taking care that one piece does not push another out of shape. Let the jars or bottles be full to overflowing with liquor, and see that no air-bubbles are on the top; then screw on the lids immediately. The fruit should not be stirred while it is cooking, as stirring spoils the shape.

The secret of jelly-making, to be truly successful, lies in taking the fruit at the time when the greatest amount of pectose is to be found in it, as it is this principle which makes jelly.

For instance, apples contain so much of this principle that but little labour or care is involved in making a jelly from them, but with other fruits this principle is present in a so much less degree that it vanishes to a mere nothing when the fruit is over-ripe. When any fruit has reached maturity, then this principle is present in its greatest strength, and taken for the purpose then, a jelly that will set firm may be made from almost any fruit. It is safer to err on the side of underripeness rather than let the fruit hang too long on the tree. Jelly made from currants a little under-ripe, if taken fresh from the bush, will set almost before it is cold; but if the currants are black ones the acidity will be too strong, and this kind it is absolutely necessary to allow to hang until the sun has ripened them fully.

It is not necessary that currants for jelly should be picked from the stalk. Wash them and drain well, then put them in the preserving kettle and allow them to come very slowly to a heat, that all the juice may be drawn away. Almost better than a preserving-kettle is a large glazed earthenware jar with well-fitting lid, that can be set in a corner of the oven to cook at its leisure.

When the fruit has reduced to a mash, strain all through a large hair sieve into a pan, then fix the jelly-bag in a safe position (say between two chairs), and place another pan underneath it. Empty the contents of the first pan into this bag slowly, and let it drip through to the one below. Measure off this strained juice, and to every pint allow a pound of the finest lump sugar.

Put the juice into the preserving kettle and set it where it will come rather rapidly to a boil. Let it boil twenty minutes before adding the sugar. While the juice is boiling the right weight of sugar should be spread out on tins and put into the oven to become hot; if it melts a little in the process it will do no harm. The reason for this is that the juice may not be retarded boiling by having cold sugar emptied into it. When the sugar is added, stir until it has quite dissolved, then remove the spoon. Allow the juice to boil up for just a moment, then pour without loss of time into very hot, small glass jars, and set aside out of a draught.

Jelly made thus will be found of a full fruity flavour, bright in colour, and will set almost before it is cold.

The key to the preservation of flavour and beauty of colouring lies in this—boiling well the juice or fruit, but not the sugar, as the key to the secret of obtaining a firm jelly lays in taking the fruit at the right moment.

Contrary to the rule which we must follow in bottling fruit, viz., covering tightly while the contents of the bottle are at boiling-point, jellies or jams should not be covered until they are cold.

If any moisture is found on the top before the paper is put on, wipe this off with a soft linen cloth. Cover with tissue paper drawn tightly and cut neatly to shape, fastening with fine string or strong thread, then pass a moist sponge over the whole surface when affixing the label, as this causes the paper to shrink when it is dry, thus forming an excellent cover.

In making jam, as we cannot wash the fruit, it behoves us to be all the more careful to pick it scrupulously over, and to see that it is gathered on a dry day while the sun is upon it. Here again we must remember that it is the fruit that requires cooking, and not the sugar; and at no time should the jam boil longer than twenty minutes after the sugar has been added, as boiling sugar passes so quickly from one degree to another. Take care that the fruit is sufficiently well-boiled before ever the sugar is added at all.

Jam should be stored in a cool and perfectly dry place, but not one into which the steam and odours of cooking will enter, unless there is ventilation enough to carry them away again.

Another way of preserving fruit is by desiccation or drying. This process is not one that the amateur can carry out successfully, moreover, as the best way of drying fruit is by exposure to the air and sun, and therefore warmer climates than ours are needed to carry out the process. The Americans achieve good results in the drying of hardy fruits like apples, but it is to the countries of the sunny south that we must go to learn what is the perfection of the art of drying.

Turkey, the Grecian Archipelago, Italy, and France all send out their stores of figs, dates, raisins, plums, currants, apricots, and apples; Normandy, the country most nearly resembling our own, has its own special export of pressed and dried "pippins"; Jamaica and the West Indies, Ceylon and India, send us ginger dried or preserved, the cocoanut both in its natural state and desiccated, with various other special products. The Cape and our Australian colonies have more recently opened up what promises to be a rapidly developing industry in the exportation of their fruits, both as fresh fruit, dried and canned.

For our spices and condiments we have long been under obligation to the far East, and to the West Indies. No plants that come to maturity in the open air of this climate possess sufficient aromatic flavour to enable them to rank as a spice, hence the tropics have the monopoly of the spice trade.

Spices, the chief of which are peppers, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, mace, ginger, and allspice, are all highly stimulant, heating, exciting to the palate, while pleasant because of their fragrance. Whether they fulfil any other function than a medicinal one in our temperate climate is doubtful, but since we may be said to range over the whole surface of the globe in quest of nutriment, it may not be inadvisable that with foreign aliment we should mix foreign condiment. The best quality that spices have is to stimulate the appetite, while their worst effect is to destroy by degrees the tender lining to the stomach if habitual use or indulgence is allowed.

Of aromatic herbs we have a longer list, and there is hardly one of the many that is not capable of cultivation in our clime, if indeed it is not indigenous to the soil. A broad classification groups them into two divisions, medicinal herbs, and those used for culinary purposes. The first-named is a list altogether too lengthy and too technical to be cited here; the second is much shorter, and as it belongs to our subject we may pause to consider it awhile.

Herb-lore, almost forgotten in our day, used to be of great interest to our foremothers; the housewife of earlier days, into whose hands so many industries fell, gave sedulous care to the cultivation of her herb-garden, as from its plot came the brews for the sick, the fragrant waters for the toilet, as well as cordials for the closet, fresh leaves to flavour the "sallet-bowl," and dried ones for the pickle and posset.

The gathering, storing, and arranging of these herbs was no light or inconsequent matter. In country districts some remnant of the practice still lingers, but there is comparatively little store set by this harvest compared to what was formerly the case. Cheap drugs and patent medicines have replaced the homely brew, and the spice-bottle or the ready-made sauce has assumed the place of favourite on the pantry-shelf.

"The art to mix these sweets with due address" is one that but few care to keep in practice.

A chemist in a country town once gave me a hint to this effect, that was all the more kindly on his part as it went against his interest to give it. I was asking for a remedy for a cold resulting from damp, naming the district where I lived, and which I believed to be too marshy. "Go and look in the hedgerows," said he; "you'll find there both dulcamara and aconite. I go and gather them for my shop, why shouldn't you do the same?" And once, when I asked the same dispenser for a liver tonic, he rounded on me with the brusque command, "Go and get ye some dandelions in the fields round about ye!" He did not actually anathematise me, but I saw the glare in his eye, and fled.

The gathering of herbs, like the gathering of fruit, has its noonday of ripeness, which, when passed, means a decline of strength and virtue. Not the actual period of flowering, but just before, is the time when the fullest and finest flavours may be captured. They should be gathered and the roots cut sharply off, the herbs being tied in bunches, the stalks left uppermost. Quick drying is essential for culinary herbs, that bright colouring may be retained as well as flavour. For this reason to dry them over the kitchen stove is sometimes preferable to drying out-of-doors in the sun.

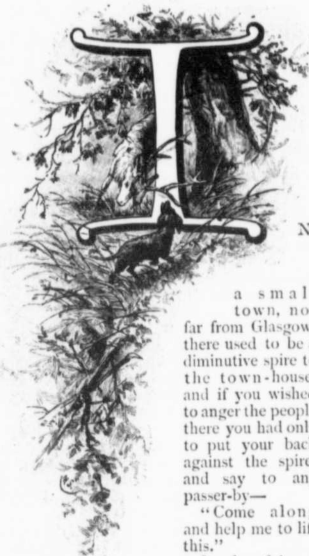
When perfectly dry, rub them through a fine wire sieve and store them in wide-mouthed bottles with well-fitting corks. Keep in a dark place, and see that the different bottles are plainly labelled.

The latter end of July and August is the time when most of the herbs should be gathered, but orange-thyme, fennel, tarragon, and chervil may be gathered in June with advantage. Parsley may be cut and dried almost any time after it is full grown, and sage may be left untouched till September.

Herbs might be called the flowers of cookery. They are not essentials, nor are they nutrients, but they give the charm, the elusive flavour, and the poetic touch that a flower lends to the table it adorns, hence let herbs have their due place and consideration.

LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.



IN a small town, not far from Glasgow, there used to be a diminutive spire to the town-house, and if you wished to anger the people there you had only to put your back against the spire, and say to any passer-by—

"Come along and help me to lift this."

Its dwarfishness was a sore subject with the inhabitants. Let the spire alone, and you passed through the place as pleasantly as possible, received with courtesy by everybody, from the provost to the bellman. But, if you only hinted at its insignificance, nothing could save you from being stoned in the main street.

It was a good public illustration of the trouble that comes from rousing sleeping dogs, and of the great advantages that follow from allowing them to lie in peace.

No wonder that our ancestors in their wisdom coined a proverb advising us to leave them alone. They saw clearly enough that the world would be a great deal happier, and that people would get along together a great deal more harmoniously if some subjects were studiously avoided, and if a resolution were made by everybody, never if possible to touch upon the unwelcome, the disagreeable, the painful, or the irritating.

To some girls that would be a hard task—girls who have a mania for wrangling, discord, and disturbance, who would fight with the wind, and to whom a sleeping dog only suggests that they should tread on its tail or give it a poke with an umbrella. Such girls live in a perpetual atmosphere of growls and snarls, and not satisfied with that, they sometimes assist other people to do the same, like a promising maiden in a village in which we once lived, who made use of the education she had received at the Board School to write abusive letters, stirring up strife, for those who had a spite against their neighbours, but who were no scholars.

No disposition can be worse if one wants to get on in the world. Whoever would succeed must conciliate the minds of others, humouring them when that is necessary, and shutting her eyes often to what, if unfavourably commented on, would only make mischief.

It is by no means a good excuse that we say right out just what we think. To take a pride in doing that is a mistake, a sign not only of ill-breeding but of stupidity. "Nothing," says an old writer, "is more silly than the pleasure some people take in speaking their minds. A girl of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved her friend and made her fortune."

To rouse sleeping dogs is one of the easiest things in the world. A word will do it, a bare insinuation, a look even, and away they go barking to the discomfort of those who roused them, and to the sorrow and annoyance of everybody else.

There were once two young people who had sworn an eternal attachment, and it might have endured had it not been for the following incident.

"My dear," said one, "I do not think your figure well suited for dancing, and as a sincere friend, I advise you to abstain from it in future."

The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied—

"I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice. This proof of your goodwill demands some return, so I would recommend you to give up singing, as some of your high notes are more like the ill-regulated squalling of a wild cat than anything else."

Truths which might have been allowed to slumber were now out, and the two never afterwards met except as enemies.

Much the same thing happened the other day to Eliza and Jane, when Eliza cast up to her friend that she dropped her h's "all over the place," and that you could pick up a bushel-basketful of them before she had been talking for half an hour. Jane retaliated with a home-thrust at Eliza's freckled face and sandy hair, which was succeeded by an icy coldness between the two, and the wintry temperature is likely to last.

Yes, it is easy enough to make a disturbance. Arriving at a condition of quiet and repose afterwards is another matter.

The most likely time for discovering whether there are any sleeping dogs about is when people begin arguing about anything. Of all dispositions calculated to promote ill-feeling nothing beats the argumentative. It is the bane of all social happiness, and of all rational intercourse, and we have known it do more mischief in ten minutes than could be undone in a lifetime.

We do not say never argue, because if conducted temperately, with the sole object of arriving at truth, and with tolerance and kindly feeling on both sides, argument is useful. But without these conditions—difficult, we all know, to arrive at—argument is only a waste of words, and we are better to spend our breath another way.

In a heat we often say things that would be much better left unsaid. Our temper gets roused and out comes a word, a phrase, a statement, that does all the harm. It is, perhaps, not directly intended, and is only due to the excitement of the moment. But the thing is done. The main subject is forgotten. Bow-wow-wow go all the roused animals!

If this sort of thing is lamentable outside our homes, how much more so is it in our own parlours and drawing-rooms. In families, a wise observer remarks, it is a very common thing to have stock subjects of dispute. When people live much together they come to have certain set topics around which from frequent discussion there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject of quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. It is a sleeping dog, always in waiting for its tail to be trod on.

The remedy for this is resolutely to avoid all reference to such topics on your own part, and to take not the slightest notice of them should they be introduced by others. "I think," says one of the philosophers of antiquity, "the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. She approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though she is in the right."

Judicious silence is a wonder-working oil for making the wheels of home-life run smoothly. And that they should run smoothly is the interest of all sons and daughters who toast their toes on the same hearthrug. We can keep out of the way of irritated and irritable strangers, but we can't very well do that with those who every day sit at the same table and are warmed by the same fire.

Sleeping dogs roused by brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, are bad enough. What shall we say then, of those waked out of their slumbers by husbands and wives? One of the saddest objects in creation is that of a man tied to a nagging wife, who spends her time in gnawing the bones of old grievances, and whose tongue is an alarm-bell, waking up all the canine life in the neighbourhood.

Let girls who are going to be wives one of these days take note of it. She is terrible even to think about, her domestic barometer always standing at stormy, and her poor husband weary, dazed, and ill at ease. Mrs. Caudle of the *Curtain Lectures* is a type of this class little exaggerated, and those who notice in themselves early symptoms of a nagging disposition, a tendency to harp on grievances real or imaginary, and a conviction that weak woman has by man been "put upon from the beginning" (which she is not going to stand any longer), might spend their first hours of leisure very profitably in reading that book.

True, Mary, there are nagging men, if that is what you said just now. But they are more rare, and then we are only writing at present for such as your ladyship.

It is much oftener in conversation that sleeping dogs are roused than in writing. About writing there is a great deal more of deliberation, and common sense has a chance to put in a word of advice. Before the dangerous matter gets all down on paper it whispers, Draw your pen through that and leave the rest in the ink-bottle.

Besides, there follows the delay of getting the letter to the post, and that gives more or less time for reflection, during which we often discover how second thoughts are best, and how peace and safety are secured by the golden pen of discretion and compliments. We have nothing but praise for our friend Isabel, who wrote a letter last week, and in it in a bit of a temper, raked up an old subject which was sure to act on her correspondent like a spark to gunpowder. But she repented before the letter went off, and re-wrote it all in a different strain, even though it prevented her finishing that evening one of the stories of our MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT, the end of which she eagerly wished to see.

When irritating topics, however, do get into letters, they are far worse than in conversation. The exact terms of a conversation are soon forgotten, and time happily takes the sharp edge off remarks that have been unpalatable. But the letter is shut up in a desk or laid away in a drawer, and every time the desk or drawer is opened, the memory of what it contains is brought back in all its freshness, and the roused dogs bark perhaps for days afterwards.

The lesson to be drawn from this, girls, is that if you have ever anything very ill-natured to communicate, you had better speak it than write it, but before doing so just put on your thinking-cap, and consider whether it is at all necessary.

It is not always easy to tell what are and what are not sleeping dogs. We may not know other people's past history, and may not have got acquainted with their peculiarities and angularities. We may even through ignorance give offence by an innocent joke, for there are some folks by whom a joke is invariably ill-taken, people chiefly who have not been well-bred, and who have not got a great deal of common-sense.

Quick insight and the habit—greatly to be strengthened by cultivation —of sympathy with our fellows, will often enable us to make out when we have touched the border-line of a sore or anger-rousing subject, and to draw back before we have said too much. We can then change the subject like our Florrie, who when she has almost come out with something better left unsaid, takes refuge with rapidity in discoursing on the last shower of rain and the prospects of a fine day to-morrow.

With all our care, however, it is hardly to be expected that we will not occasionally rouse discord and ill-feeling—intending all the while to be good and yet playing the part of the grown-up *enfant terrible*. All that is left for us, then, to do is to frankly express regret for the fault we have inadvertently committed. If our apologies are not as well received as they ought to be we may then go on our way feeling that there is nothing we can rightly be reproached with. But it is rare, even in this topsy-turvey world, that ready acknowledgment of error is met ill-naturedly by any people worth knowing.

Discreet silence—that is what we should all practise every day of our lives. "Hold your tongue," far from being an impertinence, as it often is, ought to be a friendly admonition given by ourselves to ourselves, or administered to us by those who have our interest most at heart.

To hold your tongue is not easy: no, it is not easy. Something, it may be, is just on the tip, and it seems as if the exertions of "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could hardly make you swallow it down again. In such circumstances think how a word spoken is an arrow let fly, and how it never can be recalled once you have allowed it to pass the fence of your front teeth.

You may, perhaps, have found a fine new knock-her-down argument for that controversy you had with you-know-whom-we-mean. You are in the right? Yes, very likely you are. But keep it to yourself. Or you may have got a phrase that will fit that half-cousin of yours like a glove and take down her pride, the stuck-up minx. Keep it to yourself. Or it may be a subject that will ruffle the feathers of your sister-in-law, who is not an angel before her time, any more than you are. Keep it to yourself.

Lydia has played the fool, has she? Keep it to yourself. Bertha's temper is the cause of all her unhappiness. Keep it to yourself. Eva, when she married, introduced dispeace into her husband's family. Hush! keep it to yourself. Alice's great-grandfather—— Well, you know about that unfortunate affair. Keep it to yourself.

In short, keep to yourself everything calculated to rouse ill-feeling even in the slightest degree. Not a yelp from a wakened cur ought ever to be uttered with you responsible for it.

Likely enough you may in consequence get the character of being a poor chicken-hearted daughter of Eve, afraid to say what you think and tell what you know, ready to do anything for a quiet life, and without the pluck needed for cutting a distinguished figure in the world. Never mind; you can in return think all who say so ill-natured, stupid, and worse.

But keep that to yourself.

What you can say aloud is that one of the signs of a wise girl is to move through the world without giving unnecessary offence to anybody. Life is full enough of trouble without our making more by indulging in reckless and provoking speeches, and it is quite noisy enough for most of us, without our rousing sleeping dogs as we go along. In our intercourse with others let us try to leave them richer by pleasant thoughts, and not glad to see our backs turned, and sorry ever after to hear the mention of our names.

"I, wisdom, dwell with prudence" is one of the memorable sayings of Holy Writ, and if a girl only casts in her lot with that good company, and hand in hand with wisdom and prudence, makes her way through life, though she may pass many sleeping dogs, yet so far as she is concerned they will slumber on for ever.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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

CHAPTER V.

THE first few weeks of Deborah's school life were supremely miserable. Her solitary and desultory education had left her ignorant of the methods of modern teaching, and she found herself completely at sea in the ordinary class work routine. In the languages she had learned from her mother she was ahead of her compeers, but of this she was not conscious, but worked on under the painful conviction that not only was she backwarder than most girls of her own age, but also intellectually their inferior. Her ignorance of the manners and customs of school life subjected her to much good-natured ridicule, increasing her natural reserve. Nor was the outside atmosphere more congenial. To the country-bred girl, whose life had been spent under clear skies, amidst the companionship of birds and flowers, London, with its noise and dirt and fogs was stifling and depressing. Yet not even to her mother did Deborah make any complaint; the opportunity she had asked for of being set in the way of earning her own living had been granted to her, and she would make the best of it, but day by day the vision of "getting clever" receded further into the distance.

Mrs. Menzies had succeeded in obtaining a post as French mistress at a school not far from the high school that Deborah attended, and it was her custom to come and fetch Deborah home every afternoon.

It was one afternoon late in February when Deborah dragged along wearily at her mother's side through the busy street.

"What made you keep me waiting so long?" asked Mrs. Menzies, petulantly. "I shall have to complain to the head-mistress if you are kept in every day like this. You don't look half as well as when you came to town."

"I kept myself in," said Deborah, wearily. "I'm so stupid; I have to work twice as hard as other girls and then I don't do half as well."

"I don't believe it," replied Mrs. Menzies, sharply.

"It is true though," replied her daughter, simply.

Mother and daughter were alike glad when they turned out of the busy thoroughfare into the side street where they lodged, and Deborah's fatigue and depression were forgotten, when, on entering the shabby little sitting-room she recognised Miss Laing seated in the only easy chair turning over a paper whilst she awaited their return.

Her beautiful presence seemed to illuminate the room to Deborah, who remained faithful to her childish ideal.

"I thought you were never coming again," she said, "and oh! I've wanted you to come so badly."

"Well, you can see me as often as you like and render me a service at the same time," said Miss Laing, smiling. "I want you to sit to me, Deborah. You could come on Saturday afternoons, could not you?"

"But you can't mean it! you can't really want to paint me when I'm not pretty," stammered Deborah, flushing with pleasure.

She did not appreciate the calm selfishness of the proposal. The joy of rendering Miss Laing a service and the delightful prospect of frequent visits to her studio made the suggestion charming.

"I don't want beauties for my portraits," replied Miss Laing calmly. "I prefer originality and I shall get that with you. Shall you mind?" (turning to Mrs. Menzies). "Will you lend Deborah to me? If you could bring her I will always see, or send her home."

Mrs. Menzies turned over the proposal rapidly in her mind. It was something to be set absolutely free every Saturday

for some weeks to come, and Deborah would be happy and amused.

"Deborah may choose," she said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you ever so much," she cried with some return of her childish enthusiasm. "I shall love it. May I begin to-morrow?"

Those Saturday afternoons became the one absorbing interest of her life. They opened out a new and delightful world to her. She was certainly the most patient model Miss Laing had ever secured. She never seemed tired or cramped. It was enough for her to be near the woman she so passionately admired, and to watch her every movement. Visitors came and went, and Deborah noted how each one seemed to accord the same meed of admiration. There was one man who sauntered in pretty frequently, and that was Mr. Dayrell, who was still unmarried, and still carried on a sort of perennial flirtation with Miss Laing, but for him Deborah entertained an unaccountable dislike. He took some trouble to make friends with her, often bringing her books and bonbons, which she was too polite to refuse, but received with grave distrust.

"I don't like him," she said one day when he had just left the studio. "I wish he would not give me things. I don't like him!"

Miss Laing looked up from her picture with a laugh.

"Why not, Deborah? He's very kind to you."

"He's not got a kind face, like Mr. David."

"Like who?"

"Oh, you can't have forgotten," said Deborah eagerly, "He came to the Hall and stayed, you know, and he gave me my doll, and you liked him very much."

"There! that will do for to-day. We'll stop and have our tea. You are so odd. I wonder if you mean Mr. Russell whom I met years ago. He got some appointment in India in the Civil Service directly afterwards."

"Then we shan't see him again, and he was so nice," said Deborah regretfully.

"You must not be so old-fashioned. Nobody calls a man by his Christian name with 'Mr.' before it. Can't you say Mr. Russell?"

"Yes, if you'd rather," said Deborah meekly.

"It's nothing to do with me. It's because it sounds so odd, and you may drop the 'miss' with me altogether. You can call me Monica."

The proposition seemed akin to irreverence; yet Deborah felt she must make the effort. It was clearly wrong to be "odd."

Before she could answer, however, another girl artist came into the studio and the conversation dropped.

Monica Laing was an orphan with small independent means, able therefore to follow out her natural bent and take up the profession of an artist. She and three or four other girls lived together in a flat and shared a common studio, so that it was not often that Deborah had the happiness which was hers to-day of having her friend to herself The other girls who came and went were profoundly uninteresting to the child. She was capable of a few strong attachments, and was blessed with the fidelity of a dog, but her friendships were slow in the making. She laid the foundation of another friendship in the course of the week, although it began in trouble and tears. For it chanced that in a certain paper on English literature Deborah felt for the first time that she had distinguished herself. It was written from notes on a lecture delivered by Professor Norwood, who lectured on English history and literature at the high school, and Deborah had been full of her subject, and had sent in her paper for criticism with the happy feeling that she had done well. What was her dismay, therefore, when it was returned to her to discover that there was scarcely a line of it unmarred by the red ink of correction! Notes were written in the margin, and the question marks, or notes of astonishment, seemed to poor Deborah like written smiles of derision. She gave one hasty glance through the paper, then afraid of a complete break-down, shoved it into her desk to consider at leisure when lessons were over. When school was over, therefore, and the rest of the class had gone to put on their things preparatory to leaving, Deborah, on pretext of searching for something in her desk, lingered behind and once more regarded the hateful paper. She folded her arms over it, and resting her head upon them burst into a perfect passion of tears. All the disappointments and mortifications of the previous weeks found vent in her sobs. The door of the class-room opened slowly and Deborah sprang to her feet, ashamed and dismayed. It was useless to try to hide her tears, neither could she in a moment control her sobs which came and went fitfully. And the disturber was none other than the professor himself who had come to look for something he had left behind him. He was a short-sighted, rather bald-headed man, of about thirty-five years of age, whose understanding of girls and their ways was being considerably enlightened by the girl-wife whom he had brought to his home during the Christmas holidays, but a girl in tears is proverbially difficult to handle. Yet he did not quite like to ignore Deborah in her distress.

"Is it Miss Menzies?" he said, poking forward his head a little awkwardly. "I have left a pencil here, a little gold pencil-case, and I don't want to lose it for—my wife gave it to me," with a passing smile.

In a moment Deborah was on her hands and knees on the floor seeking for it, grateful for the opportunity it gave her for recovering her self-possession. She found it presently and returned it to its owner. Seen in private life the professor did not seem half as alarming as when he stood before a room full of girls lecturing.

"Thank you," he said. "I should never have found it. I'm so short-sighted. Have you got into trouble over your lessons to-day, or is it an imposition?"

"No, no," said Deborah with a choke in her voice. "It's my paper, and I thought I had done it better, and that perhaps I was not stupid after all, and you have covered it with red ink, and I don't think I shall ever be able to earn any money!"

The accumulated grievances of weeks found vent in that one outburst, and it was small blame to the professor that he received it with a little burst of laughter which he could not keep back.

"But this is a thing that can be remedied," he said. "Shall we just look through the paper together and see where you've run off the lines, or where the red ink has been unjustly introduced?"

It was a kind-hearted act, for that fair-haired wife of his was waiting all impatiently for him outside, but for a full half hour Mr. Norwood sat by Deborah's side, showing her where she had blundered or mistaken his meaning, gathering from her remarks the history of her early training, and discovering that most of her mistakes had arisen from the fact that she had had none of the ordinary text-books used by the teachers of the school. That she was clever, eager about her work, and thoughtful, was evident by the quick way in which she grasped his corrections. One of the mistresses looked in once or twice into the class room, but Mr. Norwood explained that he was keeping back Miss Menzies to talk over her paper, and the mistress had quietly seated herself and waited.

"There!" said Mr. Norwood, rising at last and stretching out his hand. "I hope now that you see more the plan on which I want you to work. I think you will get on, for you seem possessed of 'an endless capacity for taking pains,' which, as Carlyle says, is the secret of cleverness."

Deborah blushed to the roots of her hair with pleasure.

"Is it really?" she said. "I'll take pains; I want to get on dreadfully."

"Well then, take my word for it, nobody who wants to 'get on dreadfully' fails," said Mr. Norwood kindly, as he shook hands.

Outside in the street Deborah saw a slight, fair-haired girl, with a very fresh-coloured complexion, waiting, who greeted the professor with rapture, intermingled with scolding. She did not look more than nineteen.

"Why, Johnnie," she heard her say, "I came, as we arranged, to walk back with you and you have kept me waiting hours! simply hours."

Deborah did not hear the answer, but she could not resist turning one look in the direction of the pair, and on the professor's face there was a smile as gentle as a woman's as he looked down on the pretty wife at his side, and she walked home wondering greatly that the professor who had filled her with such awe and dread should have such a young wife who was evidently not a bit afraid of him and who called him "Johnnie!"

The professor's augury came true. From that day forward Deborah began to get on.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

A Lover of the "G.O.P."—In the answers which appeared last April, May and June, you will find the question of "enlarged pores" treated from every point of view. The scars left by acne pustules are permanent, and nothing—save age—has the slightest effect upon them.

Charlotte M.—1. What do you mean by a loose cartilage in your face? Do you mean in the joint of the jaw? This is the only place in the face where there could be a loose cartilage—and here it is very rare. You tell us that your jaw is very stiff in the morning, so that we take it that the loose cartilage is in this joint. Was this diagnosis made by a competent surgeon or by yourself? For, unless it was made by the former, it is exceedingly probable to be incorrect. You do not give us any symptom by which we could corroborate the idea of a "loose cartilage." Stiffness of the jaw may be caused by a large number of affections. Osteo-arthritis (rheumatic gout) is a common affection of this joint, as also is inflammation of the joint due to discharge from the ear. But loose cartilages in this situation are curiosities. If the cartilage is loose, the only way to cure it is to have an operation performed. A very small blister or hot fomentation will often relieve the pain due to any form of joint trouble. Local frictions, massage and douches, are also valuable in some cases of disease of the maxillary joint. Of course internal medication is absolutely useless for a loose cartilage, and is very unsatisfactory in the other forms of joint trouble.—2. Your sister should bathe her legs in warm water before getting into bed to relieve cramp. We should like to know more about her general condition, for the cramps are probably dependent upon anæmia or other constitutional condition.

Forget-me-not.—The best way to treat dandruff is to wash the head occasionally with warm borax and water (1 in 40), and then rub a very little sulphur ointment into the scalp. It is distinctly a troublesome condition to treat.

"Hopeless One" asks us how to cure "a kind of giddiness and oppression which comes on when she goes to church or any other crowded place, or after working hard." She has had this for the last twelve years. What is the cause of this? It could be due to anæmia, to indigestion, to nervousness, to that versatile complaint commonly known as "liver" or to heart disease. These are the common causes. Heart disease, such as would produce this, is so exceedingly improbable that we will leave it out. Now does this "Hopeless One" suffer from nervousness, anæmia, indigestion or liver? She tells us nothing that suggests any one of these more than another, so that the best we can do is to direct her how to decide the matter for herself. She lays more stress upon a feeling of "oppression" than upon giddiness, so much so, indeed, as to make us think that anæmia is the probable cause. She says that she sleeps well and that her appetite is good. These, we think, exclude "liver" and indigestion. So we come down to two possible causes, anæmia and nervousness, or both together. Which of these it may be we cannot tell. If she is anæmic, she should treat that condition by attending to the rules that we have given many times to others, especially in the answers in the April and May numbers of this paper. If she is not anæmic, there is nothing to be done save attention to the general laws of health and well-being.

Emily.—Gelatin is not a staple food of man. It is indigestible and practically innutritious. You should not feed invalids on jellies and gelatinous soups. Albumen is the nutritious element in meat. There is no gelatin in meat, and soups made from lean meat alone do not solidify on cooling. Bones contain gelatin, and it is the soup made from bones which becomes a jelly when it gets cool. Soups do *not* contain the nourishment of the meat in solution. Albumen is precipitated by boiling water, and so clear soups, made in the ordinary way, contain practically no nourishing properties whatever.

Another Forget-me-not.—What is the cause of talking when asleep, and how can it be cured? We are not going to enter upon a discussion on these points, for our space is limited. But we will give you a few crude hints. Do you eat a big supper? Are you worried much with cares and anxiety? These are the two commonest causes of talking in the sleep. Another cause is sleeping upon your back. Everyone should accustom herself to sleep on her right side. If you have been in the habit of taking a large supper, discontinue the practice, and take nothing before going to bed except a small glass of milk. Bathing the feet in cold or warm water before getting into bed often prevents talking in the sleep as it soothes the higher nervous centres.

Acne.—Cold baths would do neither good nor harm in acne. The same may be said of sea bathing, except that in some people sea-water irritates the skin, in which case it would do harm in acne. We fully discussed the cause and treatment of acne in an answer to "Fair Isobel," which appeared in the May number of The Girl's Own Paper.

Cigarette.—That smoking too much is harmful is unquestionable; for it deranges the liver, produces indigestion, and occasionally injures the sight. Smoking excessively at one time alters the rhythm of the heart producing palpitation and irregular pulse. It also affects the nervous system producing tremblings and headache. These effects are *not* due to nicotine, for although tobacco contains a considerable amount of this drug, it is decomposed by heat, and so but the merest trace is left in the smoke. As regards the question "what constitutes over-smoking?" It depends entirely upon the person. Some sailors smoke many ounces of tobacco a day—an amount which would do considerable harm to most people. No one should smoke more than half an ounce of tobacco a day—this equals from nine to twelve cigarettes. According to this seventeen cigarettes daily is decidedly too many. Half that number would be a fair allowance for a full grown man. For a girl of seventeen to smoke seventeen cigarettes a day is very wrong, and you ought certainly to greatly reduce the number, if you do not give up smoking entirely. Have you never heard of the really serious objection to girls smoking? That the constant movement of the lips backwards and forwards, up and down, while indulging in the forbidden act, frequently produces a moustache?

Lancashire.—To cure habitual constipation the following points should be attended to:—(1) If you are strong, and like it, take a cold bath in the morning. If you do not like a cold bath it is useless to take it. If you cannot stand the shock it will do you great harm. (2) Take a walk every day—a good long walk of from three to seven miles. (3) Take plenty of cooked and uncooked fruit, especially in the morning before breakfast. Take a digestible diet and eat slowly and regularly, and sit down after meals. (4) Avoid tea and coffee except in great moderation. (5) Beware of taking drugs unless they are absolutely necessary. Chronic constipation is frequently caused by people taking all sorts of compounds of unknown composition to "cure" themselves. If any drug is necessary—liquorice-powder, or better still, calomel (gr. ij.) may be taken, but these must not be taken regularly. As an habitual laxative for this complaint the following pilule is very satisfactory:—Aloin, 100 grains; extract of nux vomica, 25 grains; green extract of belladonna, 20 grains. To be divided into a hundred pilules. One to be taken occasionally.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

West Australian.—We are gratified by your kind letter from a distance, and cannot forbear quoting what you say to us of our "Answers to Correspondents." "We girls starting out on life's way are often advised, cheered, and helped more than you can ever know." Your poem, "The True Woman," contains sound and wise statements; but we have our own staff of experienced writers for The Girl's Own Paper, and the only hope we can offer to our correspondents with regard to their literary efforts, is that of receiving counsel and criticism. You will observe that your rhymes in the following verse are out of accord with those of the other verses:—

> "She does not lay her talents by and rest,
> God gave them, so she uses each for Him;
> And in His strength goes on day after day,
> Saying, whatever comes, He knoweth best."

Thora.—Read what we have said to "West Australian." The subjects of your two poems are interesting and unusual, but you do not understand the art of versification. Your metre halts now and again; for example, "Firefly's back so white," is too short a line. "The river's marge," means "the river's edge," so that the last line of "The Boatman of the Meuse" has not the meaning you intend it to have.

Mary Lester.—Certainly your poems are not at all "bad for a first attempt." Indeed, "A Fairy's Thought" is distinctly good; the motive is pretty and quaint. You should avoid ending line after line with "be"—"happy be," "envious be," "no pride there'll be" come too near together. But this defect is only due to inexperience.

Castelfranc.—1. The dance "Sir Roger de Coverley" was invented by the great-grandfather of Roger de Coverley or Roger of Cowley, near Oxford. It was named after the Squire described in Addison's *Spectator*. We suppose it "comes last" at a young people's dance because of its merry informal character, which accords better with a time when spirits have risen and the first stiffness has worn off.—2. The pieces you name would be considered decidedly difficult for a girl of twelve, and she would be a clever student if she could play them well.

Geraldine.—All the letters that come into our hands are answered here in due course. We have no recollection of reading the story, *Poor Miss Pinch*, can you send it again? Your note must have somehow gone astray.

Apple Blossom.—Your story is interesting and contains some graphic touches. If you have leisure time at your disposal, we should certainly advise you to continue to practise your pen. You and our other correspondents should write anything to be submitted for criticism on one side of the paper only. But we can certainly encourage you as regards the substance of your manuscript. Of course we could point out many defects in style, such as the question "Think you not so, reader?" "Three weeks later," placed as a separate sentence, and so on. Dr. Abbott's little book, *How to Write Clearly*, is valuable to literary aspirants.

T. Bell.—The play you send is amusing, but we think the motive is a little too far-fetched for anything but the broadest farce. And the burglar walking in by daylight and dressing himself up in the Professor's Oriental silks, is hardly "convincing" enough even for that.

Hope.—We published in the July part of The Girl's Own Paper, 1897, a very favourable criticism on a story and some verses sent under this pseudonym. Perhaps you can consult the bound volume for it. The story now sent has some merit; but it does not produce the conviction of being true to life, and is written in too artificial and sentimental a strain.

Devonshire Dumpling.—1. Would you not like to join the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes? For all details apply, Hon. Secretary, 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow. Or there are the St. George's Oral and Correspondence Classes; address, The Secretary, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh. We frequently publish the addresses of amateur societies (consult our last bound volume), and have mentioned that R. G. P., Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, gives correspondence lessons at 1s. a lesson. You can study privately for certain examinations in which you can take one subject at a time. Apply for all information to H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Building, Oxford.—2. We will answer your second inquiry later.

L. M. H.—Our rules preclude us from answering more than two questions at a time. 1. Your quotation—

> "Why rushed the discords in but that harmony
> should be prized?"

is from "Abt Vogler," a poem by Robert Browning.—2.—

> "She should never have looked at me if she
> meant I should not love her."

is from "Cristina," by the same poet. If you send your other quotations again, we will reply in a future issue.

La Petite Bergère.—Many thanks for your very charming letter. Although you "did not love" your English governess, she appears to have taught you English very well. But you ask more than two questions; see The Girl's Own Paper for July last, where the rules are repeated. 1. There are many easier books than Morell's Grammar and Analysis; for instance, Meiklejohn's, or Gill's Oxford and Cambridge Grammar, each published at 1s.—2. We do not wonder you are perplexed about the pronouns, as we have none answering to your "moi," "lui," etc. "She" is the nominative case; "her" is the objective or dative, e.g., "I knew it was she." "It's just like (to) her." The verb *to be*, in English, takes the same case after it as before it, e.g., "It is I." Certainly you may write again.

La Marguerite.—1. We should advise you to write to the office of the Prudential and inquire if there are any vacant clerkships for which you could apply.—2. Perhaps some correspondent will tell you "how to do pictures on panel." We quote from your letter. "The kind I mean look like photographs of Academy pictures hand tinted and stuck on a wooden panel. . . . If they are painted on photos, would you tell me where to obtain them, what medium to use, and how to put the paint on?" We have not ourselves seen the panels in the shop to which you refer.

Vivian (Durham).—1. We cannot praise the "Easter Hymn" you send us, so far as workmanship is concerned, though your sentiments are excellent. The hymn obeys no known laws of metre.—2. Your writing is neat and legible, but scarcely formed as yet—it is like the writing of a child. You do not tell us your age.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lys de France" has the offer of three more correspondents:—May Norton, "Roselea," 244, Willesden Lane, London, N.W., aged sixteen; Agnes J. Dadd, Olive View, Dunmow, Essex; and Muriel Johnson, 5, Lucknow Place, St. Luke's, Jersey, aged just sixteen.

Ethel Corbett, Cotteswold Lodge, Swindon, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, aged fourteen, would like to correspond with a French girl of about her own age. She suggests that at first each should write in her own language, reversing the plan after a little while.

SEASONABLE SPRAY FOR LEFT SHOULDER.

ANNUAL SUNFLOWERS WITH JASMINE AND FERNS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILIP EDWARD.—1. We have more than once answered the question about the Good Friday buns. According to Bryant, quoted by Dr. Brewer, the custom is derived from the offering of the *boun*, the cake which was offered at the Arkite Temples every seventh day. Also Cecrops offered to Jupiter Olympus a sacred cake called *bous*, of which the accusative is *boun*. The cross marked on our Good Friday buns is placed there in commemoration of the cross on which our Blessed Lord suffered (as generally reputed) on that day; and it is the cross of the Eastern Church—not that of the Roman.—2. From what you say of your health, we do not consider you eligible for hospital nursing. Rheumatism and a tendency to bronchitis, "nearly every cold going to your chest," constitutes a barrier to your being passed as suitable for such a vocation. "Inflammation" is spelt with two "m's" and "advice" with a "c," the verb "to advise," with an "s."

MARION.—According to Dr. Brewer, the term "Beefeater," which distinguishes the "Yeomanry of the Royal Household," is a sobriquet quite misapplied. Their institution dates back to the reign of Henry VII., who inaugurated them A.D. 1485. "Beef-eater" is misderived from the French term *Buffetier*, one who attends on the Royal *buffets*. That we have been ridiculed as a beef-eating race, just as our next neighbours have been as (really) frog and snail eaters, is true; but the writer above quoted says that, in none of the *ménus* of Henry VII.'s time does beef hold any place; which is remarkable. At the same time, whatever they ate themselves, the "Yeoman of the Guard" waited at the Royal table; and the dishes were brought in by the halberdiers, who were recorded to have been "fine big fellows." Doubtless, the safe-guarding of the King and Royal family was the origin of the viands being committed to the care of his own attendants (1602). In the time of Edward VI. this corps was appointed Warders of the Tower.

ONE PERPLEXED.—If you have committed yourself by "a promise to your parents not to leave them without their consent," the question of your doing so is one to be answered by your own conscience. No one else could help you by any advice,'though a friend of your family might use their influence with your parents, to induce them to give the consent, which—by your own agreement—alone can release you. Of course, at your age, you might be regarded as a free agent, but you have bound yourself by a pledge; and honour and filial duty stand between you and your wishes. You add, that you "know they need you." Is there no such Christian virtue as self-denial? If an unfair lack of consideration for you should be evidenced by them, is there nothing acceptable to God in "rendering good for evil?" Commit your case to Him who will assuredly guide you aright.

HAROLD.—The name "Charterhouse" is a corruption of the French *Chartreuse*. The house was originally a Carthusian Monastery, founded in 1370, by Sir Walter Manny, surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1535, possessed by many eminent persons successively, till sold by the Earl of Suffolk to Sir Thomas Sutton, who founded on it a splendid hospital for "Poor Brethren" (gentlemen) of the Church of England, and a school, fully appointed, and free to a certain number of resident scholars with permission to receive others by day only. Sixty scholarships and twenty-one exhibitions are open to competition. The "Blue-coat Hospital" in Liverpool has no connection, to our knowlege, with the Charter House in London.

ALICE.—The term "Fellow" is one so exclusively applied in common conversation to men, that to use it in reference to women would appear much out of place. At the same time, as employed to denote a special rank or position in a university or learned society, it would really be as applicable to women as to men. If the term be traced to its ancient Anglo-Saxon origin, *Felaw*, it only means "one who follows," an "adherent," "associate," or "sharer." We use the word at the present day in its simple original sense, when we speak of a fellow-sufferer, fellow-passenger, or of having a fellow-feeling. A *Regius* professor is one who holds his professorship on a foundation due to Henry VIII., from which the five professorships thus royally endowed bring with them a stipend of about £40 per annum. The appointment to a Foundation, called a "Fellowship," gives also a title to certain immunities. There is nothing inherently masculine in such an appointment, but in the original grant, as regards the university, there may be a limitation to men. So if our women-graduates desire to share in a participation of any such pecuniary advantages, a new Foundation will have to be instituted.