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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL
CHURCH
TOWERS
OF
ENGLISH
COUNTIES.

PART III.
SURREY.

SURREY is not a good county in which to study ecclesiastical architecture, for although it possesses several large churches, and amongst others that remarkably beautiful edifice, Saint Saviour's, Southwark, yet none of its important churches show any marked characteristics, and even its smaller churches partake quite as much of the architectural peculiarities of the adjoining counties as of that in which they stand; this is especially the case with their towers. Thus those of St. Saviour's and Lambeth Church might just as well be in London as where they are. Then also as Surrey was a poor, very sparsely populated county in the Middle Ages, covered in part by forests, and elsewhere by heath, characteristics which are still to be noticed in that stretch of country between Sheire and Cranleigh, which is nearly all forest, or those vast expanses such as Blackheath near Chilworth, the ancient churches were very humble structures, but in later years its beautiful and wild scenery has attracted the opulent and well-to-do to set up their houses here, and owing partly to this circumstance, and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the old churches, being poorly built from the first, had fallen into a ruinous condition, few of them remain. Sheire, Cranleigh, Ewhurst, Godalming, St. Peter's,

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THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

Guilford, and Compton are probably the most interesting; the three first are quite like Sussex churches. "Restoration" has been perfectly "rampant" in Surrey, so that the few old churches which have escaped destruction and re-building are robbed of that picturesque and interest which attaches to ancient buildings which have been untampered with.

Many of the old village churches in this county had curious towers; the lower portion constructed of rubble, or rough stone work, and the upper portion of timber, the whole crowned by a dwarf spirelet of wood, sometimes painted white, and at others covered with lead. Most of these have now disappeared, several very recently. A very characteristic example, however, still remains at

Thames Ditton, near Kingston. The lower portion of the tower is very rudely built, and dates probably from the thirteenth century. The belfry storey is of wood, and the curious combination of roof and spire is covered with metal; the whole forms a quaint object, but is a singular example of very humble not to say rude church architecture.



HOW TO START AND MANAGE A MOTHERS' MEETING.

HAVING for many years spent very happy hours at a mothers' meeting, I thought it possible that those who do not happen to have experience of parish work may like to know how, in a very simple way, we may enliven the monotonous lives of some of our poorer friends and neighbours.

We began by going round to the cottages, and after explaining what we intended to do at the mothers' meeting, we cordially invited them to come. The only convenient days of the week for working people are Monday and Thursday. We chose the latter day, from 2 o'clock to 3.45. At least two people are required to conduct a mothers' meeting satisfactorily.

When we started our meeting we had to pay 2s. per week for a room. This payment included fire, gas and cleaning. Later on we were able to have it in one of the mission rooms. Very good red and white flannel, plain and twilled, unbleached calico, blue flannel, shirting and sheeting, wide and narrow holland for aprons we got at cost price through the kindness of a personal friend (a merchant in Manchester). There was often a saving of twopence or threepence per yard on the flannels. The women paid by instalments. Nothing was allowed to be taken home until it was paid for. We gave no bonus, but provided buttons, cottons and needles, this expense for some years being covered by an annual donation of £1 from an old lady. By the time the garments were made they were usually paid for. One of the senior women took a pride in getting everything out of the trunk on to our trestle table, and she also put them away. The box was given to us by the friend who, with me, started the mothers' meeting. Two yard sticks, a table, and two account books were all we needed beside.

In one book there were two columns for each week, one for the amount *bought*, say 2s. 6d., the next for the amount *paid*, say 6d. The following week 2s. was entered in column one, thus showing at a glance how much each member owed. Every woman had a number. For some unknown reason they liked very much to have an early one, and members were moved up as there were vacancies. Each woman was given a yard of calico, at about twopence per yard, to make a bag to which was sewn her number. A payment of one penny each week was paid towards an annual treat, of which I will speak later.

For the encouragement of girls leaving school I may say that I began the mothers' meeting at seventeen and three-quarters, but a very dear old married lady was at the head. Another friend, a very little older than myself, did the accounts on a most admirable system.

Proceedings commenced with a cup of tea and two biscuits for each woman. Two

ounces provided thirty cups of good tea. Each woman brought her own cup every week to avoid the trouble of washing up. The tea was made in an urn from the school, and we provided a sugar basin and milk jug. We handed round the gingerbread and Osborne biscuits in paper bags. A pound was the quantity bought; three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a pint of milk, was the average quantity used. The total cost was 1s. 2½d. per week. The tea made it a more sociable gathering. About 2.30 the goods sold had been measured off and payments entered. Names were then called over from another book and a note made of any who were sick. A story book was read for half an hour and a lesson followed for another half an hour—incisive, interesting, with illustrations from real life. They frequently chose the subjects they would like for a course. One year we had "Great pictures and the lessons we may learn from them." Other years addresses on "One fault and the opposite virtue," the substance of addresses given in church by the Rev. H. R. Heywood. A course on the "Epistle to the Romans;" "Good women of the Bible" (the last subject was by special request of the women), "The Sermon on the Mount," a course on the Creed, the substance of lectures given at Oxford by Canon Gore.

A small book, *Kept for the Master's Use, Creed and Character*, by Canon Scott Holland, were the foundation of two other courses. Every lesson was most carefully prepared and adapted to the women and illustrated by local events, etc. The lady who gave the lessons never attempted to read anything aloud, knowing that would never attract their attention. It is always best to choose subjects and make them your own, reading up anything that bears upon the subject, and looking out during the week for illustrations from real life. At 3.30 the work was put away, the doxology was sung and prayers were said for missions in Africa, Calcutta, etc. (as well as very short prayers the women had learnt by heart); a prayer for their husbands, children, etc., followed, and any who were ill were mentioned by name. One lady stood at the door and shook hands with each as they left. I have omitted to say that a short talk of five or ten minutes preceded the reading. This gave an opportunity to tell them any special church or parish news. If we had been away we could tell them about the place where we had stayed. After a church congress an account of what had taken place was given instead of a lesson. A visit to Oxford, London, or the seaside; the death of any great churchman, or the preferment of a well-known man, gave us plenty to talk about, and it was not at all unusual for the women to ask to hear more instead of the story. In this way their interests were widened. Mis-

sionaries, the bishop, and various clergy, etc., were mentioned by name in the prayers. Each one seemed to like to feel they were helping in this work.

They thoroughly enjoyed hearing about places and people at a distance.

In reply to a question what kind of reading they liked best the votes were as follows, as far as I can remember: Two police news, one foreign places, four places like London, Oxford, or the seaside, twenty news about our own church or poor men who have risen. I am sure no young girls need hesitate about helping at a mothers' meeting, for they would say over and over again, "Oh, I do like a bit of life and a bit of fun." Jokes from Punch and amusing stories were thoroughly appreciated.

I don't think I have ever enjoyed any afternoon parties more than the delightful afternoons at the mothers' meetings.

Once a year we had a day in the country or by the sea, and one year we were able to go away for four days, the total cost per head being only 10s. (including 3s. 6d. railway fare).

On one day a drive and a tea was given to them, this being the annual custom when we went away for a day. With this exception they paid their own expenses.

Since then I have seen mothers in town and country parishes, and heard favourable and unfavourable remarks in the meetings. Individual interest seems to be most appreciated. Many times I have heard working women say, "I shan't go no more; you may go or stop away for anything anybody cares. They don't so much as say good-afternoon to you separately. It's just one good-afternoon as they come in, and if you're a bit late never a word; there's not a bit of life about it." On the other hand such a little satisfies them. Some home-made toffee on the 5th of November makes the day seem quite an important one, and a penny birthday card is often framed, not for the value of the card, but "to think of her remembering."

I suppose there are very few people who do not feel interested in young girls, but there is a special charm to older women of the working classes (many of whom live alone in one room) in a prettily-dressed fresh young girl with cheery, gracious manners. Young girls do not hesitate to teach in the Sunday-school, even when they have literally no aptitude for imparting what they know; but I think it is often realised that a young girl with a desire to please—although possessed of no special gifts—might cheer and brighten older people at a mothers' meeting, etc., in a way better than many of us twice their age. At a tea-party of old people, the enthusiastic ejaculation, "Bless her" or "Bless him," is generally applied to the more youthful entertainers.

E. H. PITCAIRN.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

By K. E. COLEMAN, Author of "Little Leo," "The Red Topaz," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOWNFALL OF DOBBIE.



SAY, you fellows, what do you think? Robin King is going to fight Dobbie."

"When?"

"Where?"

"What's the row about?"

shouted a chorus of excited voices.

"Dobbie was licking Spider—you know what a bully he is—and King came along and went for him like mad. Then Fergus Hume and some other big fellows came up and separated

them, and said they must fight it out; and they are just going to begin now in the corner by the chestnut tree."

"Come on," cried Harry Wilson excitedly, and the boys set off running at the top of their speed.

A crowd was collected at the lower end of the playground. Football was deserted, and the ball lay idly in the middle of the ground, for what English boy would not rather watch a fight than play football?

"I am afraid old Robin will get licked," observed Jimmy Short as they approached the group.

"I don't know that," retorted Wilson, taking up the cudgels for his chum.

"Dobbie's two years older and a good bit taller."

"Yes, but look how fat he is! He's spoilt his wind by eating tarts. Besides, he's a rank coward. He'll lick a little chap like Spider till he can't stand; but did you ever know him to stand up to a fellow his own size?"

"Granted; still weight and height do tell, you know."

"And so do pluck and muscle. Robin's as hard as nails, and every spare inch of him is good, honest muscle. Look at him now!"

They had pushed their way to the front, where the two combatants stood facing each other.

Dobbie's greater height and bulk showed to considerable advantage at first sight, but on closer inspection he was too fat and had a swollen puffy appearance, the result, as Wilson had said, of inordinate indulgence at the pastrycook's. He was pale and looked a trifle

uneasy. Robin was a more formidable antagonist than the little fellows he was wont to thrash. Wilson's remark was perfectly true that he had never been known to fight a boy his own size.

Robin King stood facing him sturdily. His brow was unusually thoughtful, and there was a certain anxiety in his frown as he measured Dobbie's inches; but there was also a look of dogged determination on his face to go in and win in spite of odds, and there was certainly no sign of the white feather in his bearing.

His eye lit up as the newcomers pushed their way to the front, and he called Wilson to his side.

"I want you to be my second," he said. "Old Fergus is acting umpire. Why, Spider, what's the matter?"

Little Arthur White was clinging to his arm, the tears in his eyes.

"Oh, Robin, I am so sorry, it's all my fault," he said. "Don't fight him; he's so much bigger than you, and I don't want you to get hurt for my sake."

"Shut up, you little donkey! I'm fighting him for my own pleasure, and what's more, I mean to lick him," replied Robin sturdily, smiling affectionately down on the little face upturned to him. Perhaps he remembered the time when he had seen that same face white and cold and apparently lifeless, and the anguish of remorse he had felt on that occasion. Thoughtless as he was, the memory of that night was never very far from the surface of his mind.

"Cheer up, Spider!" said Wilson, patting him encouragingly on the back. "Robin's going to pound old Fatty into the middle of next week. Aren't you, old chap?"

"I don't know, but I know I'll do my level best," said Robin through his teeth, and he pulled off coat and waistcoat, handed them to his second, and advanced slowly into the centre of the ring.

Stripped to their shirts, the disparity of size between the two boys looked even greater than before; but the muscles on Robin's bare arms stood out like cords, and his skin was glossy as silk, while that of his adversary was blotchy and pimpled with over-feeding, and his fighting members themselves had the appearance of overgrown sausages.

"Time!" called Fergus Hume, who stood, watch in hand, at the edge of the ring, and at the word the two combatants began to walk slowly round each other with fists squared and watching eyes.

There was a breathless silence in the ranks of the spectators. Dobbie made the first attack, but it was Robin who got the first blow home. Skilfully dodging his opponent's fist, he sprang in like lightning before he had recovered his wind, and landed a good one on Dobbie's nose. The elder boy staggered; then, maddened by the pain, lost his temper

and rushed in on Robin with such a storm of blows that, for one anxious moment, his friends thought he would go down under them.

But springing lightly aside, our hero recovered himself and attacked Dobbie in turn in the pluckiest manner. Then the combat raged furiously. Dobbie's height and weight told crucially, but Robin had the proverbial pluck of the British boy who never knows when he is beaten, and when his blows did get home they left their mark.

"Time!" called Fergus, and the two boys subsided on to the knees of their seconds.

Robin's lower lip was cut, and he had a nasty bruise round his left eye; but Dobbie's nose was bleeding profusely, and our hero's hopes rose jubilant at the sight.

"Well done, old chap!" said his second; "you did uncommonly well. Couldn't you dodge a little more though, and then run in before he's recovered his balance? It's your best chance with a heavy chap like Dobbie."

"All right, I'll try. I'll not give in so long as I can stand."

"Give in! Stuff and nonsense! You'll lick him this round, you see if you don't! Dobbie's no staying power; he loses his wind and then he's done for. You mark my words."

"Time's up!" sang out Fergus, and Robin, starting up from Wilson's knee, flew at Dobbie with such fury that that courageous person quailed, and received the blow on his back instead of his front. A roar of derisive laughter assailed his ears, mingled with shouts of "Well done, Robin!" "Give him another, Robin!" "Finish him, old chap!"

But Dobbie was not finished yet. Like a baited bull he turned and attacked his foe, and Robin, mindful of Wilson's counsel, stood on the defensive, and dodged and parried till he saw his chance, when he dashed in and made the most of it. By the end of the round Dobbie was puffing and blowing "like a hippopotamus," as Jimmy Short expressed it, while Robin, with one eye shut up and an ox's lip was as game as ever.

The third round was conclusive. Dobbie never got a single blow home, while Robin pounded him to his heart's content, and repaid with interest many a little fellow's wrongs. The juniors threw up their caps and yelled with joy when Dobbie, beaten to his knees and actually blubbering with pain, made his submission, and Robin, "crowned with glory," retired to receive the congratulations of his friends.

So ended the great fight that was quoted for years afterwards in the Homeric annals of the grammar school. So was accomplished the downfall of Dobbie, who, after that salutary lesson, rarely, if ever, ventured to bully a little boy again.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY.—All girls who possess self-control will try to avoid word or action while anger is active. The advice, "When you are angry count ten; when very angry a hundred," is founded on a true knowledge of this emotion, for its instincts are to speedy and violent action. If this inclination is struggled against, the anger will gradually lose in power and at last come to an end. No one ever regretted delay of this kind.

JUDICIOUS SKIPPING.—"The art of reading is to skip judiciously. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach this; for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

WELL THOUGHT OF.—Would you have people think well of you? Then do not speak well of yourself.

CELEBRITY.—What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.

THE ART OF SEEING.—"Look twice to see accurately. Look only once to see beautifully."—*Ansel.*

FAMILIARITY.—Familiarity brings about the closest friendships or the most violent hatreds.

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER X.



THE Manor-house dated back for nearly two hundred years, and the underground premises were of an extent unknown in modern houses. Rex led the way through various flagged divisions, and leaving behind washing, wine, and coal cellars, came at last to a large door locked and bolted. Here he stopped, and drawing a bunch of keys from his pocket, fitted one into the lock, and pushed and dragged at the door until it opened before him. "Now then!" he said, turning to Norah, "we will prepare for business. I've got a lantern here and two old coats; button yourself up in this, and you will come to no harm. I found these old keys in a drawer to-day, and it struck me that one of them might fit this door, so I came down to experiment before coming to you. There is a tradition that there was a subterranean passage leading from this house to the lake, and I believe I have discovered the entrance. I'll show you what I mean. Be careful how you tread, for the floor is strewn with rubbish."

He took Norah by the arm as he spoke, and led her forward for two or three steps. At first the darkness appeared impenetrable, but presently her eyes became accustomed to the imperfect light, and she saw that she was standing in a long apartment, filled with all manner of odd, injured, and useless articles. Scraps of broken furniture, balks of timber, probably remains of scaffolding, strangely-shaped pieces of iron lay on every side. It was evidently a lumber-room of past generations, which had been deserted by later tenants, for the grated windows were thick with dust, the cobwebs hung in wreaths on the walls. Rex lighted the lantern, closed the door as quietly as might be, and dodged in and out the piles of rubbish to the far end of the cellar. "Come here! What do you think of this?" he cried triumphantly; and Norah groped her way forward to find him standing before a part of the wall which had been broken down for some purpose and left unrepaired. The stones and mortar were

piled high on the ground, and hidden behind them was a large hole opening into a dark passage. "This looks like the genuine thing, doesn't it? Are you game to explore and see where it leads?" queried Rex, and Norah assented eagerly—

"Oh, yes, yes, I should love it! It looks so beautifully mysterious. There may be hidden treasures. Would they belong to me if I found them?"

"You would have a share, of course; the rest would be mine because I discovered the opening. Now then, I'll go first, and hold the lantern; you will have to stoop, but it may get higher as we go along."

The passage proved to be smooth, and, to Norah's relief, quite dry and free from those "creepy, crawley animals" which were the only things about which she was really nervous; but Rex was wrong in thinking that it might improve in height, for it grew ever narrower and lower as they progressed, until at times they were obliged to bend almost double. "This is the way people have to crawl about inside the Pyramids," said Rex. "It's a queer kind of place, but I mean to go on until I find where it leads. I say, though! don't you come on if you would rather not. You could go back to the cellar and wait for me."

But Norah would not listen to such a suggestion. What if her back did ache, it was not every day that she had the chance of such an adventure; besides, she had no particular wish to be left alone in the dark, while it yet remained to be proved how she was to turn round when the time came for the return journey. For five minutes longer they trudged forward in silence, then Rex's stick struck against some other substance than stone, and his outstretched hand came across a bar of iron. It proved to be a half-closed grating, shutting out the entrance into the further portion of the passage; but Rex was not to be turned aside by such a trifle as this. He handed the lantern to Norah, and after much pushing and banging managed to raise it sufficiently to make it possible to scramble underneath. Norah followed in agile fashion, but hardly had she done so than there came the sound of a fall, and a sharp, metallic click.

"What's that?" cried Rex, quickly, and Norah stretched out her hand to discover the cause of the noise. It came into contact with something hard and cold, and her heart gave a leap of fear, for she realised in an instant that the trap-door had fallen, and that the sharp click which they had heard had been the catch with which it had swung into its rightful position.

"I—I think something has fastened the grating," she said, faintly. "I can't make it move. We shan't be able to get back this way."

"Oh, what nonsense! Let me come and try," said Rex, impatiently, but the passage was so narrow at this point that it was impossible for him to pass, and he had to content himself with directing Norah's efforts. "I'll hold the lantern; look up and down and see if you can find the fastening. Push upwards! Put your fingers in the holes, and tug with all your might. Try it the other way. Kick it with your feet!"

Norah worked with all her strength, and she was a strong, well-grown girl, with no small muscular power, but the grating stood firm as a rock, and resisted all her efforts. "It's no use, Rex," she panted desperately, and there was silence for a few moments, broken by a sound which was strangely like the beating of two anxious hearts.

"Well, we shall just have to go on then, that's all," said Rex, shortly. "A passage is bound to lead somewhere, I suppose. The worst that can happen is that we may have a long walk home, and you couldn't come to much harm in that coat!"

"Oh no! I shall be all right," said Norah, bravely. For a few moments she had been horribly frightened, but Rex's matter-of-fact speech had restored her confidence in his leadership. Of course the passage must have an outlet. She considered where they would come out, and even smiled faintly to herself at the thought of the comical figure which she would cut, striding through the lanes in the squire's old yellow mackintosh. She was determined to let Rex see that though she was only a girl, she could be as brave as any boy, but it was difficult to keep up her spirits during the next ten minutes, for the passage seemed to grow narrower all the time, while the air was close and heavy. A long time seemed to pass while they groped their way forward, then suddenly Rex's stick struck against some obstacle directly in his path, and he stopped short.

"What is it?" cried Norah fearfully. It seemed an endless time to the poor child before he answered, in a voice so strained and hoarse as to be hardly recognisable.

"The passage is blocked. It is walled up. We cannot get any further!" Rex lifted the lantern as he spoke and looked anxiously into the girl's face, but Norah said nothing. It seemed as if she could not realise the meaning of his words, but there was a dizzy feeling in her head as if a catherine wheel were whirling round and round, and she felt suddenly weak and tired, so that she was obliged to sit down on the ground and lean against the wall.

Rex bent over her with an anxious face.

"You are not going to faint, Norah!"

"Oh, no—I am—quite well."

There was a long silence, then—"Rex!" said Norah, in a very weak little voice, "did anyone know that you were down in the cellars to-day?"

Rex cleared his throat in miserable embarrassment.

"No, Norah. I am afraid no one saw me."

"Will they miss the keys?"

"They are very, old keys, Norah. Nobody uses them."

A little frightened gasp sounded in his ear, but Norah said no more. Rex clenched his fist and banged it fiercely on his knee.

"Idiot! idiot! that I was. What business had I to let you come. It's all my fault. It was no place for a girl, but the opening looked right enough, and I thought—"

"I know—besides you asked me if I would like an adventure, and I said I would. I came of my own free will. Don't be angry with yourself, Rex; it is as much my fault as yours."

"You are a little brick, Norah," said a husky voice, and Rex's hand gripped hers with a quick, strong pressure. I never thought a girl could be so plucky. I'll never forget—" he broke off suddenly, and Norah's voice was very unsteady as she asked the next question—"If—if we shouted very loudly would anyone hear?"

"I—er—think how far away from the house we must be by this time, Norah!"

There was a long, throbbing silence. Rex sat with his head bent forward on his knees, Norah stared blankly before her, her face looking thin and ghost-like in the dim light. The silence grew oppressive, and presently the lad raised his head and touched his companion on the arm. "Don't look like that, Norah. What is it? Norah, speak! What are you thinking about?" He had to bend forward to hear the answer, for Norah's lips were dry, and her throat parched as with thirst.

"Poor—father!" she gasped, and Rex started at the sound with a stab of pain.

"Don't! I can't bear it. Norah, for pity's sake don't give in—don't give up hope. Something will happen—it will—it must! We shall get out all right."

"But if we can't go forward, and if we can't go back, and if no one can hear us call," said Norah, still in the same slow, gasping accents, "I don't see—how—we can, Rex! How long shall we have to wait before we—"

"If you say that word, Norah, I'll never forgive you! We must get out—we shall get out! Come, rouse yourself like a good girl. I will go back to see what I can do with that grating. It's our only chance. Lead the way until we come to the broadest part of the passage, and then I must manage to pass you somehow or other. It has to be done."

Norah put out her hands and dragged herself wearily to her feet. The feeble gleam of the lantern seemed only to call

attention to the inky blackness, and the air was so close and noisome, that she breathed in heavy pants. It had been a delightful adventure to explore this passage, so long as it was in her power to turn back at any moment; but now that there was this dreadful terror of not being able to get out at all, it seemed like a living grave, and poor Norah staggered forward in sick despair. As they neared the grating, however, it became possible to stand upright, and this, in itself, was a relief, for her back was aching from long stooping.

Rex laid down the lantern at a safe distance, and put his hand on the girl's shoulder. "Now then, Norah, I am going to squeeze past. I may hurt you a little, but it will be only for a moment. Stretch your arms out flat against the wall, turn your head sideways, and make yourself as small as you can. I will take off my coat. Now! Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said Norah faintly; and the next moment it seemed as if the breath were being squeezed out of her body, as Rex pressed her more and more tightly against the wall. A horrible gasp of suffocation, a wild desire to push him off and fight for her own liberty, and then it was all over, and they were standing side by side, gasping, panting, and tremulous.

"That's over," sighed Rex, thankfully. "Poor Norah, I am afraid I hurt you badly, but it was the best plan to get it over as quickly as possible. Now then, hold up the lantern, and let me have a look round!" It was a time of breathless suspense as Rex went carefully over every inch of the door, examining niche and corner in the hope of discovering the secret of the spring by which it was moved. The grating was rusty with age, and had evidently stuck in the position in which he had found it an hour before, when his vigorous shakings had loosened the springs by which it was moved. Try as he might, however, he could not succeed in moving it a second time; there was no sign of knob or handle; he could find no clue to its working.

"It's no use, Rex," said Norah feebly. "You will have to give it up." But the lad's indomitable will would not permit him to agree in any such conclusion.

"I will never give it up," he cried loudly. "I brought you into this place, and I'll get you out of it if I have to break every bar with my own hands—if I have to pick the stones out of the wall! Move along for a few yards, I'm going to lie down on my back, and try what kicking will do."

No sooner said than done. Rex stretched himself at full length on the ground, moved up and down to get at the right distance, and began to assail the grating with a series of such violent kicks as woke a babel of subterranean echoes. Not in vain he had been the crack "kick" of the football team at school; not in vain had he exercised his muscles ever since childhood, in scrambling over mountain heights, and taking part in vigorous out-of-door sports.

Norah clasped her hands in a tremor of excitement. It seemed to her that no fastenings in the world could long withstand such a battery, and when Rex suddenly sprang to his feet and charged at the door with the strength of an infuriated bull, she fairly shrieked with exultation.

"Go on! Go on! It shakes, I'm sure it shakes! Oh, Rex, kick! kick for your life!" It was a superfluous entreaty. The strength of ten men seemed to be concentrated in the lad for the next ten minutes, as he fought the iron grating, changing from one position to another, as signs of increasing weakness appeared in different parts of the framework. Norah gasped out encouragement in the background, until at last, with a crash and bang, the old springs gave way, and the grating fell to the ground.

"Now—come!" shouted Rex. He did not waste a moment in rejoicing; now that the barrier was removed both he and Norah were possessed with but one longing—to get out of the passage as quickly as possible, into light, and air, and safety. Two minutes later they were seated side by side on one of the beams of timber on the cellar floor, gazing into each other's faces with distended eyes. Rex was purple with the strain of his late efforts, his breath came pantingly, his hair lay in damp rings on his forehead. Norah's face was ghastly white; she was trembling from head to foot.

"Thank God!" said Rex, solemnly. They were his first words, and Norah bent her head with a little sob of agitation.

"Oh, thank God! We might have been buried alive in that awful place."

Rex took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead, looking anxiously at his companion the while. "You don't think you will be ill, do you, Norah? You look horribly white."

"Oh no!—oh no! I shall be all right in an hour, but I shall never forget it. Rex! I think we ought to be awfully good all our lives—we have had such a wonderful escape, and we know now how it feels. When I thought I was never going to come out of that passage, I was sorry I had been cross to Hilary, and—so selfish! I made up my mind if I had another chance—"

"I don't believe you have ever done anything wrong, Norah," said Rex, in a low, husky voice. There was a long silence—then—"My father will feel inclined to kill me when he hears about this!" he added shortly.

Norah started. "But need we tell them? I don't think it would be wrong to say nothing about it. We are safe, and it has taught us to be more careful in future. It would only upset every one and make them miserable if they knew we had been in such danger. I'll slip quietly to my room, and it shall be a secret between us, Rex—you and I."

Rex looked at her in silence, with his big, keen eyes. "You are the best and kindest little soul in the world, Norah," he said. "I wish I were like you."

(To be continued.)

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By A GIRL-PROFESSIONAL.

CHAPTER III.
CLEAN SWEEPING.

N the four weeks which preceded Mrs. Norris's entrance we were busily occupied in buying and fixing our furniture, and in unpacking and placing that which came to us from the country home which by then was being vacated. Also, as I mentioned before, a domestic angel had to be sought and found. As this latter quest had something of the amusing in it, I may be here allowed to digress a moment from sober details and tell our experience.

As we had planned the house, we had left out of calculation a room for a servant to sleep in. The smallest of the three rooms at the top could only be entered by going through one of the other two, and it seemed as though this put it out of the question for anyone's use but our own. My bed had been fixed here, and our mother was to have the larger room next this, while the bachelor kept the front one. Such a lavish spreading out was of course a folly, but we had yet to learn that. The last-named individual suggested that the maid should have a bed in the kitchen; it was certainly big enough. But against this I set my face like a flint, having far too exalted a conception of my future kitchen to admit of its being so desecrated. The next suggestion was that she should be one to sleep out and come in by the day, and this plan seemed most feasible; so feasible indeed, we felt we had alighted upon a most practical solution to the great vexed servant question in general!

Accordingly we inserted an advertisement in the local weekly paper, which was published every Friday evening. We asked for a "Superior general servant, well accustomed to wait at table." The paper was supposed to appear at seven o'clock; by five there came a smart knock at the door and I opened it to a much-befringed, rather lackadaisical "young lady." We duly questioned her, took her reference and then sent her away, promising to let her hear in the course of a week if her reference proved satisfactory. As she turned away from the door another applicant knocked, and the same performance was gone through again. And so it went on until, tired out, we turned out the lights and went to bed, having interviewed about twenty-seven applicants in all. Indeed, we had had to take turn about in answering the repeated knocks, and at last had curtly informed the later comers that we were "sued," though which to choose from them all we could hardly say. They were not taking specimens, many of them, all the charwomen of the neighbourhood seeming to see their chance in our offer; so we finally decided in favour of the first applicant, especially as the reference she gave was to a house quite near, and, when tested, proved satisfactory.

As I wished to get her into training, it was agreed that she should begin the next Monday morning, and she duly appeared about eight o'clock. Her dress was poor and much patched, but her fringe was more than enough to make up for all deficiencies! My heart was not very light as I set about the task of drilling her, and I was glad there was no critical stranger to note defects. It was not altogether a disappointment when, before the middle of the week, she announced her

intention of leaving, as she had a better offer. We parted company with little regret on either side, I fancy. I paused after that to enjoy freedom for another fortnight, then we advertised again, this time limiting the hours to the afternoon between three and five o'clock.

On this occasion the applicants were much less numerous, but of a decidedly better class; ultimately the choice was left between three, "Florence," "Rose," and "Nellie." Florence was little, fair, and very quick and bright; she seemed capable, but rather small. Rose was a decidedly pretty girl; her manners were taking and her complexion was dazzling. As she inquired what her duties would be, I incidentally mentioned that window-cleaning was not one of them, as I employed a man for that purpose; whereat she said, very demurely, there was "a very nice man, a friend of mine, who cleans windows beautifully, ma'am." I suspected that it was possible he might do other things as well, and mentally decided against this attractive Rose.

The last one of the three seemed a girl of quite another order, tall, rather plain-looking, very reserved and short in speech, and somewhat ashamed of taking a situation at all. She said she was an orphan, but wished to keep a home for her brother, and must get some work to do in the day. Asked if she was used to housework, she informed us she was "thoroughly domesticated and could do everything." As she stood high above me, it seemed to me that she might soon tower over me, so I somewhat reluctantly informed this paragon that her services might find a better market elsewhere, and decided in favour of the little maid who came first. Fortunately for me this proved a happy choice. Though small in body she had a fine spirit, and there was nothing she resented more than a hint that her work might be better done. Under her care our door knocker shone like gold, and the doorstep was a model to its neighbours, while we laughingly declared we were tempted to dine off the kitchen floor it was kept so white. She was deft in waiting also, and altogether proved as nearly like the treasure we sought as we could have wished. The one drawback was that it was against her parents' wish that she was out in service at all, and they gave her no peace when she reached home at night, naturally somewhat tired after her day's work and an hour's brisk walking. But she was a plucky little soul and determined to have her own way; had not circumstances turned against her she would probably be with us still.

When she had been with us four months her mother met with an accident which broke her leg in two places; she was taken to the hospital, operated upon, and all but died under the treatment. For this Florence was greatly blamed, and her family persecuted her so that at last she was compelled to give in, and I was left to "suit myself" again.

After this came a long unsettled period; they came and they went; three months was the longest "stay" we had, and I was beginning to feel life very wearying with its continual fret and friction. Some came so late in the morning I had to make all the fires and get breakfast before they appeared, and those who came the latest were the earliest to go away at night. At last, after many trials, we concluded that the servant problem was not solved, and as the opportunity of a vacant room came we decided to go on the ordinary lines and sought at a registry office for a general to "sleep in."

As the one who eventually arrived to fill the post stayed in it a year with varying success, I

will hark back to the beginning and recount our furnishing experiences.

We had three large pieces of furniture coming from home: a chamber organ, an airtight bookcase-secretaire and my own secretaire, which was the case of an old-fashioned cottage pianoforte transformed. This latter went downstairs to the breakfast-room where its use was most required, and it made a handsome object to look at. The other secretaire was placed in the back dining-room; it was too large and heavy to be in the front, and our thought was to make a sort of reading-room of the smaller one eventually. The organ we placed cornerwise to the left of the dining-room window, where it looked handsome and was not in the way of the chairs or table. Then the opposite corner cried out to be filled. We had two shelves with embroidered borders which had fitted into recesses in a former home. These placed to form a cosy corner looked very well, as their colours went with the wall-paper, and we got a carpenter to come in and fix them with brackets. They held some of our best books and a bit of china. Underneath these we placed our large morocco-covered armchair, a small octagonal table to hold a palm stood in front of the window, and afterwards a nice bamboo-table took up its position between the armchair and the fire-place.

We had no fender or fire-irons, and when we came to calculate the price of these we found it would cost us but very little more to lay down tiles and a curb. Accordingly Mr. Clay was requisitioned again, and he laid a hearth of small tiles of a deep yellow tint with a plain black curb, and the effect was good in the extreme. For the back room we felt we were not warranted in incurring the expense until necessary, so contented ourselves with placing a similar curb there and having the hearth nicely whitened.

In the drawing-room no change was needed, Mrs. Norris having fenders for every fireplace. This good lady was rather anxious we should take in all her goods and chattels, as she was resigning an eight-roomed house and was loth to store any of her furniture. But we held off, debating in our minds the wisdom of so doing, as she owned they wouldn't sell for much. Shabby second-rate things would not accord with our ideal of fitness. However, considering the slenderness of our means and the many necessary expenses, we were glad enough to take in her dining-table, a solid mahogany one, and a flat-topped cupboard which served as a sideboard *pro tem.*, and to these she afterwards added two leather-seated chairs, much worn.

Carpets and curtains were our first and principal outlay, entailing many measurements and much thought before we finally decided where to go and what to buy. For the dining-room, with its paper combining yellow, green, and grey, we decided that green of a soft quiet shade would be the most harmonious colour, and brown in furniture and ornaments. Before going to the larger furnishing warehouses we took a look about us, and in going up Regent Street saw the very carpets for our purpose in the window belonging to a firm whose name is incontestable where good taste is concerned. So we ventured in here. It was the manager himself who waited upon us, and he entered very kindly into our plans and gave us very helpful hints. We ended in purchasing a Roman carpet for the dining-room, self-coloured and reversible, of a soft, green shade, and sufficient serge of splendid quality to make a pair of curtains and a table-cover, with

ball-fringe and galloon to match. These we made up ourselves. The prices quoted here were rather lower than above those in the catalogues we had consulted, so we asked to look at stair-carpeting also.

"Roman" was strongly recommended for this, but it was too costly, as we required close upon forty yards and stair-rods to boot. So we came back to a plain felt which had been our first thought, and in the best qualities found an exceedingly pretty shade of chestnut brown which would suit our walls and contrast well with the white painted sides of the staircase. It was agreed that a man should be sent to take exact measurements for these and for the brown paper which was to go underneath before this was cut off the piece, that there might be no mistake, and the same man was to lay them down for us when we were ready.

After this we had the distractingly important purchase to make of a new dinner-service, and also some tumblers and water-jug, and an umbrella-stand for the hall which we wished to be in the form of a terra-cotta jar. For these we betook ourselves to the china department. The final result was the selection of a complete service of seventy-two pieces of the "York" design; may-blossom and roses in grey on a white ground and a fine gold edge.

It was somewhat thin and very pretty in shape, but would not prove the more breakable on that account; the joy I had in unpacking and arranging that dinner-service no one knew; to this day it is the pride of my heart, so dainty does it look, and it has suffered but slight damages, so far all repairable.

Our umbrella jar of glazed brown clay we found at an art pottery dealer's in the Queen's Road. When all these purchases came in we began to realise the joys of possession, tempered alas, by the realisation of how little money remained in the fund. Some Mungh mats for the hall we bought at two shillings each, and very excellent we found them in wear and in appearance. Here also we picked up a bright Jap rug for our breakfast-room. We had two or three brown sheepskin mats for the bedroom doors among our home goods; odd pieces of carpet also, all of which found a happy resting-place somewhere, as this mansion took a deal of filling.

The home things arrived about a week before Mrs. Norris came in, and we had a busy time in placing them and arranging all our belongings. How homely a touch they gave, seeming to breathe a spirit of comfort into the barrenness, almost like the presence of mother herself. There were a few pictures, a fine set of engravings for the dining-room walls, my

own drawings, and a few older odd ones, some ornaments and clocks. Of clocks indeed we had a grand supply, very nice ones too; we had been noted for timepieces in the olden days, but I fear we were not any the better timekeepers for all that, at least we of the younger generation were not!

One of the small cases contained jam, a part of the supply which we had made during summer days. I remember well how nearly I broke down when I opened that case. Wedged in between the jars were all sorts of odd little things such as only mother could have thought of putting in, and as I came across these fresh evidences of her loving care the tears streamed down my face. "There is no one in all the world like my mother!" I cried. One of the jars, a tall, glass one, holding some five or six pounds of jam, had broken into splinters, but the jam itself remained in a solid column not a bit the worse! With these jars the larder shelves looked quite "fit," as in addition I had a small stock of orange marmalade made in one of the spare weeks while we were waiting for the tenant to come.

We were quite straight, delightfully straight by the time Mrs. Norris made her entry, but the manner of that I must tell in another chapter.

L. H. YATES.



HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

EYE DROPS.

If you are told to drop in any application to the eye, to be of any use it must have access to the surface of the eye-ball. The patient should sit down with the head held well back, the lids should be separated widely with the fingers, and the drop placed in the outer corner of the eye and allowed to run over the surface of the eye-ball. One drop of castor oil or olive oil is very soothing if an eye has been inflamed by something flying into it.

In bathing the eye where there is any discharge, care should be taken to see that all rags or pieces of wool used are at once burnt, as discharge from the eye is frequently of an infectious nature.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

are those which are carried from one person to another by the breath or emanations of the person. Isolation from the rest of the household is necessary at once to prevent the further spread of disease. For this reason a room at the top of the house is best if possible. Remove all unnecessary furniture, carpets and curtains, and hang a sheet outside the door, large enough to cover all the crevices of the door when open, and to allow of a few inches to lie upon the floor. The sheet must be kept wet with carbolic, one in forty, or some other disinfectant. The easiest way to keep it wet is either to syringe the sheet with the fluid or to have one corner of the sheet kept lying in a basin filled with the

disinfectant, the whole of the sheet will be then kept wet by the moisture being drawn up by capillary attraction. Visitors should not, on any account, be allowed to enter the infected room, and the nurse should be kept away from the rest of the household as much as possible, and only mix with others after she has used some disinfectant for her person and changed her dress. A cotton washing dress should always be worn in the infected room, and calico sleeves drawn over the dress are an extra safeguard; the sleeves of an old night-dress may be used for this purpose, and taken off when the nurse leaves the infected room. The floor of the room should be wiped over with a cloth damped with some disinfectant. All linen or clothes for the wash should be soaked in some kind of disinfectant before leaving the room. All utensils, jugs, etc., must be rinsed in disinfectant solution before leaving the room, and should be kept for the patient's use alone. The nurse should on no account use the same things as the infected person, and should always stand to windward of her patient when attending to her, and must be careful not to take the patient's breath.

MEASLES

is infectious some days before the rash comes out, and therefore is more difficult to isolate in time to prevent the spread of disease; the same precautions should be taken as to isolation. Avoid trying the eyes with too much light at first, and be careful as to keeping the

person in a room at an even temperature, as the lungs are easily affected by any cold in a person who has measles.

AFTER INJECTION IS OVER

the room must be thoroughly disinfected. If you do this disinfecting yourself, sulphur gas is best to use to disinfect an uninhabited room. Paste up all crevices of doors, windows, fireplace, etc., with paper. Put one pound and a half of sulphur in an old iron saucepan, which should be stood for safety on bricks placed in a pan of water, the sulphur should be lighted (a little methylated spirit poured on it makes it light more easily), the person should then at once leave the room, pasting up the door by which he has made his exit, on the outside. The room should be then left to fumigate for twenty-four hours, after which it should have a thorough airing; all bedding and blankets, etc., must be sent to be baked, and the room cleaned, some disinfectant being used in the water. All drawers, cupboards, etc., should be left open during the fumigation.

IN CONVULSIONS,

a common occurrence with children when teething, remove all tight clothing, and if convulsions continue, place the child in a hot bath for ten or fifteen minutes, or until movements cease. Then put to bed in a hot blanket. Give an aperient, such as one grain of grey powder.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



NIGHT'S shadow yet lingers
 In valleys and dells,
 But dawn's rosy fingers
 Touch uplands and fells;
 While wildly and sweetly,
 Above, and around,
 The joy-bells weave feathly
 A net-work of sound.

Yonder, in the East, lo! the Love-star rises clear.
 Awake! awake! oh, Earth, for the Prince of Peace is here;
 Let care and sadness cease, while upon the ear there swells
 The "tidings of great joy," told by silver tongues of bells.

Thus rings the glad message,
 And earth wakes to pray,
 And bless the sweet presage
 That dawns with the day;
 And while their glad voices
 Die softly above;
 In heaven still rejoices
 The King—who is Love!

Clap, clap your hands, ye hills, for the Prince of Peace is born;
 Ye valleys, seas, and floods, wake to praise the joyful morn!
 All people who do dwell on the earth unite to sing—
 To you salvation comes with the coming of your King!

THE VISITATION OF GOD IN DAILY BREAD.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married," "The Five Talents of Woman," etc.

Is it the visitation of God or only that of the baker's cart that gives us daily bread? The writer of the book of Ruth thought that it was the former, for he says that Naomi "had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited His people in giving them bread."

The visitations of God are too often spoken of as if they brought only things that are bad, and not those that are good. You are visiting a house. The house-mother tells you that she has just buried her fifth child, and adds but it was "the visitation of God." You know better. You know that the child died from fever, brought on by the untidy, dirty habits of its mother, which stopped up the drains, and by the carelessness of its father in not getting a plumber at once to open them. It is not in a home like this that we see the visitation of God, but in one full of healthy, happy children. A man who has been drinking meets with an accident, and loses his life. People say that he died by the visitation of God, but those who know the man well think that his death was caused by the visitation of drink. If there is a famine in a country it is generally attributed to the visitation of God, though the real cause of it may be political or agricultural blundering. Would it not be much truer to say that the repeal of the corn laws, which gave England cheap bread, was the visitation of God?

If we saw the visitation of God in the harvest, we would be more thankful for it than some of us are. We see men and horses ploughing the ground, men throwing in seed and steam-machines reaping and threshing, and we think that man and not God is the Lord of the harvest. And yet who gives men and horses strength to work, who enabled man to invent the steam-engine, who gives to the seed reproductive power, who sends rain and sunshine to mature the golden grain?

Manna was considered miraculous food, because it came down from Heaven, but is it not as great a marvel that our bread should come up from the earth as that it should come down from the sky? The harvest is a yearly miracle.

There was the other day a leading article in a well-known paper criticising this year's harvest. It ended with the words, "Upon the whole, there is no ground for serious complaint." How good of the writer to thus patronise the harvest, if not the Lord of the harvest! It must indeed be satisfactory to the Almighty to be assured that there is at least one newspaper which finds no ground for serious complaint against Him in reference to the harvest. Farmers are proverbial grumblers. One of them, who is notorious for this, had a splendid crop of wheat. A neighbour, though he wondered what the farmer could find to complain about, made a bet that he would grumble. Next time they met, the neighbour said to the farmer, "Grand crop of wheat that is of yours." "Yes," was the reply, "but it takes a lot out of the ground."

Many people, however, besides farmers, are thankful for the visitation of God in giving them bread. One reason for this, perhaps, is because it is daily bread. Owing to the goodness of God, we in this country are accustomed to plenty rather than to famine. We get bread daily, and it seems to come to us as a matter of course. If it came not daily, but on rare occasions, and there was considerable doubt about its coming at all, we would be much more thankful when it did come.

And yet this feeling of absolute certainty in reference to our bread is quite out of place in an island like England. Those who have studied the matter tell us that in this country at any one time there is only enough food to

feed our great population for about a fortnight. If a European war were to break out, we should be in the position of a besieged town, and our baker would seldom or never call upon us. "Oh, but the navy and army will always safeguard ships into Britain." Let us hope so, but surely we ought to think of Him, without whom we could not build ships, and sailors and soldiers would not have strength and courage to fight our enemies. We in this country must live from hand to mouth, so let us never become too proud to pray for daily bread, or to thank our Heavenly Father when He gives it.

Another good practical result would come from the continual recognition of the visitation of God in giving us bread. We would use more carefully, and shrink from wasting human food. How sad it is when walking through streets where people are poor, chiefly by reason of their own carelessness, to see half loaves of bread lying in the gutter! When Carlyle, the great writer, used to find a piece of bread on the street he would pick it up, place it on a stone or doorstep, and say that some poor person, or even a dog, might be glad of it. And Mrs. Carlyle had a similar righteous horror of seeing God-given bread wasted. It used to pain her greatly to see her neighbours, one of whom was Mrs. Leigh Hunt, "flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate 'crusts' (that is what I consider the best of the bread) into the ashpits! I often say, with honest self-congratulation, in Scotland we have no such thing as 'crusts.'"

Very pathetic, too, is the account which this lady gave of her efforts to make bread that would not "sour" on her husband's stomach. "Knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only



THE PORTRAIT.

person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness. . . . It was then, that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini, sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace, came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself "After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtoch, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fitly in a good loaf of bread."

If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who made two stalks of corn to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economises and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skilled labour. Though men are the bread-winners of households, the "cares of bread" do not fall upon them at all more heavily than they do upon women, for it is quite as difficult to lay out to the best advantage the family income as to make it. "A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man or woman to spend it."

The proverb says that God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks. The second part of this saying is true only in the sense that women too often fail to make the most of the food which has been given to their families by the visitation of God. Certainly those who visit the so-called poor, know well that what they most stand in need of is not money or clothes, but ability to cook.

It would be well if young ladies would undertake the preparation of a portion of the daily food in their homes, in the most tasteful and economical way. This would make servants respect the art of cookery, and give up the scorn which they feel now for economy. To feed people in dainty ways only requires the exercise of the same powers that are called forth in arranging a dress or beautifying a room, or doing several other kinds of work, which are generally considered to be, but which really are not, more sublime and beautiful. Call cookery a department of chemistry, and cook herself a scientific chemist, and you can see at once the dignity of her work. On cooking health depends, and on health temper and efficiency, and on efficiency success. If wives want cheerful and prosperous husbands, and healthy and successful children, let them learn to put to a good use the food-supply that has been entrusted to them by the visitation of God.

The good old word "lady" is now so "soiled with all ignoble use," that it is more respectable to be called "woman" than "lady." And yet "lady" is an honourable word, and one that teaches a useful lesson. It is derived, as most people know, from two Saxon words, and means literally, a loaf-giver, or one who distributes food. The word points to home, as the especial sphere of woman's duties, and teaches us that she is far more of a lady who looks after the feeding and other duties connected with a household, than she is who leads a useless life, and only thinks of gossip and dress. The Lord Jesus Christ was made known to His disciples in breaking of bread, and may He not be found by ladies, or loaf-givers, when they go through the drudgery of household duties cheerfully and well for His sake? He who gave loaves to the multitude will acknowledge ladies or loaf-givers as fellow-workers with Himself,

especially if they gather up the fragments, and allow nothing to be lost in their houses.

It is true that the Master gently rebuked the over-anxious attention of Martha to household details; but we may be sure that if Martha, when she had done her best in the kitchen and at the table, instead of pressing new dainties upon her Guest, or fussing about with dishes and flasks, had felt that there were higher things than eating and drinking, things for which He cared infinitely more; if she had sought to enter into His thoughts, and sympathise with His aims, and learn some new lesson or take some new gift from Him, He would have been just as pleased with her as He was with Mary. We cannot doubt, indeed, that even the Lord Jesus, little as He cared for what we call "the good things of this life," approved of thrift, industry, skill, good sense, and good taste; or that, though He was content with simple fare, He preferred to have it properly cooked and delicately served.

We conclude with some words from a beautiful sermon, called "The Best Dish," by the Rev. Dr. Cox: "None of you girls, I hope, will ever think yourselves too fine, or too cultivated, to attend to your domestic duties, or even, if need be, to turn up your sleeves and pin on an apron, and toss off some dainty little dish which may stimulate the appetite of the weary or the sick; for even in such humble services as these you may be pleasing and serving the Lord as truly and devoutly as in any act of public worship. But I also hope that you will not forget there are still higher duties than these; that in ministering to the spirit you do more and better than in ministering to the body. For if there is one creature more pitiable than the fine lady who cannot condescend to the cares of the table or the house, it is the woman who degrades herself into a mere kitchen drudge, and whose soul seems never to get out of the pepper-box and salt-cellar."

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

A MORE FRIENDLY FOOTING.

TEN days later Guy lay on a wicker lounge on the lawn watching the sunset. The previous day he had sprained his foot slightly in jumping a ditch while playing golf, and, as it had been very painful since, he was resting it.

He was thinking of Madge now, as he lay with his hands behind his head and his pipe in his mouth, idly gazing at the sunset. He knew her better, but she remained just as much of an enigma to him, and very nearly as distant as on the first evening.

To-day he had scarcely seen her at all or spoken to her, except for a little incident in the morning which had somewhat surprised him.

He had been taking a short stroll in the garden and had come upon her suddenly in a secluded spot, just finishing off a wreath of white flowers which she had been making. She had started and looked up quickly when she became aware of his presence, then bitten her

lips as if vexed, while a scarlet flush tinged her cheeks.

"You seem very busy," Guy had said pleasantly, surveying her handiwork with interest.

"Oh, no, I am only making a wreath," had been the careless answer, while she continued her work without looking up.

Guy stood and watched for a moment, and then, as she was about to tie it, he said, "Let me help you. Two can make it so much firmer than one."

She appeared to hesitate a moment, but finally accepted his proffered aid, then the wreath being complete, she had prepared to move away in silence.

Guy was disappointed; he had hoped she would stay and talk a few minutes.

"Is it for a great friend?" he had asked rather doubtfully, fearing she might resent the question, yet desirous of delaying her.

"Oh," she had replied coldly, then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she added hurriedly, looking past him, "I have no friends, only two graves."

After that she had left him, and he had not seen her again until dinner-time, when she had preserved an almost unbroken silence.

"No friends, only two graves," he repeated to himself as he lay idly watching the sunset, and because he had a kind heart, a deep sympathy began to stir within him for this lonely girl. He would like to have done something to help her, and he wished they had had more in common together. He could not help feeling that in her eyes he was a veritable ignoramus, and that, as she continued to ignore him rather than otherwise, he was in some way distasteful to her. He did not bear her any grudge about it, but wished he had been a cleverer fellow that she might have enjoyed his visit more.

Before he had got far with his cogitations on this particular evening, however, voices were heard approaching, and Madge and Jack appeared round a bend the other side of the lawn.

Jack's arm was thrown carelessly

round her shoulders, and she seemed to lean against him confidingly as they came forward together.

Guy watched them and thought what a handsome pair they were, and he wished he had a sister who cared about him as Madge did for Jack. He thought he would have been a better man perhaps if he had had someone else to think about besides himself—someone belonging to him.

As they drew near he sat up and put his feet to the ground, being just in time to ward off a small toad-stool Jack threw at him.

"All right," he cried, "wait till I get you in London, I'll be even with you! Don't leave your letters about, that's all."

"You touch my letters if you dare," was the laughing reply, and Jack threw himself down on the couch and rested his feet on his friend's knees.

Guy shook his head gravely and addressed himself to Madge, who had seated herself on a garden-chair and was tilting it as far back as it would safely go, in a dreamy, abstracted manner.

"Do you know, Miss Harcourt, your brother's a sad character," he said. "Do you ever make him confess to you? I think a good lecture from you occasionally would do him good."

"What does he do?" she asked, turning her dark eyes wonderingly to his face.

"What doesn't he do, you mean, and what doesn't he say, I wonder, to the poor little Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson who have the misfortune to cross his path. Just because he's got a mistaken idea into his head that he's irresistible, he thinks he may do and say whatever he likes."

Jack laughed gaily.

"Chuck it, old man," he said. "You only talk like that because you're jealous."

"I expect it's six of one and half a dozen of the other between you," remarked Madge, adding, "If girls will be foolish, what more can they expect?"

"Go it, Madge, laughed Jack, "I should just like to hear you pitch into Guy, or at any rate argue with him."

"I should sue for terms of peace without striking a blow," said Guy at once. "I can't do many things, but I can argue least of all."

"You're about right there," put in Jack slyly; "you're really a terrible muff. You may be able to write, but you can't spell, and for the rest, why, you can't even flirt."

"Perhaps Mr. Fawcett considers it childish to flirt?" suggested Madge.

"I don't consider it at all, and I've never tried it, but I should say it was worthless," was the candid answer. "However, I should never be likely to excel, because in what little experience I've had with girls, I've generally managed to mortally offend them in about fifteen minutes."

Jack lay back and laughed heartily,

for Guy's remark had brought to his mind one or two very humorous situations resulting from his too plain-speaking.

"Can you imagine a fellow in his senses telling a smart girl he had only known about five minutes that she shouldn't wear such tight shoes?" he asked Madge. "Those are the sorts of things he does. Once when I persuaded him to come with two girls to the exhibition, he offended them both and placed me in the worst predicament I ever knew."

"Oh, ah!" laughed Guy, "but the joke was, he wanted to have the nice one to himself all the afternoon, but the other wouldn't be left alone with me. I was delighted, because I didn't want to go, and he doesn't ask me on these occasions now."

"Do you remember Lady Liscard's picnic?" asked Jack mischievously.

Guy coloured slightly.

"Yes," he replied, looking as if he didn't want Jack to say any more, and adding, "I wish people wouldn't bother me to go to those kinds of things; I'm always like a fish out of water with smart society girls. I couldn't string off a lot of empty compliments if I tried, and I can't for the life of me talk about the weather for three hours."

Madge looked at him with a dawning interest in her eyes, but she did not make any remark.

"When are you going to quarrel with Madge?" asked Jack wickedly. "Isn't it about time; I should like to be present."

Guy glanced towards her quickly, and then replied quietly, "I have too much respect for Miss Harcourt to say anything that might hurt her feelings."

For answer Jack gave him a hearty slap on the back, exclaiming, "Capital, Guy! I didn't think you'd got it in you; we shall make a man of you yet! I hope you feel honoured, Madge; you are the first of your sex I ever knew to succeed in wringing a compliment out of Guy."

Madge raised her eyes and again looked at him with a faint show of interest, but remained silent, while incorrigible Jack continued, "Now you've made a start you'd better go on, old man. Practise your hand on the mater a bit. I shouldn't wonder if I don't have you cutting me out right and left when we get back to town."

"You needn't be afraid," answered Guy, readily. "I've not the faintest intention of attempting anything of the kind, though," with a sly look, "I dare say I shouldn't find it so very difficult. Begging Miss Harcourt's pardon, I must confess the majority of girls bore me awfully."

"Consequently it's rather a misfortune to you to be an eligible bachelor," said Jack, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, for he loved to tease Guy about his eligibility.

"That's a matter of opinion," he replied. "Personally, I should question very much if I am eligible. I haven't the least doubt but that I should bore a girl as completely as she would me."

"Oh, you needn't take that into consideration at all in the present day," remarked Madge sarcastically. "Few people think of each other's happiness in marrying. Money and position are by far the weightiest considerations."

"You take a hard view," said Guy, looking thoughtful.

"I take the world's view and the most apparent," she said coldly.

"I doubt if you're right," remarked Jack, rising and stretching himself. "What's the good of running the poor old world down; I think it's a downright jolly place," and he tucked his hands in his pockets with an expression that clearly suggested that he spoke from long experience.

Suddenly he roused up.

"By the way, Guy!" he exclaimed, "Madge and I have been over to Haines' this evening. He wants me to play my round off with him to-morrow afternoon. He says we can have the links all to ourselves, and he has to go up to town on Tuesday. I promised to go if you didn't mind; what do you say?"

"Of course I don't mind. Just because I was stupid enough to jump clumsily and hurt my foot you're not to stay at home."

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind, I'll go in and send him a line," and on Guy's repeating his assurance with emphasis, he left them and went indoors.

When he had gone, Guy again leaned back idly and proceeded quietly to study Madge, who was now seated with her elbows on a table and her chin resting on her hands, abstractedly surveying the distant scenery.

For several minutes neither spoke; Madge, because she was busy with her own thoughts and scarcely conscious of his presence, and Guy, partly because he was still somewhat afraid of her and partly because he liked watching her in silence.

That his companion interested him more than anyone had ever done before was not surprising, for she interested everyone, and fascinated and repelled by turns all who knew her.

With Guy, the fascination did not go very deep, and had he returned to London that night he would probably have forgotten about it very soon. He was far too matter-of-fact and easy-going to be quickly or easily impressed. Besides, Madge was so distinctly distant to him that her manner effectually quenched any warmth of ardour he might have felt, and at present he was quite content to watch her when she happened to be in his company, and forget her when absent.

(To be continued.)



CHORALE.

FOR PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

tempo di capella.

sostenuto e solenne.

f

mp

cres.

cres.

mf *sempre legato.* *cres.*

p *mf*

cres. *p* *f*

dim. *p* *f*

dim. *p*

sf *dim* *poco* *a* *poco* *p* *pp*
R.H.

SOME ECONOMICAL IRISH DISHES.

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.

"HELEN, dear! will you give me some recipes for the things you have in Ireland? They would do so nicely for the servants' hall!"

The speaker—a regal-looking dame in blue velvet and rosepoint—looked at her niece sweetly as she spoke. She seemed quite unconscious of the hidden meaning in her speech. But all down the glittering table in that old banquetting-hall ran a ripple of laughter. Helen's aunt was always putting her foot into it. Now she was insinuating that the food in Irish homes was only fit for the servants' hall!

Helen did not mind. Not she. But a cousin sitting near—a Major, he of the — Regiment, stationed in Cork—looked quite furious. He was engaged to a lovely blue-eyed Irish maiden—so perhaps his views on the subject were not impartial. He had his mother reduced almost to tears before he had done descanting on the generous, dainty hospitality extended to many in the Emerald Isle. But all the same, Helen made out a list of economical Irish dishes, and left her aunt to use them when and where she would.

The first on her list was, of course, the famed *Irish Stew*. None of your sloppy, watery, greasy compounds. In Ireland such a thing would not be tolerated. Helen's recipe produced a savoury, toothsome, unique dish—much to be appreciated on both sides of the Channel.

For this stew Helen's aunt would have to lay in a lean, juicy bit of mutton. The best part of the scrag end does very well. It must be cut into neat chops, with most of the fat and all gristle trimmed away. Carelessness in this matter or false economy will render the stew indigestible and stringy. To every pound of meat two pounds of whole, peeled potatoes and half a pound of sliced onions. Helen told her aunt that most cookery books tell the amateur to boil meat and potatoes together. The real Irish way is to simmer the meat and onions in one pot with only a little water. Potatoes brought to a boil in a separate pan—strained, and added with pepper and salt to taste. This insures the ingredients being well cooked, yet guards against sloppiness. When all the stew is thus mixed, cover down tightly, and never lift the lid again for one hour and a half. Juice from the onions, gravy from the meat, and steam from the potatoes will give enough moisture to cook the whole.

Result—A savoury, rather dry stew.

Another way of cooking this dish (Helen left both recipes), which makes it still more fit for delicate palates, is to put all the ingredients, without any water, into a brown earthenware crock. (The lid must have a hole in it to let out steam.) Place the jar in a moderate oven and cook for rather more than two hours. This will be a browner, drier stew than even the first one, and I believe the husband of Helen's aunt—(sounds like a phrase from *Le petit Précepteur*, doesn't it?)—considers it far too good for the servants' hall!

Colcannon.—I wish Helen's aunt (or my readers) could have heard the rich Kerry brogue in which Helen's cook, Dinah, let her into the secrets of this truly Irish dish. It was strong enough to stand on, and thick enough to cut with a knife! So Helen said, and we must believe her.

Colcannon is a dish universally partaken of in Ireland on All Hallow E'en. In its smooth, soft depths a ring is hidden, with all its prophetic bliss for the finder thereof. But col-

cannon without a ring is eaten all the year round whenever a cook can be got who does not mind the trouble of making it.

Potatoes and curly cabbage form its component part. Well wash and peel the former, letting them lie to whiten in fresh water for a short time before cooking. Dinah's suggestive remark was, "They must be cleaner than usual." Chop the cabbage "as fine as snuff." (This is Dinah's expression.) When the potatoes are parboiled add the cabbage with a tiny—a very tiny—pinch of soda.

Boil all together for ten minutes. Have at hand a wooden masher and pound the mixture well after having, of course, drained all the water off.

Smooth as cream, green as grass, your colcannon ought now to be, and when to it is added a goodly lump of butter, no better vegetable could be desired. A sprig of parsley as a bonnet will accentuate the colour and decorate at the same time.

Bacon and Cabbage.—It seemed as if there was no need for Helen to put such an obviously simple recipe on the list of Irish dishes for her aunt. But Helen knew otherwise. When she first married and went to live in the Emerald Isle, she took an English cook with her. Now Helen's better half hails from Paddyland, and his favourite (it really might be spelt in capitals) dish is bacon and cabbage. Helen thought him vulgar, I am afraid; also she despised his taste. Bacon and cabbage as cooked by Mrs. Jenkins was certainly most unappetising! Meat served on one dish. Vegetable in another. Neither well done, bacon stringy. Cabbage with a bone in it.

But when Dinah came to rule, things were changed. Pig's cheek and cabbage became a luscious, much-appreciated meal. The secret was only—to boil both together in one pot! If Mr. Editor can overlook the triviality of this recipe and put it in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I can answer for it that his readers will never regret following it. It is the Irish dish *par excellence*, though not as economical as it sounds. Helen knew her servants to choose it for their festive dinners rather than beef or chicken. This is a fact; whilst her husband suggested regaling the bishop on it when last he dined at the parson's!

Potato Cakes.—For this, equal parts of cold boiled potatoes and white flour are wanted. Knead well together with a little milk, if necessary. Flour your pastry board well, and roll out the mixture about half an inch thick. Cut into three-cornered scones and bake on a griddle. These must be eaten hot, with plenty of butter. They are delicious!

Honey Cake.—This is another hot cake fit for supper or high tea.

Mix together half a breakfast-cupful of white sugar and one breakfast-cupful of rich, sour cream (Dinah was always leaving dribbles in jug and basin after afternoon tea or Helen's morning cup. It was not difficult for enough to get sour very frequently). Dredge into the mixture two breakfast-cupfuls of finely-sifted flour, and about two tablespoonfuls of clear honey. This will flavour the cake nicely, and must be stirred in well, so as to be thoroughly mixed. Add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda (it is called bread soda in Ireland), and beat with the back of a wooden spoon until air bubbles appear.

Bake in a buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour, and eat hot.

This may not sound a very economical recipe; but Helen drew her aunt's attention to the fact that neither eggs nor butter are used. As a matter of fact, a cake sufficient to allay the hunger of four or five persons can be made for eightpence—a not exorbitant outlay.

Economical Christmas Cake.—Helen rather doubted if she ought to put this amongst distinctive Irish cookery recipes. Its original birthplace may be England. But it was given to her by a typical Irishwoman, and has only been met with by her in Irish households, so she does not withhold it from her aunt's servants' hall.

The first thing to recommend this cake is, that the longer before Christmas it is made the richer it tastes. It takes all November and December to bring it to perfection if kept in an air-tight box. By this early preparation, some of the fuss and turmoil of Christmas week is done away with—especially if, like Helen, her aunt mixes her plum pudding and mince pies not later than stir-up Monday.

Put half a pound of butter in a large bowl, breaking over it five eggs. Heat until the mixture looks "curdy," and add a handful of coarse brown sugar.

Add this boiling mixture to the eggs and butter, and keep stirring, whilst a second person sifts in slowly one pound and a half of well washed, well dried, carefully picked currants, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and two ounces of citron peel chopped small.

Put into a shape papered, but not buttered, taking care that several folds of paper are lining the bottom of the tin. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours.

To look at this rich, cheap cake might be prepared for a wedding. To eat it is delicious; but only if kept for at least a month before cutting. Nothing better could be desired for birthday in the parlour, or weddings in the servants' hall.

Buttermilk Bread.—Helen's aunt greatly prided herself upon her home-made bread. Helen thought it vastly inferior both in looks and taste to the flat cakes she was accustomed to in Ireland. So she just jotted down a rule of thumb recipe for the latter, and inserted it slyly at the end of her instructions.

To every pound of whole wheatmeal (or brown flour) add a handful of seconds, a spoonful of salt, a small pinch of baking soda, and as much thick, sour buttermilk as will make an ordinary cake mixture.

Flour the pastry board and lift the dough on to it. Knead very thoroughly and lightly from outside to inside, working the mixture always towards the centre. Now, with a firm turn of the wrist, roll out the dough from the centre outwards, pressing firmly and evenly. When one inch thick, flour thickly with the hand, and bake in an oven or griddle. This bread ought to rise and be quite four inches thick when done. One slice of this is as satisfying as four or five of baker's bread, and far more wholesome. If brown bread is not liked, white flour can be used in the same way.

Helen has not paid a visit to her aunt since she sent her these recipes. But she hears, on good authority, that her Irish stew is not relegated to the servants' hall; that her honey cake is much appreciated upstairs after afternoon tea; that colcannon is often introduced to visitors as something quite new and strange; and that the household bread bill is reduced by one-half.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

DISPENSING.—*What qualifications are needed for women dispensers?*—MARGERY.

The full course of training in pharmacy is a long and rather expensive one. It covers a period of three years, and is estimated to cost about £200. The intending dispenser is advised to apprentice herself to a pharmaceutical chemist in order to obtain a business training, and also to attend lectures on chemistry at the laboratories of the Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury Square; University College, London, or at one of the colleges in the provinces, such as University College, Liverpool, or Mason College Birmingham. A less expensive, though not so good a plan, is, after passing the A. S. A. examination, which may be managed in a few months, to obtain a paid post as assistant-dispenser to a doctor. While holding such a post, a girl could continue her chemical and pharmaceutical studies, so as to enable her, at the end of the three years, to obtain the Pharmaceutical Society's diploma. It is necessary to remember that without this diploma no one may open a chemist's shop. But women who are unambitious or unpossessed of capital, are sometimes content to remain assistant-dispensers, and in this capacity they may earn from £35 to £75 a year.

FACTORY INSPECTORSHIP.—*How can I become an Inspector of Factories and Workshops? What are the subjects to be studied? I am nineteen, and have received a good education. I have tried to get into the General Post-Office, as woman clerk, but failed, owing to the keen competition.*—SALLY BRASS.

We fear that "Sally Brass" is aiming too high in thinking of a factory inspectorship at present. To begin with, she is much too young. A factory inspector ought not to be less than twenty-five, and we should say preferably, not less than thirty. The duties are not such as can be summed up by saying how many hours they occupy, or what subjects must be studied. They demand mainly such rare personal qualities as judgment, tact, observation and knowledge of the world. Primarily it is the inspector's business to see that the regulations of the Factory Act are carried out in places where women are employed. It is necessary to ascertain that women do not work overtime more than the amount fixed by law, that young persons are not detained beyond the limits which apply to them, and that all sanitary conditions are properly observed. To enforce such regulations as these, a person of considerable authority and force of character is required. Women of less experience, however, may seek employment as Sanitary Inspectors of Workshops under the control of municipal bodies, especially of vestries. And from a sanitary inspectorship it may be possible later to pass to the higher office.

We give this pleasant extract from the letter of a girl-correspondent who leads a life of travel. The letter is answered elsewhere.

"I am sure that you must be a kind friend to your world of girls in all countries; far, far over the sea, at the Cape, in America, in Melbourne, even in China and Japan, I have met many an English girl who read with great pleasure the yearly volumes of our Paper. It follows me about in my travels like a loving voice, from a dear yet unknown home."

STAR writes: "*Can you give me the explanation of the following lines in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' They occur in stanza lxxxviii, verse 12.*

*And last, returning from afar
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave.*

The "crimson-circled star" is the planet Venus, often called the Evening Star.

As the planets derive their light and heat from the sun, and revolve about him as their centre, he may be called their father. "The sun and his family" are frequently spoken of. "We thus see that the sun presides over a numerous family," says Sir Robert Ball (*Story of the Heavens*), in describing the solar system. "The members of that family are dependent upon the sun, and have a size suitably proportioned to their subordinate position.

But why *crimson-circled*? We may again turn to the *Story of the Heavens*. "Look to the west; the sun has but lately set, and over the spot where his departing beams still linger, we see the lovely evening star shining forth. This is the planet Venus." At a certain part of the year only is she visible in the west; but when she is she may often be girdled by the glory of the sunset crimson, ere she too sinks into "her father's grave," i.e., sets in the clouds, the darkness, or the waves, which have already appeared to receive the setting sun.

We thank STAR for sending us so interesting a question, and suggest that our readers should study for themselves the appearances of the planet Venus.

"DILYS" inquires the author of the following lines:

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend
on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's
an end on't."

They appear as an inscription upon the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury, and are there anonymous. Aaron Hill (1685-1750), however, writes in the epilogue to *Zara*:

"First then, a woman will or won't, depend
on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an
end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your
trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice."

Samuel Tuke (died 1673) writes in *Adventures of Five Hours*, act v. scene 3:

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

The lines, therefore, on the monument would appear to be a compound of olden quotations.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

Can any one tell STAR the author of a poem entitled—

"Creeping up the stairs."

"A Lover of Poetry" wishes to know the last three verses of a ballad entitled "Mary Hamilton" (Whyte Melville's "The Queen's Mairies"), and to be informed whether it has been set to music.

Miss M. K. Pugh writes from Hastings to answer LILAAC's query as to a quotation:

"If she gets Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, she will find the words in one of his most beautiful poems, *The First Settler's Story*. The whole moral of the story runs thus:—

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words;
'Careful with fire,' is good advice, we know;
'Careful with words,' is ten times doubly so."

E. A. T. asks where the full text can be found of the hymn containing the following verse:—

"Father of Heaven, Thy children stray,
Groping, at noon, their homeward way;
Long is the road and fierce the sun,
When will the weary way be done?
Footsore and faint, to Thee we cry,
Father of Heaven, be very nigh."

We have to thank F. P. and Bessie Cleveley for the information LILAAC required as to the authorship of the verse quoted recently, beginning:

"Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds."

(Will Carleton, *The First Settler's Story*, published in "Our Own Gazette," February, 1893). If LILAAC will send her address to Miss Bessie Cleveley, Thorntonville, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, she will have a copy of the lines sent her by post. It is against the rules for us personally to forward the extract.

VERA VERNON writes to inform "Tony Whiskey Tibbins" that the lines by Lady Nairne with the refrain:

"Will ye no come back again?"

are to be found in "Fifty Years of Scottish Song," arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by James T. Smith (London, Bayley and Ferguson, 34, Paternoster Row; Glasgow, 54, Queen Street). The words occur also with slight variation under the title "Bonnie Charlie" in "The Franklin Square Song Collection." We are much obliged to VERA for this (the only) reply to the question, and for her suggestion that the music is by Finlay Dunn. The first verse runs as follows:

"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'
Safely ower the friendly main.
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again."

WYANDOTTE inquires the name and address of the publisher of a poem called "*The Captive Slave*."

Longfellow and Whittier have many stirring poems on slavery, but we cannot discover one with this title. Perhaps some correspondent can offer a suggestion?

VENDETIA asks for the author and the source of the following extract:

"Well I know thy heart-strings quiver
Answering music to my own."

Also for the meaning of the Christian name "Alwyn."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

NORMA.—Many thanks for your letter of acknowledgment. You see that we are still mentioning your society, and wish you all success. Kindly be sure to apprise us of any change in address or management.

VERA VIKSON.—Many thanks for your information which we publish elsewhere. The piece described in Lily Watson's "Child of Genius," "Gavotte from Bach's Second Violin Sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns," is certainly a real piece of music, and you can obtain it, as also Grieg's "Reveries," by writing to any good music warehouse.

ETHEL.—1. The "Lake Poets" were Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, so called, because they lived in the English Lake District. Wordsworth's poetry, especially, is inspired by the scenery of that region.—2. We think you would find plenty of fresh, pure air, sufficient exercise, and plain wholesome food, the best cure for "rings under the eyes," as you say they are not caused by overwork. Attend to your general health in every possible way.

E. N.—Your designs strike us as very good. We should advise you to send specimens to some of the great firms of pottery manufacturers and inquire if they would be of any use. Of course, as

to their value, everything depends on the demand there is for such designs, and this only an expert could tell you.

ELUCUTION.—We cannot insert your query unless we know more of the poem you wish to find. The extract quoted does not seem to us worth following up, but this may be an unfair judgment on our part from so brief a specimen.

WM. GILMOUR.—We are grateful for your suggestion that the passage beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once," and ending "for I shall not pass this way again," appears in the works of Xenophon. We should really be very glad if this quotation (*vide* p. 815, October part) could be actually traced to its connection in the pages of Xenophon, Marcus Aurelius, or elsewhere. We must confess that we have not hitherto been able to light upon it in its original home.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—Your letter does you great credit. If you work from 9 until 8 P.M. (far too long!) at dressmaking, we do not see how you can find time for hard study. We should advise you to begin by reading some of Walter Scott's novels and looking up the history of the period, so as to get a clear idea of the setting of the story. If you are very weak in any special subject (*e.g.*, arithmetic) get a manual, and work a short sum every day. But it would be far better for you to attend some evening classes in the nearest Polytechnic or Evening Continuation School, as lonely work when one is tired is apt to be rather discouraging. The Diamond Jubilee Society, Miss Noble Green, Kewbank, Peebles, N.B., might help you, and the fee is only 1s. a year for each class joined, with an entrance fee of 1s. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

ISOBORNE.—We are glad to hear from a Danish girl. Certainly you can "prepare for an examination by correspondence." Apply to the Secretary, Association for Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford; also to the Hon. Sec., Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow. From either you will doubtless receive full particulars.

INQUIRER.—Your verses show an observant ear, and we rather like your conception in the lines—

"Nature's sounds, with those invented,
Make a stirring monotone."

But the "form" is open to criticism. The rhymes are incorrect, *e.g.*, "alone," "come," "dome." "Then the fring of a gun," is a halting line. All these matters need attention in the writing of verse. You are quite right in trying to describe what you actually see and hear, and in any case, it is a good exercise for you in composition. Many thanks for your kind expressions.

ARGENTON.—We are pleased to hear from you in New South Wales. You will not be wrong in applying the same rules to the pronunciation of Greek as to the pronunciation of Latin, and you say the latter are given you. There are, however, a few special points to note we wish to note here (from Dr. Curtius' grammar) for your assistance:— "Before *γ*, *κ*, *χ*, or *ξ*, *γ* is pronounced *ng*, and is in Latin represented by *n*; *e.g.*, *τηγγω* is pronounced *tengo*; *φάρμαξ*, *phorminx*. Of the diphthongs, *αι* and *ει* are both pronounced as *ai* in height; *οι*, as *oi* in boy; *ου*, as *ou* in how (or now); *υι* as *ui* in why; *ευ* and *υυ*, as *eu* in new. When two vowels, usually pronounced together, are to be pronounced separately, the latter has over it a diæresis; thus *μαίς* is pronounced *pa-is*. The sign ' placed over an initial vowel, represents the letter *h*; *η'* is pronounced *hex*." No doubt your own grammar tells you whether the vowels are short or long. It is not at all likely that we pronounce as the ancient Greeks did, and whatever we do, we cannot hope to be very near correctness. We wish we could help you more. We are very glad to hear that you are making such good progress in Latin. If you like to send us a Greek sentence or two, we could write them out for you as usually pronounced, but we fancy your difficulty may arise largely from want of familiarity with the Greek characters.

ABBOTSFORD.—We are glad to hear brighter news of you. No, we do not consider that short-story writing is, as a rule, waste of time. The short story has in our days been brought to a pitch of great perfection. But in your case we felt it would be wise to rest awhile, and then attempt a more sustained effort. If you have some good ideas, however, for short stories, do not let them slip, but embody them before they have melted back again into the unknown.

SCATTER-BRAINS.—1. Carlyle means by saying "no one should ever write poetry unless he cannot help it" that the greatest poetry has in it what we call "the inevitable"—something that forces itself into utterance, instead of being laboriously manufactured. This is the mark of genius. His observation would not apply to the writing of verses such as those you send us. It is a capital exercise in composition for you. "Evening" is the better of the two pieces. The metre of "Jubilee" is rather shaky. We cannot tell you that these are true "poetry," but that, you know, would be very high praise indeed.—2. We only publish stories by practised writers in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Two questions are all that may be answered at once, but we thank you for your charming letter, and wish you success in your medical career.