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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART IX. LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN our two former papers we pointed out the richness and beauty of the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, and the value of those two counties as a field for the study of mediæval architecture.

Lincolnshire, which we are about to consider, is in a somewhat different way quite as celebrated for its splendid churches. Nowhere in England are grander parish churches to be found than Louth, Boston, Grantham, Heckington, and Holbeach. But there is one great peculiarity about the Lincolnshire churches. The county is divided into two parts by the River Witham, which are called respectively the Northern and the Southern Division. The Witham flows through the city of Lincoln and finds its way to the sea near Boston. Now, nearly all the fine churches are in the Southern Division, the principal exceptions being Louth and Tattershall, and what is still more remarkable is that while the Northern and larger division possesses only three or four stone spires, they are extremely numerous in the Southern Division. It is also not a little remarkable that the churches in the episcopal city and its immediate neighbourhood should be small and quite unimportant except, perhaps, for their remarkable antiquity, several of them dating from times previous to the Norman Conquest; so the glorious minster which looks down from its lofty hill in solitary grandeur, without a single rival to detract from its majestic proportions, forms an object which, externally at least, impresses the mind more deeply than any other church in Europe. Were the interior equally striking, it would perhaps have no rival anywhere; but the want of height in proportion to its width and vast length, is fatal to its claim to be considered "the most beautiful church in England."

The most remarkable churches in the county will be found in the neighbourhoods of Sleaford, Holbeach, and close to the Northamptonshire border. Amongst the Sleaford group are Ewerby, Heckington, Helpringham, Silk-Willoughby, Aswarby, Ranceby Braughton, Anwick, Swineshead and Sleaford—all of which possess graceful stone spires. The Holbeach group include Moulton, Long Sutton, Sutton St. Nicholas, Gedney, Gosberton, Fleet, and the noble church of Holbeach—all possessing spires. Three of the grandest, however, Louth, Boston, and Grantham, are somewhat isolated in position.

Louth is a very grand example of a parish church of a Perpendicular period with a tower and a spire nearly 300 feet high. It has, however, one remarkable peculiarity: the tower, as high as the battlements, is almost identical with that of Boston, and there is a tradition that they are works of the same architect; now Louth tower was commenced in 1501 by an architect of the name of Cole, but he either died or ceased to direct the works before the spire was built, and it is a curious fact that both of these beautiful works should exhibit their solitary defect at the same point, that is, at the junction of the tower with its superstructure. At Boston, instead of a spire or lantern starting from this point, an extra storey is added, which breaks up the continuity of the composition; above this, it is true, there is an open lantern of very beautiful form, but had the lantern been placed over the belfry storey the design would have been perfect. At Louth the spire does grow out of the tower over the belfry storey; but there is one defect, the pinnacles at the base of the spire are so lofty as to make the spire appear too small for so grand a

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LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

tower. This defect makes these two otherwise magnificent works less pleasing in general effect than the spires of Ewerby and Heckington, which are planned more in accordance with the Northamptonshire models. And it may be a question whether the beauty of the churches and their spires in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire may not be ascribed

to the influence of the Northamptonshire school of mediæval architecture and their contiguity to that very remarkable county.

The absence of cruciform churches with central tower is a singular fact in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire, although many of the churches are unusually spacious.

Our reason for selecting Louth as our illus-

tration is that it shows less Northamptonshire influence than any other spire in the county.

It is impossible to travel through Lincolnshire and notice its magnificent church towers without being impressed by the fact that in mediæval times it was a more than usually prosperous county, and one which carried on a remunerative trade both by sea and land.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



CHAPTER XI.

R. ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY arrived at the little station at Poinville at six-thirty, and found Maturin waiting for him with the trap. Maturin had a great deal to tell him about the condition of things at Féraudy; the promise of the

fields, of the orchards where the great cider apples weighed down the branches of the trees with the abundance of their fast ripening fruit. It was a fine year, Nature had been very bountiful, apportioning sunshine and rain with equal grace.

Dr. André had something to ask too about his aunt, her health and occupations, and on this subject also Maturin was voluble. The young doctor could not bring himself to ask about Génie—until Maturin began to speak about her of his own accord, telling his little tale of her usefulness and willingness—of how everyone loved her, even Madame Canière, who, everyone knew, cared for nobody and bullied her poor son, but would do anything in the world for *notre demoiselle*.

Madame Féraudy was waiting at the door to receive her nephew; her face was rigid, and her eyes dark with anxiety as she gave him the quick kiss that was all she ever gave in the way of caress.

"It was good of you to come at once," she said. "And you will stay with me some days, I hope. You are very thin, André," she said, looking at him lovingly. "Too thin, my boy."

"I am starving," he answered, trying to speak gaily. "That is the worst of this fresh country air, it is a very poor economy."

"We will dine at once—instantly, my boy. Génie has not come in yet, but we will put her dinner aside. Dear child! I have no doubt that she has gone to see Madame Lamotte, and they always keep her as long as they possibly can. Jeanne! Jeanne! quick! Monsieur is starving."

"It is all ready, madame," Jeanne

shouted from the inner room, and as they went in she flourished off the cover of the soup-tureen.

In spite of Dr. André's assertion that he was starving, after swallowing a few spoonfuls he tried to hide that he was sending away his plate. It was the same with the delicately fried fish and chicken.

"For a hungry man you eat marvelously little," said his aunt rather drily; she was disappointed and her heart was beating fast.

"It is enough, *ma tante*," said the young man. "One loses one's appetite in town. Let Jeanne bring our coffee into the garden. Let us sit in the arbour, it will be cool and quiet there for our talk. See! how pretty St. Anne looks in that lovely glow. What a charming evening it is."

Madame Féraudy seated herself in the arbour—even her pride in her statue of St. Anne was put aside this evening. Her lips were dry when she began the subject so near her heart.

"My boy," she said. "I must begin, for already it is late. First of all you are going to stay with me for a few days?"

He shook his head. He had seated himself on the rustic table by her side and was looking out to sea. The sunset glow shone on the thin dark young face, and lit up the steadfast eyes.

"I must go back to-morrow, *maman*—back to the battle-field. The fever has broken out again."

"Ah, may God be merciful," said Madame Féraudy shrinking. "That is terrible at this time of year. Then, André—listen—you got my letter?"

"Yes, dear. I got your letter and I considered it carefully."

"And what am I to do, André!"

"You cannot do better, dear, than accept Monsieur Canière's offer," he said very slowly.

"You—you say so?"

He went on rather dreamily. "He is a man of excellent character—of much talent—he is doing very well in a most honourable profession. He can give her ease, even wealth, and all the bright pretty accessories of life that women love so well."

"That is a man's view of women!" said Madame Féraudy hoarsely. "All those advantages would be nothing if she cared—"

"But that also need not be wanting," said André looking still over the sea. "He can give her the best gift it is in

the power of a man to give, his devoted love."

There was a moment's pause. Madame Féraudy was struggling with the conflicting feelings in her breast and with the strong sense of opposition to his conclusions. There was something in his face which awed her into silence, and forced back remembrance.

Dr. André turned to her suddenly with a smile so sweet that the tears rushed into her eyes.

"So, *maman*," he said, "he must have his chance. We, the two stern guardians, must allow him every opportunity."

Madame Féraudy looked up at him and saw how his wistful eyes again wandered out to sea.

"André," she said, very low, "I had another hope, and it was very dear to me."

"Here is Jeanne with our coffee," he said in a quick common-place tone. "Pour it out, dear. You do not need to be reminded that I like plenty of sugar."

Jeanne put down the tray and went away. She sky was blazing with colour, it was becoming late. Jeanne thought to herself, "Surely it was very strange that Madame Féraudy had not begun to wonder why Génie had not come home." She grumbled a little as she went indoors; young girls should not be allowed so much liberty, it was not so in her day.

André put down the scarcely-tasted coffee.

"*Maman*," he said, "I know that you have had other hopes, it is natural. You have been my mother always, and it is very hard on you to see how unsatisfactory I am, and that I can never promise to settle down with you in a peaceful family party as other men do. But it is better to realise the fact, that it can never be. My life is dedicated to my poor."

"And must it be always so, André? Are you to have none of the common joys of men? none of their blessings—no loving wife? no little child?"

"No. I cannot drag a woman into my life of toil and poverty and even privation. I have no right to do so, and I would not if I could. I have no money now, *maman*, it is all sunk in the little hospice. My earnings in our quarter are just enough for me to live on alone. And after all, is this a time to talk of such things when we are on the verge of a fever which, mark you, at this time of year will be no trifle. Jeanne!"

He started forward, for Jeanne came running across the garden.

"Monsieur! Madame!" she cried. "Pierre the fisherman, old Battiste's Pierre, is here and wishes to speak to you."

The man, a rough seaman in a blue ribbed jersey, had not waited, but followed quickly in her steps.

"Madame," he began hastily, "I thought it better to see you. It is just this. My grandfather, old Battiste, has just come in; he says that some time between three and four o'clock your demoiselle passed him and she stopped and paid fifty centimes for a dish of sand-eels, and she was to take them as she returned from her walk. Well, Battiste waited, and when he had finished his day, he sat on the steps and dozed, and now he has returned. 'Pierre, *mon gars!*' he says, 'the demoiselle never came back, so take you the fish up to Féraudy. These young folks are so heedless; she doubtless came back over the rocks into the road and quite forgot that I was waiting for her return by the sands.' So I came with the fish and left them in the kitchen, but Jeanne tells me that mademoiselle has not come home."

"Which way did she go?" cried André startled.

"She went singing across the sands and round the point into St. Anne's Bay. There is no danger, the tide leaves a beautiful strip of sand bare at its highest tide; but *dame!* I thought she might have hurt herself slipping among those rocks. What do you think, madame?"

"Go at once! instantly! oh, my little Génie!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy; but André was gone already, and it was all that Pierre could do to reach his side as they ran towards the shore.

"My boat is there, it will be the quickest way into St. Anne's Bay," he gasped, and it was the work of a moment to unfasten the boat, and get out the oars, while they splashed into the water and climbed into her.

The two men rowed as if for their lives, neither wasted breath by talking. There was not a breath of wind which could help them with the sails, they must depend on their oars. The sun

was down now and they rowed through the golden pathway of dying light.

At last they rounded the point, and the keen eyes of the two men ranged along the whole curve of the bay. Suddenly Pierre uttered a shout.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "look! look! monsieur. There is a little figure at the end of the shrimpers' jetty! It does not move. Why does she stay there? See! the spray dashes over her. Is she mad?"

The two men shouted at the top of their voices as they tore the boat through the water. The tide was running in so fast!

At the sound of his voice André saw the little figure rise and struggle frantically, only to fall again on her knees.

"She is fastened, held down by something," cried he.

"Yes, yes!" gasped Pierre. "I can guess now; her foot is caught between the bars. I once saw old Benoit's child caught so. Now, monsieur, pull hard!"

Another tremendous pull. They were nearly there. André threw down his oars and sprang to his feet seizing a heavy iron boat-hook from the bottom of the boat.

Then came the great green wave rearing itself up and falling heavily on the little figure, and a groan of despair burst from them as they saw her fall down insensible.

It was an awful moment. While Pierre fastened the boat, and springing on to the jetty caught Génie in his arms, lifting her head above water and holding her high on his shoulder, André leapt overboard into the sea.

From long familiarity with the coast, he was an expert swimmer and diver; but at first he kept his feet, then the water rose higher. But at last he discovered the mischief below, the heavy stone, the wedged bars. He could not move the rock by the greatest exertion of all his powers, but he managed to thrust the iron hitcher through the wooden bars and force them open, broken with the exertion of desperation.

A loud shout from above told him the work was done, and Pierre lifted the senseless girl into the boat just in time to lend a helping hand to André, who

with bleeding hands, and arms curiously numb and tingling from over-exertion, could hardly have hauled himself over the side without assistance.

André immediately threw himself down by Génie, feeling her pulse, raising her head, while the water poured from her long loose hair.

"It is all right," he said. "Thank God and thanks to you, Pierre. Have you any brandy?"

Pierre produced a small bottle and André forced some drops between the girl's pale lips.

Presently he looked up again and said, "I am sorry that I cannot help you to row, my friend, but my side is strained and numb, it only wants rest."

"Ah, such exertion as that under water is a nasty thing; keep quiet, sir, and don't fret about the young lady. She was not long under water."

Pierre rowed fast. All the colour had gone out of the sky now, it was quite grey and dull, and the slight wind blowing through their wet clothes was very chilly.

Génie did not come to herself, not even when the boat grated on the beach and the whole party from the Maison Féraudy swarmed round her.

Among them they carried her quickly to the house and laid her in her bed, and Madame Féraudy insisted upon André's getting into dry clothes. He was so spent and strained that he could not do so without the assistance of good Maturin.

Pierre went straight home promising to come up early the next day.

Dr. André scarcely gave himself time to dress and swallow the hot cordial Jeanne insisted upon, before he went upstairs to his patient.

After a few minutes the reward came. Génie opened her soft grey eyes and looked up into his with a look of perfect rest and thankfulness. Then the eyelids closed and she fell into a deep profound sleep.

Madame Féraudy sat all night through watching by her bed and carefully carrying out the instructions the young doctor had given her before he allowed himself to rest.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE KIND SHE WANTED.

Agent: "Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate—not at all like some cyclometers which register two miles, perhaps, when you have only ridden one."

Young Lady: "Have you any of that kind left?"

GOING WRONG AND GOING RIGHT.—One may go wrong in many different ways but right in only one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark but hard to hit it.

SMALL TROUBLES.—The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore, more than the rocks.

A BRIDAL RHYME.

In many parts of Great Britain the superstitious make a point of observing whether on a wedding-day the sun does or does not smile on the bride. Sunshine is held to foreshow good fortune; no sunshine, bad luck, alas! In Devonshire the following rhyme is often repeated:—

"Ef tha zin 'pin tap 'er shine,
Then 'er'll 'ave boath cake an' wine;
Ef 'e dü but 'ide 'is heyd,
There'll be no wine, an' little breyd."

COURTESY OF THE HEART.—There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour.—*Goethe.*

ROMANCE AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

She was standing alone on the beach, at an American watering-place, gazing pensively on the ocean. A youth approached, then paused.

"No," he murmured, "I shall not disturb the current of her thoughts. She is communing with the spirit of this beautiful world."

Then she saw him, and, turning, said—
"I say, mister, how fur does this here millpond go, an' whar'bouts does it stop at?"

IDLING AND WORKING.—The girl who idles when she should be at work will have to work when she might rest.

THE SCHOOLROOM.—The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

THE SUMMER SUN.

By CLOTILDA MARSON.

"To please the child, to paint the rose, the gardener of the world he goes."
R. L. Stevenson.



THE year's primal burst of bloom is o'er," the spring is gone and the summer is come. Is the present better than the past? It is hard to answer. Many would choose the summer at once, forgetting all the freshness in each leaf and flower, and the most scent of the earth which made the rare accompaniment to the main music of

spring. Many do not hesitate to agree with the fine lines of King James the First's ambassador to Venice, in which he sought the utmost image of loveliness for his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

"Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known;
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you, when the rose is blown?"

To him the summer alone could picture her who was "by virtue first, then choice, a queen," the summer, as he had seen it, perhaps in all its glory in

"The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair."

In Italy the natural mood of the country seems to be summer. The stone-pines stand in monumental calm against the intense blue sky, the frescoes crumble in the cool houses, and the green of the olives never spoils with dust and saves our eyes from glare. But, if Sir Henry Wotton had spent more time in his English home of "Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful county of Kent," or by the green lawns of Eton, where he ended his life, perhaps he would have found it harder to take away the palm from the season when the leaves burst and the ash-buds look black in March, when the ferns uncrumble and the hedges are white with may. Yet however much we may long to be in England when April's here, there is one joy of summer that spring lacks. Only in summer can we lie outstretched upon the lawn the live-long day and delight in that indescribable sense of warmth and blessing in the brooding air and the distant haze, which suits so well with the down on the peach and the velvet petals of the rose. For the sake of that we can forgive the dusty, windy days, when the hedges look ragged, and even the trees are monotonous against the dull sky in their deepened green.

Come out with me into the garden this 22nd of June, when all the growing things seem holding Jubilee. The spreading branches of that gum cistus on the lawn have looked green for long, and have oozed a gummy resin that was fragrant in the sun. To-day it is covered for the first time with large shy white flowers, with a deep carnation heart, that have opened their crumpled white frail blossoms to fall to-night and scatter the lawn before they have

time to fade. To-morrow and to-morrow a fresh troop will appear from the pretty bag-like buds with their long pouting lips, and bloom and fall in a day.

We have been bemoaning the breakage of the mowing-machine, but we are not sorry this morning as we look at that holiday carpet of bright yellow bird's-foot trefoil with the little red buds, and the sweet heads of the pink clover in among dark purple patches of self-heal, all flecked with the sunlight. The air hangs heavy as we sit under the walnut-tree and keep Jubilee with strawberries and cream, but when evening falls the air is cool and fresh, off we start in the donkey-cart across the straight marsh road between the streams to watch beacon-fires from the hill with its one strong oak, which is the highest point in our home-landscape. The night air is sweet with "the beaflower's boon," and the new-mown hay lies piled in heaps on either side of the road, away behind the willows—

"Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths, the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms.
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone,
And, on the pure horizon far,
See pulsing with the first-born star
The liquid sky above the hill,
The evening comes, the field is still."

On we jog, past the weird silver shine of the willows, so like those amongst which the child in the ballad saw Erlikönig's daughter crouching in the dim shadow. As we pass the village at the foot of the hill we find the aged, and the babies who are too young to climb and watch the sparks, assembled to see the distant glow and feel to the full this bit of history that has come so near to their own tiny village. It is hard to recognise faces under the tree at the summit, for they are all distorted into queer Alpine outlines in the lurid glow. We turn to look at the wide prospect dotted everywhere with bonfires and beacons, seventy-five in all, though it is not everyone who has patience to count them through. We watch them leaping up in the darkness and think of the hearts all over the English world warm with love of their country. One man takes a trumpet and plays the well-known tune, and all of us are glad of the friendly dusk as we shout out our enthusiasm for the Queen with voices, some of them unmelodious, but all of them in earnest. The bonfire is nearly out now, and the great eager flowers of sparks that flamed and died and flamed again, more briefly even than our cestus of the morning, are all scattered on the night air. It is time to clamber down the hill and go home to bed.

Many bright summer pictures pass before my mind as I sit here in the first chill days of September. How pleasant is the unusual sound of the scythe in the early morning as the grass falls in lines on the lawn among the beds of great pink and red peonies, and the scent of syringa and rose makes the air sweet around. The big purple feather hyacinths are toppling over with the weight of their soft rich plumes and touch the leaves of that luxurious York and Lancaster rose. The sweet-williams, with their "homely cottage smell," are very handsome this year, and make a gay hedge of every shade of fretted pink and faded carnation in that long bed, whose pride is the bush covered with Etruscan damask roses.

Out in the lanes the summer fashions have begun. One day we take a long drive to the borders of Dorset to see the old farm among

the hills, where Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived just a hundred years ago, and where they first knew Coleridge. The country changes after we leave Crewkerne, and the hedges are taller and wilder and the lanes deeper than at home. The dogwood, with its delicate white heads of flower, is out in crisp freshness, and every now and again the far lovelier water-elder glorifies the hedge with its snow-white flowers; each cluster looks up to the sun with the little blossoms in the middle and the large separate ones round the edge. The tall fog-gloves are not all over, and they grow wild here and nod from the great hedges as we drive past Blackdon Church and near our journey's end. We seem breathing "an ampler ether, a diviner air," as we look round on the rare beauty of the great circle of hills—Lewisden, Pillesden, Golden Cap, Lambart's Castle and Gregg—among which lies the old farm with its quiet, unaltered rooms and the delicate plaster-work of its last century ceilings.

After our kind hosts had given us tea out of the old buff-coloured granite china, we climb the hill and try to catch a glimpse of the distant sea in a break of the hills. A peewit circles over our heads with its pathetic human cry, as we hold in our hand its downy baby with large frightened eyes, whom it had left a moment on the bare ground. We soon restore it to the mother and wander on over the thymy ground trying to learn by heart the great picture of this amphitheatre of the hills.

No wonder this year's crop of corn has been so unique, when we remember the lavish gift of sun that has shone upon us. In no other June for many a year have the roadsides been so gay. There is a hillside between Clevedon and Failand where the flowers seemed to be having a party of their own as we plodded up the hill one bright June day. Climbing everywhere are the bright yellow blossoms of the yellow bedstraw, making a sweet gossamer web of little yellow spots, like the hundreds and thousands that children love. The scabious is rich with soft lilac pin-cushions full of fairies' pins; the blue chicory is all over that bank in front of the old farm-house, and makes room in between for the feathery heads of greater knap-weed in gay pink, and the wide soft silky mallows who are the most richly dressed, perhaps, of all in this gay garden-party of the flowers.

July passes by and we wander in the heat by the canal where you can hardly see the water for the great flowering rush that nearly fills the bed and looks so green and cool with its huge pink sentinel head of flowers. It is very rarely indeed that that pink "houtomos"—as Homer called it, because the sharp spikes cut the tongues of the oxen—grows in such lavish profusion: Soon the villagers will cut it down, but now we can still bring home sheaves of the large pink blossoms with their touch of dark brown in the centre, and fill with it our tallest, clearest vases. In early records of these parts, in the days of the Edwards, rush-beds are enumerated among the possessions of the early owners. These late descendants take kindly to their ready bed by whose side the bank is waving with high grass rich with "blond meadowsweet," and purple loose strife interspersed with saffron spikes of agrimony. The luxuriant white flowers of the wild carrot with their dark red centres and lovely green branching setting climb up the high bank and add to the dreamy wealth of nodding grasses and blossoms, over which the butterflies flit and the clouds move slowly in the deep blue.

The month wanes, and a windy day comes with hurried masses of bright-edged blue-grey

clouds in busy progress over the heavens. The air is warm, but there are many swells and ruffings in the clear river as I rest on the old stone bridge half-way to Ilminster. How cool those tufts of comfrey look, hanging out their white and lilac bells with the curious sad stain on the petals, over the thick dark leaves from which they sprout. I should dearly like to find the "spotted comfrey or cowslip of Jerusalem" of which old Parkinson speaks, but "of that I told," he says, "in my former booke," and how can one house hope even to contain more than one of the delightful works of the communicative gardener of the seventeenth century? The water under the bridge flows on so silently, just as it did when the old coaches thundered over it long ago in eager rivalry. A noble old woman of more than eighty summers told me, the other day, with sparkling eyes looking more at the past than at me across the basin of peas she was shelling, about the old days before the canal was dug, when there were only two houses in the lower village and the common was not enclosed. Her father kept geese on the common and no doubt turned many an honest penny by means of it. When she was a maid she had to run out and stop the great coach as it thundered past and sell some of the geese to the coachman. How well she remembered hearing how one day two rival coaches would neither let the other pass, and dashed along for a mile abreast at a head-long pace, the gay ladies on the top shouting with laughter though in imminent danger of an overturn. The two cottages sent out their inmates to watch the race, and for once the geese were forgotten. No doubt as the winning coach rolled over the bridge where we are resting, there were merry shouts of triumph, but those gay folk are scattered long ago, and the highway is nearly turned to a by-way.

The last day of July is come. It is early yet and the morning mist lies on the garden in little puffs of down, indeed, as Keats fancifully says the—

"Finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sodding of the morn."

As the sun mounts in a blue sky the air grows warm. Those yellow-and-white water-lilies under the bridge beyond that red cottage look very cool as we bicycle past them on our way to visit a lovely old stone manor-house. There is already a threat of autumn in the bright red berries of the arum peeping from the ditches, but the elderberries are still quite green, and the young oak leafage is still fresh enough to recall the spring. The red in the oak-leaves is as lovely still as when Chaucer noted the

"Branches broad
That sprongen out ayen the sunne
shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light
grene."

The large pink patches of rest-harrow with its woody little stems which do not speed the plough, look very gay against the strips of camomile daisy which grow wherever the turf has

been taken up. When we bend into the by-lane, we find the darker pink of the red barzia in among the sweet spikes of the yellow agrimony. Another lovely pink flower is the wood-betony; it is very common about here, and the vivid blossoms peeping from the soft leaves are so much brighter than most of the dead-nettle tribe that they are worth learning, though not quite easy at first to distinguish from wound-wort or stachys. Hampered as we are by town ignorance, these hedge-row friends are too dear not to deserve at least an effort to find their Christian names. We get farther and farther from frequented paths as we pass that cottage which is edged all along with white and pink garden mallows in a gay fringe. The road bends and brings us near a great withy field deep in summer green. The old stone bridge over the river gives us a peep of a deep bay of true bulrushes. Their swaying green forms and black plumes, the moist dark hair waving in the sea seems to us an embodiment of the water-spirit. Beyond them stretches a high bank, all motley with wild mallow, with its darker veins in the transparent pink, and great masses of wild parsnip, with its graceful leaves and soft-spreading yellow flowers, "red loose strife and blond meadow-sweet among." One more turn and we have reached the old stone gables of the midwater homestead, once a court where generations of a good old county stock lived out contentedly their quiet lives. How gay the roses are in the half quadrangle that faces the road. The kind inmates allow us to step into the cool panelled hall, where we admire the richly-wrought iron fire-back with the ducal crown, and look at the dark oil picture over the fire-place, let into the panel and stained with age, but still distinguishable as a hunting-piece of some reckless Nimrod of the past, who would hunt on Sunday while the devil showed him the way as he sat horned and hoofed in a tree hard by. But step with me through the low stone door into the rare old red-walled garden beyond. What a presence there is of Sir Roger de Coverley under that ancient speckled holly with all the stiffness vanished owing to the unpruned luxuriance of years. The young tufts grow straight upwards, quite pale lemon-white, with spots of red in the centre, out of the sloping green branches. It is a lovely tree, and our hostess tells us it makes sad work when the gales come and toss the branches about. On this still day—for the breeze has fallen—there is nothing to disturb those downy yellow-and-black guinea-fowl chicks nestling in the old pail tilted against a graceful tall stone column with a ball at the top, which is covered with roses. There are other columns further on, part of some stately colonnade of the past, but the garden can never have looked lovelier than it does to-day when random nature has decked it out, and not some gardener with ruthless scissors and broom.

We peep into the cool dairy, with its great pans of sweet milk. It was once the kitchen where, no doubt, madam was once not too fine to superintend the brewing and baking that went on in the huge brewing corner and the immense bread-oven that are pointed out

to us. The library and drawing-room are low-ceiled and simple, but how pretty with their painted panels and corner-cupboards delicately gilded and ornamented with the family arms. No doubt its shelves were fragrant once with pot-pourri stored in old china, perhaps like Mrs. Tulliver's that her sisters found fault with "cause o' the small good sprig all over them, between the flowers." We think of the awed words spoken, perhaps, those long years ago when news was brought of the snowy day in January and the deep groan that passed through the crowd when the king's head fell on the block. History and dates seem strangely real as we stand in these old rooms, reverently kept indeed, but dwell in no longer by the kinship who lived there in the past. The old house was alienated once for conscience sake, but the times changed and the old owner returned. We linger near the plum trees in the garden, and peep through the tall stone gate at the disused bowling-alley beyond, and think of the fair faces and old love-stories of the past. No doubt there was gay laughter here and sorrow too in this Cupid's alley of long ago.

"It may be one will dance to-day,
And dance no more to-morrow;
It may be one will steal away
And nurse a life-long sorrow.
What then? The rest advance, evade,
Unite, disport and dally,
Re-set, coquet and gallopade,
Not less in 'Cupid's Alley.'"

No one seems to suit the low-ceiled rooms like Mackenzie's "Country Dowager." Do you remember that last century word-picture? "She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward," her beautiful, her brave, "fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red-and-white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it . . . Methinks I see her seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow, for a pause of explanation, their shagreen case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible. On one side her bell and snuff-box, on the other her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's . . . I could draw the old lady at this moment—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window, scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there many a day,' said she; 'and we old inhabitants should bear with one another.'"

With this quiet old picture we may say good-bye to the old manor-house and our pleasant summer memories.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers."

It is certainly in this bustling age of ours a far less remarkable thing to have travelled over many lands, and through many seas, than it used to be in the days of our grandmothers. So that no doubt an increased number of the girls who took THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, when first this excellent periodical started on

its career (and I shudder to think how long ago that must be, since I have been a subscriber from the very commencement) are either obliged to travel from choice, or encouraged to do so from inclination.

Our grandmothers. Why, the very name brings back the thought of slim domestic girls

in country gardens, busy with their *potpourri*, or their lavender bags, and content with their quiet reading of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the numberless stories of Miss Edgeworth, beginning with her *Purple Jar*. The very thought of crossing the channel was repugnant to the minds of our mothers' mothers, and

the preparations for a journey to London exceed tenfold the preparations that we should think necessary for a voyage to Japan.

A few days' parting from home was heralded by several tears and many farewells. Whereas now we shake hands calmly with our nearest relations and receive their good wishes that we may be not too cold in Siberia nor roasted to death in Ran-noon, with as much *sangfroid* as though we were going to the nearest town to do some shopping.

But, since so many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are probably compelled more from necessity than choice, to go down to the sea in ships, perhaps a few hints from one who has travelled a good deal may not be unwelcome.

We may either be following the drum in Hong Kong or India, or intending to spend a pleasant six weeks in Malta with some friends, in the height of the season.

At any rate our preparation will be the same. And we shall have equally as much to think of, if we are going out unattached, or as the wife of one of the soldiers of the queen.

To begin at the beginning, since it is always as well to do things thoroughly, we will suppose that we are going to Bombay, which is a voyage of some three weeks, and that we have not had much time to prepare for the intended journey.

I must not touch upon the outfit requisite for such a journey. For, an article concerning a foreign outfit must of necessity occupy some pages, to be attempted in at all a thorough manner.

But we will begin with our packing, supposing that we have procured everything necessary. And believe me that packing tactfully needs more forethought for a voyage than most people imagine.

To begin with, the less luggage that we have in our cabin, so much the better for our own comfort and that of our fellow-travellers.

And since the greater part of our boxes must go down the hold, it is necessary to select a good low box for our cabin trunk, suitable for slipping under our berth.

The remainder of our trunks and boxes must be labelled carefully, and bestowed in the hold. And here again forethought is necessary, for on a long voyage the captain arranges that his passengers may have a chance, once a week, of getting anything from the lower recesses of the ship that they may require. And the necessary baggage is hauled up from the hold, and placed on the deck at the passengers' disposal.

Therefore, in labelling them, it is advisable to procure labels printed clearly in colours, "Not wanted on the voyage," and again, "Wanted on the voyage." And in the "Wanted on the voyage" pack everything that your wildest imagination may conceive of your being likely to require, such as extra linen, towels, cool dresses or medicines.

In your cabin trunk you must place three changes of linen, thin and thick. Two pair of shoes, one pair of boots, plenty of warm stockings, and also thin ones for going on shore at the various ports. A hot bottle, a thin serge skirt, with plenty of clean shirts and smart ties. A large number of handkerchiefs and a smart hat.

You must take with you plenty of warm wraps. A driving coat, golf cape, sealskin, or whatever you may possess in the shape of out-door garments. For even in the height of summer the Channel and the Bay of Biscay are cold enough to freeze one to the bone. And a hot bottle is often a comfortable possession at night in one's bunk.

A warm travelling rug or a thick shawl is almost a necessity for the first part of the voyage. For the early mornings on deck and the evenings are always chilly. And of course a roomy deck chair, that can be procured for about three shillings, is a necessity. As is also a cushion for one's head.

The thin serge skirt will probably be cool enough for landing in, even if the weather be tropical. But if expedient, it is preferable to provide yourself with a pretty white drill gown, or cotton, for going on shore. For the habit of too many English ladies is to land, say at Malta, in the most slovenly attire. So that for the honour of our native country, as well as for our own gratification, it would be as well if the intending traveller were to land at Gibraltar and Malta, at least, where the garrisons are large and critical, smartly gowned. A waterproof holdall, for barging on the cabin wall, is a necessity. In it you will place sponge and tooth-brush, brush and comb, hair nets, hair-pins, and pins.

And in the pockets you will be able to place all your trinkets and your veil and gloves when you retire for the night. But your money should be slung round your neck in a small canvas bag made for the purpose. As to the drugs that are expedient for you to purchase for the voyage they had better be few in number, and carefully chosen.

A bottle of chlorodyne and a phial of Carter's little liver pills are all that you will require. And above all do not forget a plentiful supply of lemons in case of sickness. For very often the supply on board ship is limited.

Avoid every remedy for sea-sickness as you would the plague. They are worse than useless, and are often most injurious. And also be quite certain that you take no stimulant of any sort as a preventive.

Spirits or wine make the sufferer infinitely worse during sickness. But as a tonic, when recovering, or if the sickness is really alarming, a glass of G. V. champagne will often give great relief, sipped with a little ice.

And as the best champagne is extremely costly, and bad champagne is worse than useless, this fact will act as a good deterrent to anyone who might by chance be tempted to exceed the dose.

A large number of people fly to the aid of brandy or whiskey, thinking that is stimulant they will find a remedy for the terrible suffering of sea-sickness. But if you will believe in the advice of one who has tried everything under the sun, nothing but patience has any effect upon the disease.

If the traveller is a bad sailor, it is an excellent thing for her to lie quietly down in her berth directly the vessel weighs her anchor, and in a recumbent position, grow accustomed to the strange movement of the ship, and the noise of the engines.

And above all, make up your mind to come on deck every day, however ill you feel, and make up your mind that whatever your suffering may be it is a matter entirely of the nerves, and that it can be conquered. Was anyone ever sick in a shipwreck or a fire at sea?

So make up your mind, oh traveller whom I have escorted to the quay and even on board of the east going ship, that you will be ill for a few hours, and then oblige yourself to resume the daily life of the ship, merely avoiding cold baths and unwholesome food, and confining your drinks to lemon squashes, and iced soda water.

Then, on board ship, as in every condition of life, unselfishness comes into hourly play. You will probably have one or two ladies in

your cabin, and you must remember that an unselfish woman always considers the wants and wishes of other people before her own.

If your companion is not ill, you must disguise your sufferings as far as possible. And if she be a worse sailor than yourself, there are so many ways in which you may help her.

Lend her your smelling-salts, or bathe her temples with Eau-de-Cologne, or see that her arrowroot is tempting, and if the stewardess has no time to feed her with it, take the cup yourself, and give the contents to her by spoonfuls.

Then when she can come on deck, muffle her in a shawl, and lend her your own close-fitting little cap that you have used for your own sick days, and coax her up on deck.

Nothing brings out the good and bad side of a woman so plainly as travelling by sea.

For nothing gives a greater scope for unselfishness to have play. It is possible for the companion of one's cabin to make herself so unpleasant that the voyage becomes almost unbearable. Or on the other hand, friendships have been formed by the intimate association of life in a passenger steamer, that have never been broken while life may last.

And above all, if there be children on board ship, never complain of the noise they make, or frame cutting remarks that are calculated to hurt the sensibilities of their mothers and guardians.

Life on board ship is not easy for anyone, least of all for a small child, who is deprived of nursery and toys at one fell swoop.

And I have seen many a girl win the praise and thanks of the captain and officers of the ship as well as from the passengers, by forming a little fairy story party in the afternoon, and attracting all the children on deck around her, and by that means keeping the crowd of small souls merry and quiet for an hour or two, during which time the fractious Indian official with the liver, and the bilious lady with the affection of the heart, could have their afternoon nap on deck in peace, and when the lovers could play their game of deck quoits, or have their talk by the bridge in safety, without being in momentary dread of the appearance of a child with a buttery mouth, and a design upon their peace of mind.

And so the voyage with its amusements and its dreariness slips away, and we are landing in India almost before we realise that the hardships of the Bay are over, and the blinding heat of the Red Sea is a thing of the past.

And if this short talk of mine has conveyed any helpful suggestions to any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who is about to brave the perils of the deep, I shall feel more than thankful. For perhaps I shall have helped to make an ocean voyage more agreeable by suggesting this little haven of unselfishness than it otherwise might have been.

For a ship is a good emblem of the world, laden as it is with souls full of various aims and different virtues, and alas, different vices.

And just as we see the companion of our cabin, at her very worst, with dishevelled hair and lack-lustre eyes in the morning, so does every man, woman, and child shut up in the small compass of one of our passenger steamers, see us day by day, stripped of every pretence, since we have to live our lives in public, from sunrise to sunset. And therefore, may God help us to live as Christians and to show by our lives what we believe in our hearts, even during these few weeks spent at sea.

Unselfish, even in the trials of sea-sickness, which, if it be not profane to say so, trieth the very reins and heart.



TO THE IDEAL.

By E. NESBIT.



O you, dear lady of my every thought,
My dreams, like white-winged homing pigeons fly,
And, 'mid the pleasure by your presence wrought,
They build their nest in glad security.

Nor dare I grieve because not yet I come
Myself to that sweet garden where the hours
Bring ever to your path new sheaves of flowers—
Not yet may make that heart of yours my home.

For though I may not look upon your face,
Nor in your garden gather bud or leaf,
My dreams live in a happy holy place,
And from their haven sanctify my grief.

How could I make the toilsome pilgrimage
With fluttering dreams imprisoned in my breast?
But they have won a goodly heritage,
And the long road will lead me to their nest!



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IX.

ON GLORIFYING GOD IN DAILY LIFE.

"Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31).

WHEN we met a month ago, I think I told you that the mind of one of my dear girl correspondents was much exercised by the text I have just quoted. She was anxious that one of our talks should be on this subject, that we might help each other to understand it. Probably you remember her words—"It seems by that verse we must not do anything unless we glorify God by it."

The question had suggested itself, "How can I possibly do this at a place of amusement, or at a dance, for instance?"

We are all apt to attach too much importance to what we consider the great things of life, and we often value too lightly the constant opportunities afforded us by our simplest daily duties. It is these lesser matters, pertaining to every-day life, which enable us to show Whose we are and Whom we serve.

Those who have just begun to love Christ and love to prove their love by service, almost always look around for some great thing that they may do, or some sacrifice that they may make. They cannot at once realise that it needs as constant prayer, effort and self-denial, to live the Christ-life, bit by bit, in the sanctuary of home and the narrow circle of daily life, as it does to give largely to labour in the mission field, or to work amongst squalor and poverty in the slums.

At home, the daughters of a family generally perform their duties in comparative privacy. There are few to see, and, at best, few to praise. What is done with much painstaking and an honest desire to please, is often taken as a matter of course, though any omission of duty, or work carelessly done, is, naturally and properly, noticed, and the

defaulter called to account. Sometimes we older people are not so ready to note what calls for words of praise and encouragement, as we are to find fault. I have often felt that in dealing with the young it has been good for me to sit quietly down and try to recall my own girlish days, with the many faults pertaining to them, in order that I might deal more kindly and justly with those of others. But this is going aside from our special subject—how "to do all to the glory of God."

Now, my dear girls, I want you to commit three sentences to memory. They contain very few words, so they will be the more easily borne in mind.

The Soldiers of Christ are always on duty.

The Servants of Christ work, always, in the presence of their Master.

The Children of God are never out of their Father's sight.

If these great truths are impressed on our memories we shall feel the importance of every word and work of ours, as tending either to the glory of God and our own progress in all that is best, or the opposite.

We shall realise that it is not by waiting for the chance of doing some great service, forgiving a great wrong, or making one great sacrifice, but by availing ourselves of the little ever-present opportunities of daily life that we do all to the glory of God.

The spirit in which we do a thing is as important as the act itself.

In regard to our daily work, whatever that may be, we shall throw our hearts into it, doing with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do. We shall not shirk a plain duty because it happens to be an unpleasant one, neither shall we do what we know to be the right thing in a wrong way.

I am sure you will all understand how easy it is to do this if we have not in us "the mind that was in Christ." We may obey a command, because we dare not do otherwise. We

may outwardly conform and inwardly rebel. We may do just as much as self-interest impels us to do, but not the best of which we are capable.

We may render forced service with a look and manner which make the receiving of it a burden to the one who is dependent on our help.

We may use hard, harsh words to those younger than ourselves, with the result that the sensitive little ones are sorely wounded, and the sturdy offenders rendered obstinate or defiant.

Moved by the spirit of our Master, self will be forgotten. Service will be gladly and cheerfully rendered, and loving words of sympathy will go with it.

We shall look upon all work as for God, and realising that all good things come to us from Him, we shall give our very best in return, even under the most trying circumstances. The memory of our Master's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," will come into our minds and cheer us on, though the work may be trying, or the daily path strewn with difficulties.

So in the spirit of your Master, you, my dear girl-friends, will act towards those younger children of the household or the schoolroom over whom you are set in authority by years or position. In dealing with little rebels you will call to mind how Christ's tender words, "Come unto Me," fell upon your ears, when you were miserable under a sense of wrong-doing. You will not be able to use the harsh, scolding words and threats, or the sharp blow which often comes first of all. The memory of God's great love to you, His oft-times disobedient child, will render such means of conquering little rebels quite impossible in your eyes.

It is wonderful what a loving touch will do! Reproof may be absolutely necessary, but if a kind arm is passed round the offender and



words of blame are gently uttered, such outward signs will show that it is no pleasure to the speaker to have to find fault or to punish.

I do not mean to say that all children will prove amenable to kindness, but it is consistent with the spirit that was in Christ, to follow His example and use loving methods first of all.

We must remember, dear girls, that the mere doing what is right, in the right spirit, "As unto the Lord," is for His glory whatever the result may be.

By speaking about our daily work and duties first of all, I have perhaps disappointed that one amongst you whose inquiry referred to places of amusement and gay social gatherings. I have always felt that I should like to have a talk with you about games, beginning with fireside ones, and amusements of various kinds, public and private. At the same time I cannot, and I would not if I could, lay down any hard-and-fast rule about these things.

The opinions of really good and earnest Christians differ very widely on this subject. Parents have a right to permit or forbid your joining in amusements which may be innocent in themselves, but unsuitable to your position or likely to interfere with more important occupations. No girl who desires to act in the spirit of her Divine Teacher and example, will ever act in open opposition to the wishes of her parents, or indulge by stealth, either in society, amusements, or the reading of books to which they have expressed their objection. Nay, more. The Christian girl will study the spirit of a parent's teaching as well as his direct commands. Conscience is a good guide—an infallible one when it whispers a reproof or a caution. Few will make a mistake in refraining from a thing when conscience suggests even a doubt as to its expediency, to say nothing as to the absolute, right or wrong of it.

Doubtless it seems comparatively easy to work for God's glory, but very difficult to carry the Spirit of Christ into every place. To rejoice in the sense of His presence even in our hours of social gaiety, as well as in our graver pursuits. We are apt to think that we want help in our work, but not when we play.

It is many years since I came to the conclusion that we most need Divine help when we are the least conscious of the want.

I wonder how many of us, if sitting down to a game at chess, or draughts, or any other fireside game, have thought of lifting up our hearts to God in a petition for a right temper in the doing of it.

I believe we may do such a simple thing as this to the glory of God, or we may disgrace our Christian profession over the doing of it. We consider a fireside game as something outside the track of duty to God and our neighbour. But is it?

Look back for a moment, dear girls, and ask yourselves a few plain questions.

Have you never seen people get angry and show all sorts of evil tempers over a game?

To come nearer home. Have you never lost your temper when your opponent has won repeatedly?

Can you refrain, not only from showing annoyance, but from feeling it when you are on the losing side?

Or, if you are successful, can you conquer the inclination to exult in your good fortune, and by so doing take a little from the disappointment of your opponent?

It is the people who are thoroughly in earnest, in everything, who find it hardest to join in a game without showing over-anxiety about winning it, and are most trying for others to encounter.

How well I remember on many occasions watching two friends playing at bagatelle in

my own home. They were equally in earnest in doing their best, but one could lose and rejoice at his opponent's success. The other became irritable if by chance he failed repeatedly, and would throw down his cue and discontinue the game, showing anything but a Christian temper. This happened one day to the real distress of the successful player. He looked sorrowfully after his friend who had made a too hasty departure, and said with a sigh—

"He is so fond of the game that I cannot refuse to play with him, but I always dread winning, because I know how ill-success annoys him. To-day I should have been delighted to lose every game; but I simply could not, and I must be honest and do my best even in play."

A dear old clergyman who used to drop in for a game at chess, draughts or bagatelle, after a hard day's work, used to charm us all by the sweetness of his manner and the pleasure he took in the contest. It was delightful to watch his face when his opponent made a good move or stroke, and he was ready alike to commend it, and announce his intention to beat it if possible. Whether a winner or loser, he left off the game with a smile and a word of thanks to his opponent for having given him pleasure by joining in it.

"I go back refreshed to my work after these little relaxations," he would say, "and perhaps all the more so if I carry away the memory of a reasonable share of success."

Such a spirit, and the sight of that happy old face seemed to sanctify the memory of every visit.

When I was a girl I laid down two rules with regard to fireside games. First, that I would never join in one in which money was staked, even if it were but a halfpenny; secondly, that if I lost my temper over a game I would discontinue playing it for a time, or if needful, give it up altogether.

I have found these rules a great safeguard, and I am sure if we find any amusement, whether at home or abroad, exercising an injurious influence over us, it is best to give it up at any cost of self-denial.

A gentleman once told me that when he was a youth and learning a mechanical trade in some large works, it was a custom with him and others of similar age to spend every spare moment in playing a card game. There was no gambling, or the semblance of it, but it became dangerously absorbing to the players. "We could think of nothing else," he said. "At the dinner-hour we could scarcely give ourselves time for the meal, and often ate and played simultaneously. Happily for me, I was brought under Christian influences and led to look upon many things in a different light from what I had done before. Amongst others, I realised the sin and folly of being in bondage to a game. I gave it up at once and never played again."

We all have to judge for ourselves to a great extent as to the expediency of joining in certain amusements, by the effect they have upon us at the time, and the way in which they influence our home-life.

My dear girl-correspondent, in alluding to two kinds of amusement which she greatly enjoys, writes, "If I could really see that they were unfitting a Christian, I would give them both up."

To her, and to all of you, I say, "Ask yourselves how you feel after the entertainment, or the gay, social evening is over. Has it given you a distaste for the quiet atmosphere of home? Are your plain duties more irksome to you? Do you long for frequent indulgences of the kind and feel inclined to be discontented, if your companions have a larger share than you have."

Temperaments differ so widely. One girl can go to a place of amusement, enjoy it

thoroughly and retain a pleasant memory of all she saw and heard, yet feel perfectly contented if a long time elapses before she has a similar treat. In another, the one indulgence excites a craving for more, and she is constantly seeking excitement and longing to be anywhere rather than at home. Whatever amusement produces such an effect should be given up altogether. There will be no safety in half measures. As I said, when we were talking about the influence of books, you can soon tell whether any kind or place of amusement is likely to lead your thoughts in a right direction or otherwise. Think the matter over, ask God's guidance and act accordingly. Only you may be sure of this. If you feel that you cannot take with you to any place the spirit of the Master you profess to serve, or like to think that you are in His sight, you cannot go there either with safety or comfort to yourself. You will not be happy at the time, and your memories will yield you no satisfaction.

Do not imagine, however, that even in a gay social gathering you can have no opportunity of doing many things to the glory of God.

It is often very hard to fight against an envious spirit, if others are repeatedly preferred before you. It is not easy to be contented with and thankful for such things as you have, when conscious that your simple dress, which has often done duty before, contrasts so strongly with the fresh and costly one worn by an old schoolfellow.

It calls for much of the spirit of Christ, for you to sit in some quiet corner, apparently overlooked for the time, and yet to feel no loneliness but to set aside the thought that you are slighted, because, in your large-hearted love for your neighbour, you rejoice in witnessing her enjoyment.

If you are the girl who is receiving an extra share of attention because of your social position, your rich attire or, it may be, the God-given beauty which attracts admiration, you may win gratitude by withdrawing yourself from it a little, and taking your seat by the old schoolfellow in her well-worn dress in the quiet corner. You may show her that old friendship is not forgotten, that you know and love what that simple dress cannot conceal or a costly one enhance—the beautiful mind within. You may divert some of the attention from yourself to your friend, without patronising her, but by showing your own affection and esteem for her in the sight of all around.

In short, you may find joy in the joy of others. Link self in the effort to gladden the heart of your neighbour, and return home the happier for every effort in this direction. Even in the very matter of eating and drinking, it is not only possible but easy to bear out the spirit of our motto-text to-night.

Who has not seen the eagerness displayed at social gatherings, by guests of all ages, to secure the first places at the tables and a large share of the choicest viands?

Our Lord Himself, in speaking of invited guests, "marked how they chose out the chief or uppermost rooms at feasts." He bade His hearers learn a lesson of self-denial and humility, and practise it even at a festive gathering, adding, "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

What need be added to such plain teaching as this?

I will only say to you, my dear girl-friends, that as Christ never gave a command which it was impossible for us to obey, with the help of the Holy Spirit, the more we think of it the more fully we must be convinced that it is possible for you and me, "Whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God."

(To be continued.)

SWEET WILLIAM.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.

CHAPTER II.



EG, I'd like to be errand boy to the greengrocer. Let me?"

"Willy," said Meg, drawing him to the sofa, with the tears starting in her soft eyes, "you're not to think of anything Mrs. Moreton has just said. She is a dreadful, wicked woman, who does not love us because we are poor. And she knows we are all alone in the world."

"Yes, dear, that 'ow it is. She be a bad 'un just—she's a reg'lar old vixen!" said the girl, who had lagged behind, wiping her eyes on her apron. "It's the worst place as I've been in. It's somethink shocking the way she carries on, an' stints the estables, an' I wouldn't stop in the 'ouse another minit," but for you, my dears. I know as 'ow she can't do just as she'd like wi' you when Sarah Ellen's ther'. Ther's two of us to play at that game, and I've got a temper, too, as bad as 'ers, ev'ry bit of it. I wouldn't like to say as 'ow I wouldn't"—Sarah made a pass with her fingers across her throat—"when I gets desp'rate. Yes, miss, sick."

"It's very good of you to trouble about us, Sarah. But we shouldn't like you to get turned away on our account."

"Oh, no, miss, she'll not turn me away. Gen'ral like me ain't picked up in a minit', as can scrub an' wash an' cook, and all for half-a-crown a week. No, miss, she knows when she's got a good 'un. An' the market's very bad just now. Ther' ain't no decent girls to be 'ad for love or money. Besides, when she ain't rowin', she says as 'ow I'm worth my weight in gold. But I must be goin' else she'll be up 'ere agen after me. But don't go mindin' anything she says, Miss Meg. She's a hard sort as ain't got no feelin's, an' it's just Sarah Ellen as'll look after you, dears, an' keep the old dragon off 'im."

"Thank you, Sarah," murmured Meg gratefully. Betty's impulsiveness completely carried her out of herself, and she finished up with giving the lodging-house drudge a tremendous hug.

"She's a gem," said Betty, as the girl clattered away downstairs. "And now, Meg dear, you'd better get off with your picture while there is any light left. I'll look after Willy."

Meg was soon ready to start out.

"Good luck," said Betty, "and we'll have tea ready by you get back."

They watched her go along the street and turn the corner.

"Dear old Meg. I do hope she'll get a lot for it," said Betty, moving away from the window and busying herself with cups and saucers. Sarah had brought up the kettle and put it on the fire, which was now burning up beautifully. Willy was warming his hands and watching the little playful flames with his great thoughtful eyes.

"Bet," he said suddenly, "aren't I ill enough to die?"

Betty nearly dropped the teapot she was lifting from the cupboard. Then she broke into a little laugh.

"Oh, Willy, what nonsense you are talking. You die? Why we couldn't spare you, even if you were ill enough." He came over to the sofa and the girl sat down beside him. "And so, Willy," she said, "Meg has gone to sell her picture. And then we are going to send you right away from here—from black houses and dirty streets and wicked people, to where you will soon get well and strong. It is lovely in the country. I went once with mother, when I was a very little girl. But I remember it all so well. The sky was bluer there, and the sun didn't make your head ache or scorch you like it does here. And whichever way you turned you saw nothing but fields and trees and flowers. I recollect we had tea at a little cottage in a sweet-smelling flower-garden. I can see the wicket gate, where we went in, and the sun shining on the funny, flagged path and the hens clucking over the porch. There were rows and rows of cabbages and green lettuces and goosberry trees. And musk grew wild all about the door, and roses hung off the walls. I had new milk and sweet oatmeal cakes and eggs, fresh eggs for tea, and home-made strawberry jam. I never forget that tea. I haven't had one like it since. And when we came away the woman there gave me a big bunch of roses to bring home. But they seemed to droop as soon as we got into London, and they died after a few days, though I tried to keep them alive. I believe I cried when they died. I was so fond of them."

"Shall I go there?"

"Well, not to that place or that cottage. But where you are going, you will be well looked after and loved, Willy. She was mother's nurse, and she will take you to her heart because of her."

"When shall I go?"

"As soon as Meg sells her picture."

"To-night?"

"Well, no—not quite so soon. Perhaps to-morrow—or next day."

A fit of coughing took hold of the little fellow. When it was over he lay back in Betty's arms completely exhausted.

"Shall I have any pain there?"

"No, darling. You will leave all that behind you. Scarcroft air will soon blow the roses into your cheeks, and all those aches and pains out of your poor little body. Emma will nurse you well."

"What will you and Meg do?"

Betty shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, we shall just jog along in the old way. Perhaps someday we might make a little extra money and come over for a day and see you."

"And I could meet you," he said with a feeble smile.

"Yes, Willy, think of that. And we shall hardly know you. You will have grown into such a healthy boy."

And then he sank into a kind of torpid state, and lay like that, with a quiet sickly smile hovering round his mouth, until Meg came home. But his dull ears caught the sound of her footsteps coming up the creaking stairs. He rose to his feet and staggered to meet her.

"Meg—the picture—I can go, can't I?"

The door opened and the girl came in. Betty saw at a glance things had not been successful. Meg sank into a chair and groaned.

"Hush, Willy darling. Don't bother Meg. She is tired."

The girl tried to speak.

"Never mind just now, dear," whispered Betty, and the girl's head fell back again on her hands. "And Willy is going to lie down a bit," she said gently, as she led him back to the sofa. "There's a brave boy. Meg is so tired—she works too hard. When she is rested we will have tea. But you—your won't ask any questions to-night, will you, Willy?"

"Poor Meg—no," he said, as he tucked his hand beneath his head and lay down. "And she mustn't mind about me, you know. I'm a lot better, aren't I, Bet?"

Betty checked a tear and stroked the little head lovingly.

"Yes, dear," she said, with a big effort, avoiding Meg's appealing eyes, and the boy was satisfied.

That night after Willy was in bed the girls sat in the window talking. The lamp opposite threw a sickly glare over the dark room. Below in the street, the lights blared out from the shop windows on to the crowds of coarse men and women moving up and down. The thoroughfare was busy to-night. Cabs rolled to and fro to the theatres, costers with their barrows of cheap fruit bawled and shouted with the butcher at the Australian meat shop, now and then a landau drove by with its elegant occupants lounging languidly back against the cushions and looking with disgust on the poorer quarters; while a few ragged children danced with wonderful agility to the strains of a hurdy-gurdy.

Meg watched them with her hands folded idly in her lap and her sweet sorrowful eyes wet with recent tears.

"Yes, that was what he said. It was of no use to him; the subject was uninteresting and the general treatment of it was not good. He said people didn't care to buy pictures of sickly boys' faces. I couldn't keep back my tears, and I think he noticed them. His tone seemed softer when he spoke to me again. He let me leave it a day or two, and he would do the best he could for me. I might look in again."

"Poor old girl," said Betty, with her head nestled up against Meg's shoulder. "Well, never mind, dear. I'm going for my seventeen shillings to-night, and we shall be able to scratch along another day or two." She jumped up briskly and began to fasten on her saucy little cap. "Oh, don't despair yet, Meg. Who knows what fickle fortune may do for us yet? Do you know I believe it all means patience."

"Yes," responded Meg; "but patience won't pay the rent or buy something to eat. No, fortune is not good to us."

"Nonsense, Meg," laughed Betty with a kiss, as she ran out, and Meg heard her singing as she tripped away down the stairs—

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

(To be concluded.)

IN SPIE OF ALL.

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



CHAPTER IX.

THE first months of Beattie's life after her return from Switzerland passed rapidly and uneventfully. The freedom from the routine of school was at first pleasant to her though she missed the society of her schoolfellows. But when she went to the distribution and was eagerly and affectionately welcomed by the girls and kindly by the governesses, she felt she would have liked still to be among them, with regular occupations and all the little troubles and ambitions and pleasures which had become familiar to her. Sometimes she was at a loss what to do with her time. To many girls the period between the wholesome routine of school and their introduction to society is particularly trying, and sometimes causes a sense of dissatisfaction which leads to unexpected results. Under wise guidance the time may be a valuable one. But left to themselves girls often become, during these months, morbid and restless, mind and heart have grown accustomed to regular and sustaining interests, and feeling the lack of them suffer in consequence.

Beattie was not sufficiently studious in disposition to go on with her lessons alone, although she devoted herself to mastering the accomplishments which her aunt expected of her. Mrs. Swannington took her driving and walking and shopping, and Beattie's eager, ardent young spirit found this rather monotonous. There was a large and capable staff of servants, and therefore there was no need for her to interest herself in household affairs; the cook would have been horrified at her suggesting to make a cake or do anything in the kitchen, and even the arrangement of the flowers was done by Mrs. Swannington's French maid, who would have been very indignant if Beattie had superseded her. Elise had exquisite taste and no doubt did them better than Beattie. The mending, much more the making, of her clothes was left to other hands than Beattie's, and the designing of them was of so great a pleasure to Aunt Ella that it would have been useless for her niece to give the matter any consideration. Sometimes she paid visits with Mrs. Swannington to intimate friends of the latter, but she had little interest in the small talk and gossip, and got very weary sitting among the grown-up ladies and handing cups of tea. Most of her own friends were now out of her reach in the daytime, some being still at school and others, such as Margaret, starting on their careers. She wrote long letters to them and re-

ceived many affectionate effusions in return, but this did not take the place of good, wholesome, personal interests. Beattie was not much given to meditation as a rule, but she did begin at this time to think a little about things; the meaning of life, the reasons for this and that, and wonderings as to what the future would hold.

She thought of Michael sometimes. She did not regularly read the paper, and if the Swanningtons had noticed it they had not told her of the death of his brother. But one day, about a month after the event, Norah Gilman had written to her and mentioned it, telling her too that Sir John had had a stroke, and that Michael had for the present given up his visit to Paris that he might be with his parents. When she answered this letter Beattie asked Norah to tell Mr. Anstruther of her sympathy, and, again through Norah, received a message of gratitude in return. That was all the intercourse they had had. But often when Beattie was sitting alone or walking silently with Mrs. Swannington she recalled the happy days at Crabsley when he and she had become such friends, and hoped the time would not be very long before they met again. Although she had known him such a little while he seemed more to her than any of her girl friends; she had never before known any young man intimately, though several came to Aunt Ella's entertainments and talked to her and paid her compliments. Somehow, although she did not know why, Michael had brought out deeper feelings than anyone had ever done. Even to Margaret she had never talked so freely, not because she was reserved, she was too impulsive for that, but because no one had touched that part of her nature to which he appealed, or made her feel that it was possible not only to understand but to do things great and true and noble.

Presently Beattie "came out," and now all was changed. The Swanningtons had a large circle of acquaintances, and most of them were rich people who went in for a good deal of entertaining. The *débutante* who was so bright and pretty and danced so well was an acquisition in any ball-room, and Beattie never knew what it was to have to sit out while other girls were dancing, or to wonder, in trepidation, if anyone would ask to take her to supper. For a little while she lived in a whirl of excitement. Aunt Ella, who enjoyed accompanying her and witnessing her triumphs, never refused any of the invitations, and Beattie basked in the sunshine of her favour and in that of all about her. She was an object of envy to many others who considered themselves less fortunate, girls less gifted by nature, who tried to please and failed, and girls less easily satisfied who approached their pleasures in a critical spirit, and had learnt that all is not gold that glitters, but had not got so far as to cease to care for glittering things

which were not gold. If they had they would not have envied Beattie.

Beattie's time was filled up now. The late hours at night necessitated lying in bed in the morning. Then there were afternoon at-homes, dinners, theatres, dances.

Aunt Ella, catching the fever of dissipation to which she was naturally prone, entertained as she had never done since her marriage, as she had never been able to do in fact, for people would come for the chance of being with Beattie whom she had failed to attract. Even Mr. Swannington, who preferred out-door pursuits to social functions, and had been wont to confess himself bored by the latter, caught the infection, and not only did not grumble at the constant presence of strangers at his dinner-table and in his drawing-room, but became an urbane and genial host. He was almost as fond of Beattie as if she had been his daughter, and it pleased him to see her happy, her voice and laugh the gayest, her face the brightest, and herself the most admired of all present. It brought a sort of distinction upon himself which to a man who was never likely to be more than a mediocrity or gain any personal distinction was very gratifying. It was bought too so very easily. The cost of champagne and ices and floral decorations and delicate dishes was as nothing compared to the pleasure of being important, especially to a man whose wife's balance at the bank gave him a comfortable sense of security in the midst of any little extravagances she might be guilty of.

Beattie, during those few months received many bouquets and bon-bons and, it was rumoured, offers of marriage. But her heart remained untouched. She liked everybody, and was kind to everybody, but no one could consider that she showed him special favour or encouraged him in any undue expectations. She never flirted, though some people accused her of doing so. She could not be so popular without having enemies. But as a matter of fact she was still a child at heart, perfectly frank and natural and spontaneous, and, if not so ignorant of her own charms as she had been, still as utterly lacking in vanity. Besides she was too kind to willingly wound the feelings of others. If people mistook her eager manner, her sympathy, and her unfeigned enjoyment of their society for more than was meant that was their fault and not hers. To Beattie everyone was worth talking to, her buoyant, loving disposition gave forth happiness in the society of others, and received it. She had her favourites, it is true, but, though she had ceased to consciously think much about him, none of them compared with Michael Anstruther; no waltz in the crowded ball-room, no light and merry chatter in the dim conservatories, no praises of herself conveyed in delicate attentions, were equal to one of those talks with Michael on the beach at Crabsley with the

summer sea before them, his grave eyes fixed on her face, and his manner betraying the homage he was yielding to her girlish beauty. She began to understand Michael better now that life had opened before her, to apprehend what had been his feeling towards herself though by no means realising its intensity. If she had formulated her idea it would have been: "If Mr. Anstruther had not gone away, perhaps he too would have grown to care for me in time. He was sorry to say good-bye."

It was not till the end of April or early in May that Norah Gilman came up to London to pay her promised visit to her cousins, which had been postponed partly from her own disinclination for it, and partly because her father had been poorly and she had insisted on staying with him. The past six months had tended to deepen Norah's natural seriousness, and by showing her the sadness of life, the worthlessness of so many things people count of value, in the presence of crushing sorrow and broken health, had drawn her more earnestly to the consideration of those things which alone avail when realities have to be faced. Lady Anstruther too, now that she thought it no longer so probable that Norah would marry Michael, had ceased to endeavour to fit her for the position she would occupy as his wife. After all, why should she make the girl conform herself to the world? For her, the death of her son and the shattered health of her husband had broken the ties she still had to it. Herself an invalid, it was unlikely she would mix with it again, and the things which comforted her now in many a dark and trying hour, were not those which the world had given her. Even, she told herself, the joys of married life were so easily turned to grief, the husband of her youth was bereft of his strength, and she must hear his complainings and see him suffer; of her children, three had been taken from her, and of one of these she could only think with sorrow. Michael too, for whom she would have made any sacrifice, she could not save from unhappiness. She could no longer give him all he desired.

Seeing that this was so, why should she wish that Norah should attach herself to perishable things? If it seemed strange that so young a girl should ask nothing of life, but be content to walk in quiet shadowed paths, yet was it not well with her? She had the peace of God, and Lady Anstruther sometimes envied her serenity. But she did not know that Norah too craved an earthly gift. The depth of her love for Michael was hidden even from his mother.

Michael had remained at Woodfield during the terrible time which followed Geoffrey's death. There was no one but himself to attend to all that was necessary. For him, the aspect of the world was suddenly changed. His boyhood was quite over now. He was a man in feeling as well as in years. The enchantment of youth, its hopefulness, and its pleasures seemed gone. Were his ambitions to be set aside also? Must he renounce the profession he had chosen and to which he was devoted, in

order to minister to the declining years of his parents and to attend to the estate? His very being cried out against it. At first there could be no question where his duty lay, and he followed it; but during the long winter weeks he grew more and more restless, and however he hid his feelings from Sir John and his mother, Norah could see he was longing to be gone.

With the death of his brother Mike's prospects were sufficiently changed to make him a far more desirable suitor for Beattie, but he shrank from putting this before the Swanningtons, or turning his brother's death to his own advantage. Still, he intended to go and see them again before very long, and if he were favourably received, to ask that the period of his waiting might be curtailed. Yet somehow since the shock of Geoffrey's death with all that followed it, his nerve had suffered, he had a discouraging premonition of failure; and when, being in town, he did call once, to find the drawing-room full of visitors, and Beattie not at home, he lost courage still further. Mrs. Swannington had little attention to spare for him and her politeness was somewhat frigid. His inquiries for Beattie showed him that she was not apparently pining for him. She was mentioned several times by others, and he learnt that she was the centre of attraction to a circle in which he had no part. He waited some time hoping she would return from the entertainment at which she was, but finally left without seeing her. Mrs. Swannington asked him how long he would be in town, and learning, regretted that they were engaged every day of his stay. Beattie, she said, would be sorry to miss him. But she did not tell Beattie he had called.

Aunt Ella knew Michael's position was improved, but she had taken rather a dislike to him since she had refused him for Beattie. Moreover, she hated gloom or undue seriousness, and it must be confessed that Michael, in his mourning black and with a rather miserable expression of countenance did not add to the general enlivenment and seemed rather out of place among the lively visitors, all acquainted with one another, and indulging in banter and light laughter. Mike was young enough to be somewhat intolerant of the surface aspect of society and he thought these people frivolous and shallow. His ideal of Beattie was such that he could not adapt her to these surroundings and he left feeling that she was farther out of his reach than ever.

When he returned to Woodfield he was more than usually quiet and grave. The Gilman boys declared that "old Mike had got awfully dull," and Norah noticed that he seemed to have lost hope and interest. He would not ask his parents to let him go. A dogged sense of duty kept him. But Norah spoke to her father about it, and he opened Lady Anstruther's eyes to the unconscious selfishness of which they were being guilty. A week later, at her wish, and with his father's consent he escaped like a bird from its cage.

In spite of the lower portion of his

body being paralysed, Sir John began to regain his general health. His intellect was still vigorous, and he became able to interest himself to some degree in the management of his property and such other matters as came under his attention. He read a good deal, and he had an attendant who was sufficiently well-educated to be something of a companion to him. Lady Anstruther, now that she was unable to do much visiting, found her friends came to her, unwilling to lose sight of one who, without being beautiful or in any way conspicuous, had yet by her charm and kindness and culture and a certain elegance both of appearance and manner been always welcome and always popular. Her maid had been with her for many years, and two or three times a week Norah Gilman always came to tell her news of the village, or to ask her advice, or to hear part of the letter which had come from Michael. Sometimes too she had one to show, for Mike during the autumn and winter had seen so much of Norah that it would have been strange if their intimacy could have stopped abruptly at his departure. He relied on Norah for truthful accounts of his parents' condition or for any home news which they would not be likely to give. Perhaps, he hoped too that sometimes he would hear about Beattie through her, but at this time there were no letters from Beattie to Norah, and the friendship between them did not seem to be progressing.

Nevertheless it was the hope of seeing Beattie Margetson which was chiefly before Norah as she prepared for her visit to London. Her first enthusiasm about her friend had naturally died a little during the period of absence and her absorption in other interests. Perhaps, too, she was somewhat disappointed that Beattie's correspondence had fallen off. She felt that she had not taken a strong enough hold of the girl for her interest in her to survive separation, and perhaps it was rather unreasonable to expect it. Norah was modest enough to think herself unlikely to be an absorbing person to the beautiful girl who had so many friends, but she was fond of Beattie at any rate, and almost her first question to Mrs. Gilman after their meeting was to inquire after her, and express a hope that she would see her soon. Mrs. Gilman laughed.

"You mustn't expect to see much of her, Norah," she said. "I don't. She is whirled about by Mrs. Swannington to entertainments of all descriptions and at all times, and all the young men are in love with her and all the young women envy her. And she is just as much a child as ever, I think, though they are doing their best to spoil her. I've asked one or two nice people to dinner next Tuesday, though, and they are coming, so you will be able to judge for yourself."

Among these "nice people" was Cecil Musgrave, whose portrait Mrs. Swannington had noticed when she visited Mrs. Gilman. It was curious that it was at her house Beattie met for the first time both Michael Anstruther and the man who was to be his rival.

(To be continued.)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

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

CHAPTER II.

SICK ROOM DON'TS.

"MAGGIE," I said, next day to my friend, "the reason why I want particularly to learn all I can about nursing is that it will not only make me more useful at home in case of illness, but also in the village as I told you yesterday."

"Yes, so you said yesterday," said Maggie. "Of course you have no village nurse."

I shook my head.

"And father lets me go sometimes and see sick people."

"You might be of great help to them," said Maggie, "if you could put them in the way of nursing their sick with a little intelligence."

"They say a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," I said.

"Yes, granted if that little knowledge is tried to be used about things and subjects of which the person knows nothing. But I do not think you will do much harm with the lessons I am giving you now."

"Well, here is my notebook," I said; "do begin."

"I am going to put the lesson in the form of 'don'ts,' and they will be easy to remember."

Don't have strongly scented flowers in a sick-room. Those which have no perfume are desirable, as they make a room look cheerful. But be careful to change the water frequently.

Don't let a sick-room be on the ground floor or basement. The quietest room is the best, and the higher up it is the better.

Don't have any carpet under the bed. Some people keep boxes under their beds and stow away all kinds of things there, thereby preventing the ventilation so necessary for a healthy bed. This rule should obtain at all times whether people are ill or well.

Don't forget when a window is open at the top that in foggy or very cold weather the air should be filtered by your having nailed a piece of flannel across the aperture. In towns, too, it is a good plan to nail a piece of gauze across the open space, as that prevents the entrance of smuts, and in the country it is equally useful in keeping out insects.

Don't hang a thermometer near a fireplace or a window. The proper place for it is on the wall either at the top of the bed or as close to the patient's head as can be managed.

An ordinary thermometer should be in every house; it costs but little, and in some cases of illness is an absolute necessity. From 60° to 70° F. is the usual temperature for a sick-room, and the nurse should make it her care to keep the room at the same temperature, avoiding more than a degree or two during the twenty-four hours.

Two o'clock in the morning is the coldest and three o'clock in the afternoon the hottest time of the day, and you must look at your thermometer at these times and see that it does not rise or fall.

To prevent this you can draw a blind down more in the heat, and at night, if you are up with a sick person, or have to keep their fire in, pay particular attention to it at that time.

Don't keep fire-irons in a sick-room. They only cause noise and are in the way. An old walking-stick is an excellent substitute for a poker. To brush up the hearth and so keep the fireplace in order can be done noiselessly, but to scrape up the cinders with the shovel causes sounds which are little less than torture to some people when they are ill, and are certainly very disagreeable at all times. In cases where all noise must be avoided, it is a very good plan to strew about an inch of earth

under the grate. Then the ashes and cinders fall upon it, making no sound, and when you want to remove them you can do so almost unheard, as you run your shovel into the earth and lift up some of it with the cinders on it.

Don't keep up a fire at night by placing coals on it in the ordinary way which causes more or less noise. Put on a pair of housemaid's gloves, or one only is enough, and taking up the coals in your fingers make up the fire gently. Another excellent plan is to have your coal-scuttle made up for you before you settle your patient down for the night. Let the coals be placed in paper bags and the scuttle filled with them. When the fire needs renewal all you have to do is to place one or more bags on it, and as the paper soon burns the coals do their duty.

Don't omit to soap the window-cords so that they may work quietly, and it is well to oil hinges and locks of doors for the same reason.

Don't crowd the washstand with medicine bottles, etc. If you have a cupboard in the room keep all such things in it, and if not they can be kept in an adjoining room. Failing that you can make a good medicine cupboard if you do not already possess those sold for the purpose.

"How can that be done?" I inquired, for I was getting tired of writing down the Don'ts, and Maggie saw it.

"Any old fruit box or soap box can answer the purpose," said Maggie. "Have you such a thing in the house?"

I thought we had, and as I returned very shortly with a good large one we set to work after lunch in arranging it.

Tom, who loves anything to do with carpentering, gave willing assistance, and having taken off the top of the box which was useless, he planed it nicely and lined it all with glazed paper. The outside we covered with American cloth, and then we nailed a frill all along the upper edge, for we were supposing the box to be used in the same position as when lying on its side. This frill or curtain was cut up the middle, and thus the future contents would be kept nicely protected from the dust. Tom ran to the village to buy four strong eyes at the shop where all kinds of things are kept, and we nailed them on to the box, and then by their aid fastened the home-made medicine cupboard into its place in Aunt Elsie's new room.

"How far are you from a doctor here?" asked Maggie.

"Four miles," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because it makes it all the more important that you should have a cupboard set apart for things likely to be needed in case of accident or illness."

"There is a small cupboard with two shelves in the store-room," I said; "would that do."

"Capitally. On one shelf you should place all poisons and things for external application apart from the others."

"What ought to be in the cupboard?" I asked, and Maggie gave me this list, saying as she did so that she had named only a few essentials, and that the list might be extended very much.

THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD.

Castor oil, sal volatile, hazeline, powdered borax, Rigouot's mustard leaves, cascara tincture or tablets, oiled silk rag and lint, essence of ginger, Condy's fluid or any disinfectant, carron oil, mustard flour in a tin, linseed meal

in a tin, zinc powder and zinc ointment, glycerine, medicated cotton wool, flannel for compresses.

The following articles should also always be kept among others which will suggest themselves to every one:—

An india-rubber hot water bottle, a clinical thermometer, a graduated medicine glass, a drop measure, an air-cushion, a feeding-cup, a spatula, a wire-handled throat brush, some bandages and safety-pins, patent food-warmer and night-lights.

"Remember," said Maggie, "that all poisons should be kept in coloured bottles and labelled poison, as well as being kept on a shelf apart. You cannot be too careful, Nell, if you have a cupboard of this kind in a house about keeping the key or at least letting it be known where it is kept and leaving the door always locked, for fear of children or servants tampering with its contents."

"What is a feeding cup used for?" I asked.

"For a patient who is too ill or too weak to sit up. If you have not a proper feeding-cup at any time that one is needed, a small earthenware tea-pot answers the purpose if you are careful only to fill it about half, and not to remove the cover."

"When I can I shall get all these things," I said. "And now, Maggie, about giving medicines, are there not some rules?"

"Certainly there are, and I will tell them to you," said Maggie, as I got out my pencil again.

"You should always read the label on the bottle of medicine. Give the medicine at the time ordered. When medicine is directed to be taken three times a day it should be given at 10 A.M., 2 P.M. and 6 P.M. When it is ordered to be taken every four hours, it should be taken at 8 A.M., 12 noon, 4 P.M. and 8 P.M.

"Never give a medicine during the night unless the doctor expressly says you are to do so.

"If medicine has to be taken every two hours it is supposed that it is to be given during the night.

"Always measure the dose accurately in a medicine glass, and do not rely on the marks on the bottle, which are not always to be trusted.

"If a medicine is to be given 'after food,' it must only be administered if food has been taken.

"Medicines should always be shaken before being poured out, and you should hold the bottle so that the label side is upward. This prevents any drops of the liquid defacing the writing on the label and rendering it illegible.

"Always clean a medicine glass after using it, and keep a separate glass for oil or any medicines which have a very strong taste.

"After taking a nasty or acid medicine the sick person should wash out his mouth, and if he eats a crust of bread or a biscuit it will help in removing the taste.

"There should always be an interval of half an hour between taking a medicine and a meal. There are however, exceptions. Some medicines such as cod-liver oil, malt and tonics of arsenic and iron are generally taken at or very soon after a meal.

"The last thing at night or early in the morning is the best time for all medicines of an aperient nature, and should be followed by a hot drink a little time afterwards."

"Are there not ways of taking medicines so as to disguise their taste?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Maggie. "You can write this down if you like:—

"Powders can be mixed with honey, sugar, treacle or jam. Another excellent way is to sprinkle them between two slices of very thin bread and butter, or to dissolve them in a little milk.

"Saline draughts should be brought to a person in two glasses. Let the patient hold the larger glass in his hand and then pour in the contents of the smaller.

"Castor oil can be beaten up in hot sweet milk, strong milkless coffee, or hot broth with salt in it. Another way is to thoroughly moisten the inside of the glass with brandy, then measure the oil into it and add a little brandy—about half a teaspoonful."

"Thank you, Maggie," I said, "now I think I have written enough for to-day. Suppose you get your things on and come out for a walk in the village."

"Nothing I should like better," said Maggie. "I want to explore it."

"It is so tiny that you will soon know it," I said. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Maggie, that Aunt Elsie is quite excited about the new room and looking forward to it, and she even consents to having the feather bed put under the mattress. She is a dear old thing, and quite delighted to hear that you were teaching me a little about nursing."

"That is right, I was afraid perhaps that she would resent our innovations particularly

about the carpets, but she has lived a good deal in France and is familiar with parquet floors and only islands of carpet here and there."

We walked on through our little village, and bent our steps towards Ansell's Anderby, who was, as I told Maggie, a young girl who was a great invalid.

"I daresay you will discover many things which might be done to make Ansell more comfortable," I remarked as we came within sight of the house.

Maggie smiled. "Naturally a nurse's trained eye discovers needs very quickly. Then you see I have done some district nursing."

"That was nursing the poor in their own homes was it not?"

"Yes. I think I like it almost better than hospital work."

"But it must be much more difficult," I said, "for in a hospital you have all the proper appliances and everything to help you."

"Yes, that is true, but you see in district nursing we try to kill two birds with one stone, and show the poor how best to nurse each other and to use such things as they have by them. Of course I take a bag with me with two spatulas, one for making poultices and the other smaller for spreading ointment, bandages, lint, some ointment and various small things which may be needed, but still one has to resort to makeshifts for endless things."

"What kind of things?"

"Substitutes for hot water bottles for instance," said Maggie. "These can be done in several ways. Hot bricks wrapped in flannel, hot bran bags are very good, and if that is not possible I have often taken ordinary wine or beer bottles that seemed pretty strong; corked them up very securely and wrapped them up in flannel. Of course one must be very careful in seeing that they do not leak. As we are on that subject, however, I must warn you that if you are giving a hot water bottle or its substitute to an unconscious patient or some one who is paralysed and has lost sensation you must be very careful not to place the hot bottle or whatever it may be against his skin, as by so doing you may burn him and produce a sore. Always let a blanket intervene, and do not let the bottle be placed in close contact with the person."

"I will remember," I said, and at that moment Ansell's sister came running out of the house towards us.

"Oh, miss, I am so glad it is you. Ansell be very bad, and mother's out, and I don't know what to do."

We followed the child quickly into the cottage and found Ansell certainly in a state of great discomfort, for she was seated in a wretched-looking arm-chair, her head thrown back, evidently in a dead faint.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

INEZ.—The "black spots" on your face are comedones (blackheads). Some weeks back we discussed this subject at full length, to which description we refer you. Read it carefully and follow every detail exactly and you will obtain relief.

MAXINE.—"Holes" in the skin of the face, connected with acne, are of two kinds—the minute scars left by pustules that have healed, and the enlarged "pores" or openings of sebaceous and sweat glands which invariably accompanies acne. For the first nothing whatever can be done, and, truly, the scars are so minute that it is no hardship to put up with them. The second—enlargement of the openings of the glands—is a congenital condition (probably). The openings gradually get smaller and smaller after about twenty-five years of age. A lotion of glycerine and borax will help to check excessive secretion from the enlarged glands.—2. We have thoroughly threshed out the subject of superfluous hairs and cannot repeat our statements. If you will read the back numbers you will find all that we can tell you of this condition.

SARAH.—How frequently we hear patients say that they only have one lung. Every human being that ever lived, who was not a monster, was born with two lungs; and every person who ever died, died with two lungs, and every person living is living with two lungs. Women are very fond of going to a physician complaining of only having got one lung. What do they mean? and from whence do they get this extraordinary idea? Of course one lung may be almost incapacitated by disease; but this is not what women mean when they say that they only have one lung, for if you ask them what has become of the other lung, they always answer "I coughed it up some time ago." It would be impossible to cough up a lung, far more difficult than it would be to swallow a leg of mutton! This week we have seen ten "one lung" women. Of these, six neither have now nor ever had anything wrong with their lungs. Two others have had bronchitis, but have two perfectly healthy lungs apiece, at present. Of the other two, one has bronchitis now and the other has phthisis. You may rest content that you have two lungs like the rest of mankind. Of course we cannot tell you whether they are healthy or not.

S. N.—The cause of the great toe being driven beneath the second toe is invariably ill-fitting boots. If you can, obtain boots of the right shape, with a separate compartment for the great toe. These boots can be obtained at most first-class shops, and if well made, are not uncomfortable.

FAIRY QUEEN.—Flat-foot is due to two causes—badly shaped boots and excessive standing. If you read the article on clothing in the March number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you will find information about flat-foot.

RACHEL.—The following is a very good carbolic tooth-powder:—

	Parts.
Orris root	30
Cuttle-fish	30
Powdered hard soap	30
Magnesium carbonate	500
Precipitated chalk	500
Carbolic acid (pure)	5
Attar of roses	3

Mix these ingredients very well together, and be careful that the carbolic acid does not stick together in one lump, but is equally distributed throughout the powder.

A SOUTHEAST READER.—Unhealthy conditions of the finger-nails, although very common, are but imperfectly understood, and, consequently, the treatment for them is unsatisfactory. Cut and trim the nails down to the "quick," but do not touch the rim of the nail near the root with the knife. If the nails are thin and weak the root of the nail should never be trimmed and the nail should not be scraped. Of course if you have any affection of the fingers, this must be seen to. Of all applications not one is really satisfactory. Lanoline may be used, but it will not prevent the nails from splitting. Bathing the nails in alum-water (one teaspoonful of alum to a pint of water) is sometimes efficacious in causing nails to grow thicker and stronger.

MOTHER.—There is one form of goitre (or rather there is a disease of which one symptom is goitre) which does affect the heart and causes palpitation. This disease is the exophthalmic goitre or Grave's disease. It is called "exophthalmic" (εξ, out of, and οφθαλμος, ophthalmos, the eyes), because extreme prominence of the eyeballs is one of the symptoms. Ordinary goitre, or "Derbyshire neck," rarely, if ever, causes palpitation until it gets to be of very large size. Goitres when they are large often causes difficulty in breathing from pressure on the windpipe. When this happens immediate operation is imperative. Usually the only symptom of goitre is the prominence of the throat.

A YOUNG MOTHER asks us how to cure dilated veins on the cheeks. She tells us that she is a great tea drinker, but never has indigestion. Nevertheless, we are sure that the dilated veins are due to the tea that she drinks. She must give up drinking tea. She also asks us whether we would advise ichthiol? Yes, we do advise ichthiol, either in pills containing two and a half grains, or else as an ointment consisting of two parts of ichthiol to one hundred parts of lanoline. On the whole we think that in her case more benefit would be obtained from the ointment. Lanoline alone is of very little good as an ointment for this condition, but if forms an excellent vehicle for the ichthiol. Sulphur ointment is a very useful application, but in this condition ichthiol is better.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

P. A.—The sentiment of your verses is very good, but it would not be kind of us to lead you to hope that you would ever be able to write for publication, if that is what you mean. "Long" and "on" do not rhyme, nor do "lonely" and "going by." "True Sympathy" is by far the best. If it helps you thus to put your thoughts into rhyme, we see no reason why you should not continue to do so. We appreciate your neat and careful manuscript.

RITA (New Zealand).—We should advise you, as we have advised many of our correspondents, to join the National Home Reading Union, which has members in all parts of the globe. There are Reading Circles and private members in New Zealand. If you do not know of any, address the Secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. We sympathise much with you in your delicate health and longing after higher culture. Read all the works of Ruskin you can lay hands on, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Kingsley, and scan our columns for advice to those with the same wish as your own. We understand your feeling inclined to "despise others" for frivolous conversation, but try not to encourage the tendency. Rather look for what is best in their words and disposition, and help to draw it forth by your example.

ROBINA.—The thoughts expressed in your friend's poem "The Solitary Snowdrop" are good, but not original, and the lines are in no sense poetry. There is no music in them, and the length varies irregularly. Contrast the first ten (seven syllables) with the last (fourteen), and this in a metre in which the lines should be equal in cadence! Thanks for your kind words.

MOONLIT GARDEN.—You have omitted your signature, so we are unable to compare your present enclosures with the last.—We cannot praise the two poems now sent. "The Angel of Death" (which you might certainly call "A Reverie") is written in no recognised metre, and it is incorrect to say "bolts and bars—avail'dh' nought," also to say "thou doth."—2. Your writing is unformed at present and your g's and j's are too long and curly.

CHARMING.—1. Certainly we endeavour to return MSS. if stamps are enclosed for the purpose. We have returned yours also, as you did not know this rule.—2. We cannot praise your story. The composition is defective. You should not say "a good bit over the medium height;" it is too colloquial an expression. The rector's falling in love the instant he meets the farmer's daughter is not very convincing, and we do not admire his subsequent behaviour, nor the tendency of the story to describe handsome clergymen as demigods whom all women must adore!

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

GRIEF (Suggestions).—Through the Post Office Savings Bank you could purchase an annuity; and if you have no near relations to whom you wish to bequeath money, it might be wise to expend the sum you mention in this way. Otherwise you had better employ some respectable stockbroker to invest it in first-rate securities; but as these would not yield you more than from £10 to £15 per annum, an annuity would be preferable. We would recommend you to seek a situation as general servant to a lady living quietly in the country or in a London flat, and affording you some help with the rough work. Any spare time could be profitably employed in taking lessons in cookery, which you could pay for out of your annuity. As general servant you could earn from £16 to £20 a year, according to your proficiency in cooking and waiting at table. There is an immense demand now for general servants, and many situations offer agreeable conditions to a woman who likes housework.

SOUTH DEVON (Librarianship).—You ask whether a girl requires any special training for the position of a librarian in a public library? Undoubtedly she does; but it is difficult to say where she can obtain it. In some of the local branches of the Manchester Free Library women are employed, and your daughter might be wise to seek admission to one of these libraries. Women have also been employed at the People's Palace in this capacity. A good training might be obtained in some local circulating libraries; and there is no reason why a girl possessing a good knowledge of books should not also succeed as a bookseller. In regard to librarianship, it has to be remembered that libraries are usually supported by a special rate and leave very small means out of which to pay salaries. Men are almost invariably ill-paid as librarians; and with women the case is worse.

J. C. (Typewriting).—This employment is only suitable for a girl who possesses a very good general education and a thorough knowledge of shorthand, if possible book-keeping, French and German. Girls who can only type have great difficulty in finding employment, and often do not receive more than 15s. a week. Superior clerks, knowing shorthand, earn from £1 to £1 10s. There are many schools of typewriting in London; but we think that for the present you would be wise to continue your general education. Your handwriting, about which you ask our opinion, is somewhat unformed, though neat and clear.

MEXTRON (Dressmaking).—The School of Dressmaking, about which you inquire, is equally well adapted to a lady who wishes to make her own gowns as for one who contemplates going into business. The teaching given appears to be most satisfactory.

LI (Hatters).—If you wish to enter the service of the Ac-rated Bread Company, you had better write to the Secretary, Eastcheap House, 24, Eastcheap, E.C. The other matter is one in which a respectable solicitor could best help you; that is to say, if you do not possess the address of anyone in Australia through whom you could trace your missing relation. Or it might be desirable to advertise in some Australian papers.

A LOVER OF GOOD MUSIC.—Your musical qualifications are, we fear, not strong enough yet to enable you to become a teacher of music. To join a practising society, as you suggest, is no guarantee that the practising is carefully done. Membership of such a body only serves as a kind of link of fellowship between musical people. Would it not help your mother most effectually if you could cook very well or make your own clothes? The knowledge of a domestic calling is constantly useful in life.

CARRIAGES (Travelling Abroad).—Posts abroad, especially in France, are difficult to hear of. Supposing you decide to try Switzerland, you could not do better than seek the advice of the Girls' Friendly Society, which has a Foreign Registry for Northern and Central Europe at 10, Holbein Place, Sloane Square, S.W.

L. M. R. (Taking Boarders).—Except during the summer months it would hardly be worth your while to advertise for "paying guests." Your position is certainly a very difficult one, and although you are wanted at home now, you ought not to lose sight of the probability that you will one day be called on to earn your living. In the meantime we advise you to take every opportunity of learning some remunerative kind of work such as cookery, dressmaking, or laundry-work.

JUNO.—You had better put the question to the lady rather than to us.

