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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XII. SOMERSET.

OF all the counties in the south of England Somerset is the richest in mediæval remains. Not only does it possess noble abbeys such as Glastonbury, Bath, but its parish churches are quite remarkable for their rich and beautiful detail.

Perhaps no county in England shows more distinctly the peculiarities we have previously pointed out with regard to church steeples than does Somerset. Nothing could well be more unlike than the Somersetshire towers and those of the bordering counties. The Wiltshire towers are for the most part solid, plain, and somewhat low as to proportion. The Devonshire ones, although well proportioned as a rule, have heavy solid pinnacles at the angles, rather small belfry windows, and little ornamentation about them. The Dorset towers are often handsome, but even these possess little and few of the features of the Somersetshire examples.

That the peculiar form of tower for which Somerset is so remarkable did not develop itself until the fifteenth century in no way detracts from the singular circumstance that we find a county possessing a form of church tower remarkable for extraordinary richness and elaboration, but absolutely different from any other in this country—and how can we account for this?

Now let us just enumerate the marked features of these Somerset towers. They are generally far more lofty in proportion than towers usually are in England. Sometimes, as at Taunton St. Mary Magdalen, and Wrington, there are three rows of duplicated windows over the roof level of the church; the buttresses at the angles are of very slight projection, as though they were intended more for ornament than constructive support. The belfry windows are unusually large and handsome, in some examples, notably St. Cuthbert's at Wells and St. John's at Glastonbury. The panelling beneath them is arranged so

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TAUNTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

to continue the design of their mullions and tracery right down to the level of the church roof. Now this is very peculiar, and is, as far as we know, only found elsewhere in the thirteenth-century churches of Normandy. The belfry windows, instead of having the ordinary louvre arrangement, are filled in with stonework arranged in elegant tracery patterns, a very lofty and elaborate pierced parapet also richly adorned with tracery surrounds the top platform of the tower, and there are four very large square pinnacles of pierced tracery-work, one at each angle; sometimes little flying buttresses rise from the large projecting gargoyles* and support the angles of the pinnacles. There are generally also four, eight, and sometimes as many as twelve smaller intermediate pinnacles attached to the parapet; although the latter is embattled, the battlements are purely ornamental, as they are pierced all over with tracery-work, in fact, the Somerset towers were never intended, like those of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, or Kent, to serve for purposes of defence; they were purely ecclesiastical, and the object appears to have been, in addition to containing the bells, to add to the church a singularly beautiful and attractive feature. Just as the mediæval

* A "gargoyle" is a piece of stone carved in the form of some monster; this is pierced and discharges the rain-water from the gutters of the roof through its mouth.

architects of Northamptonshire crowned their church towers with graceful spires, so did those of Somerset finish them off with magnificent pierced parapets and pinnacles. Nor was this the case with large town churches alone, for many of the humbler village churches have most noble towers. The small church of Huish-Episcopi, for instance, possesses one of the most beautiful towers in the whole country, and scarcely less elegant are those of Kingsbury, North Petherton, Ile-Abbots, Long Sutton, and Lydiard. Spires are uncommon in Somersetshire, and are not specially remarkable. The best is at Congresbury and the worst at Bridgwater; it is true that the last named example was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and in all probability it does not reproduce the original design. The spire of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, was left incomplete and only carried up some forty years back. The church to which it is attached claims to be the most magnificent parish church in England, and that claim can scarcely be disputed as it is a truly noble building, very large, cruciform in plan, vaulted throughout (we believe it is the only large parish church in England where this is the case), and every portion is adorned with most sumptuous detail. Somersetshire is rich in noble parish churches. St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, with its superb tower, is perhaps the most characteristic and local example, but St. Cuthbert, Wells, Martock, Wrington, St. John's, Glas-

tonbury, Dunster, Ditcheat, Yeovil, Frome, High Ham, and Bridgwater, are all noble churches.

Now it will at once be asked how are these costly churches, and especially the sumptuous towers adorned (as they frequently are) with rich parapets, open-work pinnacles, niches, carving, and statuary, to be accounted for? Well, the very fact that they are there points to a high state of civilisation and prosperity, to a fruitful soil and mineral wealth; but in addition to this, Somersetshire still retains marks of very early civilisation. Glastonbury, moreover, is the only spot in England which can trace back to the days of primitive Christianity, and no doubt when surrounding counties were a howling wilderness, Somersetshire was enjoying the blessings of Christianity and civilisation. Another fact which had of course great influence upon its architecture, especially at a later period, when its magnificent towers rose up all over the county, was the excellent stone procurable for building purposes. The Corsham Down and Hamhill quarries are still worked, and to this day provide stone which is durable, beautiful in colour, and can be worked with ease. Of course we naturally expect to find architecture well developed in a county which possessed such advantages, and these expectations are not disappointed when we contemplate such structures as the Somersetshire towers.

IN SPIE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

MICHAEL was not a person to let the grass grow under his feet. He had arranged with Norah to spend the following afternoon at the Rectory, and he determined if he had any opportunity of speaking to Beattie quietly to find out exactly what was the case with regard to her engagement. In his impatience he was a little earlier than the time appointed, and was told that both Mr. Gilman and Norah were out, but that Miss Margetson was in the drawing-room. It was so long since he had had the opportunity of seeing her alone that Mike felt he had been especially favoured, and was inclined to take the propitious circumstance as a good omen.

Beattie, who was doing needlework, came forward to meet him, smiling happily. She liked Mike no less than she had done of old.

"Norah will not be very long," she said. "She has gone up to the church to do a little tidying."

"I am rather early, I know, but Norah must send me away a little sooner."

"She won't do that. She has been getting all her Saturday duties over, because she wanted you to stay a long time, and she knew you wouldn't if you thought you were hindering her."

"Norah spoils us all," said Mike, taking the chair which was always supposed to be his peculiar property. "I am not interrupting you in the performance of your duties, am I? You look very industrious."

"Lazy people always look industrious when they are at unwonted occupations," said Beattie, laughing. "Now if Norah were at work you would not notice her. As a matter of fact this is her work, only I was doing a few stitches to help her; Norah is always so busy."

"Miss Margetson," said Mike, "I am generally quite willing to talk about Norah, and especially in her own house, but just now I am conscious that our time is very short, and I want, if I may, to talk a little about you."

"Me!" said Beattie. "I am afraid I am not a very interesting person for purposes of conversation, and I certainly can't start the topic, but if you ask me questions I will answer them."

"Will you?" said Mike, his voice sounding almost stern in its earnestness after its light tones. "And you promise not to think me impertinent?"

Beattie looked a little startled. She could not imagine what was coming.

"You would be very different from what I think you, Mr. Anstruther, if you need ask that question," she said gently.

"Then I will trust in your forbearance and say what I feel I have hardly the right to do. Miss Margetson, is it true that you are engaged to be married?"

Beattie paused before answering, her head bent low over her work, and she put a few stitches in Mr. Gilman's sock very badly. Then she said, in a low voice—

"I am not engaged."

Mike gave a great sigh of relief. It seemed as if a dark cloud had rolled

away, and the sunshine were streaming down upon his life. Involuntarily he rose and came nearer to her. Then, her manner betraying that his words had in some way moved her, it occurred to him that he was touching a painful chord.

"Forgive me," he said. "Don't be angry with me; but it means so much to me. I would not for worlds say anything to make you unhappy. But is it—has it been broken off?"

Beattie was surprised and somewhat uneasy at poor Mike's evident earnestness.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said. "I have never been engaged at all. Who told you such a thing?"

"Mrs. Swannington," replied Mike, looking at her anxiously, as if not quite sure that she was not keeping back the truth from him.

"Aunt Ella! But she knows I am not engaged! Besides, when did you see her?"

"Last summer, at Crabsley."

"Last summer! No; it was the summer before that we were there. And surely then you knew I was free."

"No; it was last summer. I came to Crabsley on purpose to see you. But I met Mrs. Swannington, and what she told me made me think it was better to go away at once."

"But how strange! Auntie never said anything about this to me. And why didn't you stop and speak to me if—hesitating—" you really came to see me again?"

"I couldn't trust myself. I thought it was better to come away. I caught a glimpse of you. You were with—with the man she told me was to be your husband."

"With Mr. Musgrove?" said Beattie, and as his name involuntarily escaped her she grew crimson with a sort of shame.

"Yes," replied Mike; "that was the name—Cecil Musgrove. I have reason to remember it."

"And did Aunt Ella tell you," asked Beattie, in a choked voice, "that we were engaged to be married? No, no; she couldn't. You must have misunderstood! Perhaps—she said—she hoped—she expected we should be."

"She said you were," said Mike, positively. "And that it was to be kept private a little while, and that you were everything to each other."

"Oh, don't, don't," said Beattie. And she hid her face in her hands.

Mike felt only less uncomfortable than herself, but he was determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

"I am very sorry, Miss Margetson," he said wretchedly; "but I am only repeating what I have believed for months. If I have hurt your feelings—"

Beattie uncovered her face.

"You haven't," she said. Then, dashing away some tears, "I shall laugh at it presently. Only it isn't exactly pleasant to feel one has been—lied about. And you believed it, and if you had chosen you could have talked about this to other people. Oh, what would he say?" Then she added angrily, "Aunt Ella had no right to behave like that towards me! If—if it was the day I think, for his stay at Crabsley was so short, he cannot even—have proposed to me! Why should she have done it?"

"I think I can guess the reason," said Mike, more quietly than he had yet spoken, though it was the quietness of suppressed feeling. "It was an excuse to get rid of me. She did not want me to tell you that which I had gone there on purpose to say. But there is no reason why I should not do so now."

Beattie looked up wonderingly at him. Then, as she saw the expression of his face, her eyes fell. She rose and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, please," she said, in a trembling voice. "Don't tell me—about it. It is no use!"

"I must tell you," said Mike firmly. "Listen, dear. Oh, Beattie, don't turn away from me. It can't hurt you to know I love you, can it? I would rather tell you, even if you are angry with me. I have loved you since I first saw you, and I have never changed. I never shall. I can't expect you to have any love for me—not yet, at any rate—but perhaps some day—"

Beattie again put out the imploring hand. This time, however, he took it in his and kept it. Her face was still averted.

"Perhaps you think we don't know enough of each other for me to speak like this. To you it may seem so; but I have had you with me in my thoughts for two years, ever since that evening I

first saw you. I have not waited until now to speak. Do you remember the day I first called at your house? I asked your uncle then if I might marry you; but I was not good enough. They were right, perhaps. They would not let me tell you that I cared. When I came to Crabsley it was after a year of patient waiting, and I was silenced then—effectually. Surely now I may speak to you—you yourself. Oh, Beattie," as she shook the head still persistently turned from him, "don't tell me that you are going to send me away."

She had to look at him. Her eyes were full of tears, but she regarded him steadily in spite of them.

"I cannot answer you as I should like to," she said. "I might have once. I—I think I should if they had let you tell me sooner; but now it is too late."

"But—if you are—free to choose."

"I am—not."

"Beattie," he cried, "I don't understand you."

"Must I tell you?" Her voice sank almost to a whisper, but he heard every word. "What Aunt Ella told you was not true when she said it. It is true now as far as I am concerned. I—love some one else."

Mike dropped her hand and turned wearily away. It was enough. He did not ask the name of this man whom she cared for. He understood. And he could not doubt that the love was reciprocated. But the bitterness lay in the fact that by her own confession she might once have been his.

As they thus stood the door was opened quietly and Norah came in. Her movements were always so gentle and they were so absorbed in themselves that for a moment neither of them noticed her, and she stood still, looking first at one and then at the other. She had absolutely no reason for thinking there could be anything between Michael and Beattie; but yet, though she could not see Mike's face she was sure by his attitude that there was something the matter, and as to Beattie, she was actually crying. Norah was about to slip away again when the latter perceived her, and with a little ejaculation, ran quickly past her and out of the room. Norah was hesitating as to whether to follow her, but Mike, turning as the door closed, prevented her.

"Why, Norah," he said, trying to speak naturally, "I never heard you come in. Aren't you going to shake hands with me?"

"I don't know. What have you been doing to make Beattie cry?"

"Is she crying?" said Mike, concerned. "I think, on the whole," with a sigh, "I have more reason to do that."

"You! Why, what's the matter? You look miserable enough. You were all right yesterday; why should you be different to-day? Have you two been quarrelling?"

"Not exactly." And Mike laughed in spite of himself. Then, forgetting at the time the suspicion he had once had about Norah, he said, "I am half inclined to tell you, only, after all, there

doesn't seem much use in talking about what can't be helped; but you are entitled to know what goes on in your own drawing-room."

"Mike, how mysterious you are!" And Norah gave signs of rising impatience. She had looked forward to a happy afternoon, and returned to find someone else had marred Mike's visit before she appeared. "I don't want you to tell me any secrets, nor Beattie either, even if I am 'entitled' to them." They all regarded Norah as so nearly faultless that the possibility that she could be jealous had not occurred to Mike. "Last night you scarcely spoke to me," went on Norah, "and now to-day you don't seem like yourself. I don't think it is very kind of you to let a stranger spoil your last days with me." And she walked away to the window. Mike regarded her for an instant with surprise; then he walked after her.

"Norah."

No answer.

"I say, Norah. You aren't cross, are you?"

Still no answer. Norah was fighting fiercely with some sudden foes who had sprung forth to meet her, foes she had never expected to encounter, for whatever her difficulties had been she had not had cause for jealousy, and to her loving heart it was strange to feel what was almost like hatred of Beattie. At that moment she was very unlike the meek and gentle girl who genuinely believed that any breach of the law of kindness is actual sin.

Mike put his arm round her, but she shook it off angrily.

"Norah, my little sister, what have I done?"

The tears stole into Norah's eyes, but a lump in her throat prevented her answering. She continued staring out of the window though she saw nothing but a blurred lawn.

"If I have offended you I am very sorry."

"I don't believe you care," said Norah, suddenly flashing round on him with most unwonted anger. "I don't know how it seems to you, but to me it seems unkind enough." (Here there was a somewhat undignified break in Norah's voice, which was afterwards very shaky and not particularly distinct). "Every other time when you have come home you have at least seemed glad to meet me. Now you not only didn't take any trouble about seeing me, but when you did you forgot all our old friendship, and just because Beattie is pretty and attractive you spend all your first evening with her. She doesn't mind that you are going away as I do, but you don't think about that. And now to-day in my own house you and she have—" But what the particular charge was Mike never heard, and perhaps Norah did not exactly know herself; at any rate, at this moment her voice became utterly unmanageable, and with the consciousness directly the words were spoken that they had been childish and unreasonable, and, as is often the case, by the mere diagnosing of the injury having made it seem too slight for serious consideration, Norah,

ashamed and sorry, retired precipitately to the refuge afforded by the sofas-cushions and hid her face.

"Well," said Mike, after a considerable pause, "between you I may well feel a brute. My visit doesn't seem to add particularly to the cheerfulness of the rectory. Having reduced you both to tears, I had better take my departure. Good-bye, Norah."

Mike moved towards the door, but at the sound of his departing footsteps Norah raised her face.

"Don't go, Mike," said a quivering voice, "I—I am sorry I have been—such a silly. You—you'll never respect me again."

Michael had been inclined to mount the high horse himself, but the mere sign of Norah's relenting was enough. He came back. And as he looked at her woe-begone little face and the eyes which were regarding him so affectionately, he remembered that he had once thought she cared for his unworthy self. If so, it must indeed have seemed hard for her to find him apparently forgetting her in her friend. He felt a rush of tenderness towards her as he seated himself on the sofa by her side.

"Norah," he said, "I can't bear to think I have done the least thing to make you unhappy. You have always been so good to me. As to respecting you, you know perfectly well that I believe you to be the best girl I have ever known. I can't show my trust in you better than by asking you to let me tell you something. A man doesn't generally talk about these things unless it maybe to his mother, and you will understand why I have kept this secret from you before."

"Mike," said Norah imploringly, "I don't want you to show your trust. I don't deserve to be taken into your confidence."

"Nonsense. Don't for pity's sake go reproaching yourself because you showed a little natural spirit. You had a right to be angry with me if I neglected you. Only you'll forgive me, dear, won't you, when I tell you that I have not seen Beattie for a long, long time, and that I love her better than anyone else in the world—better even than I love my mother."

"You—love—Beattie?" Norah's face had grown deathly white, and it seemed that something had tightened round her heart. Her voice was low and startled, and as she raised her eyes to his, as if to read the ratification of his words, they had the look of a creature who has been mortally wounded. Poor Norah, she needed all her woman's pride to hide from Mike what that confession meant to her. There was no question now of petty jealousy. An instinct of self-defence, an instinct which even the most artless woman feels before the man she loves when she knows he loves another, made her strive to hide from him, not very successfully indeed, that to her those words had meant the sudden death of every hope.

"Yes, dear," said Mike very gently, "I have loved her since we first met, that night at Mrs. Gilman's. You remember."

"Yes," Norah answered dreamily, "I remember. And," with an effort, "Beattie—you—have been telling her? Why—did she go away? Was it—because I came in? I will call her back."

And, with a longing to escape, she half rose. But Mike drew her back.

"No, dear, you don't understand. Beattie doesn't care for me. That was why my telling her about it only—made her unhappy."

"She doesn't care? Beattie does not love you?" For an instant something almost like joy came over Norah; but it quickly died away. She forgot herself in him as she realised that his suffering was like her own. Norah could never bear to see anyone unhappy, and least of all anyone she cared for. "Oh," she said, "I am so very, very sorry. But, dear, you must have patience. Perhaps you surprised her. Perhaps presently she will learn to love you. She must."

Mike shook his head. It was not for him to tell Norah Beattie's secrets.

"I am not such an irresistible person, you see, Norah. And it is not everybody who has your faculty for idealising their friends. However," giving himself a shake, and rising from the sofa, "it is about time I made up my mind to doing without her. It is wonderful though, how easily hope springs up when you think it is done with. Now, Norah, why don't you give me one of your lectures? Tell me, in the good old salutary style I well remember, that there are other things in the world than marrying, better gifts than love, all sorts of people to live for and plenty to be done. Why, you used to be such a good hand at improving the occasion. Won't you do so now?"

But Norah only shook her head. She was in no humour to "improve the occasion." Mike, however, began to whistle "Begone, dull care," rather drearily. He was anxious to cheer up poor Norah, with whose sorrow he must not sympathise, since it was kinder to suppose it non-existent. Then, as she smiled, he said—

"I'll preach you a sermon presently, Miss Norah, on the advantages to be derived on having our wishes denied us. And look here, if ever you care for someone who isn't able to love you in quite the same way, you must remember that single women do most of the world's work; I am not so sure about the bachelors. Indeed, from my experience, I am rather inclined to reverse Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying that all women should marry and no men. Ah, now I see you are prepared to argue. That's right. Now farewell sentiment."

And taking out his handkerchief Mike wiped Norah's eyes in spite of her laughing protestations, and throwing open the French window, drew her into the garden. There presently Beattie joined them, and though all their hearts were secretly heavy, and Norah's sadder than it had ever been, yet they were all outwardly cheerful, and Mr. Gilman when he came home little guessed why his welcome was so cordial. He was

delighted when Mike suggested a walk with him over his glebe.

There was a little awkwardness when the girls were left alone. Norah was divided between her anxiety to do her duties as hostess and her longing to be alone. Beattie did not know how much, if anything, ought to be explained. But presently Norah broke the silence which had been maintained while they walked twice round the lawn.

"Mike has told me about it," she said gently. And Beattie little knew the struggle it cost her to utter those simple words. Beattie turned to her an April face.

"I am glad," she said. "You will comfort him better than anyone. I—I couldn't help it. I never tried to make him love me."

Norah said no more. But she kissed her.

"Norah," said Beattie suddenly, "you look very tired."

"I am—a little," Norah answered. "Shall we go indoors? I—I will—lie down till tea-time. Don't tell father. He will think I am ill. I will be down by five, dear." And as Beattie entered the drawing-room, Norah crept wearily up the stairs to her own room and locked the door.

A fortnight after Beattie went home she received a letter in the handwriting of Cecil Musgrove. Aunt Ella had immediately perceived from whom it was, and she smiled significantly across the breakfast-table to her husband as the girl, without attempting to read it then, slipped it into her pocket.

"What a relief it will be to me, Arthur," she said, as Beattie left the room, "when this affair is settled. A girl in love is of all things most tiresome."

Beattie's letter was as follows—

"MY DEAR MISS MARGETSON,
"I am writing to you because I think that will be more agreeable to us both than for me to tell you in person that I was in the wrong and you in the right when I made you an offer of marriage and you advised a period of waiting. You did not then care for me enough to cast in your lot with mine, and in the year which has elapsed we have seen so little of each other, owing in part to my unfortunate illness, that it is impossible your feelings can have grown warmer. I will not say mine have grown cooler, but apart from the fascination of your presence, I have realised that while entertaining the sincerest regard and affection for you, I have not that ardour which alone can make marriage desirable. Our ages and dispositions are different, and I do not believe it is in my power to make you happy. You will find a partner more worthy of you and better suited to your charming temperament. I trust that you will always regard me as your friend, and should it ever be in my power to render you any service I should esteem myself most fortunate.

"Believe me, dear Miss Margetson,

"Always sincerely yours,

"CÉCIL A. MUSGROVE."

(To be continued.)

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO.

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più f
dim. p dolce.
sf
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mf *f*
mf *tr.* *dim. molto.* *sf p* *più p* *pp*

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.



PART XII.
TWO YEARS'
HARVESTS.
"For ye
are our glory
and joy" (1 Thess. ii. 20.)

THIS evening is a very interesting one to me, my dear girl friends. It marks the completion of a second year, during which you and I have sat together "In the Twilight Side by Side," and talked on many different subjects. Different, yet all of them important in reference to our temporal and eternal welfare. We met at first as strangers, in a sense. Now we are close friends, even though parted by distance and many differences of nationality, and even of faith in numberless cases.

You, my dear ones, far and near, have been very good to the old friend who delights to give rein to happy fancies, and pictures you, all round and about her, during these talks.

Yes, it is quite true that I indulge in day-dreams which even go beyond this present life. You have been very kind and sweet in opening your hearts to me, and letting me know assuredly that our gatherings have been helpful, and more than helpful to so many. Our talks have sown seeds of thought, which have brought longings after higher and better things. Blessings have followed in hearts and homes; for those little seeds have fruited there, and produced greater happiness.

Thanks be to God for all. Our meetings would have been vain, our talks unfruitful, but for His blessing.

You, who read and love your Bibles, will call to mind that text where St. Paul writes, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together" (or fellow-workers) "with God."

It seems to me that however weak the instruments, however limited may be the field in which we work for God's glory and our neighbour's good, the same spirit should be in us that animated the Great Apostle in his wider sphere. There should be true spiritual unity amongst all who take part in it. No longing after chief places or greater meed of praise. No seeking after that field only, which gives promise of the richest harvest, or can be worked with the greatest pleasure to ourselves. No wish to see our names heard

ing, watering, cherishing the growth of all that is worth keeping, the doing our part faithfully and humbly, yet doing all in simple dependence on our God to "give the increase" and the joy of harvest.

Dear ones, in looking back on our two happy years together, I would humbly and thankfully appropriate for you and for me—the teaching of the words I have quoted.

We met together, two years ago, in the hope that from our meetings blessings would come to ourselves, and through us to others.

I say "we," for I cannot imagine that mere curiosity induced you to listen, month by month, to the messages I had to deliver. I would fain believe that many of you came as prayerfully as I did from the first, and that, knowing our meetings and conversations must produce results of some kind, we asked and hoped for blessed ones.

As time went on, many of our members realised their spiritual needs; saw themselves and their lives in a different light; learned to shrink from and dislike what they had once desired, and to love that "better part" to which they had been more than indifferent. What had once satisfied their hearts' desires was found insufficient. They had new longings after holiness and Christ-likeness, and desired to be the servants and children of their Father-God.

Hearts that had been narrowed by selfishness began to expand under the blessed influence of Christian love. Some that had seldom prayed, even for themselves, began to offer earnest petitions for each and all of us who met "In the Twilight Side by Side."

With such results to rejoice over, surely you and I may enter into the spirit of those words of St. Paul, which I have just quoted to you, because, in our little way, we may humbly claim the glorious title of "labourers (or fellow workers) together with God."

If any little seeds, sown by me, have fallen upon good ground and brought forth fruit, it is because He, who gave the good seed for His human servants to sow, and to water, has also given the increase.

So, dear girl friends, I call upon you to join me in thanking God with hearts and voices for every good that has come through our twilight gatherings. For every right thought; for every unselfish act; for every holy desire; for every opportunity to do good to others; for the spirit of sisterly love that inspired the act; for every step that we have been enabled to take on the heavenward way; for every conquered temptation and besetting sin subdued, let us join together in praising God.

I thank Him, with all my heart, for having stirred so many of you to open your minds to

the list of labourers, or thinking, that because our share in the work differs from the portion undertaken by another, therefore it is the more important.

Many operations must precede the feast of ingathering. The ploughing, the clearing away of stones and weeds, the harrowing, sow-

me. How you have cheered me by letting me be quite sure that God has given such a blessed increase! And it is so delightful to note that, whilst acknowledging the help and comfort which have come to yourselves, many manifest a longing to be of use to others and to pass on a share of the good received.

One writes, "I have often wondered what I could do for Christ's sake after one of the twilight talks." She adds, "I have been visiting one cripple for weeks, and visiting her has made me long to do something for others." So she is trying to enlist the help of friends, and has induced three to dress dolls. She lends what books she has, but not having many, is begging old books and toys for her helpless friends whom she regards as her Master's representative, quoting "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Here is another practical outcome of our meetings. "I wonder whether you know of any girl who would like the comfort of a correspondent, one who would write oftener than once a month? It is work for the Master that I would love to do, if I could. I am but a girl, not yet twenty, and not very old in the Christian life, but I am very happy, except sometimes, and I wondered if I could help one that is not so happy. I am hoping to be a missionary in a few years, and I long to help others."

We have many missionaries in our ranks already, for though not openly known as such, they are giving their prayers, their sympathy and the best powers they have on behalf of those whose needs lie nearest to their hands.

I have been specially touched by the interest which some dear correspondents have manifested in my girl friend who signed herself "One who is Miserable." Not knowing her real address, I could not pass on their letters and kind expressions of sympathy or wishes to be of use. I cannot help hoping—even believing that she must be happier now, because of prayers offered on her behalf and the loving interest manifested in her by so many.

One of my greatest pleasures during these two past years has been owing to the sweet letters which you have sent me in such numbers and bringing such precious tidings. On the other hand, my greatest regret in connection with our happy intercourse is due to the fact that I have been utterly unable to respond as I longed to do. Yet I should like each dear writer to know that I have rejoiced with her in her joys, sympathised with her in sorrow, longed to help where help was needed, and, where I was unable to render it, I have at least besought Our Father in heaven to give and to do what I could not, and to bless, each and all, as He, in equal love and wisdom should see best.

I little thought, when we began to sit "In the Twilight Side by Side," that our meetings would be continued beyond a year. Now a second is closing, and still it seems we have not wearied of each other. Strangers at first, then acquaintances, next friends and confidants, now claiming each other as—what shall I say? An old mother with countless daughters scattered over many lands, yet all claiming and receiving a share of love, all finding a corner in a heart which warms towards all girls? More than this. The affection must needs go beyond girls, and the heart expand to welcome older tenants, for wives and mothers sit with us and sympathise in all our aspirations. May this fact be the

means of bringing many mothers and daughters into a closer and holier union.

"Can it really be two years since our talks began?" you ask. "How time has flown!"

Time always does fly, but it seems to go more rapidly with the old than with the young. We, over whose heads many years have passed, look back on the past, with its joys, sorrows, meetings, partings, bereavements, gains and losses. The future seems short indeed, at its longest, so far as earth is concerned. But by faith we look beyond earth for the fulfilment of our Father's promises in Christ Jesus. So age is more a waiting time than one of much excitement.

I remember so well the words of one whom I dearly loved, and who was in a state of great weakness after illness. I had been reading to him out of the Book he loved best, but he was too faint and weary even to listen. He turned to me with a light upon the worn face, which I seem to see as I describe it, and said, "I cannot listen, dear, I am too weak and tired even to pray. 'But I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'" So in silence and with the thin hand clasped in mine, he lay in a state of perfect contentment, trusting and simply waiting God's call, in submission to His will.

What a lovely picture was this! Perhaps I have told you about it before. I cannot tell, but it so often recurs to my own mind that I should not wonder if I had done so.

The old amongst God's dear children rest, and trust, and wait, possessing their souls in patience. The time left is so short; it seems

of little moment in comparison with the vastness of eternity which lies before them, and beyond time.

With the young it is so different. They may enjoy the present, and be also rich in memories which are too recent to seem far behind it. But, with them, there is a constant reaching forward with the mind's eye towards good things that the future promises and hope depicts. Time, which is really always moving on rapid wings, seems to lag by the way whilst the expectations are unfulfilled.

I own, my dear ones, that with me, as with yourselves, these two years of twilight meetings have passed all too rapidly.

Are you expecting that this closing talk of our second year will end with words of farewell?

Only a short time ago I looked forward to such an ending. I had quite decided that it might be better for you that we should suspend our gatherings for a time, at any rate, partly lest you should tire of them, partly lest words should fail me after so many meetings. And yet I looked forward very sorrowfully to the time when our "Twilight Talks" would be all memories, and that the months would come and go without any interchange of thoughts between us.

If, instead of farewell, I say "*au revoir*," it is through yourselves that the change has come about. When so many letters came, asking that our Talks might be continued because of new blessings that had followed them, what could I say?

You, who are my nearer neighbours, will not be pained but rather join with me in rejoicing and thanksgiving, when I tell you that the last letter, which determined me not

to suspend our gatherings, came from India, and from a young Parsi girl. I wish I could give you the whole letter, but its length forbids, so I will only quote a few lines.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that the Twilight Talks have not helped Christian girls only, but Parsis and others too. I am a Parsi and the second of four sisters. You have helped us all immensely. Very often when any of us feels dejected or out of sorts, she just takes up the dear old G.O.P. and passes a few minutes with you; because she is sure you will show her her fault kindly, and send her about her work quite cheerful."

My correspondent goes on to speak of her sisters and of a member of her family who was led to seek her mother's forgiveness through the influence of a "Talk," of the great need for a class for poor girls, especially since families had been made helpless through the ravages of the plague.

"We intend opening one on a small scale in a short time, and we'll translate the Twilight Talks to them. I'm sure they'll be benefited by them, as much as we have been. Please continue writing for a long, long time to come. We, your girl friends, will always like to pass any time with you if you have nothing left to tell us in the Twilights."

I must end my quotation, but with regret. My love and every good wish to all my girl friends, far and near. May God abundantly bless them.

Let it be our happy privilege, until the time for our next talk begins, to thank God for the past, and to ask for a still greater blessing on our future meetings.



NEW HELPS TO MUSIC STUDY.

FOR YOUNGER MUSICIANS.

GIRL-READERS, young or old, quick or slow, stay only a few minutes to read of these real helps in the difficulties of your daily music practice. For instance: we all think at first that J. S. Bach is dry as dust, and as old as the hills themselves!

Well, begin studying him under the literary guidance of a learned Professor of the Brussels Conservatoire, Monsieur Adolph Wouters, and difficulties will vanish in growing understanding of all the calm, grand depths of the dear old Kapell Meister's work of a century and a half ago. Interest will awaken, and you will hear the organ in great dusky cathedrals of yore pealing out in his gorgeous fugues as you practise on, or you will imagine playing to you in the ever fresh *Inventions à deux voix* (new edition) the tinkling spinet or harpsichord which appears as "Clavecin" on Bach's music, both the forerunners of your own beautiful piano.

For players of from ten to twelve years, the "Little Preludes for beginners" (*Petits préludes pour les commençants*) can be taken first, followed by the "Inventions;" then at a later age, according to the progress of the student, the "Forty-eight preludes and fugues" completed by Bach in 1740, about ten years before his blindness.

A well-studied course of Bach should be the foundation of all good pianoforte playing; he seems to us the Spenser of music as Beethoven is the Shakespeare.

Study Bach and you will find lovely original flowers of poetry and harmony that have been portrayed in different ways by many a minor

classic since, musical expressions and thoughts which have guided the greatest composers; sober, invigorating methods which have taught the finest pianists.

Bach's music some years ago was often a sealed book, because if we did ever look into it, it seemed a world of black notes, a desert of never-ending passages and queer little marks which we could not clearly understand, and the dire want of fingering alone stopped our acquaintance short at once.

Professor Wouters has most patiently studied all the editions which have been printed of Bach's works and all the reliable authorities upon them of the century, and the result to the student is useful beyond words.

All the trill and ornament marks are written out in full on a separate little staff immediately above that being studied, the fingering is perfectly sufficient, distinct and close to the notes to which it belongs, while the disposition of the different parts or voices are such that you know at once which hand should play them. The two volumes of fugues, formerly so dear, are only four francs, *i.e.*, 3s. 4d. each.

"Clementi's daily study of scales" (*Étude journalière des Gammes*) is rearranged and refingered too by Professor Wouters: the majors and minors are woven so interestingly and continuously into an exercise of a page or more in length.

All Wouters' editions are published by Messrs. Katto, Brussels, but any publishers in England procure them.

Little girls will find pleasure and profit in

learning a pianoforte duet, "A Hungarian Fantasia" in G minor by Rutland Boughton (Weekes), which will show them well the different styles of Hungarian airs; and for smaller fingers still, G. Sarowski's "Sonatina" without octaves (Phillips and Page) pleasantly meet a frequent want.

For these same tiny sisters we recommend "Davenport's Piano Tutor" (Phillips and Page), a most excellent new one containing all the best explanations, exercises and melodies one can wish to have for learners.

Time, the degrees of the scale, the use of the pedals and much else not so well dealt with of old, are here lucidly set forth, making it a capital book to teach or to learn from.

But what shall we say of "Twelve little Men of Music Land. Harmony made easy," by Clifford Halle (Metzler)? It is like a story, and it is told with such wit, ingenuity and delightful whimsicality that the memory is impressed with quite difficult things before you realise that you have at last really understood what you have thought hopeless before.

The illustrations are so humorous too, and in fact for big girls and little girls it is unquestionably one of the quaintest, prettiest, easiest lesson books on a hard subject which we have ever lighted upon. There are many girls in quiet country places who have to study a good deal alone, or they may have to superintend the music of smaller sisters, and we hope these hints and others to follow may be of use to them in sparing them time and trouble.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



A SKETCH.

WHEN LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE blossom time is almost o'er,
The summer rose has shed,
The last frail buds it bravely bore,
Upon its grassy bed;
The swallow's wheeling flight is low,
We hear its shrilly call,
And in the sunlight, soft and slow,
The leaves begin to fall.

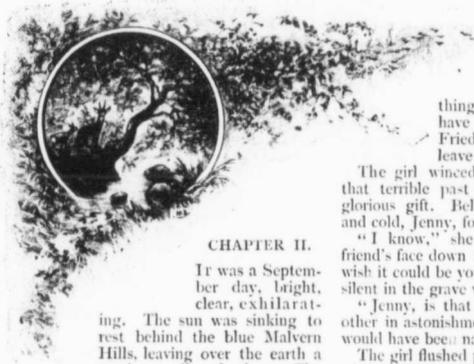
The bracken trails its plumes of gold,
The chestnuts patter down,
The morning mists hang, fold on fold,
O'er moors, burnt russet-brown.
Though noontide airs be soft as balm,
And fruits hang on the wall,
Still in the sunlight, golden calm,
The leaves begin to fall.

Oh, falling leaves, oh, withered flowers,
Oh, summer bird that flies!
Ye leave to us autumnal bowers,
'Neath chill and wind-swept skies—
But leave us still bright thoughts of cheer,
God's love is over all;
And Nature's hour of rest is near,
When leaves begin to fall.

So let the time of roses pass,
And let the swallows fly,
And let the flowers that starred the grass,
Hang down their heads and die.
The winter will but nurse the spring,
God leaves His hope with all—
New buds will blow, new songbirds sing,
Though leaves begin to fall.

HER LAST ORATORIO.

By GRETA GILMOUR.



CHAPTER II.

It was a September day, bright, clear, exhilarating. The sun was sinking to rest behind the blue Malvern Hills, leaving over the earth a parting smile of glory. The Severn shone like liquid gold and the woods burnt red and yellow with autumn fire. An exquisite sweet sadness lingered in the air, amongst the trees and hills and under the shadow of the cathedral spire. The year was drawing near its close. The gladness of summer was fading, and death crept round amongst the woods and fields, stealthily robbing the trees of their foliage, the lanes and fields of their garlands. Soon the balmy air and golden light would give place to keen north winds and sunless skies.

In the cathedral there was a subdued bustle and preparation for the great sacred concert to be held there that night. In the latticed window of the quaint house opposite sat the artiste, whose name was on every lip and who was to take the leading solos in the oratorio. It was Jenny, who after all had yielded to Signor Flosi's request so often repeated. Her fair hair was loose about her. Frieda had been brushing it and was now about to dress it.

"My only fear is that the excitement will make you ill," said Frieda gently.

"Have no fear, dear; I shall do my part well to please Dr. Lunn, Signor Flosi and you—if I should die in the effort."

A sudden thrill passed through Frieda. Jenny's unconscious words meant so much in this case. She took them up seriously.

"You have still many, many days to live,

Jenny, and you surely don't grudge them to me from all the vast eternity before you?"

"Frieda, I grudge you nothing—nothing I have. But over this I have no control. I wish—oh, Frieda! how I do wish—I could leave you my voice."

The girl winced. "Don't remind me of that terrible past when I envied you your glorious gift. Believe me the envy is dead and cold, Jenny, for evermore."

"I know," she said, softly drawing her friend's face down to hers. "Nevertheless, I wish it could be yours to use, instead of lying silent in the grave with me."

"Jenny, is that your creed?" asked the other in astonishment. "Had I said that, it would have been natural, but you!"

The girl flushed painfully. "Do you know what my creed is, Frieda. It is this," she said, and rising she seated herself at the piano and began to sing—

"Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart.
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear,
What a God of love can do."

When the beautiful voice ceased the spell was broken.

"Jenny, where did you find that melody? I have never heard it before, and it is so lovely."

The girl turned swiftly round, her eyes shining. "Frieda, do you really think it lovely?"

"Of course I do, else I would not say so. Why, what do you mean? Do you not like it?"

"Frieda, it is my own."

"Your own!" she cried, a pang like a knife running through her. Was there no end to the wealth of this wonderful nature, which was soon to lie impotent in death?

"All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew."

The thought entered her rebellious heart, bringing with it great comfort.

"You evidently didn't credit me with as much gumption," said Jenny, peering up into her friend's face with a mischievous smile.

"But I have written plenty more, so there!"

"And why did you never tell me, Jenny," asked the other in a wounded tone.

In a moment Jenny's arms were round her. "Frieda, you know how I have always mistrusted my powers. I was afraid to let you hear what I feared, with your knowledge of harmony, you would condemn."

"You foolish child! Let me hear another."

"Oh, there is no time; I really must dress now. But some time or other I will show you my bundle of songs. I just wrote for the joy of it, and dedicated them to you and to my old friend Dr. Lunn, who first discovered my voice. The harmony, etc., will horrify you, I know."

"Not if they are all like that one," returned Frieda. "To whom is it dedicated?"

A wistful smile came into the girl's eyes.

"To Sir Arthur Holmes," she said, turning into the adjoining room, whither Frieda followed her.

When she came out again she was dressed in a simple robe of white, with her fair hair gathered in a knot behind. She looked fragile and sweet.

"You have not a single ornament, Jenny," exclaimed Frieda, a little disconsolately.

"Nor do I wish for any. You know I want to look like a high priestess, which indeed, for the time being, I am. But there is just one addition to my toilet I should like."

"And that, dearest, is what?"

"A sprig of jasmine, Frieda."

In a moment the casement was open and Frieda was searching amongst the dark foliage for a lingering spray of the star-like blossoms. Having found it she placed it in the girl's bosom and bending over her kissed her.

"It is not quite time to go, dear, would it tax you too much to sing, 'O satisfy us'?" Jenny looked up with a radiant smile. This anthem she had never sung since that memorable May evening. She sang it now transcendently. Frieda thanked her with a glance which meant more than words.

Then it was time to go, and soon Frieda found herself amongst the vast audience in the cathedral, waiting impatiently and

nervously for the music to commence. She strained her eyes to catch a sight of Jenny amongst the sea of white-robed figures in the chancel, but failed to do so until the girl stood up to sing, "Rejoice greatly, ye daughters of Zion." How clear and sweet the pure notes fell from the singer's lips, high above the heads of the people, soaring among the cathedral arches to the vaulted roof. Frieda's cheeks flushed and her dark eyes shone. Around her there was a faint murmur of astonished delight.

"What a divine voice!" said someone near her as the last note died away.

When the young soprano rose again there was a wonderful light on her face. It was as a high priestess of the Most High that she took the sacred words on her lips. "Come unto Him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest." And the people with one accord, came—yielding to the pleading of that angelic voice, which seemed in very truth to proceed from Heaven.

Ah! if that voice could have gone on pleading in the hearts of all present, they had never returned to the paths of sin.

"How beautiful are the feet of them," was not less perfect than the two preceding solos, but there was eager expectation expressed on many faces at the commencement of the third part.

Frieda stood up and leant against a pillar that she might see the dear face lit up so radiantly.

Now the exquisite voice began, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

There was no great assemblage there for Jenny. She stood alone in the cathedral, the mellow sunlight falling across the marble floor. Far away through the vista of arches was visible the blue sky, with masses of white clouds gathered round the glory of the opening gates of Heaven—"And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . yet in my flesh shall I see God. . ."

So she sang, and beheld her Redeemer waiting for her in the golden gateway.

A cry rang out from amongst the audience, above the music of the orchestra, and the spell of Jenny's divine voice was broken. With her face buried in her hands sat Frieda. A terrible hush fell on the assembly, as the prostrate form of the young singer was carried from the chancel. The orchestra played on in tender subdued harmony and the audience waited in suspense. Then the deep solemn strains of a Dead March moaning from the organ told them, better than any words, the fate of the singer. Silently the people rose and silently they streamed out from the cathedral—the Hall of Death—with sorrow marked on every face.

Only one remained behind cowering within the shadow of the pillar. The sad music ceased. The lights went out and the cathedral grew dark and cold and silent as the grave. Still she sat on.

[THE END.]

A WARM QUILT.

THIS is a very suitable piece of work for invalids, the little bags are light for weakly fingers, no effort of mind is entailed in their making and filling, and perhaps some kind friend would undertake the final "making up." Also it is excellent amusement for the children on a wet day, or when a cold keeps them indoors and the appeal comes for "something to do." Several sets of small fingers can be kept going, and a whole quilt very soon

finished. First make a number of small bags, two inches and three-quarters by four inches and a quarter, leaving them open at the top as in Fig. 1. Any bright coloured bits of material are suitable; they can be made of one or two pieces. Drapers' patterns, when large enough, answer the purpose very well. They need not be strongly stitched; merely enough to keep them together. Fill each bag with scraps of soft material, cut up small, ravelings, bits of cotton-wool, etc., all help, and mix in plenty of little rolls of paper made according to Fig. 2; a rather soft kind is best, insides of old account-books do well. Cut the

strips six inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and when rolled, not folded, give them a pinch at each end, they naturally spring out somewhat, and thereby give elasticity to the stuffing.

As each little bag is filled, not too tightly, turn in the top and oversew it. Then arrange them according to the colouring, as in patchwork, and sew them together at the back with strong cotton. When sufficiently large a frill of coarse lace, crochet, or Turkey twill should be added, and a warm, but not heavy, quilt is the result.

"COUSIN LIL."

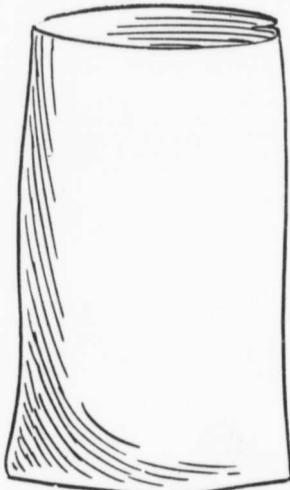


FIG ①



FIG ②

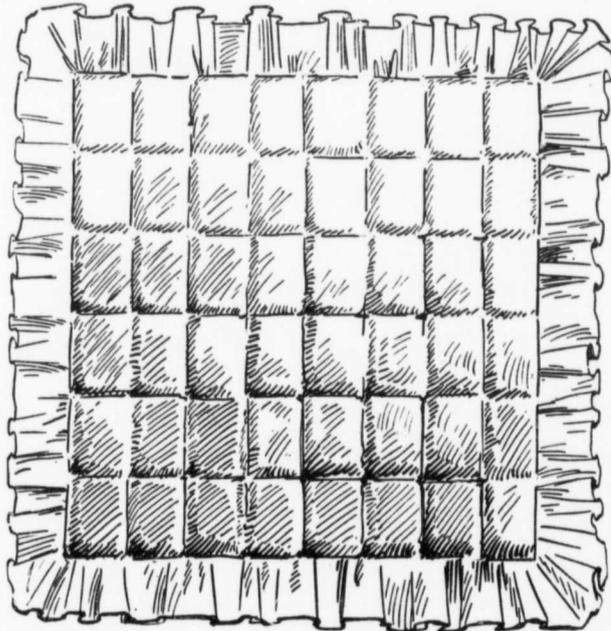


FIG ③

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

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

CHAPTER VI. THE TRUE NURSE.



MADE the following notes in my notebook and they are nearly in Maggie's words. I have classified them, as they may be of better use to anyone to whom I lend the book. Maggie says very truly that some

people are born nurses and have more natural aptitude than others for the work, but she quite agrees that people can study what are the qualifications of a good nurse and try and acquire them.

OBEEDIENCE.

Implicit obedience to the doctor's orders is absolutely necessary in a good nurse. Her duty as nurse is to carry out the doctor's orders, consequently she should never suggest treatment to him. She should write down after the doctor's visit all the directions which he has given concerning the patient.

Of course the nurse should ask the doctor if the patient may or may not do, or have anything in particular which he has desired or she thinks good for him. The doctor should always be told if for any good reason his orders have not been carried out to the letter. Sometimes circumstances arise in which this strict obedience is impossible, but these are rare. As a rule too a nurse should never use her own judgment and defy a medical order. The cases are few where her so doing would be right. If a nurse does not clearly understand a doctor's orders, she should ask him to explain them more fully and not chance the matter for fear of exposing her ignorance.

WATCHFULNESS.

A nurse should watch the patient very carefully and note all changes, writing down anything of importance; but she should be careful not to let the patient know that he is being watched, as that is a most irritating sensation. She should leave written directions as to what is to be done and given to the patient with whoever she leaves in charge during the time when she is absent from the sick-room, and ask her substitute to make a note of any changes, the amount of sleep, food and medicine taken, if the patient has coughed much or little, etc.

GENTLENESS.

This quality is most essential in a good nurse. Any roughness in manner or words are unpardonable however much she may be tried. If she has to do anything for the patient which gives him pain, her firm performance of what is necessary should not lessen her gentle manner, and without being silly or too obviously tender-hearted, she can show that she is sorry she has to hurt him. Whenever she can give in to a patient's little fancies it is well to do so, and the fact that she does this in matters of small moment will win his confidence and make it easy for her to get him to do what she wants at other times.

COURTESY.

It is always necessary to be courteous to a sick person. Some people treat the patient, especially if he is old, as if he was a fool and they did not think it necessary to show him common civility. It is very trying for the sick person, be he young or old, to be ordered

about, and excepting in the case of children, from whom of course you have to exact obedience, you should make your patient obey while not letting him see that you are ruling him. Never show disgust, however painful may be what you have to do, and never appear reluctant to undertake any unpleasant office. To some people the great trial of illness is the being obliged to ask many services—often unpleasant ones—at the hands of others, and the nurse by her courteous ways and manner should lessen this trial to the patient. If she sees her Lord and Master in the sick person, it will soften much that is disagreeable, and lighten the performance of many duties which may be revolting, wearisome or troublesome.

PUNCTUALITY.

This, which has been miscalled one of the minor virtues, is a major one in the sick-room. It is of the greatest importance that a nurse should give medicine at the right time, that she should get the patient's meals to the minute, and that she should, if she says she is going out for half an hour, not return in three-quarters or an hour.

TACT.

The nurse should know when to speak and when to be silent. Some people like to be talked to, others prefer being left alone. The nurse when she does converse with her patient, should be bright and cheerful and select pleasant topics of conversation. To tell a nervous person about the latest railway accident or all about the funeral in the next road, shows as much want of tact as the descriptions some people are so ready to give of complaints, operations, etc.

Although hopeful in words and manner, still where the case is pronounced hopeless by the medical attendant, it is only well that the sick person should be told so. It does not often devolve upon the nurse to do this, but in some cases it does, and to keep the person in the dark concerning his state is often culpably wrong. When it is clearly her duty to tell him she should exercise tact as to the time and method of doing so.

CONSIDERATION.

The consideration which a nurse should have for her patient simply means that she should endeavour to put herself in his place and do all in her power to save him from annoyance of every kind, and to do to him as she would be done by.

A considerate nurse never whispers in the sick-room, nor does she talk in low tones just outside his half-open bed-room door.

A considerate nurse will remember if she is going out to say so simply to the patient, adding how long she intends to be away. It will save him from wondering, speculating, and worrying during her absence.

It is always undesirable to discuss the patient or his treatment before him. The nurse should meet the doctor outside the sick-room and give her report. She should first of all answer all his questions and then give him any necessary particulars which her answers have not contained. She should then ask anything she needs to inquire.

A considerate nurse will not sit on the patient's bed, and she should never read out to him unless he asks her to do so. Any work that she does in the sick-room should be noiseless, and on no account should she turn over leaves noisily or read a newspaper, the crackling of which is most irritating to hear.

When she is not wanted the nurse should sit down quietly and not wander about the room. She should not consult the patient beforehand as to his food, but bring up what is ordered or by skilful questions find out his tastes. She should never taste the patient's food with the spoon he is going to use.

A nurse has often a good deal of trouble in settling the question of visitors. Here what is good for the individual as well as his own wishes in the matter must be consulted. Some people mope and get depressed if they do not see people; others like to have more society than is good for them, while many cannot bear visitors at all. If the latter come, however, they should never be admitted at meal-time. The afternoon is better than the morning for their visits, and they should sit where the patient can see them easily. If the illness is dangerous or infectious, the visitor should sit between the door and the bed and not between the fireplace and the bed. The reason of this is, that in the first-named position the current of air is from the door to the bed, and the guest gets nothing at all from the patient, whereas in the latter the air comes laden with the breath and any odour that may come from the patient or bed. The family of a sick person should always be considered by a good nurse. Although it is undoubted that in cases of illness there should be one individual to take the leadership in the sick-room and one or at most two people made responsible for the patient; still, where there is illness, various members of the family like to feel that they are helping, and very often the nurse quite forgets to consider them, causing to them a very great deal of needless suffering in consequence. The misery of feeling that someone loved is ill and that you cannot do anything for them is very great. A considerate nurse will make the family feel that each member is helping in some way or other. She will never forget to give messages; she will let the boys do errands for her; the girls help by taking a turn in the sick room if possible and doing various small things for the invalid, and no one will feel left out in the cold.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

This indeed is a very necessary virtue in a nurse. She ought to be actuated by high principles and ever remember the responsibility of her work. She should be loyal to the doctor and be strictly truthful. Should she ever forget to carry out any instruction she should honestly tell him of it. This loyalty to the medical man will prevent her from disparaging him, whatever may be her own private opinion of him. To attempt to weaken the patient's faith in his doctor is a very cruel thing to do, for belief in the doctor has a great deal to do with the medicine and treatment he prescribes being effectual.

FORESIGHT AND METHOD.

A nurse should look ahead and have all the wants in the room, or the room adjoining, ready for when it is needed. When soda-water is wanted for example, is not the time to find out that it should have been ordered in the day before.

Before settling for the night, the nurse should have all she is likely to want at hand, for it is very disturbing to the patient to have to be going out of the room for various things.

THE NURSE HERSELF.

Perfect cleanliness is absolutely indispensable in a nurse. She should keep herself

perfectly clean by a daily bath, or if that is impossible by washing herself all over—excepting her hair—daily. Her hair should be in order and her nails well kept. A nurse's dress ought to be of some washing material, but not much starched. She should wear shoes that do not make any noise, and never walk about a sick-room in heeled boots or shoes. Her walk should be firm and natural. To glide about the room or walk on tip-toe is most irritating.

A nurse should take care of her own health, as she will then be better able to perform her duty to the patient. She should have seven hours' consecutive sleep, if possible, not in the patient's room, and for that she should undress fully and get right into bed. Sleeping dressed is no rest at all, and the nurse will never rise fresh for her duties. An hour in the fresh air every day is also desirable for her to have.

The nurse should take sufficient food, and the amount of stimulant to which she is accustomed—if any—with it. Stimulants should never be taken in between meals or by way of a fillip when tired. Some food should always be taken in the night by any one who has to sit up at night, and beef-tea, tea, or coffee will be found most refreshing.

When father returned he seemed in very good spirits and had a great deal to tell me about America. Aunt Elsie was delighted to see him back again, and he was astonished at finding her so well. Certainly there was a great improvement in her since she had been moved into the brighter room and had all the small things for her comfort which Maggie thought of, and we together carried out for her. The bed-table had proved a very great comfort, and she now wondered how she had ever done without it. Father gave her a writing-pad as a present, with ink and all secured to it so that she could write her letters in comfort.

After a bit father told us that he was going to be married again, and that he was engaged to an American lady whom he had met in Chicago. We were all very pleased to hear it, and thought she looked charming from her photograph.

She came over to be married in London, and was staying with some cousins of hers. We all liked her, and then I told father, when they came back from their tour in Switzerland, of my wish to become a nurse. Father's marriage of course set me free to carry out my wish, and they both gave their sanction and approval. So I am going next winter to St. A——'s to train, and I do hope I may succeed.

I think I shall like nursing very much, for although I know there will be a great deal that will be disagreeable, that I shall find much that I greatly care for. Maggie has married and gone out to India, where her husband's regiment is stationed, and she writes and tells me that she finds her knowledge of nursing most useful.

My ambition is to nurse the poor in their own homes as Maggie used to do. Many of them will not go to a hospital, and often the cases of illness are hardly serious enough for that; but it seems to me that this aspect of nursing is one of the most valuable. It is a great means to an end too, for as you help the poor in this practical way you get a hold over them and often have an opportunity of helping their souls as well as their bodies.

To relieve suffering is a noble work, and I do hope I may be able to do it and do it well. I shall try my best, not only for the scientific part of nursing, which I now see is a science and has to be learnt thoroughly and is most fascinating, but for the sake of Him who came to minister to the needs of others and who deigns to accept what is done to His poor suffering creatures as if done to Himself.

[THE END.]

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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



CHAPTER VIII.

IT WAS July again, the time of summer and flowers, and with Monica Laing the unpleasant incidents of the night at the pantomime were almost forgotten. It was this faculty of being able to forget all that was painful that possibly preserved the creamy softness of her skin—there was never a shadow of care in her large dreamy eyes, nor a wrinkle to be seen on her forehead. For a moment, perhaps, when she had read the list of those who had been injured in the crush, she had felt glad that her name did not figure among them, and then she had turned to smell the beautiful bouquet of flowers that had been left for her, and thanked the nameless sender. Was it David, or Mr. Dayrell, she wondered?

But that had been long ago. She was not thinking of that now as she sat again on the lawn at Boscombe Hall—her usual summer resort. It was a wonderful place for subjects for sketches. There was quite a goodly company at the Hall at present; Deborah and her mother were spending their holidays there, and the Professor and his wife thought that they could not do better than come down to this quiet old-world place for part of the summer vacation, and with them came a baby and a nurse, a baby that seemed to Deborah the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She

would spend hours of every day with that baby, bribing the nurse occasionally to let her have it all to herself, so that gradually the baby earned the *sobriquet* of "Deborah's doll."

"I can't think what you find so charming in that small red thing in long clothes," said Monica, looking at Deborah as she sat on the grass by her side nursing the baby in question.

"It's so lovely and small, and so funny," explained Deborah; "and she's so good with me. It's ever so much better to play with her than it was to play with the doll Mr. David—I mean Mr. Russell, gave me years ago, when I was a little thing; only then, I remember, I used to pretend it was alive, and that it was you."

"Thank you for nothing! I hope I'm not like a doll. By the way, Mr. David, as you persist in calling him, is coming to-day, I believe."

"Oh," cried Deborah, in her excitement nearly dropping the baby, "how lovely! Aren't you glad?" and then she stopped short and coloured, feeling as if she had been guilty of impertinence, for nothing had ever happened after the night of the fire. No engagement had been declared, and Deborah sometimes wondered if she had dreamed that Mr. Russell had called Monica "darling."

There was not a shade of embarrassment in her manner now, as she burst into a little laugh.

"You are a queer enthusiastic child. I don't know that I am particularly glad. He is pleasant enough."

The speech grated on Deborah intolerably, and she rose and carried off the baby to the house, cooing at it as she went. On her way she met her

grandfather, and noticed with pain how feeble he was growing, and how his feet dragged occasionally in his walk, although he made a conscious effort to lift them. He stopped when he came up to her.

"Don't you waste a good deal of time over the child, my dear? Surely you have some holiday task that you ought to work at in the morning. Look at Miss Laing; she is nearly always at work and it is of the utmost importance that you get on. You are young and cannot, perhaps, realise how important it is that you make the best use of your opportunities."

"Yes, grandfather," said Deborah gently, tears rising to her eyes. "Perhaps I've forgotten for a day or two—since the baby came. It's so pretty and little; but I won't play with it any more in the morning. I'm trying to be clever; I am really."

A sad little smile played round Mr. Menzies' mouth.

"I think you are, my dear. Your report was a very high one, and perhaps I am too eager. I don't want to urge you beyond your strength, but you must not forget to do your best—for my sake and your mother's."

The old man made no reference to the son on whom his hopes had centred. The years passed on and Deborah's father seemed no nearer his goal. He came from time to time and went away again to "make his fortune," but all visible sign of that fortune was an occasional dribble of money that he sent home to his wife and daughter.

Deborah passed on to the house with self-reproach in her heart.

"You darling," she said; "you pretty little darling, I must not let you make

me waste my time; but every afternoon, baby, I shall come for you, and that won't be wicked."

It chanced that that afternoon the Professor proposed to take Deborah for a walk, and she gladly accepted his offer, for she wanted to talk to him of many things. Out of school hours she had learned to recognise him as her friend, to whom she could talk of all her difficulties.

They had scarcely started before she burst out with the question that was all-important to her at that moment.

"Mr. Norwood, please tell me when I shall earn money, and what at?"

Mr. Norwood laughed.

"A large order, Deborah. There are lots of things girls can do nowadays. They can be typists, or shorthand clerks; they can write, and lecture, or they can be medical missionaries. I don't recommend this last, for choice."

"Oh," said Deborah dejectedly, "you are laughing at me, and I'm not a bit in joke. I want to know so that I can work hard, very hard, because of grandfather."

The earnestness of her tone appealed to the Professor.

"If I knew that I was likely to do any one thing well I would work specially hard at that one thing; I would think of it always. But I'm not like Monica; I can't draw a line straight, and I'm not musical. What can I do?"—despairingly.

"Several things," remarked Mr. Norwood quietly. "I fancy in time to come you could write, but the path of literature is a thorny one. I don't advise you to try it, but you have a talent that is stronger than your one for writing. You could be a professional reciter; I am sure of it, and your training might be going on coincidentally with your school work."

Deborah caught her breath:

"Do you mean it?" she said, with hope in her voice.

"Yes. I don't mean that you are one now, remember. You could be trained for one; you have a rather remarkable talent for it. I did not mean to tell you at present, and of course you will not say anything about the object you have in view; but to-day you are out of heart and want encouragement."

Deborah nodded, her heart too full to speak.

"And what shall I do during the holidays?" she asked presently.

"Spend your spare time in learning things—good poetry, or prose—by heart. Keep to quite simple things at first, like the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," by Jean Ingelow. Read it again and again, until your mind is saturated with the situation, until it is before you like a living picture; then begin to learn it with absolute accuracy and fidelity to the author, line by line, verse by verse, then come and say it to me."

"Oh, how kind you are!" cried Deborah, in a passion of gratitude; but the Professor waived her thanks and turned the conversation into other channels.

Deborah never forgot that afternoon's walk, when she deliberately made

choice of profession. Her feet seemed literally to dance along in the sunshine, her heart was singing with joyousness. She was so full of happiness that she quite forgot the piece of news that Monica had told her that morning, that her friend, Mr. Russell, might be expected to appear in the course of the day, so it was with a start of surprise that she saw his knicker-bockered figure coming to meet her down the drive upon her return.

"Why, Deborah, you are growing by feet, not by inches!" he exclaimed, kindly taking her hand; and Deborah, with an expression almost as innocent as a child's, looked joyfully into his face and reiterated the question she had asked him when they had first met in the dell years ago.

"Have you come to stay?"

"I think so, I hope so, for a bit at any rate," he replied, a little shyly.

"And that will depend on the beautiful Monica," thought the Professor to himself.

The next morning Deborah carried off her Jean Ingelow to the dell. She found a comfortable seat in the root of a tree all cushioned with moss, and gave herself up to her studies. It is a wonderful poem that "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and Deborah read and re-read it, till it was before her like life; the old woman in her doorway looking out across the flat green pastures to where "the level sun, like ruddy ore, lay sinking in the barren skies," for her son's "fair wife Elisabeth," whose figure showed "dark against day's golden death."

She could hear the sweet music of the voice that called the cows to "rise and follow to the milking shed." It was all so present with her that she literally started with surprise when the voices of two people drawing near to the dell brought her back from her world of fiction to everyday life. She closed the book and leant back against the root of the tree. The voices were close to her now, and she recognised them as those of David and Monica. She half thought of clambering up the dell and joining them, but on second thoughts it seemed wiser to leave them alone; they might not want her company. Greatly to her dismay, however, they came to a standstill at the top of the dell. She was completely hidden from view in her rustic seat. David was talking eagerly, passionately.

"I have tried to be patient, Monica, but I must have an answer now—to-day. I can wait no longer. My love must have been an open secret to you since the night of the fire, but you have evaded me, for what reason I do not know, but I have made my opportunity now. I have come down here on purpose to ask you to be my wife."

CHAPTER IX.

DEBORAH'S heart beat loudly in her ears. What, oh what, ought she to do? To declare herself was well-nigh impossible, it would put her friend in such an uncomfortable position; to stay where she was seemed terribly dishonourable,

but what was she to do? She crouched further back in her place of concealment and still the passionate pleading poured on overhead.

"It is not as if it were a new idea, a sudden fancy, Monica," went on David. "You have lived in my heart since I was a boy; I was scarcely more when I left England, only then I knew it would be sheer foolishness to speak. I had nothing to offer you, but I am in a different position now. I could keep you in comfort, I could love you as surely never girl has been loved before—"

Then Monica's voice interrupted, and Deborah heard a note of agitation in it. For once her smiling placidity was disturbed.

"Please don't say any more, I can't let you say any more, for I am not free; I am engaged to—Mr. Dayrell."

Deborah clasped her hands tightly together, and found her breath coming and going in quick gasps. How could she, how could she listen to Mr. Dayrell when David cared for her, and she must have known it! Had not she, Deborah, who was only a school-girl, found it out? She scarcely knew the voice that spoke next, so sharpened with pain was David's tone.

"Has this engagement been for long, for, if so, I think you might have told me and spared me? Was it an understood thing before the night of the fire at the pantomime, for example?"

The "No" that was given in answer to the question was said so low that it was almost inaudible.

"After that then, soon after that?"

"The next day after it, if you will have the truth," replied Monica, defiantly, "but I don't know by what right you question me like this."

"By this right," said David, speaking slowly, with painful effort to keep calm, "that you must have known, you could not help knowing that night, that I cared for you. When you promised yourself to another man you might have put me out of my misery; you need not have let me writhe on in alternate hope and despair for six months."

Monica broke into an angry little laugh. "It surely would have been intolerably forward on my part to take it for granted that you meant to propose to me. I have not put myself in your way; I did not ask you to come here."

"You allowed it; I wrote and asked if you would mind my coming, and your answer was that I was free to please myself, and surely you must have guessed my purpose. It seems to me that when anyone as beautiful as yourself is definitely engaged to one man it is, to say the least, a little hard on her other admirers to keep it dark, but I suppose beautiful women like you get to know their power and like to count their scalps, reckon the hearts they have broken on their fingers."

"I won't allow you to talk to me like this! Raymond and I had our own reasons for wishing the engagement kept quiet. There was another girl, an heiress, that an aunt who has promised to leave him all her property, wished him to marry; it might have made all

the difference to our future if we had declared our engagement six months ago, but the girl is engaged now to somebody else, and Raymond has gone down to his aunt this week to tell her that he will marry me. I would not give this explanation to many, but I do to you because I am sorry for you; you have been causelessly rude to me, however."

"Have I?" said David, humbly, "then I apologise. People in great bodily or mental pain don't always stay to consider their words, and I am giving up the hope of my life," and his voice was husky.

Deborah knew then that he had gone, for she heard the sound of his uneven footsteps across the grass. Monica was still there; her dress rustled softly against the paling, but after about five minutes Deborah heard her walk away in the direction of the house.

Then Deborah started to her feet. She would have given all she possessed to blot out the past half hour. She felt guilty and miserable, for she knew the conversation she had overheard had not been intended for her ears. Ought she to follow the two straight away and tell them she had been hidden there, or would that make them both more miserable and uncomfortable? She reproached herself bitterly for not having stuffed her fingers in her ears so as not to have heard what was going on, but in her excitement and distress the idea had not suggested itself to her. She bethought her of a story she had read in a paper of a woman who had been hidden behind a curtain during a freemason's meeting, and had been discovered, and was made to swear to keep secret all that she had heard on that eventful night. She did not know if the story were true or not, but it seemed to give her a clue as to the way she ought to act now. She had not intended to play the part of eavesdropper, and what she had heard should be kept absolutely secret all her life. She would tell nobody. It was a dreadful thing to have to keep a thing to yourself; it made her feel almost wicked, and yet she knew herself to be innocent of any intention to do wrong.

She walked back to the house with the volume of poetry tucked under her arm, very sad and sick at heart, for a trouble had befallen her that morning; her childish idol had fallen from its pedestal and could never be put up again. Miss Laing might be as beautiful as ever to look at, but she was not good or kind, and she had given Mr. Russell dreadful pain, and she did not seem to mind, and it was not right of her, Deborah decided, to have been engaged all that long time and not mention it, just because it had to do with money. She had not questioned Monica's conduct on any point before, but somehow the veil was rudely torn away, and she saw her as she really was, vain, cold, and selfish. The awakening was dreadfully painful, and tears were running down Deborah's face when she went up to her room to take off her hat. What woman is there who cannot remember a like shattering of

a childish idolatry? Until to-day Deborah had been in many ways unusually childish for her fourteen years, but between breakfast and luncheon she had taken, all unawares, a sudden leap onward. She had begun to form her own judgments of life and the actions of others.

She suffered an agony of apprehension during lunch lest any one should ask her where she had spent her morning, but the Professor only nodded at her good-naturedly as much as to say he understood why she had absented herself, and no one else seemed interested in her actions, except her mother who remarked that she looked tired and she trusted that she was not going to overwork herself during the holidays. Deborah shook her head quickly. When she dared to look about her she saw that David had seated himself at the end of the table near her grandfather, with whom he carried on incessant conversation about Indian affairs, and Monica was not present.

"Miss Laing is very poorly," old Mrs. Menzies announced presently. "I fancy the sun was too hot for her this morning. Is it not a pity, Mr. Norwood, that Mr. Russell must leave us to-day? But his leave is drawing to a close, he tells me, and of course his mother must grudge every hour he is away from her."

Mr. Norwood murmured his regret at David's untimely departure, and Deborah looked down at her plate. Would this secret of hers weigh for ever like a mill-stone about her neck, or would she sometimes be able to forget it? How thankful she was when the meal was ended and she could get away. She did not even feel as if she could go up to the nursery, for she could not settle to anything until she knew when Mr. Russell was going away. She was not left long in doubt, for the village fly hove in sight, and the worried housemaid struggled downstairs, carrying a portmanteau.

An irresistible impulse seized Deborah to run away from that good-bye. She was afraid of betraying herself; she was so intensely sorry for her friend, and almost before she knew what she was doing she was running with light steps, and her hair flying behind her in the wind, across the lawn to the old walled garden. She reached the door and was about to open it, when she felt a firm hand pulling it from the inside, and there stood before her Mr. Russell.

"Why, Deborah," he said, "you are flying as if the hounds were after you. I was taking a last look round the old place before I go away. I have grown fond of it somehow, and I don't suppose I shall ever see it again."

"Shan't you come here again then?"

"It is not likely. I'm going back to India, and it will be years, six or seven years at least, before I shall be home again, and who knows what may happen between now and then. Besides, you will be a grown-up young lady and will have forgotten me."

"No," said Deborah, simply, "I didn't forget before."

David gave rather a sad little smile; the girl's genuine friendship comforted him.

"True! you've been a very faithful friend, and I should like to keep your friendship always."

Then he paused and looked into the girl's true eyes. "There is a message I want you to deliver for me. Will you bid Miss Laing good-bye for me and say that I was a brute and apologise; just that and nothing more?"

Deborah turned white to the very lips. Had he guessed, she wondered! But David had only given her the message because he felt instinctively that he could trust the girl before him.

"Must I say it?" stammered Deborah.

"I should be grateful to you if you would, for no man likes to leave a house with the feeling that he has been rude to a lady in it."

"I will tell her then," promised Deborah.

"Thank you; I must be off, for I see the fly waiting at the door. Good-bye, kind, faithful, little friend."

He shook hands and was gone.

There was a funeral that afternoon, for Deborah, after she had watched the fly out of sight, went to her room and took out the doll David had given her years ago that always travelled about with her, but she had no further affection for it. Had she not called it Miss Laing in her rapture of devotion? But now it gave her no pleasure to think of her friend, nor did the doll with its face that had faded from pink to waxy yellow bring any pleasant memory to her mind. She folded it in paper and carried it hurriedly downstairs, snatching up a trowel from the corner of the hall where she knew her grandmother kept her gardening tools. Then she ran off to the dell.

"It is not a bit of good keeping you any longer; it only makes me sorry, and yet, you know, I could not give you away to anybody else, so there's nothing left but to bury you," she said, apologetically, as she scooped a big hole at the bottom of the dell not far from the graves of her fir-cones that she had buried years ago, but dolly lay, staring with hard black eyes at the sky overhead, and made no remonstrance.

Presently she was laid with gentle hands in her grave which was lined with moss, and the earth was heaped upon her, and then Deborah, in a very passion of sorrow, threw herself on her face and sobbed her heart out, but her grief was more for her shattered ideal than for the doll which had represented it; by which it will be seen that, notwithstanding her inches and her secret, she was not so very grown up after all.

That evening, with blushes and stammering, she delivered David's message to Monica.

"Did he say that?" said Monica, rousing herself into a sitting position on the sofa. "I'm glad of it, for he was very rude to me. He made me quite ill."

And Deborah, on her side, was glad that she had buried the doll. In her anger she could have stamped upon its grave.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

DAISY.—We do not see how bismuth carbonate and glycerine could affect superfluous hairs. There is no chemical agent, to our knowledge, which will remove superfluous hairs without great danger to the face. The paste of bismuth and glycerine could do no harm; so there is no reason why you should not try it, if you think it is worth the pence that the application costs, but we repeat that we see no way how this agent could affect superfluous hairs.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—We cannot tell you the cause of your malady, and as we cannot discuss the question in this column, we fear that we are unable to give you much help. The most important question is, how long have you been ill? If you have only been so lately you may expect to be readily cured. The best advice we can give you is to go to a specialist, or the special department at a hospital. Do not take any medicine unless ordered to do so by a doctor; and, above all, abstain from taking patent nostrums, which are made to sell and not to cure any but imaginary ills. You had better read the articles we published last year on "indigestion" and diet.

M. J. B. H.—Habitual looseness of the bowels must be due to some cause. You expressly state that you are perfectly healthy otherwise and that you have no pain. We would therefore seek for a cause either in your diet, your method of living, or in "nervousness," or individual peculiarity. As regards your diet, there seems to be nothing that could cause diarrhoea, and beyond taking your food lukewarm or cold, and taking a more solid diet, we cannot suggest any other alteration. As regards medicinal agents the less you have to do with them the better. If you have to use any, we advise the catechu powder of the pharmacopoeia. A little powdered chalk or aromatic sulphuric acid is also very serviceable.

ELISE.—The fact that your brother died of "brain fever" need not interfere with your marriage if you are perfectly healthy yourself, and if your parents do not suffer from tuberculosis. Brain fever is a popular name for several diseases, but is most often applied to tuberculosis of the brain. It is by no means uncommon, indeed we might almost say that it was the rule, for one member of a large family to die of tubercle. You do not stand the slightest extra risk of insanity because your brother died of brain fever.

REGINA.—Your heart may be at fault, and if it is, that is quite sufficient to account for your symptoms. Have your chest examined, and get a definite opinion as to the state of your heart. One or two symptoms that you mention suggest that your trouble may be due to some nervous affection; but until you know, definitely, whether or not your heart is healthy, it is impossible to say anything with certainty.

DESPAIR.—"Do you think it is possible for a girl to get over nervousness when she has reached her nineteenth year?" Most decidedly it is more than possible—it is almost certain! Girls are shy at about your age than at any other. You will get over your trouble if you make a point of trying to do so. The great thing is not to sit in a corner and remain quiet because you are afraid of talking to anybody less you should say something indiscreet or ridiculous. Be a woman and talk to everybody of each sex whenever you can, and the less you think of your trouble the sooner will it leave you. It is difficult to say at what age the character and intelligence are fully developed—it varies in every individual. About twenty-five years of age is the usual period; often the full character is not developed till thirty-five, forty, or even fifty years of age. It is never developed till twenty-two. At your age (nineteen) the mind is passing from the puerile to the adult condition; it will probably develop for six or eight years more before it assumes the fully-developed state. The person who told you that nervousness showed weakness of intellect did not know what he was talking about. There is no connection of any kind between the two. Self-conceit often goes with ignorance, but that is a different matter.

IVY.—The cause of one side of your face becoming flushed is probably either indigestion or anæmia, or both of these together. These are the commonest causes, but there are others. Your information is too scanty for us to give you a more definite answer.

E. M. C.—Wash your eyes with warm solution of boric acid every morning. You can make the lotion for yourself by dissolving one ounce of boric acid in three pints of hot water. Use this diluted with an equal quantity of hot water.

DESMOND.—Olive is not a suitable substitute for cod-liver oil, but it is hardly likely to agree when the latter cannot be taken. Cod-liver oil is the most nutritious and least indigestible of the fixed oils. The best substitute, when cod-liver oil cannot be taken in any form, is undoubtedly thick rich cream.

JANEY.—In all probability your daughter cannot be cured because her eyes are not normal. Take her to an oculist; she will have to wear glasses.

SEMPER PARATUS.—The habit of taking tonics is a most dissipated one, and, unfortunately, it is far more common now than it ever was before. A person feels a little run down, and at once he comes to the conclusion that he wants a tonic, and takes, let us say, quinine and iron. Of those persons who at the present time are taking a course of tonic medicine, we may safely aver that at least ninety per cent. are doing themselves injury thereby. Let alone the fact that we do not possess any drug which produces the effects that are supposed to be the action of tonics! Quinine is a powerful drug, it is a useful drug; but it is so constantly misused, that it is almost a question whether its introduction into England has been a blessing. Quinine to a certain extent a tonic; it is valuable in many diseases, in some fevers it is almost invaluable; but as it is taken so largely in made-up "tonics," which are taken by various members of the community to cure the results of laziness or overeating, it is a dangerous and useless preparation. There are many cases in which a course of the so-called tonics is highly desirable. After an illness, especially if it has been very prolonged, a short course of a suitable tonic is almost necessary. What we so strongly object to is the habit of taking tonics to improve the appetite—in other words, to enable people to eat more than is good for them without feeling the immediate inconvenience! A constant feeling of "tiredness" and occasional headaches, are always met with in people who take tonics in excess or for too long a time. It is highly probable that you are anæmic, and if so, a short course of iron taken, not as a tonic, but as a blood former, may do you good. But attention to the laws of diet and exercise is the most important, and the most frequently neglected, of all medicinal measures.

HEATH.—Deafness is by no means uncommonly due to wax in the ear. You may have almost total deafness from this cause. Syringing out the ears will always rid them of wax, but it is not always so easy to thoroughly syringe out an ear. Often the wax gets to be of stony hardness and is exceedingly difficult to remove. You will find an account of how to syringe out the ears in an article on the ear which appeared in the November number of last year of *LIFE GIRLS OWN PAPERS*.

ROXANE.—The best thing your sister could do would be to give up teaching for a time. It is the constant talking which produces laryngeal catarrh. In England we call the condition "Clergyman's Throat," because it is very common among clergymen and other who have to use their voices for prolonged periods. A spray of menthol in paroline (1 in 8), or of bicarbonate of soda in water (1 in 30), is often very useful in this condition. An inhalation of steam impregnated with benzoic acid (made by adding one teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin to a jug of hot water) is also very soothing. Astringent lozenges are useful, especially after the voice has been used for too long at a time.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

TULIP.—1. The English form of the name you mention is usually spelt Cicely or Cecily, not Cecile. The Italian pronunciation of Cecile would be Chay-chee-lay, which you would scarcely use for an English girl. The French pronunciation would be Say-seal. Cecile is neither one thing nor the other; but in a case of the kind there is no absolute right or wrong.—2. There is the foundation of a good hand in your writing, but it is too black. Would any English girl of about fifteen care to correspond with "Tulip"?

SHIRAZ.—The verses you enclose are quite correct as to metre, accent and rhyme. The rhymes may come on two alternate, or two consecutive lines.

SWEET MARIE.—We have placed your first quotation in "Our Open Letter-Box," but your second—

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things"—

is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* i, stanza 1.

FLORENCE A. WALLIS.—You have some gift of expression, but blank verse needs to be specially studied to atone for the absence of rhyme. The length of the lines is correct at first, but changes in—

"Then, wherefore am I blind? Ay, patter on, ye
fools,
Whose undimmed eyes behold the sun."

This is a defect. We also consider that the incident of the baby burned to death before her mother's eyes is too painful, and that it is a mistake to represent the Divine Being as arranging a death which must have been due to carelessness on the part of some one in charge. It would dishonour God to represent Him as gratified, or satisfied, through such unconscientiousness on this implies. Many thanks for your letter.

MAY BIRD.—Your fancies in "Grandad's Garden" are very pretty, but the rose-coated gladioli "is an incorrect line; but you give a very sweet sketch of the Devonshire flowers.

TOTTIE (Holland).—"There is a lovely "Romance" by Rubinstein that might, we think, suit you. Probably your music-seller would procure it for you. We know an illustrious Dutch musical professor who frequently gives it to his English pupils of about your age. The "Valse Caprice," by Felix Borowski, might not be too difficult, but we advise you to try the "Romance."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MAUD INGLIS. Ingleside, Carlton Terrace, Christchurch, New Zealand, would be glad to correspond with a French girl of between 18 and 20 years of age.

LEILA HAWEN. aged 17, of the Lodge, Stoke S. Milburgha, Ludlow, would like to correspond with *LIS DE FRANCE*, or, if she has found a correspondent, with another French girl.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

"SAXIFRAGA" kindly informs "AN INQUIRER" that the sketch "Choosing Christmas Cards" is by F. Anstey. It appeared in *Punch*, and is now published in *Faces Papalis*. Saxifraga also inquires for the author of a piece of poetry entitled "The False Lights of Rosalie," and where she may find it. SWEET MARIE asks the source of the following quotation:—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep,
and you weep alone."

GOLD DUST inquires for a poem entitled "Bargains." She wishes it to be American.

BELUM wishes to be enlightened as to the name and composer of a humorous song which treats of "Second-hand Love." She thinks it is an old ditty, and it appears from her description to be something after the style of "Sigh no more, ladies."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

WEST COWES (Holiday Engagements).—Governesses for the holidays only are frequently engaged on what are called "mutual terms." This, being interpreted, means that the employer provides board, lodging, and sometimes laundry and travelling expenses, but pays no salary. Such posts, however, are difficult to obtain, and it would be wise to begin advertising early. It is possible you might be helped if you applied to the *Governesses' Home*, 47, Harley Street, W.

CHALONS (Librarianship).—Women are not at present largely employed as librarians, and the salaries they receive are for the most part extremely low. In the literary weekly papers you will occasionally see vacancies advertised, and when a man is not definitely asked for, there would be no harm in your offering yourself. But you should beware of saying that you would do the work for lower pay than is offered. Women have the reputation of under-selling their male competitors; and any tendency of this kind should especially be guarded against in reference to librarianships, the salaries being already extremely low. In a beginner the qualifications most required are a good general education, including a knowledge of languages, and some aptitude for business routine. The special duties, such as cataloguing can only be learnt in actual practice.

KATHARINE (Designing).—We are sorry if your former letter has gone astray. We do not remember having heard from you before. When you say, "I do not think amateur painting is of much use as a means of earning money," we entirely agree with you. Other girls, if they could realise this fact, would not waste time as they do in painting landscapes, flowers, etc., for which they can obtain no remuneration when money is needed. Near to London we do not think you could obtain the practical teaching you require. Such a school as the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts would be best suited to your purpose. Do not forget, however, that, in addition to the designing of wall papers, carpets, etc., illustrating for the press and fashion-drawings pay well. At the Royal Female School of Art, Queen Square, there are good teachers of fashion-drawing as well as other kinds of work.

ALYSSUM (Deaconesses).—We are not quite sure to which deaconesses' society you refer. There are many institutions where women are trained for the career of deaconesses. Among the most important of these are the Deaconess Training Institution, 41, Ferntower Road, Mildmay Park, London, N., and the Deaconess House and Foreign Missionary Training Institute, 1, Blackburn Terrace, Liverpool. You might write to the secretary of either of these institutions for rules and particulars. You ask whether a deaconess is "highly remunerated"? To this we must certainly answer in the negative. Missionary and philanthropic work can seldom be well paid for. It is usually supported by subscriptions from religious and charitable people, and the missionaries are content to live sparingly.

SAVOURY DISHES WITHOUT MEAT.

CURRIED EGGS.

Ingredients.—Two onions, one apple, one ounce and a half of butter, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one dessertspoonful of grated coconut, one teaspoonful of chutney, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, half a pint of milk, five hard-boiled eggs, one teacupful of rice, a teacupful of water, a dessertspoonful of cornflour.

Method.—Wash the rice and boil it for twelve minutes in boiling water. Drain it off and dry it on a sieve in front of the fire. Chop the onions, mix the curry powder with a teacupful of water and put it in a saucepan with the butter, chopped onions and the apple cut very small. Cook all together until the water has boiled away, and the onion is frying in the butter. Add the milk, put on the lid and let all simmer gently half an hour. Chop the chutney and add it to the sauce, mix the cornflour smoothly with a little water, stir it in and let the sauce boil; add salt to season and the red currant jelly. Cut one of the hard-boiled eggs into eight pieces to garnish the dish with; cut the other four into small pieces and warm them in the sauce. Arrange the rice round a hot dish, pour the eggs in the middle and arrange the pieces round.



MACARONI CHEESE.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of macaroni, quarter of a pound of stale yellow cheese, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of made mustard, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the macaroni until tender in fast-boiling water with the lid off for twenty minutes, drain well; grate the cheese. Mix the flour smoothly with a little of the milk; boil the rest and then stir in the mixed flour and the butter. Stir and cook well, add pepper, salt, mustard and two-thirds of the cheese; stir in the macaroni and pour all in a greased pie-dish; sprinkle the rest of the cheese on the top and brown in front of the fire.



POTATOES AND CHEESE.

Ingredients.—Eight large potatoes, three ounces of cheese, half an ounce of dripping, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, brown crumbs.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and mash them with the dripping; grate the cheese and stir it into the potatoes; add pepper and salt and the parsley, and put all in a greased pie-dish; sprinkle brown crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.



MACARONI AND TOMATOES.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of well-cooked macaroni, one pound of tomatoes, quarter of a pound of grated cheese, bread-crumbs, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the macaroni as for macaroni cheese; cut the tomatoes in slices; arrange the macaroni, tomatoes and cheese in layers in a greased pie-dish, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle bread-crumbs on the top; put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

BUTTERED EGGS AND TOMATOES.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pound of tomatoes, one ounce of butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Method.—Pick the tomatoes, wipe them and stand them on a greased tin with a little bit of dripping on each. Bake till tender in a moderate oven. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the eggs (well beaten), pepper and salt; stir until the eggs set, which will be in a minute or two. Arrange the tomatoes round a hot dish and pile the egg mixture on a square of toast in the middle.



CAULIFLOWER AND CHEESE.

Ingredients.—A cauliflower, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, three ounces of ground cheese, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the cauliflower till tender and then drain it. Make a sauce of the flour, milk, pepper and salt and two ounces of the cheese in the same way as for macaroni cheese; lay the cauliflower on a hot dish and pour the sauce over the flower; sprinkle the rest of the cheese over and brown in front of the fire.



FRICASSEED EGGS.

Ingredients.—Six soft-boiled eggs, three-quarters of a pint of milk, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, a small piece of onion, pepper and salt, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter.

Method.—Simmer the milk with the onion, mace, bay leaf, pepper and salt for half an hour. Add the butter and the flour mixed with a little cold milk; stir and boil well. Strain the sauce, shell the eggs and warm them unbroken in it. Serve in a rather deep dish.



CHEESE TOAST.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of grated cheese, four eggs, two ounces of butter, a little cayenne, salt, and toast.

Method.—Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, stir in the eggs (well beaten) and the grated cheese, cayenne and salt. Stir for two or three minutes until the mixture sets. Pour quickly on to squares of hot toast, and serve at once.



SALSIFY FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—One pound of salsify, quarter of a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of olive oil, the white of an egg, not quite a gill of tepid water, a pinch of salt, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Wash the salsify, cut off the green tops and scrape it white, putting it as you do so into cold water containing lemon juice; boil it until tender. Put the flour in a basin with the salt, mix it smoothly with the oil and the tepid water; lastly add the white of the egg very stiffly beaten. Cut the salsify into three-inch lengths and dry them in a cloth; sift flour over them. Have ready some deep fat for frying, heat it until a faint smoke rises from it, dip the salsify in the batter, coat it well, and with a skewer dip the pieces of salsify into the batter and fry a golden brown. Drain well on soft paper and serve dished in a pile. Hand tomato sauce with the fritters.

SPINACH AND EGGS.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of spinach, six eggs, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt.

Method.—Pick the stalks off the spinach and wash it very thoroughly, letting the tap run on it and turning it over and over. Rinse out a saucepan and put in the spinach; no water is needed. When tender press and drain well, melt the butter in the saucepan, put back the spinach and toss in it, adding pepper and salt. Arrange the spinach in a neat block on a hot dish and keep it hot while you poach the eggs. Have ready a small frying-pan with enough water in it to cover the eggs, let the water simmer and slip each egg carefully in from a teacup; when the white sets pick them up on a fish-slice and arrange them neatly on the spinach.



VEGETABLE SALAD.

Ingredients.—A lettuce, cold cooked potatoes, carrots, turnips, peas, beans and beetroot, one gill of olive oil, one yolk, one gill of milk, one teaspoonful of cornflour, pepper, salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one small shalot, a pinch of castor sugar, vinegar.

Method.—Cut all the cooked vegetables, except the beetroot, into dice; cut the beetroot into star shapes. Mix the cornflour smoothly with the milk, boil it and let it get cold; put the yolk in a little basin, and with a wooden spoon work in the oil drop by drop; now mix it with the cold cornflour and milk, add pepper, salt, mustard, parsley, castor sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and the shalot chopped; mix well with the cold cooked vegetables, saving the beetroot. Wash the lettuce and arrange it in the middle of a dish with the sauce and vegetables around. Decorate with the beetroot.



SAVOURY OMELET.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a tiny piece of chopped onion, three-quarters of an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, one teaspoonful of cold water.

Method.—Melt half an ounce of butter in an omelet pan and take away the scum; beat the eggs with the water, pepper and salt, stir in the parsley, onion and the rest of the butter broken in little bits; pour the eggs into the pan, shaking it all the time, while with a fork quickly lift up the egg as it sets and let the butter run underneath. When golden brown underneath and rather soft on the top fold carefully over and slide on to a hot plate. A clear fire is necessary to make an omelet properly.



FOX IN THE BAG.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, one pound of potatoes, six ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Method.—Boil the potatoes, drain them and mash them; mix the flour with the salt and baking powder, add the suet (chopped) and the potatoes, mix well, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours. Serve with good brown gravy.