

long ago. It is the story of a servant who was unkindly treated by her mistress. Poor woman! She was a slave; she was not free to leave her situation; she was the property of her mistress. Harsh words were spoken, all the pleasure went out of her life, and, maybe, she wished that she might die. Days and weeks succeeded each other, and she could stand the ill-treatment no longer; she would run away. Seizing the first opportunity, she left her mistress's home. She dared not venture into a city; there she might be found out and sent back. She fled into the wilderness, a lonely place, far from any human being, far from any human eye. There she sat down by a fountain. Perhaps she was thirsty, and tasted first of its waters. But how desolate she must have felt that day! No one to speak to, no one to see her, quite alone and very miserable! But was she quite alone—did no one see her? Suddenly breaking the stillness, she heard a voice, and she saw the form of an angel, a messenger from God. How he came there she did not know, nor does it concern us now what he said to her. But when she rose up and left that place she called it by a name that meant 'Thou, God, seest me.' Those four words, dear girls, I want you to remember, for it is about the eye of God that I wish to speak to you. The poor servant-maid thought no one saw her as she ran away from her mistress; but one eye watched every step of her path. 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' Think of that! You and I are never alone; God sees all—sees the evil too. Have you never done anything of which you have felt ashamed, that you would not like your friends to know? God knew that.

"Once there was a large army of men, and one single man among them all did wrong. Commandment was given that certain things should not be touched, but when this man—Achan—saw them, he longed to have them for his own. One day, when quite alone, he went stealthily to the place where they were, and took away a handsome garment, and much silver and gold. No doubt he looked around in all directions to make sure that no one was near. But one thing he quite forgot—to look up! The eye of God was gazing down and saw it all. But Achan's only thought was how to hide what he had done. He hurried home, and buried his treasures in the earth, and no one knew! But the next time the soldiers went to fight they were beaten. Very much ashamed, the captain asked the reason, and God told him it was because one man had sinned, and He caused it to be found out that Achan was the man; and there, before his family, before his friends, before all that large number of people, Achan had to confess to his sin.

"Now, dear girls, will you try and remember this next time you are tempted to do wrong, 'The eye of God is upon me; how then can I sin against Him?' Not that I want you to feel afraid of His eye; it is the eye of a Father who cares for you, who will help you, who has given to you every good thing you

possess. But I will speak more of that another time. Now will you repeat with me the four words, 'Thou, God, seest me'?"

The girls said the words together and knelt for the closing prayer. Not one word of that did Katie lose, and as she rose from her knees, she said to herself, "I suppose Miss Johnson must be one of His children; she speaks as if He were just here, listening to her."

Her thoughts were interrupted by a laughing voice. "Why, Kitty, you look as solemn as our forewoman when I ask her for a holiday. But, I say," Bridget added in a lower tone, "isn't she just nice! I knew you would like her." Katie nodded for reply, and just at that moment Miss Johnson came down from the platform to say "Good-bye" to her class. She gave Katie an affectionate invitation to come again, and, as the girl moved away to find her hat, took the opportunity of asking Bridget if her friend were in trouble, she looked so unhappy.

"Oh," replied the girl, "she has been like that for a long time. You see, she lives alone by herself, and that's not very lively company. I'm only a bit of tough leather, I know," she added, with a laugh, "and can stand some knocking about; but as for her, I wonder she wasn't sent into the world ticketed, 'Glass, with care.'"

The two girls parted at the doorway, Bridget mischievously calling out after she had gone a few steps, "I say, Kitty, I told Miss Johnson you were as soft as putty, but if you'll stay out all night, I'll warrant you'll be hard enough by the morning."

(To be continued.)

OUR BAZAAR.



WHEN my sisters and I were asked to provide a stall at a forthcoming bazaar the proposition was received with considerable perturbation. We had never done

more than help in a very small way before, and the idea of a stall all to ourselves was alarming. How should we procure enough things to stock it? Where was the money to come from? For it must be said we were by no means rich people, and we girls had quite as much as we could manage to make our dress allowance suffice, without such a stupendous extra outlay as this would involve.

The bazaar was to be held to procure funds for the orphanage of our town. The children were in want of new winter dresses, and the treasurer was in despair, when the committee, as a last resort, decided on holding a bazaar without loss of time. Thus it happened that my sisters and I, being regular visitors and helpers at the orphanage, were called upon in so agitating a manner. We

could hardly refuse, however, under the circumstances, so there was nothing for it but to put our shoulders to the wheel and do the best we could.

The other stalls were to be held by ladies considerably better off than ourselves; therefore knowing how futile would be an attempt to rival their splendour, we decided that our stall should be stocked with articles distinguished for usefulness and, if possible, originality.

Nothing is easier than to make up one's mind to be clever and original. Carrying out the plan is a rather different matter. When we came to begin we found that striking ideas and novelties did not suggest themselves with the readiness that might have been expected. We began by asking a few friends to attend a Sewing Bee at our house, and each was requested to come provided with an original idea, and also materials for the carrying out of the same. One girl, who was on a visit in the country, wrote to say she would be home for the meeting, but would not have time to provide any work. She was therefore asked to collect and bring a quantity of fir cones, dry mosses, acorns, lichens, and so on, the uses of which will be presently explained.

The time fixed for the Bee came, and with it the girls and their work, but, alas! not very many practicable ideas. Several offered suggestions of great ingenuity, but which had to be declined as of no use, and we were determined to have nothing that was not really useful or ornamental. The first to arrive declared she had not one spark of originality in her composition, and was obliged to give up the attempt to get anything striking. She had brought some good long cloth, to be converted into those very practical articles—shirts for boys varying in age from ten to seventeen. These, she assured us, would be sold before any one had even looked at our grand ideas. Her words, though not literally fulfilled, were not far wrong, as the shirts were all gone, and as many more had been asked for before the first day was over. No. 2 was mysterious. She arrived with a large bag, and refused to tell anyone what she was going to do until she could show the result. She requested that she might be allowed to work in a small room, which was separated only by a curtain from the sitting-room, where she would be screened from view, and could still join in the conversation. A mischievous little sister had meanwhile peeped unobserved into the bag, and called out that it was full of old empty bottles.

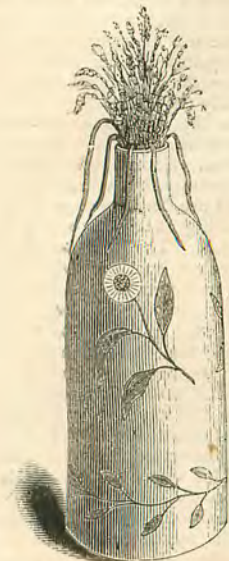
No. 2 snatched it from her, and glanced disdainfully at our mirth. "Let those laugh who win," said she, and disappeared behind the curtain.

No. 3 came, followed by a boy with a large roll of common blankets, brown and grey. One of these she spread upon the floor, informing us that she was the representative of high art. She was going to transform the domestic blanket into an æsthetic rug for the centre of a polished floor. All round it, about a foot from the edge, was traced a border of simple arabesque design, whilst in each corner inside the border was a sunflower or two, conventionally treated. The border was to be outlined in different shades of peacock-blue Scotch yarn, the straight lines being a dark shade, whilst a paler one was employed for the curves and zigzags. The sunflowers were worked in their natural rich yellow, and the leaves in very subdued and unnatural greens, so, at least, some of the unæsthetic company present thought.

When finished this rug was the envy and admiration of us all, particularly as the total cost was not more than 5s. or 6s. Some of the other blankets were cut up into hearth-rugs, piano and door mats, and embroidered in designs of the same class. They made an

excellent show on the stall, and sold quickly for a good price.

No. 4 brought some remnants of cotton sateen, of different colours, and several pairs of the smallest-sized cork socks. The larger pieces of material were made up into the charming little "granny" sun-bonnets that children wear now-a-days, whilst the scraps and cuttings she dextrously cut out and fashioned into strap slippers for very little children. The sateen and lining were first cut to the required shape. A tiny design was next drawn and worked on the toe of each. Material and lining were then joined up the back separately, so as to hide the raw edges of both. The two were carefully tacked together and bound round, top and bottom, with narrow ribbon. The cork socks had to be cut down to the size required for the soles, as they are not procurable sufficiently small. These were also bound round with the narrow ribbon, and then stitched on to the uppers;



FROM AN OLD BOTTLE.

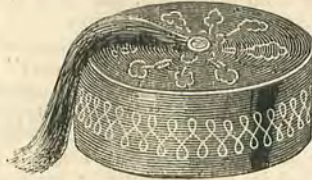
and glue them on as a border round the frame. She then added row within row of nutshells, acorns, and all her other treasures, filling in the gaps and interstices with sprigs of lichen and moss. These frames are sometimes finished off by varnishing, but we all agreed that the effect was so much better unvarnished, that we would let well alone and trust to the good-keeping qualities of all the varieties that had been employed.

The mirror was so highly approved of that it was thought we might safely make several more things decorated with the same class of natural objects. A fresh supply was sent for from the country, which served to ornament a variety of brackets, picture-frames, and so on, the foundations of which were cut out of strong mill-board. One or two of our helpers, whose imaginations could not soar above plain needlework, followed the lead of No. 1, and made sets of underclothing for ladies and children. The result of our experience is that nothing sells better than these under-garments, as they are always useful, and no one will mind paying a good price for them, if they be well and neatly made, particularly when the money goes to help a good object.

We had been much exercised in our minds to discover the use to which a number of old chimney-pot hats were to be put. They had been sent to our house in readiness for the Bee by a friend, who had begged them from several different acquaintances. The bag of imple-

ments she brought with her contained nothing more marvellous than a penknife, a few skeins of gold braid, a piece of gold satin, and two or three silk tassels of the same hue. Here was originality indeed, for not any one amongst us could give a clue as to her idea.

It proved that she meant to strike out something new in the fashion of smoking caps,

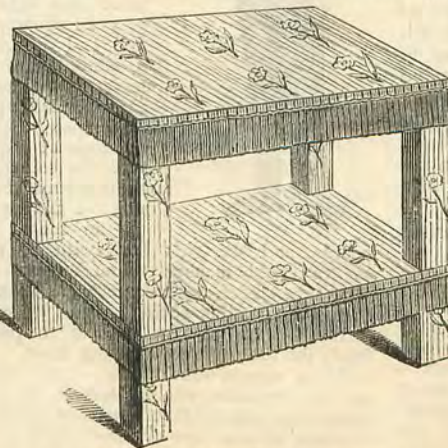


MADE FROM A GENTLEMAN'S HIGH HAT.

without a supply of which I imagine no bazaar ever was or ever will be considered complete. This enterprising individual cut off the tops of the hats, three or four inches down, removed the lining and stiffening, and set to work to embroider an elaborate design in gold braid on the soft beaver, which I must say made excellent caps, both in shape and appearance. They were lined with satin in the usual way, and when finished off with a tassel at the top, looked both handsome and uncommon.

Before the rest of our visitors arrived, No. 2 appeared from her hiding-place, carrying a tray on which were four most artistic looking vases. Two were quite straight to the top, and of an olive green colour; the other two, which were deep blue, were shorter and narrowed at the neck. We gazed in astonishment, and begged to be told to whom we owed this valuable addition to our stock. For some time No. 2 was obdurate, and refused to enlighten us, as a punishment for our laughter, when she arrived. At last, touched by our humble apologies, she took us behind the curtain, and then we saw the whole mysterious process.

The two straight vases were truly nothing more than "old bottles" with the neck and shoulders cut off; the others were empty preserved-ginger jars; she had covered them with two or three coats of oil paint, laid on very smoothly, diluting the paint when absolutely necessary, with a drop of oil, but using it as thick as possible to ensure its adhering to the glazed surface. They had to be left on the tray till perfectly dry, as, if moved, it would be impossible to avoid smearing. The paint took several days to dry, but were quite ready for the next process by our second meeting a week later. This finishing touch consisted of embellishing each with a flower or spray of flowers, the paint being laid on thickly and with as unstudied a look as possible. A tea



A QUEEN ANNE TABLE, MADE FROM A PACKING-CASE.

rose and a bunch of yellowish chrysanthemums were very successful, and when they were finished the vases had all the appearance of the Barbotine ware which is so much in vogue just now. Another happy venture of one of the party was the making of peacock-feather fire-grate ornaments, in a very simple and economical way. She purchased several Japanese paper umbrellas, getting them at half price, being soiled and faded in colour; also four or five bundles of the feathers at 1s. per bundle. The stalks of the latter she cut off to within a few inches of the eyes, which were then stitched on in rows round the umbrella, beginning at the outer edge, each row overlapping the other till the centre was reached, which was finished off by a tuft of small feathers. The umbrellas had to be fixed permanently open, as an accidental shutting would be disastrous to the feathers.



MADE FROM AN EMPTY PRESERVED-GINGER JAR.

It would take too long to describe all the things we made, but there were one or two more which deserve a passing mention. There happened to be a packing-case, of which both top and bottom were unbroken; this, it was suggested, would serve for the foundation of a fashionable Queen Anne table. We gave a carpenter a trifle to make four straight square legs of common deal, which we then covered with good artistic crêtonne. This had to be very neatly and carefully done with small upholsterer's tacks. The top of the packing-case was next prepared, small squares were cut out at each corner, in such a shape and size as that the legs would just fit in. It was very strongly nailed in this position, about half way down the legs so as to form a shelf, whilst the other piece of the packing-case was used for the top of the table. The corners of this latter piece were of course not cut out, but were allowed to rest on the legs to which it was nailed. The shelf and top were covered first with brown paper, the wood being coarse and rough, and next with crêtonne, of which a margin of two inches was left hanging down all round. This flounce hid all joints and untidiness. The only thing now needed was a few yards of worsted fringe to match the crêtonne; it was stitched round the edge of both shelves, and our table was complete. I may mention that the materials cost 5s., but the table sold for 25s.

Another successful venture was the making of pretty bathing-dresses. One of our party had spent some weeks of the summer at a French watering place, and had bought there an elegant costume, which served for a pattern. It was made of thick Bolton sheeting, and knickerbockers and tunic were both elaborately trimmed with bands and frills of Turkey red twill, and at the waist a cord and tassels of red worsted. The red twill will stand salt water without losing or changing colour, and looks bright and pretty enough to quite eclipse our ordinary clumsy serge dress.



“RHODA AND MAUD WERE WALKING WITH THEIR GUEST.”

Bathing shoes, to complete the costume, were made of coarse canvas, the soles were crocheted of thick twine or cord, and on the toe was roughly embroidered an anchor or some such nautical device in worsted of the colour of the dress.

To several of these bathing costumes was added a loose dressing-gown—of which French ladies know the comfort so well—to slip on directly the bath is over. The shape is either like a long sleeveless cloak, or else simply a large edition of an ordinary dressing-gown. The material is bath-towelling, bound with coloured twill to match the bathing-dress.

It is a great mistake not to provide things suitable for gentlemen at bazaars, as they are usually quite willing to buy, but very naturally object to having a number of things forced upon them for which they can have no possible use, except to give to their lady friends.

I had often heard complaints on this point, and was determined that our stall should not be wanting in articles dear to the masculine heart, or useful to masculine necessity. But such things are certainly difficult to provide when one wishes to go beyond the limits of cigar-cases, worked slippers, and smoking-caps. We found bicycling stockings, knitted in fingering and ribbed, a very happy idea; likewise socks knitted in silk or alliance yarn for ordinary wear were much appreciated. Beyond these, ornaments of all sorts, waste-paper baskets, prettily trimmed with the all-useful Turkey twill and fringes, newspaper racks, bought in their plainest form and decorated elaborately in the same manner, and such like were readily bought. Another novelty on our stall were little china jars of pot-pourri, of which a friend, happy in the possession of a large garden, had made a quantity during the summer.

Her recipe is very simple, but the result is quite as pleasing as a more elaborate one. She keeps a jar, containing a lump of bay salt, and a tangerine orange dotted over with cloves; into this jar she throws her roses, and now and then a carnation, verbena, or any other sweet scented flower or leaf, without any preparation whatever, not even drying them unless they are really wet. She gives the whole a good stir up frequently, and renews the bay salt if necessary. This deliciously scented combination met with a ready sale, particularly as it was contained in dainty little Japanese jars, looking as though they were worth considerably more than their price.

As a sort of appendage to our stall we employed one of my young brothers, whom we attired as a Spanish water-seller, substituting very good lemonade for the water, however. He wore a white shirt and over it a little black velvet jacket without sleeves, and unbuttoned; black knee-breeches, and high wash-leather leggings or gaiters. A red scarf was wound several times round his waist, and the ends tucked in. He wore on his head, first, a red handkerchief knotted in the nape of the neck, and above that a small round black hat, with a rosette at one side, and the brim turned up all round. We made the hat of cardboard covered with glazed lining and the rest of the costume was easily arranged.

The water-cask was at first a difficulty, but we surmounted it by the purchase of a little empty barrel. This was procured at an oil shop for the sum of 6d., and with a tap fitted in it made a capital cask for our purpose. It was secured on the Spaniard's left shoulder by a strap passing under the right arm, and three or four silver cups borrowed from friends for the occasion, were suspended by strings from the front of the barrel. Our young Gallego

was a great success, and such was the demand for his refreshing beverage that he had several times to retire and have his cask replenished.

We had also one of the now fashionable “Fairy Pools,” in which, on payment of 3d., the company were permitted to fish. The angler, on pulling in his line, finds that he has caught a small present, which had been hooked on by an assistant hidden behind a screen.

Our stall was decorated with wreaths of ivy and dried moss, which showed up the brightly-coloured wares beautifully, and the result exceeded our most sanguine expectations, for everything was sold. We raised enough money between us to pay off all our debt on the Orphanage.

DORA HOPE.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNDAY.

DAISY went downstairs to breakfast with a firm conviction that something unpleasant was awaiting her. Rhoda, the Doctor, and Miss Daughton were in their usual places at the table; Gertrude Sandon was still in her room, but Maud, unusually brisk, made her appearance soon after her cousin.

“It's a great mistake,” Maud began, “for people to go into society when they are not used to its ways. They are sure to do something ill-bred, and make others uncomfortable. That was Gerty's remark to me last night.”