

the back with clean water and a sponge, warm your pallet over the stove, and then, the book being fixed in the lying press, rub it firmly backwards and forwards in a straight line, reheating the pallet as the leather dries. If requisite, damp the places two or three times during the "blind-tooling." Take care not to burn the leather, for fear of which melt an ounce of lard and one and a quarter of white wax in a pipkin, and, when blended, rub a little on the inside of a waste piece of leather, and the pallet upon this from time to time, during the "blind-tooling," which will make it slip well to and fro in polishing the line indented. A good deal of work, in short spaces at a time, after the method called "gigging," may be necessary to produce the depth of colour and high polish desirable. A line all round the covers on each side may be marked up with a folder and straight-edge, and produced as now described.

When giving directions for lettering the back, I alluded to "lettering-pieces." They should be of a different colour to the rest of the back, and if a second be used for the number of the volume, it should be of a different colour to that of the title. First damp it, and then pare it as thin as you dare to make it with the French knife. Cut it to the size of its allotted panel, pare the extreme edges still more, and then with a little stiff paste affix it well to the back, taking care that no portions of it should overlap the ridge of the side grooves.

Such instructions as are essential to the work I have now given, and, with sincere wishes that my readers may find them thoroughly intelligible, I take my leave.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

## LADIES' WORK AMONG SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.



NO one can deny that this is an age of much talking. There is talk in season, and out of it, about everything; talk on paper, and off. This being the case, it is highly satisfactory to know that there is much noble doing, and our girls may be proud to know that some of the most practical and earnest of this real, active work is organised and carried on by women. There is no better and brighter example of this than "The Soldiers' Institute" and "Sailors' Welcome," both opened at Portsmouth, by the single-handed effort and Christian energy of one woman, Miss Robinson. It was our good fortune the other day to visit these two institutions, and we want now to tell our girls a little about them, because we think that to hear of such things will help them on to do similar work.

Let us start, then, at once, for our expedition into the busy heart of our great, national seaport town; we have a good deal to see, and we shall not find that we have too much time. It is a long walk, so we will get into one of the many trams that go rattling up and down the thronged, noisy streets, helpful and kindly to everyone except canine passengers; these are charged 1s. each, whereas their master or mistress can travel for any distance for 2d. A dog, and a dog of no very great size or fierce appearance, is our travelling companion to-day on our road to Miss Robinson's two scenes of life long-labour. We naturally expostulate a little with the tram conductor at this apparent imposition on our tiny, four-

footed friend. "It is our rule!" Such is the cabalistic and evidently, in his eyes, all-sufficient sentence with which that official meets, in stolid calm, all our complaints; and seeing no hope of redress, we subside into a corner. Then we soothe our ruffled feelings by turning our attention towards our fellow-passengers, two military men, who are enveloped in public affairs, and a portly dame, who seems absorbed in the effort of freeing her purse from an immense and intricate confusion of petticoat folds, until at length we find that our destination is reached, and we descend at the door of "The Soldiers' Institute."

We stand now in the wide entrance hall, and from thence are led into a waiting-room, where a man, whose civil manner and prompt address stamps him at once as an old soldier, tells us that one of the ladies who manage the institution in conjunction with Miss Robinson will be with us in a few minutes, and meanwhile engages us himself courteously in conversation. He proves a very agreeable companion, so agreeable, indeed, that we scarcely know how the minutes are flying, until, at last, he begins to make excuses for the tardiness of his superiors, saying that his ladies' hands are so full of work they often cannot attend to visitors. He offers to "lead on" himself, in default of a better guide, but just as we had half made up our minds to accept his proposal, Miss L., one of Miss Robinson's most competent and efficient helpers, makes her appearance, and bids us follow her.

First we are led into the bar on the ground-floor, where people are hurrying hither and thither in a lively way that reminds us, in turns, of a colony of ants, and of the kitchen in the fairy-tale, where the prince's wedding feast was being prepared. Here we are told various wonders in the way of cheap provisions: a cup of tea and quite a mound of bread-and-butter are served out to the soldiers for one penny, a plate of meat with vegetables for fourpence; other poor people may also have meals here at a comparatively low rate, but not on such moderate terms as military men. Everything is singularly clean and neat in this department, and makes us almost wish that we wore a red coat, that we might enjoy the privilege of making this our dining-room.

From the place where the men find food for their bodies, we go on to the apartment where their minds will get plenty to feed upon, if ever they feel inclined for such diet. Here we see that the reading-room is in favour with the frequenters of the institution, from the spell of a calm and silence that pervades it, as well from the many books that muster on its shelves, and the varied magazines and papers that are scattered over its tables. One man is reading, a second is bending, with an earnest face full of grave, important meaning, over a sheet of writing paper which he is laboriously and conscientiously trying to fill from top to bottom; it is evidently a much harder task for him than drill or sword-exercise, but he is resolved that his relations at home, in the distant country village, shall have their pennyworth while he is about it. A third poor fellow has plainly had enough of it last night on sentry's duty somewhere, for he is stretched at full length on one of the broad, comfortable sofas that surround the room, and is fast asleep, dreaming, it may be, of the green fields where he and his school-fellows used to play at soldiers—it may be of real, hard service that he has seen in his time. We ask Miss L. if men are ever inclined to grow noisy and disorderly in this room, which is evidently given up to them as a place of thorough freedom and relaxation, but she tells us that such a thing rarely if ever occurs; the mere thought that Miss Robinson and their other lady friends and teachers are near has a softening, harmonising charm for the soldiers'

natures; besides, the institution is carried on on strictly temperance principles; no intoxicating liquor is sold within its precincts, and thus the men escape the grand temptation which leads on to riotous talk and behaviour. If a man ever appears in the institution at all the worse for drink, he is instantly and summarily expelled from the place, and thus taught a useful lesson, which it well becomes highly cultivated ladies to insist on in their dominions.

Next Miss L. takes us upstairs into the lofty, airy dormitories, where the little beds stand side by side in long rows, and look as if they might just have floated out of dreamland to meet weary heads and limbs. There are smaller, but still large and comfortable bedrooms provided for the reception of married men and their wives; the soldier's wife is far from being forgotten in the institution. There is one room in the house set apart for holding mothers' meetings for these women, and the basket, filled with neatly put-out-of-hand needlework and ready balls of cotton and thimbles, shows that this is by no means the least flourishing department of the establishment.

Now we are in the room where the Bible classes for the soldiers are held, the Bible classes that have led many a man, who wears the colours of an earthly sovereign, into the ranks of the great King's army. There is the teacher's chair, which is generally filled by Miss Robinson herself. A class is daily kept here for any who will come in to hear the good gospel tidings, and there is never wanting some who will draw near to seek the food of eternal life; though, of course, the Sunday classes are more numerous attended than the week-day ones. Next we are led up another flight of stairs, down which come floating softly towards us, in clear melody, the words, "Sweet and low, sweet and low," and ever as we mount up higher, the strains become fuller and more distinct. We enter a room where another of the ladies of the institute, Miss G., is sitting at the piano singing. This evening there is to be an entertainment in the large hall, into which we were taken just now on the ground-floor. A well-known lecturer is going to address the meeting, and glees are to be sung by some of the soldiers whom she has trained, leading them with her own voice, and she is now practising a little to be perfect to-night. Many of the men, she says, have correct musical ears, and a taste for harmony, which repays cultivation. These entertainments are frequently held in the institute, and are in great favour with the soldiers, who prove, by the eagerness with which they attend them, their readiness to come to places of amusement where rational recreation is provided for them.

We now sit down for a little while, and talk to the two ladies about the general working of the institution. They speak with joy and thankfulness of what it is doing for the soldiers, and say that until they came here they never could have imagined the great powerful influence which ladies gain over the roughest and wildest fellows among them. They tell how Miss Robinson's whole heart and soul are in the noble Christian work of love, which her Master has put into her hand to do, and how bravely and truly she does it with her might. Many tales they likewise tell of wonders wrought by sympathy and love, of victories gained over evil in its hardest, darkest forms, by gentleness, and patience, and long-suffering. They speak of the lively intelligence which dawns in the men's faces as, day by day, they come to this home of blessing and grow familiar with it; of letters full of gratitude and love received by Miss Robinson from soldiers on distant foreign service, of testimony borne to the enduring nature of her work, on fever-stricken death-beds in Indian swamps, and death-beds

## MY WORK BASKET.

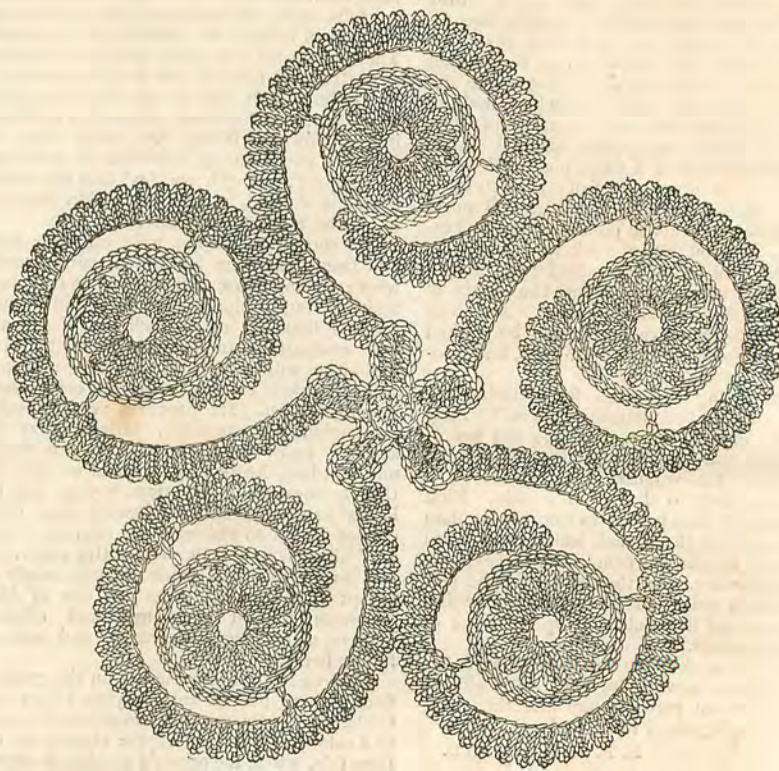
shaken by the cannons' thunder. They have something to say also of disappointment and failure, but what earthly Christian worker has not? Every fibre of these ladies' thoughts and feelings is evidently given to that which they have undertaken to do for God, and when our little chat with them is over, we part with hearts the larger and the softer for their words.

We now go on to "The Sailors' Welcome." Miss Robinson seems to have an especially tender corner in her heart for her sailor lads, who are, in a manner, apparent pets with her. This Sailors' Welcome is fitted up in a far more pretty and fanciful way than the Soldiers' Institute; the rules of the two establishments are much the same, the scales of prices are equal for food, and in both houses the beds are charged at the low rate of sixpence each, but in other things "The Institute" and "The Welcome" are different.

When the sailor men and boys land on the quay, and come wandering up the streets of the town, one of the first things which attracts and rivets their attention is a brilliant star of light, with the word "Welcome" shining out in the midst of it. Naturally enough they stop to inquire its meaning, and they hear that this radiant welcome is meant for none other than poor Jack himself. When they go indoors, they find everything arranged to suit Jack's taste as far as possible. Along the passages upstairs there runs a row of small rooms, all made accurately on the pattern of a ship's cabin; there is a little narrow bed, and a shelf with a Bible upon it, and a text hanging above telling of the dear Lord who walked upon the waters. As we glance out of the tiny window we can hardly believe that we shall not see the break and swirl of waves below. Over each of the cabin doors, as we pass along the corridor, a suggestive title meets our eyes, a title that may wake up lively thoughts and fancies in the lads' minds. Here is one called "The George and Margaret," in remembrance, we suppose, of the generous lady and gentleman who provided the money for the fitting-up of this cabin; another has the word "Sun-beam" written over its entrance, calling to mind the yacht of that name, well-known to fame; a third has the inscription "Auntie," and brings back to the memory, perhaps, of some worn, weather-beaten seaman a kind, mother-like face that used to smile on him in days long ago. Downstairs most convenient arrangements are made for the toilet of the men, so that Jack can make himself as smart and spruce as he pleases, before he goes out to take his morning stroll through the town. The whole place has a neat, trim, spicy air about it that reminds us, at once, of a man-of-war. "The Welcome" is carried on in the same strictly temperance principles as "The Soldiers' Institute." Like the latter, it has its comfortable reading-room, and Bible classes are also held here frequently by the ladies.

Both these two great and good institutions have been entirely established by the energy of one woman. Miss Robinson has met with obstacles of all kinds; failure of funds, occasional want of sympathy, her own weak physical health, but still she has persevered, strong in almighty love, in faith in God, in hope for man. Other ladies, as brave and devoted as herself, have gradually gathered round her, money has come in from sources from which she the least expected it, men have daily filled "The Institute" and "The Welcome;" for with Christ's work comes always Christ's blessing. Glad and thankful may English women be, when they gaze on pictures like this, of what women in England have done and are doing. Let our girls lift up joyfully their bright young eyes, and see what a glorious inheritance of woman's work lies before them.

Alice King.



## CROCHET STARS.

The centre star is made separately, as well as the rosettes. Make a chain of 5 stitches and close.

1st Row.—2 double crochet stitches into a chain stitch. Repeat this five times.

2nd Row.—2 double crochet into one stitch, 5 chain stitches; return down the 5 chain by passing the thread through each, 2 double crochet into the same.

The five rosettes to which the spirals are attached are worked as follows:—

1st Row.—16 chain stitches; join to form the ring.

2nd Row.—7 chain stitches; single stitch into chain of last row; repeat 16 times, fasten the cotton off, and begin the next row in the middle stitch of the 7 chain.

3rd Row.—1 single crochet into middle stitch of 7 chain in last row, 1 chain; repeat till the 16 loops are worked in; join.

4th Row.—Double crochet into every stitch. This completes the rosette.

The spiral is begun on a stitch in last row of rosette, work 3 chain; return down these 3 chain with double crochet stitches; 1 single in next chain of rosette; turn the work.

2nd Row.—Single crochet on double crochet in last row; 3 chain stitches; return with double crochet stitches down the 5 chain stitches just made, and join to rosette.

After this work 12 sets of these scollops and join to the rosette with a treble crochet into seventh chain of rosette, counting from the stitch to which the spiral is attached; then work 24 scollops, and join to the 18th stitch of the chain round rosette. Continue working these scollops until you have made 49, then join to the centre star on the left side of each leaf. The five spirals are worked

alike, and joined in three places to keep them together.

## EMBROIDERED POWDER BOX.

The box is in ivory, spa, olive wood, or any of the fancy woods used for knick-knacks. On the lid is fixed a circular piece of twilled silk, satin, velvet, or any of the new embroidery canvases, decorated by a spray of daisies in painting, wool, silk, or chenille. Stuffed with wadding, bran, &c., the lid will



EMBROIDERED POWDER BOX.

serve for a pincushion. The box itself may be prettily enhanced by painting or spatter-work.