

been only to dream again of a roseate future. The future had come, and it was chill and grey enough. He could never cease to love Beattie, he imagined, but it was no longer right for him to carry her image in his heart, to think of her as he had done, since she was betrothed to another. But what put her farthest from him was the knowledge that she loved that other.

He sat still for a little while, watching with unseeing eyes the incoming waves on which the summer sunlight no longer danced so gaily. Mrs. Swannington was right, he thought. There was no advantage in his staying on at Crabsley. Yet he would like to see Beattie once more, not necessarily to speak to her, but just to look at her whose face had been before him in so many lonely hours. He remembered what Mrs. Swannington had said as to her whereabouts. She might have returned home by now, but there was just a likelihood that he would catch a glimpse of her, though alas, not alone. He started up suddenly, and began to walk quickly in the direction of the cliffs. One or two people lazily sauntering on the esplanade turned to look at him as he passed. His set face and resolute walk, and his complete unconsciousness of his surroundings, seemed out of keeping with the general Crabsley atmosphere. No one was expected on such a summer's day to do anything but flirt and dawdle and kill time with idleness.

But Mike had not gone very far when he saw her, and for a moment his heart

almost stopped beating. The sun which was behind him was shining upon her, and she seemed to him like an angelic vision in her radiance and her white robes, with only the sky for a background. At her companion he scarcely looked. What did he matter after all? It was the sight of Beattie for which he hungered. For one moment there came to him the temptation to forget all that he had heard, to go straight to her and greet her as he had often dreamed of doing? But, unfortunately for himself, he did no such thing. He drew to one side, and Beattie, who had been thinking of him scarcely an hour ago, with feelings which, had he known of them, would have given him power to overcome any difficulties, now passed by in ignorance of his propinquity. If Mike had had any reason—and why should he have—for believing that Mrs. Swannington was lying to him, it would probably have been dispersed when he saw these two together: the man with his eyes fixed on the girl, and she apparently oblivious of all else but his presence, and looking the picture of happiness and content. And yet, if he had not had a preconceived idea perhaps he would not have seen anything remarkable in this. Why shouldn't Beattie delight in her life on this beautiful day, with all things smiling upon her? And was not one of her charms to Michael himself the way in which she threw herself into everything she did, as if at the time there was nothing else worth doing?

So they moved past him, and then he turned and stood watching them till they were out of sight in the winding way, and he went on alone till he came to a lonely spot, and there he stayed and fought a desperate battle with his misery till the light had faded out of the sky and the sea was only a moving darkness.

But when the moon rose and Aunt Ella and her husband and the other two were driving away from Crabsley, Mrs. Swannington full of uneasy gaiety and eager to laugh and talk to her companions, he went quietly down the grassy path that led him back to the town. He walked slowly, for he was tired; but there was a great peace at his heart. It is in the hours of trial and weakness that men learn the reality of those truths which they have accepted and tried to live by for many years.

It was from that hour of wrestling on the lonely cliff with none but God to hear his prayers, that Michael dated the beginning of that conscious spiritual life which was henceforth to make the other life worth living. He had gained a deeper knowledge than had yet been his, and its memory would be his most priceless possession.

Early the next morning he went away from Crabsley. "I seem fated to leave you in haste," he said, as he watched from the windows of the train the little village vanish from sight.

That very day Cecil Musgrove proposed to Beattie.

(To be continued.)

PRESENTATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By A LADY GRADUATE.



YESTERDAY beauty, wit, and fashion repaired to Buckingham Palace to make obeisance to the greatest Queen on earth; the Mall was crowded with carriages, from which looked bright-eyed débutantes, eager to

take the first step into the world of fashion. To-day, science and art are in the ascendant, and graduates—girls as well as men—in their Academic robes fill the theatre of London University, awaiting presentation to the chancellor of their alma mater.

The theatre—all too small—is crowded. The graduates of the year, with the flush of success still upon them, sit together, the girl "bachelors" for the most part young and pretty, the classic gown with its flowing hood and the stiff college cap, in strange contrast to winsome faces and bright locks.

On the highest tiers are the friends, usually the fathers and mothers, of the graduates. As I sit in the seat reserved for me and look around whilst awaiting the arrival of the chancellor and senate, I mentally contrast this occasion, when we are happy in our success, and the May sunshine streams in upon us and fingers lovingly on bright heads, with that gloomy October day which ushered in the examination. Then we were worried and

anxious, our faces pale, our hands trembling, as we eagerly took our papers, quickly scanning them with practised eye, searching for questions we could answer easily. Now we feel content; we have won. We are even ready to give up ease and pleasure and commence hard work again.

My meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the chancellor and the senate. We all rise as they come in, Lord Herschell (the chancellor) in Court costume, with robe of rich black silk, heavily embroidered in gold, walking at the head with stately step, and we do not resume our seats until he takes the chair of honour and the others sit near him on the narrow platform. Immediately in front of them sit those who present the graduates—Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in black silk gown and college cap, Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., in red robe with light silk facings, Frederick Taylor, M.D., Miss Hurlbatt, principal of Bedford College, and many more. The registrar, who sits to the right of the chancellor, then calls out the names of the undergraduates who have won prizes and exhibitions, and these are presented first, then the graduates.

Quickly they come, the men cheering lustily the girls as they leave their places, each in answer to her name. Lord Herschell shakes hands with all as they are presented, giving to each the diploma, daintily tied with green ribbon; in a few cases medals as well. The medical women, in their bright robes, receive the most cheering, though the one lady D.Sc.

is greeted with quite a storm of applause, whilst the doctors of law, in scarlet robes with bright blue facings, secure a goodly meed of praise.

It is delightful to see so many women reap honours, and in truth they look sturdy and strong, fitting mothers for the next generation, able to educate their children in the fullest sense of the word.

When the last presentation has been made, the chancellor rises and begins his speech by heartily congratulating all those who have taken degrees and won distinctions. In well-chosen sentences he begs them not to rest satisfied with their present success, but to be spurred on to greater efforts, ever having a higher end before them. Having touched on other matters relating to the university itself, he closes his speech with the fervently-expressed desire that, whatever changes are made, London University will still be as useful and of as high repute as in former days.

Then Sir John Lubbock also offers his congratulations to us, and remarks how difficult were the examinations and how high the standard. Many of them within the theatre would, he said, in the future occupy high places in the world. He encouraged the students of law to work on, telling them that each one must ever keep before him as his model their own chancellor, the Lord Chancellor of England. As for the scientists, worlds of undiscovered truths lay before them; it was for them to probe and lay bare the secrets that would place the universe on ever

higher planes. Then he again congratulated all on their success, and amidst ringing cheers sat down.

I think in that moment when Sir John Lubbock, the member returned to Parliament by the university, spoke of the fame of our university, its great work and high standard, there was born in the breast of each one of us a feeling of reverence for our alma mater, a hope that we should never do anything which should make her sorry for her "alumni," but rather should add to her glory, and ever remain worthy children of a noble mother.

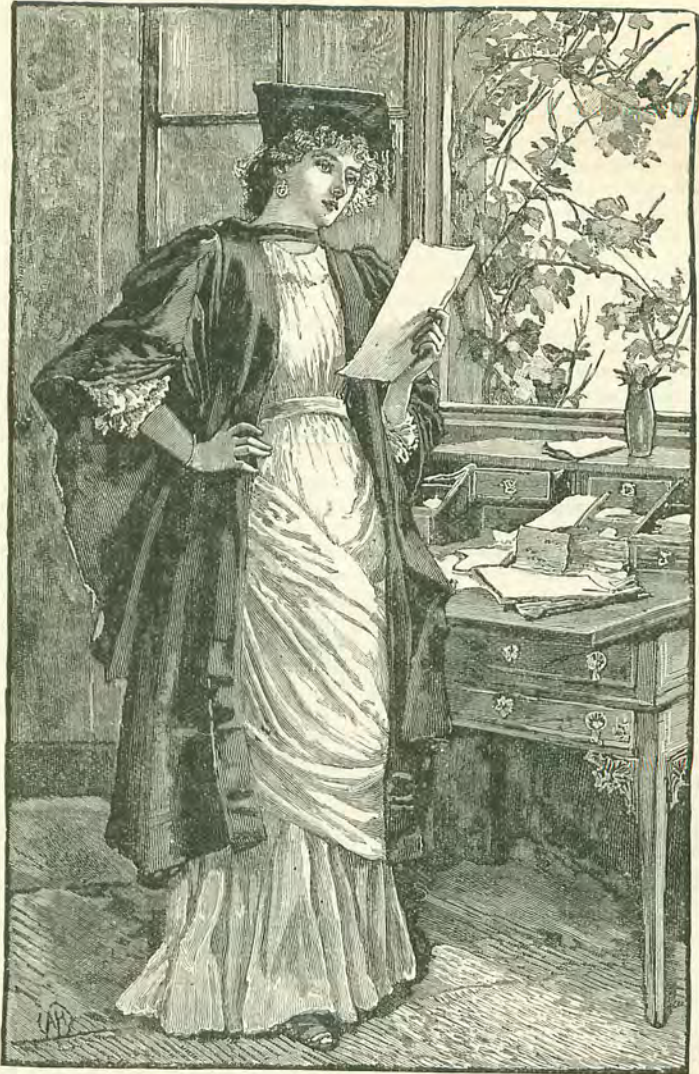
We all rose as the Lord Chancellor walked from his seat to the exit, followed by the members of the senate, and then we, too, moved from our places and ran hither and thither, seeking out friends, some only made in the examination-room in October. The most ardent opposer of higher education for women could hardly have disapproved of these happy-looking girls, their bright earnest faces glowing with health. Among them one saw no jaded looks or weary eyes, as one sees among girls who have no aim, no ambition, but to shine at a ball or get an eligible *parti*. One hears so much of the injurious effect study has on girls; many men deplore the strides women are making in the pursuit of knowledge; they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

Study, as Sir John Lubbock wisely remarked, leaves no time for dulness; the girl who has hard brain-work to do every day has not time to feel miserable. Petty worries and small annoyances leave her as she becomes immersed in Greek, mathematics, or whatever particular branch she has taken up. That study does not rob her of her high spirits and merry laughter is amply proved by the joyous sounds that issue from the robing-rooms. The grey old corridors resound with girlish voices; one catches snatches of conversation as each relates how the scene affected her, how much she has hoped for success, and so on.

It is sweet to work and reach the appointed goal—only those who have given up pleasure and sacrificed ease can say *how* sweet. Let us hope amid the joy which is here to-day, some feelings of compassion are raised in our hearts for those who strove like us, but did not win. To my girl-readers I would say: Work, keeping the thought of success ever before you. Cultivate the brain-powers which God has

given you. Read, and widen your knowledge; think, and broaden your views, and I can

next exam. we intend to work for. Somehow, the whole ceremony has fired us with zeal.



safely say dulness will not often trouble you, nor weariness make you its victim.

As we leave the university we talk of the

We long to climb yet higher, and silent vows are registered to work steadily on, not content with what is already won.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MANY town people taking a holiday in the country are distressed at seeing horses tethered in the fields exposed to the swarms of flies which the switching of their tails is powerless to get rid of, but which wound and torment them beyond endurance, and in our drives and walks we are subject to the same annoyance.

The remedy is simple. Tie a bunch of the scented oak-leaved geranium on the heads or bodies of your horses, and wear a few of them in the front of your dress, and do not forget to place some on the tethered animals.

If you want to keep your room free of the flies, put some plants of the scented oak-leaved geranium in your windows. They will hardly venture through them, for they are always scared at the scent of them.

One word more. This is just the time to get the raspberry leaves, fennel, and parsley fresh from the gardens, so do not forget to prepare the remedy I gave in the November numbers for tired eyes.

PICKLED FRENCH BEANS.—Be careful to have them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, made strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

PICKLED CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to

cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.