

"Somehow I don't think you were very happy at the College," said Lucie thoughtfully. "Your face has altered since you left it. Oh, Angelique, I know all your looks so well! When you came to us last Christmas you had the shadow of going back upon you, and it almost spoiled the joy. There is no shadow now."

"But Julie Courvoisier must have known that you were not unhappy," said Aunt Emma anxiously. "You did not complain, dear child! If I had thought—"

"Oh, auntie, why do you listen to Lucie's fancies?" Angelique asked. "Of course, I missed you both, and that was a perpetual ache, you see. I knew it could only be cured by getting back to you. Give me some more tea, please; your tea always has a delicious homely taste."

"This is the very best of all our homes," Lucie cried. "There is so much to look at outside. Inside, it's full of cosiness and comfortableness. I

wish father could come in at this moment and see how happy we are!"

"Poor father—two Christmas days away from his girls," said Angelique, sighing.

When the tea-things were cleared away they sat down to their evening occupations. Aunt Emma set about embroidering the bag, Lucie proudly produced her darning-needles and yarn, and began to mend stockings, Angelique read aloud a bright new novel which she had got from the library that very day.

The two girls slept in the room above the sitting-room. Lucie, soothed and satisfied now, no longer lay awake at night. Angelique was near, and that was enough for her. She was already fast asleep, when her sister came softly into the room.

The night was frosty and still, the dark sky, bejewelled everywhere with bright stars, drew Angelique to the window for a little while. She was so thankful for the simple sweetness of her

life, and for the work that was put into her hands, that she loved the night-silence. Here, under the stars, she could look into the depths of her heart, and see if all were well there.

Yes, all was well, although she studied the paper every day, expecting to see a certain marriage announced in the first column. She had made up her mind that the engagement was a settled thing. How could it be otherwise? Thurstan's fate had been decided long before he came to Narrowfield on that dim May morning, and she was nothing more to him than a memory.

Aunt Emma, too, was looking up at the stars, and thanking God that her dear child was at peace. Surely she had done a good thing when she broke up the cottage home, and left no traces that the heartless trifer could follow. Sometimes she had feared that she was a little hasty—a little hard. But no, it had been all for the best.

(To be continued.)

SOME NEW PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

PATRIOTIC songs, marches, and fantasias now greet us of every sort and kind, and rightly too, for are not all our hearts with those who are fighting for Queen and country during these months of heavy anxiety, and our minds find relief in such good signs of patriotic sentiment.

True, martial lays are mostly for our boy-kind; nevertheless, girls are nowadays animated with the same spirit, and they can join in with a will which shows a loyalty as staunch as any the masculine gender can boast of. First we are attracted by the fresh free verses of "Unity," which appeared in the June part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we need not read the signature to know that they breathe all the sweet home purity of thought, the strong yet tender feeling, which distinguishes the poetry of Helen Marion Burnside. The musical setting by Myles B. Foster is straightforward and simple as befits the subject, and the happy little *souppon* of the Scotch and Irish element in the last verse is deftly introduced. Music and words linger in the ear—a quality to be much desired in a patriotic song. The chorus being of just the popular kind, befits of girls and boys will enjoy chanting it forth this side and the other far side of the world (Boosey).

Treating of our gallant Colonial contingents also is Angelo Mascheroni's "Sons of Victoria" (Gould), a song of small compass and excellent quality, the *entrain* of its chorus fairly making us march in its vigour and spirit. "Obedient to the Call," by Eaton Fanning (Novello), is another thoroughly good one and deservedly popular in public or in the drawing-room, while our country's glorious history in the past plays a rousing part in a marching song by Florian Pascal, entitled, "Play the Game" (J. Williams). This has more in it to master perhaps, and so has one of Frances Allitsen's in praise of the Volunteers, but neither are difficult in the least.

The song to the C. I. V.'s is entitled "Sons of the City," and its bold, rhythmic strains fully deserve perpetuating in a march for the regiment. To all who may have relations or friends in the Volunteers, this song will prove well worth acquiring (Ascherberg).

Turning from these brighter themes, we look at the sadder side of the picture, and the words

of a very simple little ditty, "The Soldier-Boy's Farewell," by Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, music by Alfred Baylis (Ascherberg), remind us of the many little ones left fatherless, the girls who have now to be their good elder sisters and the widow's help and strength—ay, many girls, perhaps, who are reading these pages! The song is in lingo such as a soldier's child would just use to express the uppermost feelings of his little bursting heart—

"Good-bye, daddy, it's hard to say Good-bye,

I'm a soldier's kiddy every inch, and not a-go'in' to cry!"

Perhaps, for once, the writer of this may take leave and licence to mention a songlet signed by her name and written for the widows of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, a regiment whose splendid valour will ever live in the annals of our Army. The title is, "The Gallant Fusilier" (Rossini & Co.), and the beautiful words appeal to us all. They are by Russell Gray, an Irish lady who wrote frequently for Virginia Gabriel. Another war memento of a more imposing description is Lady Glover's fascinating book *Lest We Forget Them* (Fine Art Society, Bond St.), the proceeds of which are also devoted to widows of our soldiers and sailors. Scott Gatty, Harold Begbie (writer of "The Handy Man"), Sir Donald MacFarlane, Alfred Crocker, with Baroness de Bertouch, Major-General Hildyard's sister, and Lady Glover her talented self, with a host of well-known writers, all contribute verses and songs commemorating the doings of the different branches of the Service. M. B. Hewerdine ably illustrates every subject. The guinea edition is well worth preserving as a memento of the Boer War, and for presenting as a prize or gift-book, while the half-crown and one shilling editions come as a most pleasant mode of subscribing to the funds which are so thoroughly needed, so let our GIRL'S OWN readers kindly remember this. During "hours of ease" the schoolroom or work-room will quite revel in an acceptable (1s.) collection of the dear old "British War Songs" (Chas. Sheard), amongst which we have "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," "Hearts of Oak,"

and, of course, "Rule Britannia." Here we find all the verses of "God Save the Queen"; and how few people know them! This was proved the other day, when a country vicar, wishing to celebrate our recent victories, ordained that the National Anthem should be sung in church. Alas! no one knew more than the first verse; no copy of the words could be found in the neighbourhood, so the first verse, and that only, did the choir sing.

Marches naturally are popular now, and of these "Comrades in Arms," by Arthur Godfrey (Gould), "In and Win," by Katharine B. Gravel (Ashdown), "The Canteen," by Percy M. Hewitt (Rossini), are easy and fair specimens, not forgetting, too, the haunting and gay "Soldiers in the Park," set for the piano by Lionel Monckton (Chappell), with oh! such resplendent guardsmen on the frontispiece! Then we have three descriptive pieces of some interest and no difficulty—"The Royal Military Tournament," by Theo. Bonheur (Phillips & Oliver), "The Departure of a Troopship," by Fabian Scott (Broome), most realistic, and "The Night Attack," by the same fluent composer, this latter being especially full of thrilling incidents and pleasing airs (Broome).

Reverting once more, and lastly, to vocal music, the song *par excellence*, suitable for any girl to sing, is Frances Allitsen's "There's a Land" (Boosey). In its verses the love of our Sovereign and of our country unite, and the inspiring music and words we can all echo from our inmost hearts—

"There's a Queen, a dear Queen, whom no Briton forgets,
And upon whose dominions the sun never sets,
Who has governed by love, and has helped us to fight
For conquest of evil and succour of right.
Best reign,
Blest reign,
Longest,
Strongest!
This year of all years we'll sing and we'll pray,
Glorious, victorious! thy Queen! my Queen!
God bless and keep her both now and for aye!"

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.