

"We might be driving," Ronny said, laughing, "and then it's such a bother getting down. But we'll see about that when you come; and in the meantime father will pay the rent of your room, if you can get on here a little longer and have Peggy with you."

"Well, I'll not deny as it'll be a great comfort to have the bit o' rent paid," said grannie, "and if I can get a few oranges—"

"Grannie, I told you I wouldn't have you selling anything," interrupted Ronny. "Father, are you going to give them a shilling a week to live on?"

"I think ten would be better, my boy," was the answer.

And after that grannie collapsed and said no more.

Great was the excitement in Black Jack Court when a comfortable carriage drew up at the entrance, and all the inhabitants within reach assembled to see "Jack" carried down and placed in it and driven off, waving his hand to grannie, who stood with Peggy and Hardy watching till it disappeared.

"To think of all that coming of your finding that letter," said Hardy, as they went back to number eight; "and after all the bad times, as you should be provided for for life! And look 'ere," opening his hand, "I sha'n't have to worry about rent for nigh on a twelvemonth, and a fine thing that'll be for me."

"And glad I be of it, Master Hardy," returned grannie, "and I'm sure I've got enough to be thanking the Lord for all my days, that I have."

The attic looked very empty when grannie got up to it, but she and Peggy had plenty to do. Those lovely blankets belonged to her now and had to be transferred with admiring awe to her bed. And then she had to get a new "rig out," as Ronny told her, for Peggy, and some things for herself, so as to be "tidy like" when the day came for this wonderful new start. So time did not hang heavy on her hands, though Ronny was longer getting well than she expected, and it was May before she got a letter from him

telling her he was quite well at last, and that he was coming to fetch her next week.

The appointed morning found grannie ready, her new box packed, and her blankets made up in a neat bundle. The table had been carefully wrapped up by Master Hardy, though what was to become of it she did not know. Every thing was done except giving up the key, and she and Peggy, looking much less of a scarecrow in her neat frock, had been waiting some time before Ronny appeared.

"Here I am, grannie!" he exclaimed, giving her a hearty kiss. "How well you are looking, and Peggy is improved too, though she still looks thin. She will soon get fat and rosy in the country. Before we go I should just like to look into the other room. Is there anyone there?"

"No, it's empty," replied grannie.

Ronny went in, followed by grannie, but she said nothing as she saw him looking round, and knew what were his thoughts. At last he turned to her.

"Grannie," he said gravely, "I daresay you guessed that I did not deserve my father's goodness and love, or your kindness, any more than I deserved that God should have given back to me the life that I had spent so badly. But I trust I shall be a better man all my life for what happened here."

"Ay, my lad, please God you will," returned grannie gently.

"Now, I think we must be off," he said, closing the door. "I've got a carriage at the end of the alley, and here comes Hardy to carry your things."

So for the last time grannie went down the narrow, dirty staircase, and across the stuffy court, and found herself placed in a comfortable carriage with Peggy and her bundle opposite her, and her box and the table on the top. Then, with a "good-bye" to Hardy, who was to come and pay her a visit some day, Ronny said, they were off.

(To be concluded.)

SOME NEW MUSIC.

"TIS SNOWING" is the first song-title which meets our eyes as we turn them from a snow-covered landscape to our piano, laden with new music of all sorts and qualities for all kinds of tastes and purposes. R. H. Elkin and Bemberg are names to conjure with, when united as translator and composer, and this little songlet is just as true and sweet as we could well wish it to be in its faithful delineation of the feeling the snow-fall gives us, which has indeed something mournful about it and "akin to tears." In a nice warm drawing-room, quite safe from the cold, we descend from this "luxury of woe" to the practical, and find that our copy is for a mezzo, and it is all-pleasing, graceful, and easy (Enoch).

Sadness pervades some touching little verses by the Duchess of Sutherland, set to music by "Lilian Cromartie," which just suits them in its unaffected simplicity. The name of the song, "Parting," speaks for itself, and both keys are for a low voice (Cramer).

A propos of youthful days, many girls will enjoy singing "When I was a Child of Three," from Ivan Caryll's comic opera "The Lucky Star" (Chappell); and in an entirely different train of thought, "The Bridge of Love," with pretty music by Roeckel, and a serious argument dealing with the three ages of love will appeal to all. It is now published by Messrs. Gould.

G. H. Clutsam writes his plantation songs with such taste and just appreciation of the strong hold this kind of song has on the sympathies of the public, that the result is they are ever welcome. Amongst these "Joe an' Me" is an exceedingly sweet one, and we hum the refrain to ourselves long after the song is ended (Stanley Lucas).

Some light pianoforte music next claims our attention. No remarkable execution is required for a brilliant and easy "Impromptu Valse," by Walter Macfarren (Heller

and Co.); a mazurka, "Graziella," by Carl Schmeidler, is all its title expresses (Ashdown), whilst an "Indian Dance" requires bold handling by not too small hands, when it becomes decidedly typical and striking. Frank Tipping is the composer (Ashdown). The following pianoforte sketches are all of interest—namely, "Im Hochland," by Olaf Petersen, a dainty melody in a minor vein (Joseph Williams); "The Spinning-Wheel," by E. Ouseley Gilbert, most characteristic and pretty (Chappell); and "Threshing," a rustic idyll by E. Ekless, which is another whirring kind of perpetual movement, quite facile and very pleasingly effective, played swiftly with nimble fingers (J. Williams). Two country scenes by Nicolai von Wilm are "In the Mill" (the wheel goes round in pleasant fashion in the left hand to a suave measure played by the right), and "The Old Castle," a more sombre and dignified picture. The clock sounds with due solemnity from the ancient belfry on page one, this being well worked up with an *allegro marziale* lasting its brief day and ending with some fine chords in successful imitation again of the chimes of the hour (Ashdown). The title of "Sparkling Diamonds" leads us to expect a certain amount of brightness in a slight but fluent little *morceau* by Leona Lacoste, and we are not disappointed in spite of its extreme facility (Morley). Now we are attracted by a neat red 1s. book of "Pretty Songs," illustrated and set to music by Leigh Kingsmill; and we see at once how he, with his coadjutor Alfred Phillips, both enter into and apprehend the joys and cares of child-life and all the fun and frolic. Elder sisters will be able to amuse the little ones through many tedious moments of wet days with this tiny volume (Phillips and Page); and another most excellent shillingsworth for the same purpose is "At the Zoo," by Edward Oxenford and Percy Jackman.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

NEW SONGS FOR GIRLS.

"RED CLOVER," in its sweet, swinging rhythm, has a particular charm for a young mezzo-soprano, so fresh and full of the love of nature are its words, which are matched excellently in facile melody by Teresa del Riego (Chappell). As we sing of the lowly blooms of the "blush-red clover," visions of the wind-swept fields come to us far away from dusty towns and teeming highways, and we are of the same opinion as the "Robin atilt in the apple-tree" in the song, who vows there's nothing sweeter. It is difficult to say which is the most attractive, "Red Clover" or another bright ditty dealing with the doings of the same wee bird, entitled "So robin sang," by Gerald Lane. The compass and notes are quite easy, and the innocent wording appeals very prettily to us (Enoch). There are yet two or three more bird songs suitable to mezzos. "Tell me, swallow!" another of Gerald Lane's, which, together with the two first mentioned, is published in three keys, and which is equally light-hearted; "White Throat," by George S. Aspinall, certain to commend itself to young vocalists for its joyousness and spontaneity, without any difficult passages (Ascherberg); and Frank Moir's "Spring-time," of the same refreshing *genre*, with a little minuet interlude which gives it an old-time flavour (Ashdown). None of these songs are at all exacting in their requirements, nor do they want large voices.

Sopranos should annex a charming little lay in praise of "Buttercups and Daisies," the words by our favourite, Clifton Bingham, the music, so ably translating them, by Frederic Cowen (Boosey). No. 3 key in A flat is the one for high voices.

The beauties of spring, after all the long, dead winter, do certainly rouse the innate poetry of our being, and Maude Valérie White has caught this exuberance of feeling in an admirable way while writing "The spring has come," the very rhythm of which warns us to "pack clouds away" and rejoice, as nature rejoices all around us. Again, sopranos must select No. 3 key, and they will find nothing beyond very moderate powers of performance (Chappell). A. L.'s music possesses invariably a subtle refinement and daintiness of expression ever welcome to girl singers, and

this is very appreciable in "The only time to love" ("La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps"):

"O the days, days, days!
When we roamed the woodland ways,
And the primroses and violets
Peeped out beneath our feet."

Such tender sighs of regret there are at winter time! in the music, such pretty turns and graces for the voice—all to a graceful accompaniment reminding us of the swaying of the valse. The highest key is No. 2 in G (Chappell). "Babie Marie" requires to be sung with much simplicity by a sympathetic young voice, and it is effective and touching indeed. Frederick Rosse writes it (Ascherberg).

Contralto songs are perforce of a heavier and more serious type. A very fascinating one is Teresa del Riego's "Slave Song," sung beautifully by Alice Gomez, who portrays all the sad yearning of its burden (Chappell). Two songs in a most popular mode and of a quasi-sacred character are "The Ladder of Life," by Ed. St. Quentin (Morley), and "The Pilgrim's Hope," by Paul Rodney (Enoch). There is a sweet, short, quaint idyll, "Dear little Baretos," by C. P. Scott, wanting little voice (Boosey); and another, "Little Feet," treating so simply and so truly of the ways the dimpled Baretos must needs go. Landon Ronald writes this with tenderest feeling for the subject (Enoch); and "My Treasures," by Paul Rodney, recalls many dear times and loved faces of tiny people—little sisters, little brothers, all grown up and gone away *into* the big world, and, alas! some *out* of it (Enoch).

But, to end more cheerily, here we find "The Eton Boating Song," capitally set for the guitar by Madame Giulia Pelzer (2, Southampton Street), and it goes so fluently and well. And, for girls with musical brothers, we feel obliged to mention "Forging the Anchor," by Paul Rodney (Enoch), and "The Old Gray Fox," by Maude Valérie White, with splendid words by Conan Doyle, both of which the brothers will declare are "hard to beat" (Chappell).

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



SHEEP IN A STORM.

(See Frontispiece.)

BY NORA CHESSON.

The storm comes slowly up the skies,
The valley in its shadow lies,
Yet still a light as faint as hope
Lies all along the sheep-trimmed slope,
And fain would save the distant tower
From darkness yet another hour,
But vainly from the tempest flies.

The herons from the marsh have gone,
Beholding how the dark draws on;
The beech-tree yonder on the hill,
Where silly sheep are feeding still,

'Twixt light and lightning shuddering stands,
A landmark between alien lands—
Each leaf aghast in the hot breath
That whispers to all trees of death.

The sheep feed stolidly, nor know
How near their heads the lightnings go.
The old tower not more careless stands
Of human wrath and human hands
Than these meek things that without fear
The lightnings see, the thunders hear,
Nor cease from feeding to and fro.