

fishing-rod made him, and he and Tom (Tom and Harry always went shares in what each had) must needs go to the pond on the common to try their fortune, and take little six-year-old Charley with them. Charley was only too glad and proud when invited to share his elder brothers' pursuits.

"See if we don't bring you home ever such a big dish of fish for breakfast, mother," they called out as they set forth upon their expedition, and the doctor bade them a merry "Good luck to you!"

Katy was disposed to feel a little aggrieved that neither Harry nor Tom had thought of asking her to join them, and watched them depart rather wistfully. The doctor had thrown himself on the couch with the day's paper in his hand to snatch a few moments of well-earned rest; Mrs. Marston had taken her place by his side, knitting busily with fingers which were never idle. Her eyes soon caught sight of the rather doleful little figure in the window.

"I am glad you did not go with the boys, dear," she said, kindly; "it would have been too far for you to walk without being tired after your busy day. Would you like to take Harold out into the garden for a little while instead, before he goes to bed?"

Katy's face brightened at the proposition, and when baby Harold crowed with delight and held out his little chubby arms to his sister, Katy felt consoled for the defection of the boys.

She took the little fellow in her arms and carried him out into the garden, where she began to walk slowly up and down, singing softly, while Harold over her shoulder kept up a low crooning as accompaniment.

Katy's evil thoughts had taken flight. It would have seemed wicked to have indulged them on such a calm peaceful evening.

"The earth might know Sunday is coming to-morrow, all feels so quiet and restful, as if all the week's work was done," said Katy, pausing in her song to listen to the chiming of the church bells, which sounded sweet and low on the evening air. The ringers were practising, as they usually did on Saturday evening, and the tune of the grand "Old Hundredth" was ringing out from the belfry tower. The young men and boys were playing on the village green, and the sounds of their shouts and laughter came faintly on the evening air. No other sound broke the stillness.

The road that led past the doctor's house was quiet and little frequented. Not a single person came in sight during the half-hour when Katy was walking up and down and singing softly to herself, and the baby hanging sleepily over her shoulder; so that it came almost with a start when she heard the sound of a horse's feet galloping along the road. She watched in some curiosity to see who was coming. It was a man in livery riding full speed, and he drew up hastily at the garden-gate. Katy recognised the Branscombe livery, and her heart sank with a sudden fear of evil tidings even before the man could inquire, quickly and hurriedly, "Is the doctor at home, Miss Katy?"

"Yes, he is. What do you want him for? Is some one ill, Simpson?" for she knew the man as the groom who rode behind Stella.

"Miss Stella; she's been thrown, and hurt herself. But, for mercy's sake, tell the doctor to come at once, Miss Katy. Beg him not to lose a moment."

Katy did not need a second bidding, but ran breathlessly to the drawing-room with pale face and beating heart.

"Oh, father, Stella has been hurt, and you are to go at once to the hall, please. Simpson has come for you."

Dr. Marston started up from the comfortable sleep in which he had been indulging,

tired out with a hard day's work, and was awake and ready in a moment. He went out instantly to speak to the messenger and hear a few particulars, collected some things he thought might be required, took his hat and coat from his wife's watchful hand, and was gone almost before she or Katy could ask him a single question.

"Mother, what does it mean?" Katy asked, when both the doctor and groom had departed. "Simpson only said she had been thrown, but he did not say anything more. Oh, I hope she is not much hurt. I told you I met her in the village this afternoon, riding her beautiful new horse, and she told me then that Simpson wanted to ride by her side, but she would not let him. She always was rather daring, but she was such a good rider that I should have thought no harm could possibly happen to her."

"Indeed, my love, I know no more than you do," Mrs. Marston answered; "we must wait until father returns to hear more. Indeed, I trust it is nothing serious. It will be a terrible anxiety to the squire and her mother; she is their only one, and they seem to set the whole of their minds upon her."

But Katy's anxiety remained unallayed, for hours passed and still the doctor did not return. The boys came home from their fishing expedition, hot, tired, hungry, and wet through, with not a single fish in their basket, but their hopes high with regard to better sport in the future.

They were glad to go to bed when supper was over, but Katy begged to be allowed to stay up later than usual; at least, until father came home. She could not sleep, she said, until she knew how poor Stella was.

But the hours crept on, and still the doctor did not return.

"It is half-past ten; you must really go to bed, darling," Mrs. Marston said, at last, "or you will be too tired to-morrow morning to do justice to your little scholars. You know I never like you to get overdone on Saturday evenings."

And so Katy slowly and reluctantly went to bed.

She slept, in spite of her anxiety; slept almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and never woke until the morning sun was shining outside her window and the birds were singing their glad welcome to another day.

"How is Stella, mother? Is she better?" was her first eager inquiry, as soon as she could find Mrs. Marston.

"Hush, dear! not so loud," was the low reply. "Your father is asleep; he never came home until very late. Poor Stella is very ill indeed; they have had to send to London for two more doctors, and the squire and Mrs. Branscombe are almost frantic with trouble and anxiety. It is impossible to know for some time how much mischief is done."

"But how did it happen?" asked Katy, breathlessly, with white lips.

"It seems that the groom wished to ride close by her side until she had grown more accustomed to her new horse; but she would not allow him. Then something in the wood—Warne's Wood—frightened the animal and he ran away. All might, perhaps, have gone well, for you know she was a very good rider, but he took her under a tree, and one of the branches struck her on the forehead, and then she fell, and by some means or other the horse fell over her. The man thinks he caught his foot in the roots of the tree, but in the terror and anxiety of the moment he could not tell."

"But, oh! mother, she will not die?" Katy cried, her eyes beginning to overflow with pity and sorrow. "Tell me she will not die! for I do love her, mother, in spite of all I have said to you about her. Oh! it would break my heart if she were to die!"

"I cannot say darling. God grant she may be spared, for her poor parents' sake as well as all of ours. You must not forget to pray for her, Katy, that she may live; poor, poor Stella!"

"And oh! mother, to think I grudged her all the things she has! To think I was sorry she was going to Switzerland! For I was sorry, and I was as envious and wicked as I could be; and if she dies I shall never forgive myself!" and Katy ended up with a piteous burst of tears.

(To be continued.)

"SHE MAKETH FINE LINEN."

By S. F. A. CAULFIELD, Author of "The Dictionary of Needlework," etc.

AS a rule of very general application, the pleasure and interest of life are made up of trifles. A word, a look, a touch of the hand, appealing through the senses, may have power to touch the heart. Thus, circumstances or things unimportant may lead to mighty results, just as it has been said the small cogs in some tiny wheel may so work on larger appliances as to set a piece of machinery in motion that many scores of hands could neither set at work nor at rest again.

Apart from the influence of human sympathy, apart from that of Nature—contributing so largely to the enjoyment of life—apart, also, from the recreation afforded by ancient and modern art, in their most beautiful and highest departments, I desire to point out to you that even the most common things, of the most unromantic character, have an unspoken word of wisdom for each and all who are ready to learn. Articles of use, both of food and clothing, may supply us with ample matter for thought, and lead on through pleasant by-ways to fields of wider scope and higher interest.

Enough, in explanation, to say that all things in Nature and art have a history, more or less ancient and instructive. Nature stands first, art follows. Nature, direct from the hand of God; art, His work second-hand, as it were, such intellect as He has vouchsafed to His creatures being employed to produce and bring art to more or less perfection.

We are told in Holy Writ that—"There are so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." But all persons have not "the hearing ear" nor "the seeing eye," and many grope their way through life like very moles—all that would tell them a story of God's greatness and bounty, or of man's industry and success, passed by unheeded.

Take first, for example, the voices of Nature and of art in their highest developments. I will only direct your attention to one or two of the most unmistakable significance.

You have heard of "sermons in stones," and doubtless a study of the treasures (geological formations and external productions) of the earth we tread will read lessons to all who care to learn; Nature appealing to us in a voice which gives no "uncertain sound." So likewise in the comparatively recent discoveries made in the East, art has spoken too, and the "very stones" have "cried out" which she has sculptured, confirming the truth of remotest Biblical history, and confounding the pitiful cavilling of scoffers who have tried to throw discredit upon them.

We read in the beautiful and metaphorical language of inspiration that all the morning "stars sang together" in adoration of the Lord of the whole Creation; and truly, in the contemplation of the myriads and myriads of worlds spread out on all sides around this

earth, till lost in illimitable space, we cannot but acknowledge the evident truth that "their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

I now pass on, taking a comparatively downward course to common things of daily use, which all have an underlying interest, as it were, beyond their mere utility to their employer. The title of this article has already advertised the particular subject selected. From the history of textiles no small amount of interest may be derived; and while my young readers ply their needles daily over some article of clothing or household use, subjects may be suggested by each distinctive production, either of the loom or of the hand, which will serve to lighten the toil of much sewing with pleasant trains of thought, one topic leading naturally on to another.

The web manufactured from flax, called linen, will prove one of especial interest.

Some of my friends may feel not a little surprised to hear that fragments of linen cloth are still in existence that served to enwrap the dead four thousand years ago. It is believed that the manufacture of linen originated with the ancient Egyptians, but it may have been produced at as early a date in other parts of the East. In the former country the art was brought up to a far higher degree of perfection than it has ever attained in any other kingdom or period. Imagine the delicacy of a web of linen discovered at Memphis in which it is stated 540 strands of thread were counted in a single inch of the warp! They also produced exquisite varieties for Royal wear, having figures in gold and cotton woven into a linen web. A corslet of such a piece of cloth was mentioned by Herodotus and by Pliny as having been presented both to the Rhodians and the Lacedæmonians by Amasis, King of Egypt. According to the testimony of these historians, each thread of these wonderful specimens of cloth contained 365 fibres.

Let us turn for a moment to our own country. The Romans established a linen factory at Winchester—once the capital of Britain—to which city Irish linen—which was woven in that country in the second century—was imported in the time of Henry III.; but what is called "mill-spinning" only began in Belfast (the chief seat of the manufacture) in 1830. In this country linen was produced in remote times, a fact proved by the discovery of cloths woven from flax wrapped round the charred bones of the ancient Britons in some of the burrows or tumuli which have been opened. The art of weaving had attained a high degree of excellence in the seventh century, when ladies of the highest rank used to spin and weave very beautiful cloths. A new impulse was given to the industry on the Conquest by William I., and there was an importation of Flemish weavers in the year 1253, under the protection of Henry III. In 1368 a company of English weavers established the industry in London, but it was not till the year 1386 that the first guild of the craft was instituted by Richard III. The art of staining linen was known here about the year 1579. But although factories were established, home-spinning was not superseded. Our women used so to prepare all the yarn required for their households, which they then gave to the village "Webster," to weave for them into cloth of a rather coarse kind. Finer qualities were then imported from Holland, which the young men procured for their shirts; the older men were satisfied with home-spun linen, and only used the fine Holland for the fronts and wristbands.

It is not my intention to enter further into the question of our own linen manufacture. My desire at the present time is to trace a mention of it throughout the Old and the New Testament, and thus to give you an interesting

course of study—of a wide range—as profitable as it will be interesting. Searches for the mention of certain things, whatever they may be, to which reference has been made in those sacred books, will prove one of the very best means that could be devised for extending a too superficial knowledge of them.

I shall not supply the chapter or verse to which a reference may be made, because I wish my young friends to search for themselves, and to follow me in the pleasant paths through which I desire to lead them, through the Old and New Testament history, and up to the magnificent climax of all that is revealed of the sublime hereafter—summed up in the Revelation to St. John the Divine.

That linen was manufactured by the inhabitants of the antediluvian world may be reasonably inferred, taking into consideration the fact that there were then artificers in iron and brass, ship-builders, musical instrument makers, &c., and that, while some dwelt in houses, others dwelt "in tents;" which were those tribes called "Nomads," who, being keepers of flocks, wandered from place to place in search of fresh pastures. These tents were of tanned hides, most probably, at first; then of wool or goats' hair felted; then of woven textiles—white wool, and linen cloth. In after ages Abraham is stated to have pitched his tent near Bethel, where he sat in the heat of the day; of whom it is recorded that he would not take "from a thread to a shoe-latchet" of the spoil of his vanquished enemies. Now the tents of Eastern tribes are made, at the present day, as much of linen as of white woollen stuff. And you must know that the arrangements and habits of Eastern countries remain almost unchanged from remote ages.

Linen of a fine description, but firm in quality, was, and still is, employed for the veils of Eastern women, as well as muslin. Not like those worn on our bonnets, but in size and form like those of brides'—a square piece, covering the head and the whole person, reaching to the feet. In fact, it was like a small sheet, and peculiarly suitable as a protection from a burning sun. Thus, the peasant-women of Italy wear broad flat folds of white linen on their heads, reaching down the neck at the back, linen being a non-conductor of heat. In India, likewise, our soldiers and others are obliged to make use of it to guard them from sunstroke.

Read the account of the meeting between Rebecca and Isaac, and you will see an allusion to her veil, as also that of Ruth. Of course the times of Rebecca and Ruth were subsequent by centuries to those when linen was first an article of manufacture in Egypt and Phœnicia; as well as very probably elsewhere in Asia. Pursue the family history of Rebecca, and you will see a mention of "goodly raiment of her son Esau," some of it supposed to be linen; and this spun, if not woven, by her own hands and those of her maidens.

The first direct mention of linen by name in the Bible is to be found in the account of Joseph's exaltation to the second place in the land of Egypt by Pharaoh Salatis, who took his own ring from off his hand, "and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of linen." Not long afterwards "blue and purple and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair" are named as included amongst the costly spoil carried away from their Egyptian oppressors by the children of Israel.

The first notice of the material from which linen is spun, *i.e.*, flax, is to be found amidst the records of the Plagues of Egypt; when the Egyptian flax and the barley were smitten. The second mention of it shows that it was also grown in the land of Canaan—Rahab having concealed the Israelitish spies

among "the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof."

The first allusion to weaving you will find in the Book of Job, who said his "days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and the first to the weaver's beam, as descriptive of the huge size of Goliath's spear. In the Book of Proverbs there is a very beautiful description of a noble-minded mistress of a household; of whom it is said that "she seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands . . . she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff . . . she maketh fine linen, and selleteth it."

For the linen employed in both the Tabernacle and the Temple, and the garments of the priests, I direct your search. Observe that the ephod and mitre worn by the latter were of fine linen, made of flax, wrapped in many folds round the head, and having a gold plate in front, on which was inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." Both the ephod and mitre of the high priest were decorated with jewels—the former embroidered in various colours, the latter surrounded by a crown, bound upon it with blue lace. The mitre was a symbol of complete consecration. The curtains of the Tabernacle were of fine soft white linen beautifully embroidered, and an outer covering was of white twined thread of an open network texture, that could be seen through by those outside; and the veil of the "Holy of Holies" was of the finest kind of closely-woven blue linen, embroidered with flowers and ornamental designs, while the great door-hanging was of fine twined linen, embroidered with blue, and purple, and scarlet.

You will find a special mention in the Book of Exodus of the spinning of the "women that were wise-hearted," who "brought that which they had spun (for the service of the Tabernacle) of blue, and of purple, of scarlet, and of fine linen."

Leaving the history of the Tabernacle and Temple, let us pass rapidly onwards.

In the First Book of Chronicles we find that "David was clothed with a robe of fine linen," when the Ark of the Covenant was brought back in triumphal procession; and in the Second Book of the Chronicles, Solomon is said to have brought "linen yarn" out of Egypt, a country for which both the flax itself and the art of spinning and weaving were so famous.

Passing from the historical books of Holy Scripture to those of the Prophets, many allusions will be found to flax-weaving and linen—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, and others. By the aid of the marginal references, or a "concordance," you will find them all. In the vision of Ezekiel, concerning the Temple, he speaks of the man who had a line of flax in his hand, the word "line" being derived from *linea* (or flax), and in Isaiah, the prophecy quoted by our Lord respecting Himself must not be overlooked, *viz.*, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench"—a metaphor which will be understood in all its aptness when you know that the Jews employed flax for the wicks of their lamps; and that lamps were likewise given a beautiful metaphorical significance in the parable of "the wise and foolish virgins."

Leaving my young friends to fill in all that I have omitted in connection with our subject in the Old Testament, I now point out a few in the New.

In the history of our Saviour's birth given by St. Luke, you will find that His blessed mother "wrapped Him in swaddling cloths," or linen bandages swathed about His body, securing it to a flat board; a practice which has obtained all over the world from times of remote antiquity, with very few exceptions. We also read of the rich man known as "Dives," who with Lazarus the beggar formed the subject of one of our Lord's

parables, and who "was clothed in purple and fine linen." Again, in the reference made to the lilies of the field, He observed, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and at the raising of Lazarus it is said that the "dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin." St. Mark tells of a young man who "followed Jesus, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body," and the same evangelist further states that at the burial of our Lord, "Joseph bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped Him in the linen." St. John also speaks of the linen grave-clothes, and "the napkin that was about His head, wrapped together in a place by itself."

Prior to these allusions we are told that when our Saviour prepared to wash His disciples' feet, He "took a towel, and girded Himself," and "wiped their feet with the towel wherewith He was girded."

Then, amongst the miraculous signs that marked the event of our Lord's "giving up the ghost," we read that "the veil of the

Temple was rent from the top to the bottom," without hands—symbolical of the rending of the body of Christ. (See Heb. x. 29.)

Taking a glance at the book of the Acts of the Apostles, we find that St. Peter beheld in a vision "as it were a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth," and that "handkerchiefs and aprons were brought unto the sick" from the body of St. Paul, and "the evil diseases went out of them."

Lastly, we pass on to the Book of Revelation. Here we find that the merchandise and dress of the mystical Babylon included "fine linen, purple, and scarlet." The armies of heaven, "riding upon white horses," were "clothed in white linen," and in the sublime description of the eternal union of the Church with the heavenly bridegroom, it is said that "to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." White raiment is typical of innocence and purity, and thus from the earliest ages it has been adopted for certain religious ministra-

tions and services amongst all nations, and its use was rendered imperative by divine command on the Israelitish priests. It is that adopted for infants, employed at baptism, confirmations, first communions, weddings, and for the clothing of all when laid to their last long sleep.

It is very probable that many who read this article may not in all cases follow the customs just described; but the fact that white raiment is typical of purity will explain the meaning of its more frequent use by others, and the continual reference to it in Holy Writ.

My brief discourse is now over. If it has proved a little incentive to "search the Scriptures," it has accomplished its object; and I wind-up by directing your attention to the great climax of all bliss and goal of all our hope and highest ambition—the realisation of that ineffable promise:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment . . . and they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE DRIVE.



HE'S out—she's out. Papa, she's out—Dessie," screamed Hubert, incoherently, for Mr. Fitzroy, giving all his atten-

tion to the driving, was not even aware of the catastrophe, and they were going on. "Papa, stop; Dessie is thrown out."

The carriage came to a standstill, though not instantly. The driver by no means approved of the delay. Their misfortune was not known to the first carriage, now some little way in advance, and hidden from them by a bend in the road. Dessie could be seen lying on the ground, close below the bank.

"I cannot leave the coach-box, or this fellow will drive off and leave us in the lurch," Mr. Fitzroy said. "You and Bertie must go to her, Miss Bruce. If she is too much hurt to walk, make signs to me to come to you; but I would rather not risk a turn here, the man is in no state for it."

He spoke composedly, but looked anxious. Miss Bruce and Bertie descended at once, and hurried back along the road, as fast as the poor governess's shaking limbs would carry her. Bertie would have been first at the spot, but she had grasped his arm for help, and he could not shake her off.

Dessie had by this time struggled slowly into an odd, half-sitting, half-kneeling position, but she did not seem able to accomplish more. As they came up she looked in their faces with a short laugh.

"My dear—my dear—are you hurt?" gasped Miss Bruce. "Are you hurt, Dessie? How *could* you stand up, my dear? It was very wrong—very imprudent. Always sit still in a carriage if there is danger. My dear, do pray tell me—are you hurt?"

She laid hold of Dessie as she spoke, and Dessie shrank from her with a quick, "O don't!"

"Where are you hurt? Is it your shoulder? My dear, how *could* you do it?"

"I'm not likely to play the same trick again just yet," muttered Dessie. "Please don't touch me."

"Where are you hurt, Dessie?" asked Hubert.

"I'm bruised," said Dessie, catching her breath—"I'm bruised all over, I expect. Miss Bruce, *don't*, please."

"My dear, we must get back to the carriage somehow," said Miss Bruce, distressfully. "You must let me help you—and Bertie too. Are you faint?"

"Never was faint in my life, so I don't know what it is," said Dessie.

"My dear, can you walk? Try to stand, Dessie dear. The carriage will come back if needful, but really it isn't safe—I don't think it is safe—is it, Bertie? I see your father is afraid. If that man tries to turn he may have the carriage in the river, just about here. Do you think you *could* walk it, Dessie, if you try, and if we help you?"

Poor Miss Bruce did not look much like giving efficient help, for she was as pale as Dessie, and shaking all over, like a person with palsy. She tried to smile encouragingly, but her very voice partook of the tremor.

"If you *could* just walk this little distance," she kept repeating. "I think it would be best."

"All right, I'll come," said Dessie.

She struggled to her feet with a sudden effort, and then uttered a sharp exclamation, and leant against Hubert.

"Sprained your ankle, old girl?"

"Yes—I—I—suppose—I must," said Dessie, clutching at him convulsively. "O—O, Bertie."

"Steady—don't be in a hurry," said Hubert, standing firm with some difficulty.

"Don't let go, Bertie, please, the pain turns me so sick."

"What *shall* we do?" said Miss Bruce, despairingly. "I am afraid the carriage will have to come back."

"No, I'll manage," said Dessie, resolutely. "Give me your shoulder, Bertie—so; I can't stand on that foot."

"My dear, are you hurt anywhere else?" asked Miss Bruce, making feeble attempts to buoy up Dessie on the other side.

"She can't talk, don't bother her," said Bertie, as Decima set her teeth rigidly. The pain was almost unendurable. Her only possible mode of progression was to shuffle or hop with the left foot, while using Bertie as a crutch; but the jar of the slightest movement was agony. Dessie had had little suffering in her lifetime, and was by no means trained to endurance, yet she bore it, as Bertie said, "pluckily." Not a groan escaped her, though drops stood in thick rows upon her forehead, and at length poured down her face.

"Dessie much hurt?" called Mr. Fitzroy from the coach-box.

"Ankle sprained," shouted Bertie.

"Shall we drive back?"

"No," Dessie herself said, loudly enough for him to hear, adding, in a smothered tone, "I'll do it—if I can."