

little shrunken old woman, dressed in rusty black garments of ancient make, who never once turned her eyes towards them.

On went the train through crowded towns, over broad bridges, through deep tunnels, past smiling villages, amidst peaceful, rural retreats, until the houses grew scattered, and at last, at some of the remote railway stations, no one was seen but a few porters and necessary officials.

But the old woman never noticed the scenes through which she was rapidly passing, her mind was busy weaving its own dream of coming happiness. She was even glad when the last passenger got out, and none came to take his place.

There was no one to disturb her thoughts now: she was all alone, and she wanted so much to think about her daughter, and compose herself before she reached her journey's end. Very tenderly went forth her longings towards the erring child she yearned to press to her heart, to kiss with a forgiving kiss, and tell her faults should be remembered no more. They would be so happy together—a united family—and she would never feel lonely and forsaken again. She had long experienced what we all do, when love and sympathy are dashed out of our lives, and nothing but a cold, hard state of existence left. That would be a memory of the past, for the future was dawning, bright and glorious, with the sunshine of affection. Kindly hands would soon clasp hers, kindly lips would press her face—her daughter would be in her arms, and God would forgive them as they had forgiven each other.

Oh, yes! she fully believed God would forgive her. Her tender, loving Father would never cast her off, as she had cast off her child. He who gave His only Son to die for sinners would pardon her for His sake—weak, and dull, and feeble as her faith had been. As the train went rattling on, the desire of meeting her daughter became intensified—it almost arose to agony; she was impatient, craving, yearning, to see her face—to hear her voice!

But what was this? How dark it was growing! What dense shadows were those gathering over her senses, blacker than night? What chill air was it creeping over her brow—colder, more frigid than the sobbing winds that wail over the Arctic wastes?

What damp ice-drops were those gathering over her forehead? What was it? How weak and powerless she had become all in an instant! She tried to raise the window for air. The whole world was surrounded with air, bathed in it, floating in it—but for her there was not one life-giving particle!

Vain was her frantic grasp at the leathern strap of the window sash, her hand fell heavily back on her lap, a faint sigh or two, and the old woman's journey was ended: she had gone out to that land whose shores are Eternity!

Some time afterwards, the train came hissing up to the station of a small remote country town. A porter threw open the door to admit one passenger, then closed it with a bang, as he shouted

at the top of his voice something that sounded like "Baw! Baw!"

The new arrival was a commercial traveller, a portly man, who wore a thick great-coat buttoned up to his throat, and who carried a portmanteau. He looked cold, cross, and impatient, as many travellers do on raw wintry evenings. Apparently, he was well supplied with creature comforts, for out of his portmanteau he produced a close fur cap with large lappets that covered his ears, a tiger-skin that covered his knees, and a flask, out of which he took a long draught. Then he gave a loud yawn, and prepared to settle himself for a snooze.

All at once he looked at his fellow-passenger, the little old woman seated in the opposite corner with her head drooping low on her chest. Something in her appearance startled him. He went over to her, touched her forehead, raised her head, and then shouted, "Help! help!"

There was no help at hand. Hardly is there a deeper solitude than one experiences in an empty railway carriage, dashing on through deep cuttings, over arid wastes, and across lonely fields!

In those days there was no magical rope, or tingling bell, as mediums of communication with the guard. The traveller opened the window, leaned out, and called aloud in terrified tones, that were lost amidst the jingling of wheels, the jerky rattling of carriages.

(To be continued.)

#### USEFUL HINTS.

**TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.**—If mahogany, or other wood, is required to be of a dark colour, cold drawn linseed oil should be used.

**TO CLEAN HAIR-BRUSHES.**—Take two brushes, and sprinkle each with powdered borax; then rub well together. Then pour hot water over the bristles, keeping the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out, and dry, best in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

**MILK.**—Some persons are averse to milk, because they find it indigestible or makes them bilious. A frequent reason for such consequences is that milk is drank as if it were so much water. Where digestion is not strong it only agrees when leisurely sipped, and bread eaten with it, or else cooked with suitable solids.

**TIGHT BOOTS.**—Tight boots, shoes, or gloves will go on easier if warmed before the fire.

**TAKING PHYSIC.**—If persons who are obliged to take nauseous medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could take the medicine with as much ease as though it were sugar.

**STALE BREAD.**—Grate into coarse powder and preserve in wide-mouthed jars. Cork well up, and keep in a dry place, and it will be found most useful for the preparation of puddings, stuffings, &c.

**A "JOHNNY CAKE."**—To one quart of milk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and a tea-cupful of wheat flour, mixed with Indian meal, enough to form a thickish batter. Bake very quickly, and eat hot with golden syrup or butter. Corn bread is made for breakfast in the same manner; both are very nice when cold.

#### NEEDLEWORK.

ADDISON, in one of his charming papers in the *Spectator*, spoke of needlework as an art then too much neglected. In his own humorous way, he introduced the subject by the following letter, supposed to be sent by an old lady:

MR. SPECTATOR,—I have a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am often after quilting a whole petticoat. The only time they are not idle is when they read your *Spectator*, in which, being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needlework. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed in my time in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. For my part I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud, idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration; and, as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present. I am, &c.

He then gives various arguments and pleas in favour of needlework.

"What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty, and the tenderness of men towards them, exempts from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of Nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their apartments.

"This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can show a fine genius; and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than to rhyme. . . . If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must not the less insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way."

Such employment would also help to diminish scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables, and all other inactive scenes of life. The profit brought to a family might also be considerable, while keeping fair ladies from running out into expenses. On these and other grounds the art of needlework ought to be encouraged; and the Essayist ends by submitting to mothers in Great Britain various proposals. One was that no girl be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover but in a suit of her own embroidering; and another, that no girl be allowed to marry without having with her own hands prepared all things required for a new household.

Such laws, he said, would effectually restore the decayed art of needlework.

Things are very different in the reign of Queen Victoria from what they seem to have been in that of Queen Anne. There is quite enough if not too much attention given to fancy needlework now; and we are happy to observe that plain needlework is receiving due attention in the numerous schools which are springing up in our own days. The subject will certainly not be neglected in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.