

"I tell you, sir, that is not my name, and you are a stranger to me," he persisted; and, turning round, left the deck; but all the same, I knew I was right.

"The next day, as we stood at the end of the long pier at Ryde watching the steamers come in—Ada being busy with her tatting-shuttle—a hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Turning, I confronted Mr. Hampden, much less self-complacent than he had been the day before.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Green," said he, in an undertone, 'anything of my wife and family?'

"Whom you deserted so basely," I appended; and he seemed to shrink as I said it. 'Yes, sir. Your long-suffering wife was buried a month back. Your son, Oswald, lies under the sea; and Percy is still braving the billows.' You see I did not spare him, Mrs. Marbury.

"He seemed much cut-up, and asked several questions, and in reply I told him all I knew of his family, and the suffering and privations he had brought upon them. Then I, point-blank, asked—

"And what have you done with Winnifred?'

"Young and homely as I am, the fine gentleman cowered at the question. 'Alas! I cannot tell where she is; I would give a fortune to know. I went abroad, and took her with me. I educated her—and then—well, she was in the way; and I put her in a house of business—and—and—lost sight of her.'

"Lost sight of your daughter!' I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes," he answered sadly. 'But since you addressed me on the steamer last night, I have been tortured by remorse. I am a lonely man, and deserve to be so. If you have any tidings of any of my children, I will be thankful if you will communicate with me at that address;' and he handed me his card—he was a West-end bookseller.

"I think he went away from Ryde that afternoon, for I did not meet him again.

"Ada and I had been married quite a year and a half, when I heard casually that Eustace Hampden was in the police force; then I wrote to Mr. Hampden at once, and I believe he set private inquirers at work

to find his sons. About three months later there was a knock at our side door, after the shop was closed. I myself opened it, and who should be there, Mrs. Marbury, but a ragged, emaciated, shoeless sailor, whom I could hardly recognise as Percy Hampden. I took him in, and Ada was ready to cry over him and his sufferings. He had been shipwrecked, and picked up in mid-ocean by a ship which had herself gone to pieces on the Cornish coast. He told us that he had met his sister Winnifred in New York, in a drapery store, and doing well. She had written many letters home from school to her dear mother, but supposed they were intercepted, as she got no answers. She had no holidays. It was not until she was placed to learn a business that she was at liberty to inquire for herself; and then her letters came back through the Dead-letter Office, marked—'Gone away.'

"We again found Percy a wardrobe—this time, however, looking for repayment; and the sailor son went to seek the father whom he had not seen for so many years; who had himself been living in luxurious ease, whilst his family had been battling with poverty.

"He found his father in a sick-room, with Eustace—now a tall, strapping fellow—by his bed-side; and I understand the meeting was most affecting."

"That it was," said I, "and most opportune."

William Green opened his eyes in amazement. I went on:—

"I was nursing Mr. Hampden at the time; and I say that his shipwrecked son, Percy, only just came in time, bringing intelligence of his sister, to secure an equable distribution of his father's property. I suppose you know that it was equally divided, and that Mr. Hampden died two days after his will was made?"

"Yes," responded the postmaster; "and I know that the sons are both married, and doing well; and that Winnifred is likely to be a wife before the next American mail comes in. But, I say, it was rather an odd coincidence that you should have nursed Mr. Hampden."

"Ah! there are many odd coincidences in this world, just as there are changes; and now I must go. Good day." And off went MARY MARBURY.

HEALTH FOR TOWN CHILDREN.

FROM the country, of course?" said a friend to me the other day, in reference to a robust, rosy-cheeked boy I held by the hand.

"No," said I, "he is a little Londoner, who passes eleven months out of every twelve in that big town."

Is it not invariably the case when we see healthy-looking children that we always give country air the credit; and when a pale-faced child comes across our path, do we not at once attribute its blanched cheeks and languid looks to a town atmosphere?

I do not for a moment wish to dispute the fact that fresh air such as we breathe in the country is more beneficial—especially to children—than that which we

breathe in our towns; but it would be sad indeed were we to think that *only* in the country is it possible for our children to thrive and become hardy, seeing that there are many thousands of them who are obliged to pass the days of their childhood in a town.

Do not you think with me, that many of these little faces are pale because the owners of them are kept so much within doors? As a rule, a country child passes the best part of the day in the open air; while, on the contrary, the town child spends most of its time in the house. In passing through the streets, we constantly see groups of wistful faces pressed against the window-panes, the faces of children who are longing to be out and about, but are kept hour

after hour shut up in close, warm rooms. No wonder, then, that they have a blanched and delicate appearance. Children are like plants in this respect—fresh air is as essential to the growth and vigour of the one as of the other. Try the experiment with a plant. Keep one in your sitting-room for awhile, and you will see how soon the freshness of its green begins to disappear, how quickly it languishes, even though you tend it most carefully, and keep it in a well-ventilated room, free from gas. Now begin a new system—put the plant outside the window for a few hours each day, and you will soon perceive signs of improvement; the air revives it, its leaves again assume a healthy green hue, and once more it looks strong and vigorous. Just in the same manner will children become hardier and more robust if they are sent into the open air for some hours daily.

I know that there is an idea prevalent that it is just as well for the little ones to play in the house as to walk in the streets, and I wish to combat this mistaken notion. Children want *abundance* of air; their lungs are twice as active as those of adults; they have twice as much work in proportion to the size of the body as the lungs of men and women, and consequently they need a constant and abundant supply of air. I need hardly say that more of this is to be found outside than inside the house.

There is another reason why our little town-folk are kept so much within doors, namely, the trouble of equipping them. In the country, appearances are not so much studied, and fashions are not so closely followed. Any old coat and hat will do to put on little miss and master for their play in the garden, or run in the lanes; gloves are not necessary, curls need not be remade; altogether the dressing is soon accomplished. Whereas, in the case of town children, this "getting ready" is a very lengthy business, wearisome both to children and nurse. Not only has such particular care to be given to their appearance, but—why or wherefore I never can tell—they have so many more garments put on them than their country cousins. Naturally, one would expect the reverse, considering that country air is sharper and keener than that of a town. But no, they have stockings to put on, and gaiters over them, an extra pair of drawers, woollen jackets and coats and capes, little shawls, handkerchiefs, woollen ruffs and cuffs, gloves and mittens, one thing over another (I assure you I have not exaggerated the list), until the little bundles lose all free action, and are quite averse, nay, they are incapable of taking any active exercise.

If this coddling plan be once adopted, it is a most difficult thing to discontinue it without harming the child; but if you never wound a woollen scarf round your little boy's neck, he would never feel the need of it, and your little girl would not require a jacket under her coat if she had not been accustomed to it. I remember when I was a child, I and my contemporaries always wore socks and shoes, dresses with short sleeves, and cut low at the neck. When I went out of doors in the depth of winter, ay, even to snowball, the only extra garments put on me were a pair of

long sleeves, a tippet (sometimes a shawl crossed over my chest took the place of the tippet), garden hood, and pair of woollen gloves, and my thin shoes were exchanged for a thick pair.

Is it not possible, then, to adopt a simpler style of costume, and by this means shorten the period of dressing? and cannot we make a resolute stand against custom and fashion, when those two tyrants try to rule us despotically to the injury of our children? I fancy, too, that the thought that the feathers will get uncurled, or the velvet may be spotted, or the delicate coat soiled, sometimes prompts the mother to say, "The children need not go out this afternoon, nurse."

But there is one other obstacle which it is only fair to name: children cannot be turned out alone in the streets as they may be in the garden; they have to be carefully guarded from the dangers incident to street traffic, and this necessity is often an impediment, for it is not always convenient to spare a nurse for two promenades a day.

I am well aware that dangers exist, but yet it appears to me that town children are, as a rule, made too dependent; they are so constantly watched that the result is, when they go into the country, they are afraid to move either in the house or out of it, unless some one is at their heels to protect them. I will not press this point, because I know that supervision is necessary. Still I cannot help thinking it is often carried to a much greater extent than it need be. My experience (confirmed by others who fully endorse my words) is, that little visitors from the country give comparatively but little trouble; they trot about the house boldly, and without the slightest degree of fear. Whereas the little visitors from town are so timorous, they dare not go up-stairs or down, unless some one will accompany them; and as to venturing alone into the garden—no one can persuade them to do that.

This utter dependence forms a curious contrast to the fearlessness exhibited by the little street Arabs. The other day I watched a string of small urchins proceeding up the west end of Oxford Street; the eldest I imagined to be about five, the youngest three years old. Involuntarily I stretched out my hands when we came to a crossing, but their leader was very prudent. At length in one of the widest parts these five wee ragamuffins dashed across the street, and I felt constrained to watch them; my anxiety for their safety was evidently shared by other foot-passengers, who also paused to see whether they landed safely. This they accomplished, but what became of them eventually, I cannot say, for they were soon lost to view.

I have advocated strongly the advantage it is to children to spend as much time as possible in the open air, but I must just say a few words of caution. It is possible, you know, to have too much of a good thing. There are two dangers to which children, and particularly those who live in the country, are liable. One is that of being allowed to remain out too late. The air after sunset is not beneficial; mists and vapours arise, and dews fall, hence the origin of

many a cold and cough. The second danger is even yet more serious; it is that of damp clothing and wet feet. Country children exercise their privilege of walking into every puddle, of putting their feet into every moist place, and of remaining out in the rain; and in this way they often contrive to get their clothes very wet. So long as they continue to run about, there

will not be much harm done; but if, after they come into the house, they are allowed to keep on damp clothing, and wet boots and socks, woe betide them! You will never get children to own that their clothes are wet, because they dislike the trouble of having to change them; but it is very necessary to insist upon the change being made. E. C



THE CULTIVATION OF ROSES.

GARDENING FOR JULY.



AS it is our wish to be eminently simple, as well as practical, we will not venture to embark on counsel to those who have every facility for high-class gardening at their disposal, but who yet, sometimes, seem to take so little interest in it. Our province, then, shall be among gardens of more modest pretensions; and here we are, once more, at the back of the old Rectory. We have had a heavy thunderstorm in the night, and the ground is "wringing wet," but it is a fine, hot morning, cloud and only a little sunshine intermixed; one that will do very well, therefore, for our operations. And here comes Edith down the gravel walk, in simple morning attire, sunshade, and daintily-trimmed brown-holland apron, with neat little pockets all about it. She has promised to give me a lesson in budding roses—a very rose-bud herself, by the way. In her hand I see is a budding-knife—an ordinary-sized pocket one—single-bladed, but with the ivory handle tapering at one end for all the world like a juvenile paper-cutter; and, sticking out of the little apron-pockets before-mentioned, I also notice the tops of the branches—if they are big enough to deserve the name—of the roses that she is about to fasten so ingeniously to the stocks.

Shortly before Christmas, or quite late in the

autumn, is the best time to select your briars from the hedge-rows; but as this is rather a difficult, dirty, thorny, and very often an illegal operation, the better plan is to make your choice from a nursery. Three-and-sixpence or four shillings per hundred was the old-fashioned price of them in the bygone days of moderation and simplicity, but like everything else—it is impossible to say why—double that amount is now their market value. These briar-stocks should be straight, strong, and have good roots, which last, however, should be well trimmed before you plant them in your garden. Choose those that are green all the way down in preference to the darker-coloured ones: they will last the longer. If you are rich in your number of stocks, plant them in rows rather over a foot apart, leaving a space of some three feet between the rows, or sufficient room, at least, to enable you afterwards to get easily among them; and, finally, support each stock with a good strong stake.

As the spring advances, pinch off all shoots and buds that make their appearance on the lower part of your stock, watching very carefully the two or three that grow on the top, in order to see which will, as time advances, be best available for your budding operations. The great importance and constant repetition of this pinching-off process cannot be too strongly insisted upon, if you reflect that you necessarily want all the strength of the stock to be thrown into your *top* buds, and that therefore, if you allow any to remain on the lower part or at the base of your stock, all the strength will be thrown into *them*, while those on the *top*, the only ones of any use to you, will be much weakened, and may probably fail entirely. Nevertheless, if in the *first* instance, your top buds look weak and sickly, and a little lower down your stock you