

THE ART OF WASHING.



WE hear of many arts—the art of beauty, the art of dress, decoration, &c. &c.—but who has troubled their mind with the art of washing?

Yet there is a great art in washing, and this was realised in the earliest times of which we have knowledge, and further exemplified

in remains left us of baths of all descriptions, from the Roman thermæ, and Egyptian tanks, to the great Indian basins and temple cisterns. Rome stood pre-eminent not only for the large number and size of her baths, some being capable of holding over 1,800 persons at once, but for the luxury of her bathing, making of it almost a science, by the refinement of the ornamentation and architecture with which it was surrounded. And to this day “the bath” is a part of the daily life of nearly every Oriental, north and south.

The sense of purification, refreshment, health, cleansing, and renewed vigour given by bathing, or washing, seems a deep necessity with most human beings—except those in whose minds dirt is associated with the idea of warmth, and fear of cold with the use of water.

But what is the art of washing? It may well be asked. We do not here include the washing of linen and clothes, which, though very important, is quite a branch of the art *à part*, but that connected with the care of the human frame. The art of washing is the keeping of your body perfectly sweet and clean under all circumstances, as far as is possible, in every particular, so that no odour, secretion, or foreign matter may be perceptible, or harboured.

The amount of what is considered necessary in washing is, however, a very differently defined matter in different minds, and in some a very false, if not a nearly “lost quantity.” There is the Irish “dry rub an’ a polish that they’ll just be after taking,” and the slight, *very* slight quantity of moisture employed by the Germans—not to speak of their more northern neighbours the Russians, who, except for their hot-vapour baths, are not given to ablutions. In fact, the English love of soap and water which characterises particularly the upper classes of our land, is looked on by the foreigners amongst whom our travels lead us as a sign of excessive and overwhelming dirt; that there should be a necessity for so much washing fills

them with surprise. And here we may, as an example of how little it is thought necessary, cite an instance which is a true story.

In travelling in Russian waters, we found ourselves in the company of a charming Russian belle, a *jeune mariée*, with a peach-like complexion, looking exquisitely clean. What was our astonishment to hear her say to her maid (we shared the same cabin), “Jenny, I shall not wash my neck this morning, only my face”—and the fair creature had been perfectly guiltless of any ablutions the night before!

As in most things, so in washing there are two ways of doing it. Some people take a bath, who have but a dim idea of washing themselves, and are vexed and annoyed when told the result is not happy.

It is a well-known fact, but rarely remembered, that the skin is one of the great safety-valves of the human machine—that the millions of little perspiratory tubes, with which it is pierced, throw out from the inner body an average amount of thirty-three ounces of greasy refuse, and worn-out material, in an hour, in the shape of invisible perspiration, and in the same time often as much as two or three pounds in visible perspiration. Should these tubes or pores be allowed to remain choked with their own secretions, the refuse matter is thrown back into the other great corporeal scavengers, the lungs, stomach, liver, or kidneys. Thus it stands to reason that a careful and general cleansing of the skin is absolutely necessary to the life and well-being of the individual, *at least* once in the twenty-four hours, and few people who rejoice in the comfort of cleanliness will feel that it is secured under this amount of washing. And we would also here point out that the mere passage of water—especially cold water (*e.g.*, what is ordinarily called a sponge-bath), does not cleanse. In fact, it rather has a tendency to close the pores, which like delicate flowers shut up to a cold current of wind or water. We therefore recommend, as warm or tepid water tends to open the pores, to use that with the course of soap-scrubbing (not an unreasonable friction) which should precede the universal sponging. This last may be done with cold water, which certainly invigorates and braces the system when followed by a reactionary glow of warmth. Should this not occur it is unwise to use it, and warm must be substituted—especially in the cases of children, who by ignorant mothers are often forced into cold water (from which they have not a sufficiently active circulation to recover) as part of that much-abused system of “hardening,” which nine times out of ten ends in “hardening” the child off the face of the earth, or checking its growth.

“Hardening,” it must be understood, should be strengthening, *not* “roughing,” and many people with the best intentions think very erroneously that to make a child strong consists in causing it to undergo more physical hardships than they, with their perfectly matured strength and age, would dream of doing.

As people in conclusions generally rush to extremes, it might be well here to remark that we do not at all recommend coddling; but no wise mother will put her young children into quite cold water in winter time, nor with a cold, and above all, will never allow them to be washed and bathed in a draught, on the same principle of consistency that plenty of fresh air is good when it is not damp or foggy, but draughts are most injurious.

How wonderful are the inconsistencies of mothers who aspire to hardening children! We knew one who, being told that her delicate child needed plenty of fresh air about its limbs, thought the best way to attain this was to simply half clothe it; so its little shoulders and arms were left quite bare, and its petticoats so shortened that in no way did its clothes touch it, except at the waist; and this in bitter winter weather. Another instance comes to our mind of a lady who, in her desire to harden her eight-months baby, had it put into summer clothes in the bitter weather we have had in March this year, astoundingly blind to the inconsistency of the fact that she, strong and grown-up, found the cold too great to put off any of her own warm winter clothing.

But we digress, and must return to—how to wash. Are we teaching our grandmothers when we venture on a few hints? Does every one say they already know? It is a subject that rarely gets the full attention it deserves.

The bath is capable of being a great luxury, though not necessarily an expensive one. We can make it exquisite with delicious perfumes, and cunningly devised methods of rendering the water like liquid satin or velvet, besides numberless other delights we could mention; and there are few refreshments greater than the contented rest that follows the Turkish bath, as we lie to cool, swathed in a dry warm sheet, on a divan, with our coffee beside us. But not to all is this privilege welcome, or possible, and there are means of daily refreshment far more easily obtainable, which are within every one's reach.

You must be armed with a perfectly clean bath, sponge, and one of those pretty Egyptian fibres called "loofahs" to which, in her "Letters from Egypt," Lady Duff Gordon attributes the soft skins of the native women who use them for washing.

Your soap may be what you like best, avoiding one unpleasantly scented—*chacun à son goût* in this matter.

Your bath partly filled with warm (not hot) water, you proceed to the soap-scrubbing course—and remember that it is not sufficient to smear yourself with a lather, but each crevice and cranny must be conscientiously "holystoned" with your loofah; this being accomplished, which is a very speedy affair when you are once used to it, pour into your bath a large quantity of cold water, and then with a fresh, clean sponge, thoroughly and effectually rinse every vestige of soap from your person, and, like a dripping water-dog, jump out on a strong rough towel, which should have been previously spread on the bath-blanket that underlies your bath, and enveloping yourself in another

large bath-towel, proceed to dry yourself. In this there is a great art also. Some only half do it, and jump into their clothes quite damp, which is very injurious, leaving the crevices and crannies full of moisture. With young children, and people with fine and delicate skins, this often results in a soreness, which becomes painful and troublesome, therefore the urgent necessity of conscientiously drying each crevice and cranny aforesaid. This is soon accomplished, and like a good housemaid, who knows where dust and dirt most easily congregate, you quickly find out where the water, or even moisture, lodges longest.

In the case of little children, for whom soft towels are best, and whose tender skins will not bear hard rubbing, we recommend a little finely powdered white starch, or fuller's-earth; and where there is soreness of the skin in the little fat creases of the body, from inattention, a slight dusting of pulverised nutmeg added to the starch, and rubbed softly or sprinkled on with the fingers, will soon heal it.

By this time we congratulate you on your exertions being over, leaving you fresh and invigorated.

And now, for the comfort of those whose hydrophobic proclivities prejudice them against water and washing, we will add a word or two on the few rare exceptions when a cold bath is not advisable. Certainly not when followed by no warm glow; neither when followed by a rush of blood to the head—in both of which cases tepid or warm water should be substituted. There live many men (and women too) "with souls so dead" that they will go into a cold bath, or send their children, when they have some feverish or eruptive complaint. The danger of this should be obvious—that the disease receives a most violent check, and the person's life is even threatened.

If, however, you persist in the use of cold water in cold weather for yourself or children, succeeded by no necessary after-glow of warmth, and will not have the common sense to use warm or tepid water, then put in a table-spoonful of spirit of some sort into your bath—whiskey is best, though eau de Cologne or spirits of wine will do—and you will have your glow. This often prevents chilblains in persons of slow circulation.

In cases of illness, where washing has to be done, it should be managed with the greatest rapidity combined with tenderness, and the drying should ensue without a moment's delay.

In most instances of healthy skins, soap and water should be sufficient to insure purity and sweetness; but in some cases the use of cold tea, alum-water, or even strong salt and water is quite effectual.

No one need complain that they cannot have a "good wash" because they do not happen to possess a bath, for this may be easily accomplished after Miss Nightingale's plan, in the rules she laid down for her lady-nurses who accompanied her to the Crimea; even if they had but the poor accommodation of a small basin they were to thoroughly sponge themselves from "top to toe," and this is possible to the poorest of us.

As a soldier keeps his arms bright and clean for

daily use, let us now show how very necessary is the proper care of the weapons of the bath.

In the first place, insist on your bath being kept very clean, and having it scrubbed out with salt, or sand, at least once a week, and always *thoroughly* dried daily.

Then with regard to that all-important weapon, the sponge. Many people have their peculiar tastes in sponges. The two kinds of this very beautiful and wonderful growth most used are the Turkey and the rock or sand sponge. The Turkey is preferred for its extreme softness, but the great difficulty of keeping it clean makes it undesirable for daily use, except for babies and very young children, who naturally require something quite soft.

The rock or sand sponge, which is the common honey-comb, is the best for ordinary bath purposes, for it keeps much cleaner, being more largely perforated than the Turkey, and also cleanses and rinses away the soap more effectually than the other.

In choosing one that you wish to be serviceable and wear, look for as white and woolly a one as you can find, with just a few, perhaps only two or three large holes; this, if a sand sponge, and thoroughly deprived of sand, you will find both soft and tough—desirable qualities. The rock sponges, which are not so common, and very tough, never have sand in them.

Few articles of human use are more abused than a sponge, and few things in the cause of cleanliness are allowed to reach such a dirty state. What is more unpleasant than a dirty sponge? It scents a whole room, and the odour is horrible; and how refreshing is its sweet sea-smell when new, and kept clean!

If you wish to preserve your sponge as a means and implement of cleanliness, you must never allow it to *lie wet*; to accomplish this, after thoroughly rinsing it, you must not merely squeeze it, but you must *wring* it as dry as you possibly can. If it is a poor one and tears—well, never mind, you can now so cheaply buy a new one, if you ask for pantry or stable sponges, which are just as good as the better-shaped so-called bath-sponges. Besides, it is better to have a ragged *clean* one, and buy another which need only cost you eighteenpence, than use a bunch of decaying, putrefying stuff, which only gives you back the human grease and dirt you have been so careless and slovenly as to leave in it, till it becomes almost corrupt.

There is a remedy for dirty sponges, in the Sponge Powder sold by chemists; also, slices of lemon laid to steep with it in water form another; and some people recommend vinegar—it should be white vinegar in that case. But the best of all is simple fresh cold water.

Rinse your sponge thoroughly every time you wash your hands, and you will be surprised to see how dirty the water becomes even when you fondly imagined it faultlessly clean. If possessed, however, of a slimy horror, rub it in strong soda and water, or soap it

thoroughly as laundresses soap the linen they wash, all over, with some common household soap, in which there is much soda, and then rinse, rinse, rinse in many waters till your sponge is restored to you clean, yellow, and sweet.

Avoid what many people do, putting their wet sponges out of the window to dry. They are rarely dried previously, and there they lie, heavy with wet, exposed to the evaporation of air and sunshine, which both combine to rot them. A common sponge basket is the best receptacle.

In the case of washing wounds, you cannot be too extravagant with sponges—the same piece should never be used twice, however well washed, but always burnt, for the very water is poisoned by the rinsings of the wound, and minute particles of poisonous matter adhere to the tiny passages of the sponge's interior, which cannot always find their way out again, especially in the case of fine Turkeys.

Now for the loofah. We recommend this fibre as a clean substitute for the old conventional piece of flannel, so intimately connected in our minds with the terrible tub-nights of our nursery days. When used the latter shrinks to a lump of felt, and never being thoroughly dried, and rarely well rinsed, gives off the same offensive odour as the dirty sponge. If you will have "a flannel," then get the roughest you can find, such as a house-flannel, or the strong checked white kind of which horses' sheets are made.

In choosing a loofah, never give more than eighteenpence for one; you ought to get a very large one for that; the shilling size is large enough. Pick a close fine one (unless you like it also to act as a flesh-brush), soak it well in warm water, and you will find that it makes a most speedy and satisfactory lather, when soaped, better than any piece of flannel ever woven; besides, its action on the skin is very salutary. It rinses itself in the most effectual manner, the moment it is thrown into water, and only needs shaking out after the fashion of a wet brush; it will dry of itself, and is the purest, cleanest thing you can have.

Should a loofah be found too rough for an invalid, or a delicate skin (though they may be had of any degree of softness), a flat piece of stiff honeycomb sponge may be used for soap-scrubbing, but it is not so efficient as even a soft loofah, and more troublesome to thoroughly rinse from soap afterwards; still anything is preferable to the objectionable piece of flannel, or even cotton glove, which is often used, with the same disadvantages.

Putting aside the pleasure and comfort of being clean, we must ever uphold the important hygienic necessity of efficient ablutions, and whilst it is well to have art in all matters of personal and other decorations, it must not be forgotten that "the body is more than raiment." "Cleanliness" being also "next to godliness," we trust that it will not be found superfluous to have given a few hints on the art of washing.

A. A. STRANGE BUTSON.

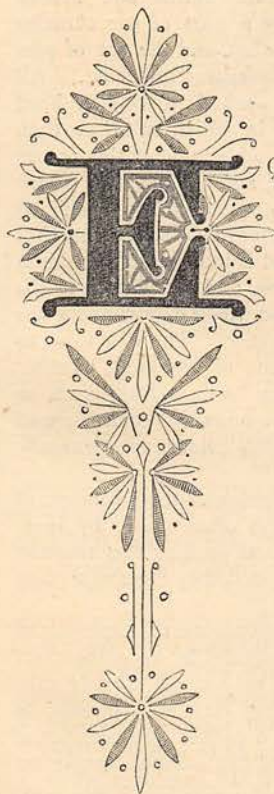
people of Cliffe Bay; but his duties are not very laborious. Morally and physically they are an amazingly healthy community, and the curate in charge and the doctor are neither over-worked. The ladies at the Hermitage and Retreat are as civil and censorious as ever, and "the Nest" is now occupied by old Lady Snuffenuff, her maid, dogs, and parrot (for Helen and Jack are farming in Suffolk). We saw in the *Field* not very long ago a notice of a wonderful mangel-wurzel, that was exhibited at an agricultural show at Ipswich by John Nugent, Esq., of the Old Manor, Bury St. Edmund's. We concluded it was Jack, and wished him every success in his farming operations.

Arthur Felspar and Marie reside for the greater part of the year at Hervey's Hollow, where their life is one long, untiring round of usefulness. Each day is far too short for the amount of good that has to be crowded into it. There are so many hungry to be fed, naked clothed, ignorant taught—so many weak to be guided, so many struggling to be encouraged. All who are in any trouble "of mind, body, or estate" find their way to the Rev. Arthur Felspar, and none are dismissed unaided. Marie often wonders how

she ever dared to doubt that it was a loving Hand guided her safely through all her sorrows—a "kindly light" that shone in her thick darkness, and led her on through troubled paths to the dawn of a happier day.

Old Nurse Kitty is still with her, feeble in body, but active as ever in mind; she reigns supreme in the nursery, and watches jealously over the young generation growing up about her. She is sometimes a little fretful, especially when her rheumatism foretells a coming frost, and speaks sharply to the children (all of whom are Felspars except the eldest, Miss Marie, Kitty's pride, delight, and torment). On such occasions she tells the nursemaids that if it wasn't for Mr. Ilion, the missis's brother, it's Mr. Dennys' children she'd be looking after, and not Mr. Felspar's. "It's Herveys that would be in Hervey's Hollow, and not strangers," she would say solemnly, "but for Mr. Ilion;" and then there would be silence for a few moments, just while Kitty recovered her breath, and yet again she would recount to the nursemaids, who were never tired of listening, the history of the Herveys from first to last.

THE END.



THE ART OF WASHING CLOTHES.

QUAL or second only in hygienic importance to personal cleanliness, is the washing of wearing apparel, and this when rightly understood, and practised, becomes a real art, though its essays may never happen to exceed the scope and skill of the ordinary laundress.

We do not here enter into the branch of the art which belongs exclusively to the "Cleaner and Dyer" (though washing forms a prominent part of that trade also), but merely confine ourselves to a few useful hints on the treatment of materials of which our daily clothes are made.

Nearly every laundress has her favourite remedies for dirt, stains, and the pre-

servation of tints in coloured fabrics, and often the less time they have for executing their "orders," the stronger cleansing agents they employ.

The use of what is known in laundry "technique" as a "strong bleach"—which consists in mixing potash, chloride of lime, &c., with the water—is doubt-

less effectual for the moment, but very disastrous afterwards, as people can testify, whose clothes are rotted and burnt by the powerful chemical action to which they are submitted in this process.

At the risk of its being already probably well known, we would remind our readers that the ordinary yellow soap is the best for washing clothes, and the common blue mottled variety for household cloths, &c. Also that soft water, when obtainable, is much better for cleansing, for the reason that, instead of decomposing the soap as hard water does, causing it to lie on the surface in flakes, it unites with and melts it, thus dissolving the grease stains. Hard water is, however, not without its advantages, one being that colours run less easily when washed and rinsed in it.

Let us now turn to the first of the many minor arts included in this particular branch of the art of washing, and if we speak of old-fashioned methods it is because after a long experience we have found nothing new that excels them.

After separating the common cloths from the clothes, and again dividing the finer class of these from the more ordinary, they must be all thoroughly soaped in the most soiled places, thrown into plenty of fresh water, and left to soak for at least twenty-four hours. Next day they are taken out for a good rub, which, it should be noticed, is no common rubbing; the things must not be torn by violent scrubbing, and yet the dirt ought to be thoroughly eliminated. The rubbing should, of course, be according to the strength and quality of the material; some must be rubbed very

hard, and others not at all, only kneaded and pressed, such as muslins and flannels.

The wise laundress knows that she might as well attempt to wash a fabric of iron wires, as to rub her cloth *across* the threads, or (to use a favourite expression of gentlemen who profess much knowledge of the materials of ladies' attire) "on the bias"—it would never come clean; she is therefore careful to rub the straight way of her material, and *with* the threads. This is the more important with linen, being harder to cleanse than calico.

The next process is to boil all the white things in large coppers full of soapy water, to insure a good colour. When taken out they are thoroughly rinsed in two waters, the second having a little blue in it, still further to improve the colour. The use of blue is often abused by careless washerwomen, who with an extra tinge of it hope to conceal the results of inefficient washing. To rinse clothes effectually, a laundress must have no stint of water—she cannot rinse too much.

When soda is used (as it generally is with soap, in boiling) for underlinen, it must be rinsed out in at least three distinct waters, without which the material is not perfectly freed from the chance of injurious effects, if worn next the skin. In fact, one of the greatest evils attendant on town-washed clothes is, that where the supply of water is limited they seldom if ever get the necessary amount of rinsing; hence the offensive smell that so often pervades the newly-sent-home linen.

Articles that have been washed should never be thrown on to or amongst dirty clothes for lack of room, or through laziness.

After rinsing comes wringing, and to the abuse of this art we owe the dishevelled state of our garments, and destitution of buttons, on their return from the tender mercies of the wash-tub genii. To wring any article with an even pressure, care must be taken to gather it up in a long bunch, allowing it to make its own folds in and out alike: thus, when turned the strain on the material will be evenly dispersed; but careless wringers will fold or roll the sides of the garment all into the middle, leaving the outside smooth and tight over the mass, the result of which is that the strain in wringing comes upon the thin outside, which gives way or cracks. Again, it is from the want of care and "taking trouble," that we miss and lose so many buttons in the wash. In large laundries where wringing machines are used, careless laundresses, who are in a hurry to finish the greatest amount of work in the shortest possible time, just run the linen through the machine anyhow; if an unlucky button goes through backwards it is either sent flying with a piece of material for wings, leaving a hole in the place that shall know it no more, or it is doubled up flat by the uncompromising rollers, which reduce it to a state of folly—for what is there more foolish than a useless button? To avoid this, very little care is necessary, by those who fold the clothes preparatory to their passage through the machine, arranging the buttons outside, watching, and guiding them, so as to insure their going through with perfect flatness.

Supposing our clothes are by this time hung out to dry in some breezy field, we will leave them there, whilst we say a few words about the next performance in store for them, which is starching. For this, it is almost impossible to lay down any hard and fast law, as there are so many and varied methods, each good in its way, that it must be really a matter of choice. Some people prefer using their starch raw, mixed with cold water, and after straining it through muslin, succeed in stiffening their linen very nicely; others find it necessary to boil it, or at any rate to mix it with boiling water; to this is sometimes added a piece of sugar, or the whole pudding is stirred round with an ignominious tallow candle, which is a specific for preventing the starch sticking, or glueing the sleeves, &c., of clothes together. The beautiful glaze so highly prized in the appearance of a gentleman's shirt-front, collar or cuffs, is produced by the admixture of turpentine with the starch.

Cotton garments should have all starch thoroughly rinsed out of them, and be "rough-dried," before putting away or storing for any length of time. The addition of a larger quantity of blue than usual greatly aids in preserving both the colour and material of white things.

The pretty coloured prints, shirts, and muslin dresses which form so large a part of our summer "wash" now claim our attention, and the art of preserving their tints needs cleverness and care. All coloured things should be washed in coolish hard water, then rinsed in cold, in which salt has been dissolved, or a little vinegar added; after this comes one more rinse of alum-water, and any ordinary colour will remain fast. For the exquisite blues which so tempt fair purchasers, and afterwards so try the skill of the laundress, sugar of lead is indispensable; this is however such a terrible poison, and so injurious to the hands of the washer, that we would deprecate its use except in some very extreme case. The wise thing to do in buying coloured cottons of any kind, whether muslin or calico, is to bring home a little piece to wash first, before getting the quantity required; and the most abiding and enduring colours are generally found best in French prints.

We have not hitherto mentioned the treatment of flannel and woollen goods (so often ruined by inexperienced hands) because, as in washing they must be done separately, so in description they deserve a place to themselves.

We well know the discouragement experienced by seeing our flannels thickened by constant carelessness into a mass of felt, or a tough carpety substance. There is something extremely piteous in the helpless misery of that supreme creature, man, when he finds himself reduced to a state of contraction through the inefficiency of the laundress, whose merciless shrinking withers up the legs of woollen underclothes to the dimensions of an umbrella-case, and makes everything flannel gradually unwearable. So that all this may be averted, the following directions may be useful.

First cut the soap in small pieces, boil it with the

water, when cool put your flannels into it, and knead them. Never rub flannel (or muslin), merely knead and work it with the hand, then rinse in lukewarm or cold water, and having pressed (not wrung) all the water out of it, hang it up to dry.

Coloured woollens, particularly the colour called "magenta," which runs very easily, should be washed in a liquor made of oatmeal and soft soap boiled together and allowed to cool, then rinsed in a little plain warm water if the colour seems fast, but if it shows symptoms of running, then add a little salt to the water.

Some woollen fabrics, such as the fine Shetland shawls, are so fragile, they will not even bear kneading, but must be merely plunged up and down in soapy water that has been boiled and cooled, afterwards rinsed, and hung up to dry. Many people pin them out on to a large sheet stretched on the floor, or have them stretched to four rods so as to maintain a perfect square.

Last, but not least, comes the finest and most delicate of the arts of washing—namely, the art of washing lace.

Ladies who send their lace treasures to a cleaner might save the risk and expense, were they but to try the following easy method of restoring its colour and cleanliness. For a long piece of many yards, have a proportionately long piece of flannel previously washed—*i.e.*, not new—sew the lace on to it, being careful that every tiny loop at the edge is caught down, and all very flat. Then wind it in rows, (lace inwards) tightly and smoothly round the largest bottle you can procure

(preserving bottles are best), tacking it with many long stitches through and through to prevent displacement.

If it is not very dirty, thorough soaping and rubbing by passing the hand backwards and forwards over it will be sufficient; but if it is very much soiled, the bottle should be put in soapy water, and boiled for three hours. Place it then in the sunshine till the flannel is nearly dry, when you must unpick the lace from it very carefully and spread it out flat between sheets of blotting-paper laid in a large book; leave it pressed with a heavy weight on it till the next day, when it will be perfectly dry and flat. No cleaner can excel the above method, and the oldest lace is preserved and cleaned without being injured.

In conclusion we would suggest to those persons who are interested in the well-being of the community, and especially in large towns, whether they ought not to promote in every reasonable way the scheme so ably put forward by an eminent preacher and writer in the following words:—

"Look at the vast evils of small laundries. What disease is there fomented—clothes not disinfected, mixed up before and after washing! Remedy—abolish all small laundries, establish in each district proper public laundries, under due supervision, with disinfecting rooms and drying grounds. A company might make its fortune in five years, especially if it undertook not to destroy more than five per cent. of the garments entrusted to its care."

A. A. STRANGE BUTSON.

A LINE OF LIGHT.



WOMAN croons by her lonely fire,
Watching her babe with its suffering
cry,

And her thoughts are far with its sailor sire,
And the night is wild and the wind is high.

"O who can ever bring back again
The glad, glad days that we had of old?"

Does every pleasure pass into pain?

O a frozen hope lies so bitter cold!"

But the larks will be stirring by-and-by,
And already there's light in the distant sky.

The ship lies wrecked on the wide west sea,
And the fierce birds quarrel and scream
above,

With their savage laughter that seems to be
A demon's scoff at the end of love,

"Ha, ha! ha, ha! and it comes to this,
Ye strong brave men, now your day is done,
Your corpses have but the kelpie's kiss,
And your last hard struggle is known to none."
But the sun is still shining out of sight,
And has left behind him a line of light.

There is summer once more upon the sea,
And sunshine once more in the lonely home;
The babe is gone from the woman's knee,
And she knows her husband can never come;
But as she sits she is singing low,

"The loves I have lost does my Father keep,
And He bids me His happy secret know,
Which is only seen by the eyes that weep."
The sun is still shining though out of sight,
And the darkest day has its line of light.

I. F. M.