

"Lotta, I wish you could speak English."

She hesitated.

"I know a little—a few words; oh, it is nothing. So many English come over here. I have learnt some from you."

"Impossible!—we have always talked German. Lotta, I believe you are a witch."

"Yes," said Lotta, gleefully, "I am a witch, and it was my broomstick you fell over; and when you get well I shall mount it and ride away in the air!"

"The doctor says I may take my bandage off to-morrow for an hour," said Johnny, after a pause.

"I am so glad!" said Lotta, heartily.

"I am glad too: I want to see my kind little nurse."

But though Johnny sat nearly two hours without his bandage, no Lotta appeared.

"It was so unfortunate," the landlady said; "Lotta had been sent on an errand. She had been delayed," &c. &c.

But Johnny was very angry, and would not be pacified. He scolded Lotta in the evening. She began to excuse herself, when suddenly her voice faltered, and he knew she was crying; and before he could say a word she was gone.

Johnny did not sleep that night. The situation was becoming delicate. The Lotta of his blindness had grown dearer than the Carlotta of his dreams. What ought he to do?

One thing he determined: whatever the consequences might be, he would see her! The next time she appeared he would tear off his bandage.

The morning passed restlessly away. One thought engrossed his mind—What would she be like?

Three o'clock came—her usual time. The door opened. Johnny started up, tore off his bandage, and beheld—Frau Werner!

The good landlady scolded him gently as she again tied up his eyes. (It was a mercy she did not know his name; she would certainly have called him Johnny!) As it was, she said he was a naughty, impatient boy.

"But I want to see Lotta before she goes."

"I have come to fetch you to say good-bye to her. Do you think you could walk into the garden?"

Johnny wondered, but he took Frau Werner's arm without a word. It was a lovely day. Soft breezes played round him as his timid footsteps went forward to meet the *diens-t-mädchen*. He scented a mystery—a surprise.

He was not disappointed. When his eyes were

uncovered, he saw standing before him the Carlotta of the picture—the Countess of Werdenfels in person!

But this Carlotta moved and spoke; and though the sky was blue, it was not the sky of Italy; and instead of the orange-blossoms, she held a rose in her hand. Smiling and blushing, she said—

"You have your wish—you see me."

"Explain! How is it?—this dress!" he gasped.

Lotta took his hand, and they sat on the stone bench by her side. His weak eyes devoured the familiar features, his ears drank in the music of the familiar voice.

"I will explain everything. Perhaps you are aware that in our country it is the custom to send girls out for a year to learn housekeeping. They go to farms, or to inns like Frau Werner's. I came to learn *Haushalt* in general and cooking in particular. I live at Munich. My name is Carlotta Lange, but my mother was a Fraulein von Werdenfels. She married beneath her—so her family considered. The lady in the picture was her great-grandmother. She was an Italian peasant, whom the Count of Werdenfels married and brought home to Bavaria. He loved her, and they were very happy. We have her dress and dagger, and I thought I would give you a surprise. People say (it is not true) that I am like her, so——"

"You *are* like her, Lotta!—only a thousand times prettier and nicer! Will you imitate her example? Will you leave your own country and come to the north?"

Lotta was silent.

"Perhaps I ought not to ask you: I am not a count—I am disfigured."

"Hush!—that is nothing," said Lotta, in a pained voice.

"*He loved her, and they were very happy!*" he whispered.

Lotta blushed. Johnny, emboldened, bent forwards; his face came nearer—nearer.

"You must really have your bandage!" cried Lotta, jumping up.

Johnny submitted.

"It is quite appropriate: love is blind," he said.

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In a few days he and Lotta were travelling together to Munich. She has learnt to call him Jack, and so have her father and mother, who are delighted with their future son-in-law.

"WANTED, A CERTIFICATED TEACHER."

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



CERTIFICATED Teacher." Turn over the pages of any educational paper, and in nearly every advertisement for governesses you will find these words. In fact, the day is rapidly approaching, if it is not already here, when the uncertificated teachers will

find it impossible to make a living. It seems hard that this should be so, for the suffering which attends all revolutions seems all the harder when its victims are women, unfitted by Nature and education to adapt themselves to new conditions of work. Very honest, good work has been done by the untrained

teachers, but their day is over ; and, in the interest of education, we cannot regret it. Public opinion is right when it demands some guarantee as to the competence of the "professional parents." Is not their influence powerful to make or to mar the mind and character of our children? True, the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made, and examinations can only test the knowledge, not the capability, of the candidate ; still it is *something* to know that the teacher possesses the intellectual qualifications for her work.

In this paper I propose to speak of one only of the numerous examinations now open to women ; but that one is deservedly in high repute, both with teachers and with the general public. I mean the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. "How can I obtain a Higher Local certificate?" is the question asked by many a young teacher. I shall try to answer that question.

In the first place, what is this examination? It is a *University* examination ; its certificate carries with it something of the prestige of University honours ; and it is certainly an impartial verdict on the candidate's work. Then, it is an examination for *women*, not for school-girls, and it may be taken as the standard to which the University considers that an educated woman of average ability should attain. If you wish, therefore, to obtain a Higher Local certificate you must possess, or make up your mind to acquire, the necessary knowledge ; and here let me enter my protest against the despicable system of cramming. I cannot say that it *never* succeeds, but so do other frauds ; and I do say, and I say it in deep earnest, that every woman who obtains a certificate in this way is sailing under false colours, and pretending to the possession of qualifications which are not hers.

I assume that our candidate is prepared to obtain her certificate by honest work. The first thing is to choose the subjects of study. Full allowance is made for individual taste, and candidates may present themselves for examination in any of the following groups :—

- Group R.—Religious Knowledge.
- „ A.—English Language and Literature.
- „ B.—Languages, Classical or Modern.
- „ C.—Mathematics.
- „ D.—Moral Sciences.
- „ E.—Natural Sciences.
- „ F.—Music.
- „ H.—History.

To obtain a pass certificate it is necessary to satisfy the examiners in arithmetic and *three* of the above groups ; groups R. and F. will not be taken as two of the three. Every candidate must take either group B or group C ; for the University declines to recognise as well educated a woman who does not know one foreign language *or* a little elementary mathematics.

These different groups may be taken up in successive years ; and those who have teaching or other

work on hand will do well to avail themselves of this permission. The groups that bear most directly on the teacher's work are A, B, C, E, and H ; but the training to be derived from the study necessary for R or D makes them equally valuable. The choice of each individual will vary with her tastes and previous education. In the limits of one short paper it would be impossible to give advice as to the study of such varied subjects. All I can do is to say something of the obligatory subjects, leaving the optional ones to the students themselves.

First, there is arithmetic. I fancy I hear my young reader give a sigh when I mention this subject. But the papers are not difficult, all that is required is a sound knowledge of the principles and practice of elementary arithmetic. Unfortunately this knowledge is often wanting, and most young ladies would find themselves none the worse for a thorough study of this subject. Go back to the beginning, to notation and numeration ; make sure of each step before you go on further, and you will find that arithmetic acquires a meaning and an interest which it did not possess for you before.

Then there is group B. Here, too, the student has plenty of scope for individual taste. A pass in one language is all that is required, and that language may be Greek or Latin, French, German, or Italian. Again, it is *thorough* knowledge which is needed. The grammar must be carefully studied, and no facility in translation will condone for defective accidence.

Then comes group C, which may be taken instead of group B. Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra are necessary to satisfy the examiners. A few questions are set for advanced students, but the greater part of the papers is devoted to the elementary work.

Special distinction in any subject is notified on the certificate, and the names of candidates are arranged in three classes. To attain to a place in the 1st or 2nd class a wider knowledge is needed, and in most cases more subjects must be taken up, *e.g.*, no one can obtain a 1st or 2nd class in group B with *one* language only. A Pass Certificate can be changed into an Honour Certificate by carrying the study of the subjects further, and then being examined again.

I have dwelt on *thoroughness* of knowledge, but do not be discouraged if you feel yourself deficient in this. Go back to the beginning of things, strengthen the foundations before you begin to build upon them, and do not think that this is only necessary for examination purposes ; it is a *duty* which you owe to your pupils and to your employers, as well as to yourself. Its performance will give you the satisfaction of a clear conscience, as well as material advantages. Do not be content to remain an uncertificated teacher ; work steadily, and prepare yourself to meet that growing demand—"Wanted, a Certificated Teacher."

