

ferent. Look here, colonel: I've said to myself over and over again that I am ridiculous. I know how she looks upon me. I am a boy in her eyes. She lets me do things for her because she is good-natured. I amuse her sometimes, and she is grateful to me for it. But anything further—oh, no. I don't deceive myself."

"I think you are a little over-sure, Percy," said the colonel.

"You think? I wonder if you have any reason for it. They say outsiders see most of the game. If I thought—can't you see my difficulty?" he broke off hurriedly. "I love her for herself—because—because I can't help it. But I might be misunderstood. *She* might mistake me. She might class me with the heaps upon heaps of fellows who have asked her, and will ask her, for her money. If she did," said

poor Percy, with something like a sob in his throat, "I believe I should go mad!"

So poor Percy raved, and the colonel, who believed that he was tormenting himself in vain, listened with a kindly gleam in his grey eyes, and, when the tale was told, gave him an abundance of kind encouragement.

"I will tell you what we must do," he said finally. "Ride over with me to-morrow. Janet is on your side, I know, and so is Letty—Miss Morrison, I mean. I will give them a hint, and we will try to arrange to have you left alone with Miss Browne for a few moments. Then, if you don't plead your own cause——"

"I'm afraid I have no cause to plead. I can only throw myself on her compassion," said Percy dejectedly.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE ART OF TIDYING.



ONE of the few anecdotes intended to prove a warning to my heedless youth, which I can now remember, related to the homely subject of tidying up. It was to this effect, and was short and sour. Miss Smith had long been engaged to be married to Mr. Jones. That gentleman was invited to sleep a night at Mr. Smith's house, and coming down to breakfast he passed his intended wife's bed-room,

from which she had gone down, leaving the door wide open. There he saw such a scene of confusion that he felt sure his home would not be a comfortable one under Miss Smith's management, and so he broke off the match.

"Mean man!" all you girls cry in chorus; and I am not the least commending Mr. Jones's behaviour; I am merely telling you what effect on his conduct the sight of that untidy bed-room had.

My own view of untidiness is that it is an indication of a very inferior mind—a mind lacking in imagination, lacking in the sense of the appropriate, lacking in will-power.

For you will agree with me that as nature's greatest marvels of beautiful form and *finish* (as we term finely detailed loveliness) are lavished on the unseen parts of the centres of flowers, the lining of shells, and the tails of insects: so the exquisite handling and arrangement of the details of our own brief lives, mark us as either soulless machines or finely-organised intelligences. An inferior mind will live in the present only, being lacking in imagination. It sees that the armchair cannot be used to sit on because a skirt lies across it; the floor cannot conveniently be trodden on because a wrap would trip up the feet; the sunshade must be

removed before the smaller chair can be taken from the wall; and the children may catch their heedless little heads against the corners of the open drawers. But the inferior mind does not think that it may require hastily both chairs and floor for their proper uses; it says, "Oh, no one will go in there; what does it matter how I leave the room?" and it is content to defer to the future the clearing up, which will surely have to be done sooner or later, unless the key is turned for ever in the lock.

By acting thus the untidy girl shows herself lacking in the sense of the appropriate. I strongly suspect she is the kind of girl I meet with a fur cape on her shoulders in July, and thin summer shoes on her feet in December. In common language, she never knows "what's what." She does not see that "everything in its place," as well as "a place for everything," is at all to be desired. She sees nothing inappropriate in the busy servant having to spend ten minutes in clearing odds and ends off her bed, and hanging up the scattered garments left on her chairs, when settling her room in the evening, whilst she, the unemployed girl, literally "made work" for one who needed leisure. An untidy girl is certainly one who fails to show common consideration for, and courtesy to others.

Then, lastly, she shows her inferior mind by being lacking in will-power; she quite meant to tidy up, only she changed her mind and ran down the street to see the Horse Guards pass. She quite meant to hang her skirt up, only she forgot to make room for it in her wardrobe. She did intend to shut those drawers, which were tiresome enough to catch the lace in her evening dress and tear it, only the post came in and she thought she might as well read her letter first.

Now, if her will-power had been reasonably strong, she would not have let a new impulse have its gratification before her first resolutions were carried out.

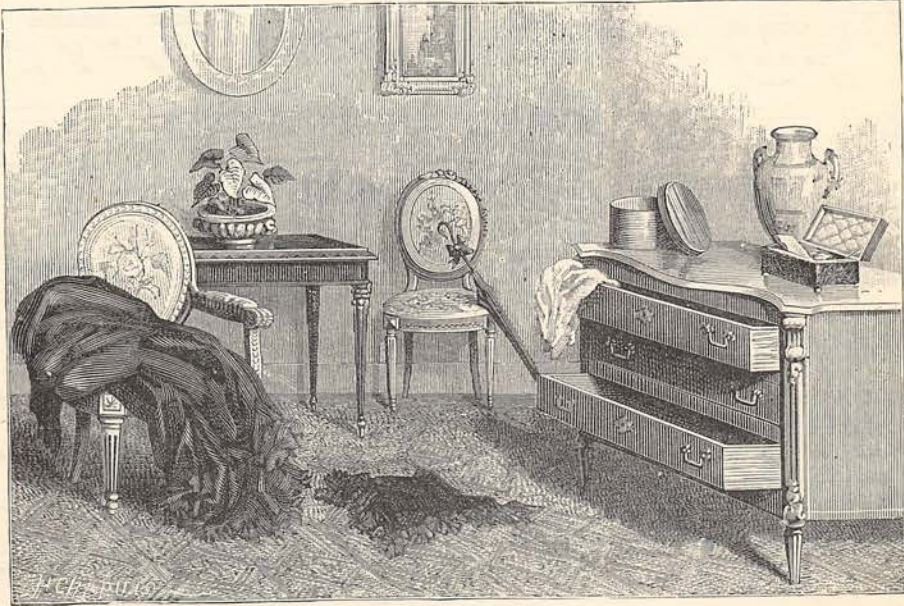
Certainly tidying up is a profitable employment; but

a more profitable use of time is to put everything at once where it has to remain, and this shows a capacity for organisation and rule which could never be argued from the conduct of the girl who strews her path with objects out of place.

Let it be every woman's ambition to lead a perfectly beautiful life, and to do that she must try to cultivate a very beautiful mind ; for surely we know

that the outward is only the picture of the inward, and that a little drop of water can contain a miniature picture of the world ; therefore all great results can be accomplished in a very small space, and every little life, in any humble sphere, be so exquisitely lived that it would be a fit subject for a poet's verse, a painter's picture of home-life, or a heart-refreshing biography from the pen of a loving friend.

HELEN POWER.



A ROOM THAT NEEDS TIDYING.

TRUST.

I CRIED to my soul's beloved,
 As he lay on my breast to die,
 To send me one word from heaven—
 But he answered not, save with a sigh,
 A sigh that passed over my spirit
 As the death-bell's solemn tone.
 Then I knew that my love was in heaven,
 And I—on the earth, *alone!*

Alone, in the gloom and silence
 I watched through the dreary night,
 But no voice came to soothe my sorrow
 Till the dawn of morning light.
 I saw the chill mist ascending,
 And the blue smoke curling high,
 All, as incense, went up to heaven,
 Light only came down from the sky.

The noon-day flouted my anguish
 With its glare and its life and noise,
 But there came to my weary spirit
 No sound of my loved one's voice.
 No sound, but of sin and of sorrow,
 Of earth with its strife and care ;
 Ah ! how could a breath from heaven
 Come down through that troubled air ?

I stole to the glen at even,
 As the dew fell soft on the ground,
 And I lay where we sat so often
 With the wooded hills all round.
 Then I cried, "O beloved ! send me
 One word in my sore distrust !"—
 And a voice, like a low sweet echo,*
 Came from heaven, and said to me, "*Trust!*"

J. F. WALLER.

* There is a common but beautiful superstition that echoes are the voices of the dead communing with the living.