

the caution given to me by her ladyship, who has taken a seat near me, and is watching the game intently. I do not profit by the advice, however, for I am too upset to be able to play without making the most glaring errors.

"Bless the girl! whatever is she thinking about?" exclaims Lady Vane, as I make an exceptionally stupid move.

I don't know if Clive is feeling inwardly agitated, or whether he is acting out of consideration for me, anyhow he meets my blunder with an equally glaring one.

"If you are both trying to see which can be the bigger fool of the two, it is about time I gave up watching your folly," says her ladyship in disgust, as she picks up her stick and hobbles over to the other side of the room. The remark has a deeper meaning to my mind than her ladyship probably intended it to have when she made it.

"Lady Vane appears to be a little ruffled this evening," remarks Clive in an undertone.

"Indeed!" I reply coldly, not making any attempt to speak lower than is my wont.

"Adrienne, you haven't told her of our interview this morning?" It is impossible not to detect the deep anxiety in his voice as he asks this question.

"I did not deem that interview of sufficient importance to trouble her ladyship about it, Mr. Aspinell."

Lack of interest was certainly *not* the reason of my silence; I am, therefore, telling a deliberate falsehood in my eagerness to play my new part well.

"You have shown a wise discretion by keeping your own counsel," he replies, and he looks so relieved

that I cannot help noticing it, notwithstanding my agitation.

"But I will not do you the injustice, Adrienne, to believe that indifference was the cause of your silence," he adds earnestly. "Your confession of love for my unworthy self still rings in my ears. Oh, Adrienne, you cannot think how happy your sweet, brave words have made me! Even were you to be so untrue to yourself as to refuse to hear reason, I should always have the joy of remembering that you once acknowledged your love for me, simply and unreservedly, as becomes an earnest truthful woman."

He leans towards me as he speaks, his eyes seeking mine. For a moment I return his gaze, then I look down, as I murmur hurriedly, all my coldness gone—

"Oh, Clive, don't, don't; you hurt me so! Let us both be brave, and part, never to meet again. That other woman has a right to you; I have none. Go back to her, and try to forget that we have ever met. I know it will be hard at first for both of us, but I do earnestly believe that, if we try to do right, we shall be happier in the end."

In my excitement I let my hand fall on the chess-board, knocking down two or three of the men. At that moment Miss Sparrow, attracted by the noise, comes towards us.

"Which has won? Oh, I see, you haven't finished yet. I came to ask Mr. Aspinell for a song, but as you are still playing, I suppose I must not trouble him."

"I shall be only too pleased to oblige, that is if Miss Temple will excuse me. We gave over playing some time ago."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH SINGLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."



E lately wrote a book which has been most favourably received, called, "How to be Happy, though Married;" but we think that quite as much might be said on the possibility of single blessedness. Thousands of women, and even

of men, cannot marry for one reason or another. Let them cultivate the contented state of mind of that old Scotch lady who said, "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

People may admire the marriage state, and yet have their own good reasons for not entering it. Under the dying pillow of Washington Irving there were found a lock of hair and a miniature. Who will say that a man or woman ought to marry who treasures up such memorials, and thinks of all that might have been?

Impecuniosity is another reason for denying oneself the luxury of a wife. A mistake may, of course, be made as to the amount of money necessary for mar-

riage. There are those who could drive a coach-and-two, but waiting for a coach-and-four, they are carried into the desolation of confirmed bachelorism. That man, however, is much to be pitied who leads a pure life and whose "I can't afford it" is no mere excuse. Let him continue to work and economise, and before very long he will have—

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

To this angel he should be true in anticipation, remembering how Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, advised her unmarried sons to keep themselves pure, so that all the blessings of a virtuous home might one day be theirs.

What is one man's meat may be another man's poison. To some persons we might say, "If you marry you do well, but if you marry not you do better." In the case of others marriage may have decidedly the advantage. Like most other things, marriage is good or bad according to the use or abuse we make of it.



The applause that is usually given to persons on entering the matrimonial stage is, to say the least, premature. Let us wait to see how they will play their parts.

And here we must protest against the foolish and cowardly ridicule that is sometimes bestowed upon elderly men and women who, using the liberty of a free country, have abstained from marrying. Certainly some of them could give reasons for spending their lives outside the temple of Hymen that are far more honourable than the motives which induced their foolish detractors to rush in. Some have never found their other selves, or circumstances prevented the junction of these selves. And which is more honourable, a life of loneliness or a loveless marriage? There are others who have laid down their hopes of wedded bliss for the sake of accomplishing some good work, or for the sake of a father, mother, sister, or brother. In such cases celibacy is an honourable, and maybe a praiseworthy, state.

A mother having become alarmed about the failing state of her daughter's health, and not being able to get much satisfaction from a consultation with the village doctor, took her to a London physician for further advice. He asked a few questions as to the girl's daily habits and mode of life, carefully stethoscoped her heart and lungs, and then gave an involuntary sigh. The mother grew pale, and waited anxiously for a verdict. "Madam," he said, "so far as I can discover, your daughter is suffering from a most serious complaint, which, for want of a better name, I shall call 'dulness.' Perhaps it is in your power to cure it. I have no medicine which is a specific for this disease." Girls who suffer in this way too often prescribe for themselves marriage with men whom they cannot love, honour, and obey. This is as bad as dram-drinking or gambling; but what else can the poor things do? They have not been trained, like their brothers, to useful work, and have always been told that woman's first, best occupation is—to be a wife. To which it may be answered—

"Most true; but to make a mere business of marriage  
To call it a 'living,' 'vocation,' 'career,'  
Is but to pervert, degrade, and disparage  
A contract of all the most sacred and dear."

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

To make "old maid" a term of reproach has mischievous results, and causes many an ill-assorted marriage. Girls have been hurried into marriage by the dread of being so stigmatised, who have repented the step to their dying day. The sacredness of marriage, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are either ignored altogether, or but lightly considered, when marriage is represented as the only profession for women. There is no truth in Brigham Young's doctrine that only a woman *sealed* to a man in marriage can possibly be saved.

Let mothers teach their daughters that although a well-assorted marriage, based upon mutual love and esteem, may be the happiest calling for a woman, yet that marriage brings its peculiar trials as well as special joys, and that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and happy, although youth be fled, and the crowning joys of life—wife and motherhood—have passed her by or been voluntarily surrendered.

Who does not know "old maids" who are the light and the stay of homes darkened by sorrow and tottering by the strokes of affliction? "Auntie" is respected and beloved by her nephews and nieces, for she has ceased to think of her own happiness, and is always planning for the good of others. She is not soured by celibacy, but sheds upon all who come in her way the sweetness of good temper and the light of practical wisdom. She has not a home of her own, but, as Wesley did, she takes the world for her parish, and becomes the neighbour of every one who needs her help. Can a life be anything but beautiful which is lived—as are the lives of many unmarried women—in the spirit of these lines?—

"Question not, but live and labour,  
Till your goal be won;  
Helping every feeble neighbour,  
Seeking help from none.  
Life is mostly froth and bubble;  
Two things stand like stone—  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life; but when they are more fortunate, their love and powers may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married, by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one, they love all. When this last is the case, they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy enthusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fire-proof joy" that will always make people happy, though single. If celibacy be an evil, remember what Jean Paul says of evil, that it is "like a nightmare: the instant you begin to *stir* yourself it is already gone."

No doubt it is difficult to find the work we like, but then the work we like is seldom the best for us. Those who prefer any honest work to no work need never be idle. The "spinster's sweet arts" are unselfishness, good temper, tact, and taste. Live for others. You have no idea of the value of kindness. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you feel it, and pleasure which you give by a little kindness of manner returns to you with compound interest. It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and



he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

If it is necessary for a married woman to smile away unhappiness, it is much more so in the case of the unmarried. They must treat their friends with the smile of good humour. If old maids some times feel *de trop* in the world, and not much wanted by their acquaintances, it must be because they have not tact to please. You may not be able to leap into the favour of others, as the Duke of Grammont did, but you may get a hint which can be applied in other ways from the following anecdote:—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His

Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried out, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

Unmarried people who are so unfortunate that they have not to earn their daily bread should cultivate a taste for art and science. Nothing drives away *ennui* like a good hobby. On the wedding-day of the celebrated M. Pasteur, who made such extraordinary discoveries about germs, the hour appointed for the ceremony had arrived, but the bridegroom was not there. Some friends rushed off to the laboratory, and found him very busy, with his apron on. He was excessively cross at being disturbed, and declared that marriage might wait, but his experiments could not do so. The unmarried could wait more patiently for marriage, and be more happy should they never marry at all, if they would acquire a taste for art, science, and good literature generally.

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## A RURAL PARADISE FOR LONDON.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



YE please, is there the Vale o' Happiness still about here?"

"The Vale of Happiness? Well, those with happy hearts dwell in that vale always, I suppose, but I know of no place so named about here."

"When I was a child there was a place here called the Vale o' Happiness."

"Oh, the Vale of Health, you mean, I expect."

"Yes, that's it—the Vale of Health, of course."

"Well, there it is, across these meadows, through the brickfield, and over the Heath. There you will find the pond, and the tea-gardens, and so on."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," and the worthy body hurried off.

It was an amusing but not unaccountable mistake she had made, for the Vale of Health at Hampstead is truly the Vale of Happiness to many thousands of London's weary toilers.

We are standing on a somewhat steep and fairly lofty hill, giving a fine prospect all around. At our feet, and extending far, far off, until lost in a mist of

gloom and smoke is the mighty City—the metropolis of the great English-speaking people. Behind us is a noble expanse of very undulating pasture-land, gradually sloping both to left and right to a valley on either side; at the further end of the left valley is the Vale of Health, and there also lie those celebrated Hampstead Ponds, teeming still with tittlebats, immortalised by Mr. Pickwick, and from whence flowed the ancient river Fleet, now degraded to a sewer, which gives its name to Fleet Road and Fleet Street. Beyond is a stretch of grassy heath, a line of willows, and then a slightly wooded hill or rising ground thick with houses, and a tall, slender church spire looking over all.

In the valley on the right are the Highgate Ponds, dear to the hearts of skaters and sliders, and yet sadly dangerous withal; above them rises the lovely wood-clothed, tree-crowned height of Highgate—also with a tall church-spire o'ertopping all—and on a splendid summer morning the suburbs of London present few fairer sights—save and except always the view from Richmond Hill down the valley of the Thames—than this western view of Highgate, with the lovely green trees mirrored in the calm, shining surfaces of the placid little lakes below.

Straight before us—looking now away from London almost due north—the expanse of the fields is bounded by a sloping belt of dark woods, which close around and beautify Lord Mansfield's historic mansion.