

## "THEIR LIVING TO GET."

## THE STORY OF FOUR GIRLS AND THEIR START IN LIFE.

BY THEIR MOTHER.



LET me tell you my story. Its recital may help some of my sisters in the world who are anxious about the future of their girls, and are perplexed as to what course to take; or, maybe, are placed in a difficulty similar to the one in which I was plunged a few years ago, when immediate action was imperative. Death took my husband from me in the full vigour of his life. I need not give you the particulars of the accident which in a few short moments extinguished life, nor is this the place to speak of the anguish of heart which such an event must bring to every true wife for many and many a day. I leave my sorrow in a silence sacred to him whose loss I mourned. When business matters were looked into, I found that I should have a tiny income, one which would keep the gaunt wolf from putting its foot on our doorstep, but one which would not bear the weight of five people—myself and my four daughters, together with the educational expenses of two of the family.

My husband was the actual bread-winner; my part was that of assistant bread-winner. I had not brought the veritable grist to the mill, but I had helped him to bring it; for, to my mind, those women are assistant bread-winners who, by the good management of the home, enable their men-kind—whether husbands, fathers, or brothers—to earn the money which buys the bread.

Freedom from domestic troubles, food well cooked, a cleanly house, well-trained children—these tend to the good health of body and mind of the man who has by his labour, whether it be physical or mental, to support the family.

Change the picture—put "bad" in lieu of "good" before the word "management," and notice how a man's health and wealth and wits are dragged down to a low level: it is so—it must be so.

Forgive this digression and allow me to introduce my daughters. Margaret, Janet, Susan, and Grace form the quartette. I shall not stay to describe their characters; you will gain an idea of their several idiosyncrasies when each one comes to be equipped for her start in life.

At the time I take up this thread of my reminiscences, Margaret was twenty years of age, Janet was eighteen, Susan was seventeen, and Grace had reached fifteen years.

Margaret was a sensible, practical girl, methodical in her ways, and one who threw all her interest into her work; but she had no special talent. She was not brilliant, but she was no dullard.

When she left the high school at the age of seventeen, some of our relatives, echoing the cry of the day,

said to us, "What is Margaret going to be?" To their questions and their suggestions I replied that I thought that parents should study the characters and capabilities of their daughters, and also take into some consideration the inclinations of each—whether there are home duties which will employ her time profitably, or whether life at home would be one of ease and idleness—two things which mean uselessness and deterioration; whether the smaller details of the home occupations would chafe and fret and thus weaken her capacities, or whether they would by their multiplicity satisfy housewifely instincts.

After pondering the question, my husband and I came to the conclusion that Margaret's time would not be wasted, and our income would not be lessened, by her remaining under our roof-tree. Margaret became my right hand, and the thousand and one things that she learned in home life have stood her in good stead since she has stepped out of it into a larger but similar sphere of work.

For some girls, a general knowledge proves of most use; for others, a special application to one particular branch is of the most benefit.

But now had come a time when our plans must be rearranged. Margaret was old enough and strong enough to bear an additional weight on her shoulders, and she was willing and anxious to do so.

Janet, too, must decide upon her work. I left her to settle in her own mind which ladder she would aspire to climb, whilst I helped Margaret.

My girl and I agreed that it would be best to diverge from those well-beaten paths. Lady companions' and governesses' advertisements in every daily newspaper show in what overpowering numbers young girls and mature women alike fly to these employments. So we set those aside by common consent, and bent our minds to consider what occupations there were open in which Margaret was likely to succeed.

I suggested nursing the sick, and, as Margaret liked the idea of that profession, I began my inquiries. I will epitomise the result of my investigations; and if this mode seems to be abrupt and unmotherlike, please remember I have adopted the plan for the sake of giving information in a definite form instead of in straggling statements, interspersed with remarks either of my own or those made by Margaret.

What I gleaned about the profession of nursing was as follows.

There are three branches: there are the hospital nurse, the private nurse, and the district nurse. If the desire is for hospital work, the candidate has to make application to the matron of the hospital, and, should there be a vacancy, the would-be nurse is taken as a probationer. During the time of training, which extends over a year, and longer if deemed

necessary, the probationer acts as an assistant nurse. She receives £10 a year, together with board and uniform.

After a twelve months' training, if her efficiency is proved, the probationer is placed on the regular staff of nurses, and her salary is doubled. It is expected of each probationer that she remain two years at the hospital after her term of training is completed. Eventually she may become a matron or superintendent of a small hospital, infirmary, convalescent home, or such-like institution, for it is to the hospitals that committees apply when seeking someone to fill posts such as these.

A nurse who attends private patients at their own homes gets higher remuneration for her skill, and her work is not so laborious as that of a nurse in a hospital; but her income is variable, for her engagements may not be continuous. She cannot tell what length of time a patient may need her care, and thus between her engagements—when out of work, so to speak—she is out of pocket, for she has to pay for her board in a Home while waiting.

In years not long gone by, it was possible for a nurse who had not passed through a hospital training to find employment with private cases; but this easy method of becoming a nurse is almost, if not altogether, a thing of the past, and certificates and testimonials from recognised authorities are essential to secure the recommendation of a medical man.

With a view of raising the standard of nurses, the British Nurses' Association has been formed. The plan established is that of registration. All nurses whose names and addresses are found in this register may be regarded as professional nurses. The rules of the association are that no nurse may seek to be enrolled unless she has passed twelve consecutive months in a general hospital. The candidate takes her credentials to this association, whose committee examine them, and hold themselves free to admit or to reject them as they think fit. This careful selection constitutes the value of the register. Medical men and their patients can thus depend on a nurse's skill without further inquiry (for often the need of a nurse is sudden and urgent) and the nurses themselves can be more confident of securing constant employment. When enrolled, the nurse pays a subscription of five shillings a year, or a life subscription of two guineas. The office of this association is at 8, Oxford Circus Avenue, London, W.

I have now come to the district nurses: those who attend on the sick poor. These are recruited entirely from the class of gentlewomen, and although one might imagine that this particular employment would not attract that class to its ranks—for the district nurse has not only to nurse the patient, but has also to keep in cleanly order the immediate surroundings of the poverty-stricken sufferer—yet it is an actual fact that the majority of those who start in this track continue to walk along it, despite the disagreeables of dirt and misery which they encounter daily. The Central Home of the Association for District Nurses is at 23, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. Five

or six offshoots from it have been formed in different parts of the metropolis, and others are placed in many parts of the United Kingdom. There is now the certainty that the numbers of these Homes will be increased, and, correspondingly, the numbers of the nurses will be augmented.

When the women of England offered their tribute to our Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Jubilee, Her Majesty gave the money thus contributed for the benefit of the sick poor in the United Kingdom. This sum has been invested, and the income arising therefrom is being spent in providing district nurses for both town and country needs, in establishing Homes for the nurses, and training-schools where they can be taught their onerous duties, and is giving pecuniary help, when needed, towards the expense of the training. All information connected with this fund is supplied by the warden of St. Katherine Royal College, Regent's Park, N.W.

The district nurses live in a home under the supervision of a lady superintendent; they pay visits to the patients under their care twice a day. Their salary commences with £30 a year, and an additional £3 is added yearly for the succeeding four years. Previous to their acceptance at a Home, they must have been trained at a hospital or a training-school for a year.

There is a training-school in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in London, and other large towns, and the probationers who go to learn their work are no longer required to scrub floors and brush grates, as was deemed a necessary part of training at one period.

These facts I put before Margaret, and I told her that although there are about 15,000 nurses in the United Kingdom, yet there is prospect of employment for many more—not so much at hospitals, because I was assured that they had lists of applicants which would fill all vacancies likely to occur for the next year or two; but for the work of nursing private cases and for district nurses, the supply did not equal the demand.

There was one point more to tell Margaret, and that was that her age precluded her for the present from admission into the ranks of nurses. My inquiries in all quarters showed me that twenty-three years was the earliest age when she could begin her special training; the age of thirty-five was the barrier at the opposite end.

However, I did not consider that I had wasted my time, for it gave Margaret a few years to consider the question. Meantime, what should be her employment? My next inquiries were turned in another direction, but still in one which seemed suitable. I was told by an authority on whom I could rely that there was an excellent opening for those who had studied the culinary art, and that this demand would increase, because the Board Schools had added "cookery" to their curriculum, and therefore instructresses for that department were being eagerly sought after, and very good salaries were given to those competent to take these posts.

But before trying for one, Margaret would have to learn how to teach as well as what to teach, and she

would have to demonstrate the lessons she gave in a practical manner. Certificates and diplomas have to be obtained, and their acquisition can only be secured by attending some recognised school of cookery.

Three months at least would have to be spent in studying and practising, and for this term of instruction twenty guineas is usually charged. Margaret looked rather dubious about her success. Visions of the fifty or sixty golden guineas which we heard accompanied these posts tempted her to try, but visions of herself standing up to lecture and demonstrate made her pause. She was always diffident of her powers, and she was but young to undertake such a work, so I did not press the point. These details may help your daughters to take up this occupation.

To a laundry I turned my steps, for I heard that educated ladies are now sought for to act as superintendents. Maybe some people will think such work derogatory, I said to myself, but Margaret is too sensible to be scared merely by the name of a thing.

I found that the training for work of this kind—that of supervision—occupied about three months, and a fee of three guineas was charged, and Margaret could have her meals with the lady superintendent at the cost of a shilling a day. Tact, a genial temper, and good common-sense are required to ensure the harmonious and thorough working of a laundry. The work is hard, and robust health is necessary; the transitions from tropical heat to the frigid zone are trying to some constitutions, for the manageress has to go from one department to another, and thus meets these shocks of heat and cold. The remuneration given is not very high; it commences at £20 a year with board.

So I sped Margaret on her way, for she elected to take up this employment, for a few years at any rate. She finds that by gentle words, by example, by taking a kindly interest in the somewhat rough class she supervises, she has been able to raise the general tone to a higher moral standard, and she is at the same time earning her own livelihood. If she continues at this work she will start a laundry under her own direction.

Now that Margaret was fairly started on her way, I could turn to the help of my second daughter, Janet. I had said, "One at a time, please," for this first stepping out into the world demands much consideration, more especially if pounds, shillings, and pence have to be weighed.

Janet is the exact opposite of Margaret in disposition and character, and her talents are of a different order, and of a higher order in one sense. Her spirits rise at the thought of taking wing and soaring high; the idea of a narrow home-life is distasteful to her, and I think she would have dreamed the hours away, had she been kept within the confines of its small interests.

Janet is a devotee at the shrine of Art; what particular line of it shall I counsel her to follow? Which ever it may be, I must urge the necessity of its being steadily and studiously pursued, for the indifferent and the mediocre are pushed to the wall.

I did not feel inclined to make many inquiries about painting and painters and studios, for really it seems to me that during the last few years most of our girls have taken up the brush and seated themselves before an easel. There are instances where a decided talent, combined with years of close study, has produced the desired result, and the pictures have found admirers and purchasers; but in how many cases have weeks, months, years, together with a large outlay of money, been spent in vain, as it were, bringing no profit to the artist and no pleasure to the eyes of the public!

With these thoughts in my mind, I asked Janet if she was willing to lay down her brush (she had been working at a school of art) and take up her pencil, and turn her attention to the drawing of designs for wood engraving, following this up with the actual work of engraving.

The prospects of success seemed so encouraging, when one thought of the floods of books for children which yearly flow over the land, every one of which has its pictures more or less in number—of the magazines, and of the illustrated papers, all giving work to the artist.

A knowledge of the art of wood engraving yields a good return for the outlay of time and money spent upon the study. More of the former has to be spent than of the latter; for excellent instruction can be obtained at a technical school for £3 a year, but, take notice, not one year nor two, but double that time has to be spent by the student before she is proficient in work of the highest order, and for that only is there any demand.

Janet was a good musician, and as that art gave her great pleasure, it seemed wise to put before her a musical career. The number of pianists appeared to be legion; it seemed useless to think of adding one more to their number, even although pianists are required as accompanists at concerts, in drawing-rooms at entertainments, for choral societies, by dancing-mistresses, and to give instruction to children. I shook my head. I feel sure there are sufficient to supply all these requirements; but what of the violin? It is quite a craze with mothers that their little sons and daughters should learn that instrument, and therefore instructors are wanted to teach these children, and for that purpose, doubtless, women have more patience with tiny fingers than men would possess; but Janet was rather too old with her eighteen years to take up violin practice, for that instrument more than any other demands early acquaintance with its mysteries, while the fingers are pliable, and the touch is sensitive.

No, Janet must play her music for recreation merely, and not seek to earn her livelihood by its help.

I knew there were one or two other fields in which an artist could roam with profit, and I determined to explore them. I am sure that you have heard enough of my doings for to-day: at some other time I will continue my narrative. It is delightful to talk to someone, for I am so much alone now that my daughters are occupied all day away from home.

(To be continued.)

On their way, Amy thought it would be kind to leave a shilling with old Dobbin in case he should feel aggrieved at not having the stock operation assigned to him. "Why, bless you, Miss! there ain't yer like in—," but Amy did not linger to hear the conclusion of Dobbin's benediction, but ran after the rest of the party. And though in search of rose stocks, their pathway could not certainly be called "a bed of roses." Muddy lanes, stiff clay and stiffer fences and hedges are but a source of mirth when encountered only by the boisterous spirits of healthy youth. Amy and Sophia Haredale kept mostly together, and appeared to be acting as pioneers of the rest, while George, Tom, and Mr.

Haredale naturally accomplished the practical part of the day's work, and a large collection of dry leaves in a sheltered corner of the wood they had nearly gone through afforded an admirable opportunity for opening the luncheon basket. A fine mushroom or two fell to Nelly as her part of the day's work, for the season was yet a mild one; but was she trying to keep near Mr. Haredale in the walk, or was he trying to keep near her? Once, however, Amy looked round and called her, and once, half-an-hour afterwards, George gave Tom a look, but said nothing. Nonsense! it was too absurd! Why, Nelly was only a tom-boy, hardly out of the schoolroom.

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BY THEIR MOTHER. SECOND PART.



WHEN I broke off the thread of my discourse upon my daughters a few months ago, it was at the point where Janet was deliberating which particular line of work she should take up. As her predilection was decidedly for the artist's pencil or brush, we continued to scan

the horizon in that direction.

Allied to the art of wood-engraving, as used for the purpose of illustrating books, there is that of lithography and its twin-sister chromolithography. In these two branches of picture-making we found much to encourage the student, much that gave hope of a steady supply of work and of reasonable remuneration for work when done.

The ground for hope rested on these facts:—It appears that hitherto the art of lithography has been but little practised in England. Although books published in this country have been illustrated by this method, in black and white, and with coloured pictures, the publishers have hitherto been obliged to send the illustrations to other countries to be copied by this process. Germany and France have supplied the artists. England is now making an effort to struggle to the front, and publishers are giving employment to those schools which can show good work; for, naturally, they will not care to send their illustrations abroad when they can have them copied satisfactorily at home.

The well-known school of art in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, has added a studio for the purpose of teaching and executing chromolithography, and the experience so far has been, plenty of orders for work to be done, but a lack of students qualified and capable of doing it.

I could quite imagine that there was employment for very many hundreds of hands. In the mass of

children's books which appear every year, coloured pictures abound; the enormous number of advertisements of all kinds, and of all sizes, which come before the eye in the house and in the street, which are scattered broadcast all over this country and also sent abroad, these facts alone, not to mention others, show us the demands made on chromolithography.

Before presenting herself at the studio, the would-be student must have gained a certificate in drawing from the antique or the life from a recognised School of Art. It takes a pupil three years to learn the art of chromolithography. The fees are twelve guineas a year, or thirty guineas for the three years if paid in advance, and there is an entrance fee of one guinea.

You may perhaps ask, as I did, what are the distinctive features of the art of lithography? I will therefore mention, briefly, that it is the method of printing from stone instead of from type. The stone used is a fine-grained limestone; when this has been prepared for the purpose, the drawing is traced on its surface with chalk or a fine pen. This is the method used for pictures termed black and white.

In the case of chromolithography, or colour-printing, a separate stone is required for every separate colour; the number to be prepared for a picture depends upon the number of colours introduced by the artist into the original picture. Infinite care and skill is required to produce a true copy of the original, for the slightest deviation in lines or in colour would mar the effect. The pictures are prepared in miniature, for large stones would be cumbersome; by a chemical process the pictures are transferred to larger stones, and finally they are printed by steam.

Janet spent a few days in considering the *pros* and *cons* of each line of study; and then she elected to pursue the art of wood-engraving, as she thought it offered more scope for the artist, and gave more opportunity of taking a higher flight than that of

lithography—so she entered a class at a technical school, and she finds the interest in her study grow as her aptitude increases.

From her childhood and early girlhood, Susan, my third daughter, was always fond of dolls. I don't think that she felt any warm affection for the waxen and wooden little creatures; her chief interest seemed to be centred in their attire, in the devising and fashioning and making of their garments, and in this matter she had displayed much skill and taste and ingenuity before she entered her teens. These childish amusements had, of course, been put away when she grew older, but her needle and scissors had not been unused: they were employed for the benefit of her mother and sisters, and in this way we were able to present a good appearance on a small outlay. It came into my mind one day that this gift or talent might perhaps be made yet more productive.

Dressmaking and millinery are always required; good dressmaking and tasteful yet inexpensive millinery are often difficult to obtain.

How constantly we hear the plaint, "I cannot get a dress made to fit me," and also the anxious question, "Where shall I find a pretty bonnet and hat at a reasonable price?"

Susan was at first appalled with my idea; she saw in imagination an army of sewers all requiring her directions and their payments at the end of each week; and then she saw a large shop-window filled with hats and bonnets, and a bag of sovereigns which must be ready for rent at the end of each quarter—the very idea of such an undertaking was overpowering. To which I replied, "You must walk before you can run, Susan; we will look at the matter more closely and on a much smaller scale.

"With regard to dressmaking, you would have to learn the business—for we will call it by its plain name—before you could begin one on your own account.

"A couple of years at least would have to be spent in this way, and I dare say you would find your work at this stage not particularly interesting or pleasant; you might, indeed, be inclined to speak of it as a species of drudgery.

"You see, Susan, when making dresses for us and for yourself, you have had the agreeable part of designing and of executing each part, together with the triumph in the whole when complete; but when learning the business from first to last in a workroom, you would have many small details to master, as you passed by degrees through the different departments of knowledge and practice: it might be the making of button-holes or the sewing-on of buttons, or any of the small details which are very apt to become wearisome. I know that very many ladies have given up and retired from the workroom because they found their work at this period irksome and monotonous. The only way to succeed is to have your eye and your mind fixed on the future, and to regard the mastery of each detail as a bit of knowledge which can be piled on the top of other pieces; if you did not perfect yourself in one thing before passing on to another, you would

be utterly unfit to cope with your business when you assumed the head of one.

"In the millinery business there are fewer difficulties to overcome, and therefore much less time has to be spent in learning it. Were I in your shoes, Susan, I should be inclined to turn to millinery, and for these reasons:—

"The fees asked by those who give instructions in dressmaking, in the arts of cutting-out and putting together, are somewhat large; but that difficulty we might get over, seeing that I have not had to disburse much for the training of Margaret or Janet. It is the future that I fear—the weight of the rent, of the workroom, and of the payment of its occupants; but more than all, the anxiety: that one great cause of anxiety which weighs on the mind of the dressmaker, at any rate for the first years of the outset, when she is dependent upon her earnings—I mean the uncertainty of receiving the payments due from her customers. So many, oh! so many, there are, who let month after month, and even years, go by without paying their dressmaker her just dues.

"The same may be said with regard to the milliner, but in a less degree. The bonnet is there, with its price attached, and often it is paid for when bought; but the bill of the dressmaker has to be sent, and too often it is put aside and, if not forgotten, it is unheeded.

"In millinery a few lessons suffice for one who has a talent for it, and these instructions can be had for a small sum at a technical school.

"I should begin in a small way; I should not take a shop, but should have a room for this purpose. I should select my stock with judgment, and I should charge a reasonable price. There are some ladies who will give two guineas for a feather tip and a bow of velvet; but there are many more in number whose limit is one guinea, and who fairly may expect a hat or bonnet for less than that sum."

Susan started her venture, and, so far, it has met with success; she has the wisdom to buy a small stock of materials, and to select two qualities; she adds novelties from time to time, so that there is always a degree of freshness apparent in her exhibits. Her aim has been to get a connection, small though it might be, among her acquaintances; and now the circle is widening. There were times when Susan felt impatient, and other times when she felt despondent. I could but repeat those valuable maxims, "Know how to wait," "Be satisfied with small beginnings."

My little Grace was now the only lamb for which I had to find a pasture. I looked upon her and spoke of her as a mere child. A parent is apt to regard the youngest of the flock in that light long after it has emerged out of childhood. But Grace was no weakling; she had plenty of backbone and a decided will of her own. Books had always been her chief companions, and she seemed to derive great pleasure when she was swallowed up in their contents. I imagined that she would continue to pursue her studies, and that her aspiration would be to become eventually a

mistress in a High School. Newnham and Girton Colleges, Somerville and St. Margaret's Halls, were beyond our means, but there were other avenues through which the girl could pass when the time came. There was the Training College in Skinner Street, Bishopsgate, established some ten years ago, where students are taught how to teach, and I found that a certificate gained at this college—which is under University inspection—gives the student a good chance of obtaining high scholastic appointments. The cost of this professional training amounts to about thirty pounds yearly. Students do not reside in the college and cannot enter under eighteen years of age.

A distinction which holds a high place is that of obtaining a degree at the London University. Students come there for examinations only, therefore they can study and be prepared for the ordeal in any part of the provinces where it may be convenient for them to sojourn.

Imagine my feelings when, on propounding this course to my girl, Grace said with great decision and firmness of tone, "Mother, I have made up my mind what I shall be; please don't forbid it." "Nay, child," I replied, "I am not likely to set my face against it." "Oh! but you have no idea of what it is," said Grace in pleading accents. "Well, end my suspense and tell me," I said; and Grace said, "A lady doctor." I was truly astonished at the notion of my little Grace—her smallness of stature made that adjective still applicable—assuming such a position. I had no actual reason for opposing this ambitious scheme, beyond that of the expense of the preparation and the uncertainty of gaining even a scanty livelihood when fully fledged. On our penetrating into what seemed in our ignorance the mysteries which enveloped "medical women," we found that the path had been greatly cleared and made much smoother since the early days of the movement.

There are now about a dozen scholarships attached to the London School of Medicine, which, of course, are a help to those who need pecuniary aid, and which also, of course, have to be gained by hard work. This

school, which is to be found in Handel Street, Brunswick Square, provides all the training, theoretical and practical, required for a complete medical education. The course of study covers a period of four years, and the expense in fees for that period amounts to about £180; this includes the medical and surgical diploma as well as the fees at the school and hospital, but it is outside all the expense of maintenance during these years of study.

There are about ninety registered medical women. Of these, thirty have taken up their residence in different parts of the world—in India, China, Canada, Australia, but mostly in India; twenty-two of the number have appointments of various kinds in England, such as lecturers, inspectors, medical officers, or in dispensaries, and hospitals for children. The remainder of the number have begun private practice or are continuing their studies.

There can be no doubt that the widest field for medical women is in India, and that there will be no difficulty in getting a post there. While Grace is pursuing her study of medicine with all her energy, I often ask myself, Shall I be called upon to part with my youngest-born? will her footsteps turn to that far-off land? and I feel in my own mind that her future work will be there.

Statistics tell me that there are one hundred and twenty-four millions of women in India; and I read from time to time how gladly the medical women are being welcomed and their services appreciated by Hindoos and by Mohammedans, and how ignorance and superstition are gradually giving way before the superior knowledge which the "lady doctor" brings into the secluded abodes into which she is now permitted to take her art of healing.

It has been said of the women of India that they are unwelcome as infants, untaught as children, enslaved as wives, despised as widows, and unwept when dead. If it lies in the power of my Grace to make happier the lives of even but a few of these women, can I withhold her?

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A GAME OF CHESS.

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IMPENDING mate—'twas whispered so,  
 With confidence, a year ago!  
 Love's tender secret, as they played,  
 In tell-tale glances was betrayed;  
 The fair young face, his soul adored,  
 With sweet eyes bent upon the board,  
 Made him forgetful of the game!  
 He moved at random. Who can blame  
 A lover in a case like this,  
 Or fail to envy him his bliss?  
 The pieces won were only part  
 Of Lucy's gains—he lost his heart!

Mated—and Lawrence views with pride  
 The baffled forces of his bride,  
 Whose smiling looks and charms untold  
 Seem dearer now a thousand-fold!  
 He thinks of all the long attack,  
 And feels new joy in looking back.  
 The knight, with countless checks between,  
 Bent on the capture of the queen,  
 Had proved resistless in the fray;  
 And Lucy, too, recalls the day—  
 Whose advent she has cause to bless—  
 When first they played a game of chess!

J. R. EASTWOOD.