changes the comforts of rest for the pleasure of parental pride. We have no right to take credit for a sacrifice when we are only choosing a higher and nobler sort of pleasure instead of a meaner and debasing one. Self-interest moves us all; but it is fortunate for our fellows when we are moved to consideration for the wants of others, when at the same time we "look out for number one." W. L. O.

BUSINESS WOMEN.

Few places are more agreeable for a few days' sojourn in the fine summer time than the well-built midland town of Nottingham, England, standing above the rich, broad valley of the Trent, with its open market place, its ruined castle on a sandstone height, which is honeycombed with passages serving in the old feudal times as places of retreat and safety; its park, studded over with villas of varied styles and sizes; and its arboretum, gay with flowers, open to everybody, and yet uninjured and in perfect order. Stocking-weaving and lace-making form the staple trades of this busy, prosperous town; but several smaller trades—some dependent upon these two greater ones—are also carried on. Amongst them is that of paper-box making.

We often receive the miscellaneous articles we purchase packed in gay boxes, with ornamented lids; but think no more about them, and have no idea how much labor and ingenuity have been bestowed upon their manufacture, nor how nearly allied in their case—as in that of many others—is the work of the artisan to that of the artist.

One of the box-makers of Nottingham is a young woman who is a model of what perseverance and skill can effect, and a type of an honorable class of women workers. She was born of humble parents and had not what can be called a liberal education; but being naturally gifted with good talents, and feeling the necessity of self-improvement, she overcame the difficulties of her position and the deficiencies of her early training. Now she is intelligent, well-informed on general subjects, possessed of a sound knowledge of some branches of science, and able to express herself well both in speaking and writing. In conversation—especially on matters connected with her business—she displays self-possession, quiet dignity, and rare good sense which can only arise from the assurance in her own mind that she is thorough mistress of her work, and therefore has a right to speak about it with some authority. With this, however—or it may be said in consequence of it—she is very modest and retiring. But it must not be supposed that she is wholly absorbed in what concerns herself and her endeavors to procure an honest livelihood. She is greatly interested in everything that tends to promote the elevation of women—morally, socially, and politically; and she does her part, in her scanty leisure, to help forward such movements as have this end in view. Besides these efforts, she devotes part of her Sundays to teaching in a large school, which aims at reaching the more neglected class of children in a populous district. As a girl, she was a lace-worker in a large lace warehouse. Then she obtained employment at a box-maker's; and after a while began business on her own account, at first on a small scale, but, as she was able, increasing her establishment, until she now finds employment for nine persons—six young women, two men, and one boy. She superintends the whole herself.

The boxes made at her little factory are chiefly used for packing lace, white curtains, hair-nets, and corsets; and are so finished as to make these articles as attractive as possible. She also prepares the boards which are put into the fronts of ready-made shirts, to keep out the linen in proper form, and to show off the tucking. The pasteboard used varies from strong millboard to thin cardboard or strawboard. It is of no consequence how coarse it is in texture, as the whole is to be covered. Calculation and ingenuity are required in order to cut the pasteboard to the best advantage. Sheets of certain sizes must be cut into boxes of certain sizes; and here our friend's knowledge of geometry is of great assistance to her. It is so contrived that there shall be no waste. This is managed by measuring a piece long enough for the ends and bottom, cutting the pasteboard partially through, so as to turn up the ends, and then putting in the sides. In this way, it will be seen, there are no square pieces cut out from the corners, but the whole of the material is used up. The corners of the lids are cut out, as the square inches thus lost are of no value, and the trouble is less than that of adding the sides.

The next process is the papering. The paper, of course, must be cut very exactly; it is then put down lightly upon a board spread with glue, and as lightly and quickly taken up again and put on the box. Great cleanliness, also, is required, lest any marks from the fingers should mar the neatness of the box. This plan of putting the paper on the glue is peculiar to Nottingham—the usual mode being to spread the glue or paste on the paper. The boards for shirts are not glued, but covered with smooth blue paper, neatly and tightly folded over.

The boxes are variously finished. Some are plain, of white or some color, with strips of gilt paper round the edges. Others have colored lithographs on the lid—generally a female figure, either in costume or in the extreme fashion of the day; or a bunch of well-executed flowers, carefully cut out. Some of a superior description, are covered with glass, inserted in a raised border. The lithographs are bought from Frenchmen and Germans, who bring them round periodically, and whose trade consists in supplying English boxmakers and fancy dealers with them.

After she had carried on business for some time, our Nottingham model found that the cost of the colored paper she used considerably diminished the year's gains. With her usual readiness, she determined to buy plain white paper and color it herself. She began to study chemistry—tried experiments, learned by her failures, and finally succeeded in producing fine dyes, with which she tinted her papers. Nothing can be better than her colors, and no paper can be more smooth when the process is complete. Besides the plain colors, she produces a marbled effect; and also, what is quite new, the appearance of crystallization spreading over the surface. She considers herself still a beginner in the art of paper-dyeing; but, being greatly interested in it, she will doubtless make progress. Some discoveries she has made already, and they will be followed by others. She sets a fine example of honorable industry; and her trade of box-making opens up another field of employment for intelligent women.—*Victoria Magazine.*

THE SHADOW ON THE CURTAIN.

I shall always remember one winter evening, a little before Christmas time, when I took a long, solitary walk in the outskirts of the town. The cold sunset had left a trail of orange light along the horizon, the dry snow crisped beneath my feet, and the early stars had a keen, clear lustre that matched well with the sharp sound and the frosty sensation. For some time I had walked towards the gleam of a distant window, and as I approached, the light showed more and more clearly through the white curtains of a little cottage by the road. I stopped, on reaching it, to enjoy the suggestion of domestic cheerfulness in contrast with the dark outside. I could not see the inmates, nor they me; but something of human sympathy came from that steadfast ray.

As I looked, a film of shade kept appearing and disappearing with rhythmic regularity in a corner of the window, as if some one might perhaps be sitting in a low rocking-chair beside it. Presently the motion ceased, and suddenly across the curtain came the shadow of a woman. She raised in her arms the shadow of a baby, and kissed it; then both disappeared, and I walked on.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever? Here the group actually moved upon the canvas. The curtains which hid it revealed it. The ecstasy of human love passed in brief, intangible panorama before me. It was something seen, yet unseen; airy, yet solid; a type, yet a reality; fugitive, yet destined to last in my memory while I live. It said more to me than would any Madonna of Raphael's, for his mother never kisses her child. I believe I have never passed over that road since then, never seen the house, never heard the names of its occupants. Their character, their history, their fate, are all unknown. But these two will always stand for me as disembodied types of humanity, the Mother and the Child; they seem nearer to me than my immediate neighbors, yet they are as ideal and impersonal as the goddesses of Greece or as Plato's archetypal man.

I know not the parentage of that child, whether native or foreign, rich or poor. It makes no difference. The presence of a baby equalizes all social conditions. On the floor of some hut, scarcely so comfortable as a dog-kennel, I have seen a woman look down upon her infant with such an expression of delight as painter never drew. No social culture can make a mother's face more than a mother's, as no wealth can make a nursery more than a place where children dwell. Lavish as much as you will on your baby-clothes, and after all the child is prettiest when every garment is laid aside. That becoming nakedness, at least, may adorn the chubby darling of the poorest home.

I know not what triumph or despair may have come and gone through that wayside house since then, what jubilant guests may have entered, what lifeless form passed out, what anguish or what sin may have come between that woman and that child; through what worlds they now wander, and whether separate or in each other's arms—this is all unknown. Fancy can picture other joys to which the first happiness was but the prelude, and, on the other hand, how easy to imagine some special heritage of human woe and call it theirs!

"I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, might not rest
Save when he sat within the touch of thee."

Nay, the foretaste of that changed fortune may have been present even in the kiss. Who knows what absorbing emotion, besides love's immediate impulse, may have been uttered in that shadowy embrace? There may have been some contrition for ill-temper or neglect, or some triumph over ruinous temptation, or some pledge of immortal patience, or some heart-breaking prophecy of bereavement. It may have been simply an act of habitual tenderness, or it may have been the wild reaction towards a neglected duty; the renewed self-consecration of the saint, or the joy of the sinner that repenteth! No matter. She kissed the baby. The feeling of its soft flesh, the busy struggle of its little arms between her hands, the impatient pressure of its little feet against her knees, these were the same, whatever the mood or circumstance beside. They did something to equalize joy and sorrow, honor and shame. Maternal love is love, whether a woman be a wife or only a mother. Only a mother!

The happiness beneath that roof may perhaps have never reached so high a point as at that precise moment of my passing. In the coarsest household the mother of a young child is placed on a sort of pedestal of care and tenderness, at least for a time. She resumes something of the sacredness and dignity of the maiden. Coleridge ranks as the purest of emotions that of a husband towards a wife who has a baby at her breast—"a feeling how free from sensual desire, yet how different from friendship!" And to the true mother, however cultivated, or however ignorant, this period of early parentage is happier than all else, in spite of its exhausting cares.

T. W. Higginson.

Sisterly Affection—A tale of sisterly affection comes from Stornoway, in Scotland. A young man was lately fined 40s. for moor burning, and not having the means of paying the fine, was ordered to be imprisoned for six weeks. When the half of his period of confinement had expired, he became heartily wearied of it, and sent repeated appeals to his father and friends to borrow money to release him. This, it seems, they were too poor to do. At length, however, a young sister of the prisoner walked to Stornoway, a distance of twenty miles, barefooted, and exposed to wind, rain, and cold. She offered to pay half the fine, half the term of imprisonment having by this time expired, amounting to the whole sum which she had earned for the past year, if only her brother might be released. She sought out all the public officials who could help her to accomplish her object, and used all her native eloquence to obtain her brother's freedom. She persevered for a whole day, and at length succeeded, through the influence of a gentleman in the town, in taking her brother home with her, and that without losing her hard-earned wages, which she was told to keep to purchase shoes for herself.

To Color Gloves.—Brown or tan colors are readily imparted to gloves by the following simple process:—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for about twelve hours; then, having slightly sewed up the tops of the gloves to prevent the dye staining the inside, wet them over with a sponge or soft brush dipped into the liquid. The quantity of saffron as well as of water will, of course, depend on how much dye may be wanted, and their relative proportions on the depth of color required. A common teacup will contain sufficient in quantity for a single pair of gloves.