

settle anything in this world. Doubtless her life would seem monotonous and dull to many young people after a brief acquaintanceship with the applause of the public, but she did not find it so. "The daily round, the common task" were happiness to her; and the voice so much admired was not lost. It cheered the hearts of her grandparents to hear it warbling with the birds in the surrounding woods from peep of day to dewy eve; and it gladdened the colliers when they came up from the mine to have its clear, sweet soprano mingling with their choir; and still more did it gladden May herself to find that it was a source of pleasure to others. Besides, her young mind expanded to receive the hope implanted in it by her friend Edith that she might some day play the organ at church, and even receive a small salary for so doing.

"Then I can buy good things for great-grandfather, who suffers more and more," was her ecstatic exclamation.

And with this end in view she practised the harmonium every stray minute, and even received permission from her kind friend, the vicar, to try her hand on the small organ presented to the church when it was re-opened. Uncle Laban went so far as to propose that his harmonium should be transported to his father's house for her benefit; but his daughters objected, and the scheme was, at least, deferred. But as May grew older she had opportunities enough for practice. Many of the colliers besides Uncle Laban had purchased harmoniums, and she had only to appear in one of their cottages to be invited to promote the art they all loved. Indeed, nothing could go on in the musical way without her, and she might have been much from home had she so wished. But she rarely went abroad save with her grandparents, or at their desire. She was, however, a welcome guest everywhere, for the kindly and superstitious country people began to regard her almost as something ethereal. Not only did they call her "Eos Derwen," or the "Derwen Nightingale," but looked on her as a being akin to one of the fairies in whom they even yet believed. Others than Meredith would call her "The Fairy Queen;" and, as the episode of her early life got wind, as such things will, they would even style her "The May Queen" to her face. But this distressed her, and she would tell them, gravely, that her grandfather objected to such titles, and that she was "May Derwen Fawr."

But as she grew up, her grandparents, so to express it, grew down. Evan was, properly, incapable of his farm-work, slight though it really was; and Peggy was not quite so active in her household duties as she had been. Laban was so much engaged with his ever-increasing responsibilities that he had not much time to spare, and Rachel had nearly as much as she could do at home in attending to the house and her sickly mother. Indeed, she delayed her marriage on her mother's account, though every one told her that 'Lizbeth would sprighten up if she had nobody to work for her. And Meredith was away, gaining knowledge and aiding Mr.

Roberts in many mining speculations. He wrote home as regularly as he could; but it was found that he was so acute of observation that he was sent much about, and, to the astonishment and admiration of his friends, even went abroad.

"I am fifteen to-day, great-grandfather," said May one morning at breakfast.

"God bless thee, child, and give thee many good and happy years!" returned Evan. "Thou hast too much on thy young shoulders."

"No, indeed, for grandmother will insist on doing everything."

"I'm not going to be set aside yet," cried old Peggy. "I'm worth a dozen of 'Lizbeth now. There's peevish she is!"

"Great-grandfather!" interjected May.

"Yes, child!"

"Miss Edith has offered me a birthday present of some real lessons on the organ, if you have no objection; and Mr. Davies says I may practise whenever I like. I mean when you can spare me. May I have them, great-grandfather?"

"Is it to the glory of God, child?"

May nodded.

"What do you say, Peggy?" asked Evan.

"That we'll have Mally Tybach in to help, the days she goes to learn, and that it will be grand to have an organist in our family. Who'll blow the bellows?" replied Peggy, laughing so immoderately that May looked crest-fallen.

"Thou shalt have thy lessons, child, and may I be spared to hear thee play in church!" said Evan; and May put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Another birthday present awaited her in a letter from Meredith. This contained the first post-office order she had ever received, and she did not rightly understand it. She saw the figure 5 written at the top of the order, and referred to the letter to learn its meaning. She chanced to be alone when the postman brought it, so she went upstairs to examine and read it. One of the lofts had returned to its normal condition of bedroom, and she now occupied it. The furniture was scant, the place small, but it was her own, and she rejoiced in it.

Meredith's letter was short and hurried, but it was full of good wishes and loving remembrance. At its close he said that he had ventured to enclose five pounds to procure help or comforts for his grandfather and grandmother, and he left it to May to do the best she could to prevail upon them to receive it. May shook her head as she read, as much as to say, "I am afraid great-grandfather is too proud." But she was mistaken. When she put both letter and order into Evan's hand, trembling as she did so, he said—

"Thank God for all His mercies! The boy is a good and obedient lad after all."

(To be continued.)

## DOUBLE KNITTING.

THIS term gives rise to many misunderstandings, for it may apply to different ways of knitting. To most it conveys the idea of a two-fold knitting, with no wrong side. This answers both with the French recipe besides the one given in the "Finchley Manual" and Madame Gaugain's book. Work it thus:—Cast on an even number of stitches, slip the edge stitch, knit one, wool forward, slip one as if for purling, put the wool back. Continue to the end of the row. 2nd row.—Repeat these two stitches, taking care to reverse their order, *i.e.*, knit the slipped stitches and slip the knitted ones of the previous line. Having finished the required length, cast off, and look at your work; you will find both back and front reproduce the web. Pull out the material and you distinctly feel the two thicknesses lying purl to purl, and perfectly united on all edges.

This knitting, extremely light and warm, makes very good blankets, waistcoats, comforters, night-socks, &c. Some knitters use the method for thickening heels of coarse stockings, but it is not to be recommended, from its liability to ruck up. For this purpose, however, the stitch is slightly varied, *i.e.*, the plain stitches are knitted from the back instead of in front, a change which renders the web more compact.

In the case of double-knitted heels the thickening stitch, purl one and slip one regularly, is often called double knitting, because the loose thread at the back of the slipped stitches forms a kind of lining or darn to the work, which must not be done too tightly. The same lining distinguishes the backs of diamond patterned gloves and the tartan stockings, which style Scotchwomen also designate as "double knitting." To avoid indecision it might be advisable to speak of the first kind as "double-faced knitting, or knitting with two layers."

Indeed, many needlework terms are similarly open to various meanings. So, only the other day, a friend of mine wrote from the country, begging a pattern of the true Scotch knitting for a Tam o' Shanter cap just like those sold in the shops. I at once forwarded her not only a specimen, but minute directions for making the cap. By the next post my piece of work was returned, with the message that surely I could not have taken the trouble to read her query. She had asked for a pattern of knitting, and not crochet, and the delay was specially provoking to her, as she belonged to a committee that was preparing work for a grand bazaar, and her task was to provide the caps in Scotch knitting while another lady had undertaken the plain knitting. How annoying! for she was already late. I could not convince my friend that the specimen sent was a correct one until I forwarded my "Burne's own," on the lining of which was printed "Real Scotch Knitted."

This stitch, the fashion of the day, is made thus:—Suppose we begin the crown of a Tam o' Shanter. Make four chain, unite into a circle, then, with a loop still on the needle, prick the hook into the first chain, wind the wool round it, and draw it through the chain. There are now two loops on the hook; wind the wool over again, and draw it through these two loops at once. Work another stitch into the same chain, and two each into the next three chains. Draw the first stitch through the loop on the needle, and you have a second circle of eight stitches. To "step up" for the next circle, make two chain and one stitch into the same hole; continue to work two stitches through every one of the preceding round, always piercing the hook right under the chain, so that there is no ridge between each circle.