

hours the smallest inconvenience or pain? How may I best gratify all around me, by all my works, and words, and ways? Those who adopt such rules as these possess in themselves the very essence of good-breeding.

Rising above the more trifling matters of our daily conduct in reference to our intercourse with others—for rules of "etiquette" can have nothing to do with ourselves alone, in the privacy of our own chambers—you should always bear in memory that you are bound by still higher obligations than those of mere duty to your neighbours here on earth; obligations to Him who is your example as well as your law-giver. Thus, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,"—that is, remembering that you are honoured by bearing His name as "Christians," and that, as such, a weighty obligation rests upon you. The charm of sweet, gentle, engaging manners surpasses that of mere personal beauty, especially when combined with a soft low voice and a delicate touch, which would never break nor drop articles, nor make a clatter about the room, nor tread heavily, and bang doors,—all matters of importance in a household, and essential in a sick-room. Be certain of this also, that tricks of any description are to be avoided, such as biting the nails, touching the hair, turning up the corners of book-leaves, and so forth. Why so I need scarcely tell you,—because they are not only worrying to others, but they are also mischievous and dirty habits. We should not make light of even comparatively small obligations, because we find that, from acts of the greatest kindness and self-denial, down to the least, they are divinely ordered. "Be courteous," not rough and short in manner, is a plain command, so likewise "gentleness" and "brotherly kindness" are classed together as amongst the "fruits of the Spirit," and "whatsoever things are lovely" with those that are "just" and "true." Cultivate these, and prove all you say and do by the tests I have suggested. You cannot then be coarse and ill-bred, nor make any grave mistakes in your manners. Cultivate a *humble-dignity* of demeanour. Humble, inasmuch as you should never forget the exact position in which the hand of God has placed you in this world (supposing it be not one of any distinction), nor the duty of "rendering to all their dues—honour to whom honour," nor that, personally, whatever your social position may be, you are at best but a faulty creature. But I did not speak of humility alone, I combined dignity with it,—one of the essential characteristics also of a thoroughly well-bred person. This dignity of manner and general bearing will repel all impertinent familiarity in others, and secure you from many evils. It will reflect, in the sight of others, that proper high-mindedness which has no element of pride and annoyance about it, but which will prevent your stooping to any mean, ungenerous, and cowardly act, or to light and frivolous conduct.

With this last item of counsel on the subject of your general bearing and manners amongst your associates, I will conclude, in the words of divine admonition in reference, amongst others, to "whatsoever things are lovely"—
"Think on these things."

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.



OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

To those who have never learned the many lessons taught in that school of sorrow, sickness, the endeavour to assist those who are now passing through its sad and sorrowful season may appear needless. But to me, who, both in my girl-life and womanhood, have drunk deeply of its "waters of affliction," the mental condition, and the treatment of the invalid must ever be subjects of the deepest interest.

Those who have been sick can best sympathize with and advise those who are now suffering, many of them, alas, not only in body, but in mind and estate, poverty being too often united to suffering and helplessness, to morbid irritability, "fractiousness," and repining; still further darkening a grievous lot. So, if I offer you my hand, as leader and guide, it is not without experience of your troubles, but in the hope that together we may reach the "green pastures and still waters" of a quiet acquiescence in the will of our Heavenly Father, and acquire that calmness which always follows a determined effort to employ ourselves aright, and that peace which work done from the highest motives must ever bring with it.

"Invalid" is a very wide and comprehensive term, and for its better comprehension should be divided into three classes, or divisions, which will include all.

The first class consists of those who, from childhood, have suffered from some bodily disease, which has chained them as prisoners to the house and sofa.

The second class comprises those who, up to a certain period of life, have possessed health and strength, and then have lost them, either by accident or disease.

The third class comprises that large and varied assortment of invalids who have been ill from one cause or another, and have remained so from want of strength of mind to throw off the character and habits acquired, a result very often attained where there is plenty of money to be expended on luxuries, and tender but unwise friends to spoil them.

This last-named class is, to my mind, the most hopeless of all to deal with, as this disease to a great extent arises from a morbid craving for sympathy, a constant habit of self-contemplation, and an unhealthy desire to be the chief object of interest on all occasions.

Amongst those who constitute the first class of our invalids there are many beautiful and holy lives so sanctified by the right bearing of the cross laid upon them that their influence is felt long after they have been laid to rest, and remains amongst their survivors as a remembrance of beauty for ever. As I write there comes into my mind the memory of one especially whose life of pain closed some years ago; one who,—though helpless from childhood, through confirmed and incurable spinal disease,—yet contrived to continue the work of a man and a woman in her life on earth. At five-and-twenty, by the deaths of her elder brother and his wife, the charge of their five young sons was thrown upon her. The youngest was only an infant of a few months old; and the eldest alone could faintly remember his father.

To them all "Aunt Belle" was the personification of both parents. One entered the army, another the navy; one studied medicine, two the law, each entering his profession with £200 per annum clear; their portions being raised to that amount by her careful and clever management of them during their respectively long minority. "Good men and true" all of them. With a singular knowledge of woman's work,—for the bearded soldier could teach his young wife the mysteries of stocking-knitting, with the re-

mark, "We all learnt everything Aunt Belle could teach us, from the Greek Testament to sewing; and many a merry morning we have spent round her couch, for when out of pain she was the brightest of companions." At the age of fifty, when the youngest of her nurslings left her, and her life-work seemed ended, her energies flagged; and after a few months of acute suffering she entered into rest.

Never having been able to sit up nor stand during her life, the whole of that period had been passed in an almost recumbent position, and she occupied two rooms only, her bedroom and her sitting-room.

In the second class, too, we have many wonderful instances of those who earn their daily bread while in constant bodily suffering; who write books,—the desk resting on their chests, and who plunge into the deepest studies that could possibly occupy the human mind, while pain is their ever-present visitor, and poverty and death stand at their door.

Truly, as the Apostle says, "We all do run in a race," but some are heavily weighted indeed, and perhaps it was his own painful "thorn in the flesh" which made his writings take this clarion-like sound,—as of one who calls to each of his followers to "agonize" in the contest of life, so "that no man take thy crown."

St. Paul well illustrates this class of invalids, for his life-work as an Apostle was done by God's will, in spite of this painful "thorn,"—from which he had thrice prayed to be delivered,—and his studies, his preaching, his travels, and his daily labour at sail-making were all performed in more or less bodily suffering or trial of some kind.

Of the third and last class of invalids it is, of course, difficult to give an example, though even the most charitably inclined amongst us may know some such case in which, we feel sure, much of the illness is in the imagination, and much of the suffering lies in a nervous disposition.

I trust that all my dear girl readers will beware of the unhealthy state of mind which leads to it, and will check in their infancy the beginnings of self-contemplation, and the desire to be the first object of notice in the home circle. Much of the evil, too, has its origin in idleness of mind and body. This sin is just as rife now as ever it was in our more distant childhood, when we all learned, from Dr. Watts, that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Like all sins, idleness brings with it its own punishment, for it weakens our energies, enervates the mind, and unstrings our nerves. It makes us either listless or frivolous; and in either case all work becomes hateful. "It is," says a well-known writer, "a captivating bondage, too, whose very sweetness renders it more perilous. But the worst feature about it is its deceitfulness. No idle man or woman believes himself to be idle, except in the lucid intervals of divine grace. No one will credit how strong the habit of losing time will become. To break away from it requires a vehemence and a continuity of effort to which few, without heavenly aid and assistance, would be equal."

Now this burden of idleness, added to that of sickness, is the thing most to be dreaded of all for every class of invalids. The interest in, and the effort to be employed about, some well-loved work leads, I am sure, to the re-establishment of health in many cases. It has fallen to my lot within the last year to have nursed a friend through an illness which was accompanied by paroxysms of pain lasting for several hours. Her cheerfulness and power of bearing those agonies were a constant source of wonder to her doctor; but after coming in repeatedly and finding her, when better, deep-

in her literary work,* he wondered no more. "The interest of her work," said he, "is better to her than a thousand tonics." She had no time to fret over her symptoms, nor for useless worrying of any sort. The mental condition was so bright, healthy, and active that the suffering body was both forgotten and yet strengthened. This, I think, will always be found to be the case in every illness; and the sooner the patient can be brought to think of anything but herself, the happier for herself and for everyone around her.

One of the most frequent expressions heard on the lips of invalids is "don't care." "I don't care how I look," for instance, is a very frequent speech with which they wring the hearts of those who love them. There is a world of wisdom in the few words of sacred writ which speak of the man who was "clothed, and in his right mind," and the first duty to which we can waken many of our invalids is to this matter of personal care. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and never more so than when, by a special providence, we are more than usually called upon to show ourselves to be its care-takers, and His disciples.

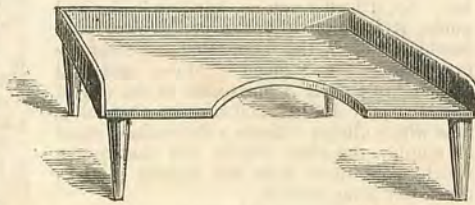
It needs no little determination on the part of the invalid and no little unselfishness to be willing to put aside, as much as possible, the idea of sickness and suffering from the person, as well as from the room which she occupies; but when it can be done the reward is generally great. "Mamma's room," said a young girl the other day, in speaking of her completely invalid mother, "mamma's room is the pleasantest in the house." And no wonder, for mamma had made her sickness the vocation of her life, and had accepted it and made the best of the affliction.

And now if we try to make up our minds to bear what must be borne, in whatever spirit we do it, our first wish will be to find some employment for head and hands which will make the days less weary and the nights less long by reason of our increased fatigue, which

* Our readers will be interested to learn that this literary work consisted of several articles and many of our "Answers to Correspondents," already published in this magazine.—Ed.

will probably give us sleep. "Occupation, if it have no other merits," says a recent writer, "will thwart the enemy of our souls, and by busying our 'idle hands,' make his visit unwelcome and profitless."

The first practical step which our invalid can take is the same as that which should be taken by all our girls who are in sound and good health, viz:—to make a proper division of their time, so that all the daily duties—sleep, exercise, study, and amusement—may each, so far as may be possible, have their allotted time. King Alfred's rule was, I believe, to divide the day into three periods of eight hours each,—for sleep, labour, and the needful meals, exercise, and the demands made by society and friendship, and for people in perfect health, perhaps this division



may be as wise a one as can be made. But for the invalid who (unless she be fortunate enough to have a special attendant) is greatly dependant on the help of others in the household, and must necessarily consult their convenience in a measure, it is rather more difficult to suggest a rule. "Early to bed" should, however, be the motto of the sick, as well as of those that are well; and its patient and persistent following will bring a rich reward. No invalid should be kept up—that is, out of bed—beyond 10 p.m., and by that time all in her room should be quiet and settled for rest. In the morning she will probably be awake early, and it is a good plan to make an arrangement for the servant to bring up a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter, as soon as possible, for her breakfast; open the shutters and blinds, and, if possible, air

the room, make-up the fire in cold weather, sweep the hearth, and shake-up the pillows of the bed. A few minutes more would suffice to wash the hands and face and clean the teeth; and thus made comfortable, with a warm flannel jacket on, the invalid might obtain a couple of delightful hours before the rest of the household were sufficiently astir to attend to her and give her breakfast. After the latter meal, the dressing and getting up would follow. Refreshed once more, and all bright again, two more quiet hours are at her disposal before luncheon or an early dinner. A little fresh air may be taken in the room by a little clever management, if unable to drive out of doors. After this, according to the household habits, another two hours may probably be secured for the following-out of any desired occupation.

The second practical step is to consider the ways and the means of carrying out our schemes of employment with the most ease and pleasure to ourselves. There are so many degrees of invalidism that it is difficult to divide them or classify my suggestions to them. But the first I shall mention are those who are completely bed-ridden; or, as the more ancient Anglo-Saxon has it, "bed-fast." The annexed small sketch shows a table especially designed for using in bed. It is drawn from a very old friend, which has been in use for many years; it is of the simplest possible shape and manufacture, and if made of deal, and varnished, would be within the skill of any village carpenter to make, and should not cost more than five shillings. If able to sit up the invalid would next require a wedge-shaped spring cushion to support the back under the pillows. This appliance is to be obtained at any good upholsterer's or furnisher's shop, who would make it to order; and it should be covered with a dark-coloured material, to which should be added a loose cover of washing stuff, which could be changed when soiled. The dotted lines in the illustration of the Invalid's Table show where a scoop may be cut out, to bring it as close as possible to the bed-ridden person employing it. But this may be left to her choice. By the time she has had her table and triangular cushion made I will tell her to what pleasant use she may apply her new acquisitions.

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."



CHAPTER VI.
THE "QUIET CORNER."

At Crofton House the hours of prepara-

tion for the next day's classes were from five to six, and seven to eight, "and," as Milly Wilmot informed her new friend more expressively than elegantly—

"Any other little scrimmaging bits of time you can catch at in between."

A few minutes before five Miss Rowe came to Helen with three books in her hands, and seating herself she proceeded to point out the morrow's lessons, adding—

"Although you have had nothing to do to-day but look about you, from the first thing to-morrow morning you will be expected to take your due part in the classes. And I advise you to choose out some quiet corner in which to prepare your tasks, for you seem to me more apt at learning to be unladylike than in acquiring useful information."

With that hard-spoken speech, which the Principal would certainly have pronounced wanting both in tact and Job's patience, the English governess rose,

without waiting for a reply, and left the pupil to her meditations.

They were not amiable.

Six hours ago Miss Crofton had told her new pupil that she half imagined she had suddenly got a rough-headed, mischievous laddie introduced into her quiet flock. But she had said so with such a tone and manner, above all, with such a feeling, that the rough-headed, mischievous maiden had laid her soft young cheek down on the school-mistress's hand with an air of most sweet womanliness.

Now, an accusation was brought against the new pupil of being apt to be unladylike, and the tone and manner, above all, the feeling with which the accusation was uttered, were such that the girl, who prided herself on her boyish accomplishments, felt insulted, and sat meditating vengeance. It must be confessed that there was something very unboylike, unfortunately only too womanlike, in the touch of spite that had entered into her schemes of revenge.

OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.—II.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.



SINCE my last chat with my invalid girls, in which I suggested the use of a table for those who were bed-ridden, two more of these helps have been most fortunately lent to me, and by the kindness of a friend I have had drawings made of them. Both are most inexpensive and plain in the manner of their manufacture, the material being deal, unvarnished and unpainted. Fig. 1 is suitable as a writing-table to those who are bed-ridden, as it supports the arm entirely, and the writing or drawing can be performed when reclining flatly on the back. I am indebted for the illustration of the desk to the kindness of an invalid lady, who invented it for her own use. Her illness was caused by her devoted nursing of others, and more than ten years ago, in the midst of a busy and useful life, she was laid aside from active usefulness to take her place in the patient ranks of those who serve by waiting, and who learn obedience by the things which they suffer. Her mind, ever active, is full of plans of usefulness, and by means of the little desk, represented at fig. 1, she accomplishes much epistolary labour when free from distressing suffering.

This desk has but one supporting side, on the right, beneath the straight side of the upper board. The left side is cut away at more than half its length, so as to fit round the person at the nearest end; while the broad portion of the upper board rests upon her. Blotting paper is cut to fit the shape of the board, and kept in place by means of two straps of flat elastic, one at each end. Across the highest and furthest part of the upper board there is a narrow tray, and divided off at the right corner is a compartment, into which a firmly closing metal ink-bottle is secured. Portions of the supporting side are cut out to render the desk somewhat lighter; and underneath it, securing it and the upper board more firmly together, there is a perforated bracket, of which fig. 2 is an illustration.

But a sketch of this bed-desk—whether pictorial or verbal—would fail to supply a sufficiently practical explanation to a carpenter, or to some kindly brother of our invalid, enabling him to manufacture the valuable little piece of furniture. The respective proportions, as well as the entire size of the whole appliance, must be supplied for their guidance, and so are now accurately given; for it might easily be made either too heavy, or too light to prove a steady and solid support to the arm, resting, as it always must, on so insecure a foundation as a bed.

The extreme length of the upper board from A to B must be 19 inches; the width at the highest and furthest end, from C to D, 8 inches, and that at the lower end, from E to F (hollowed out to fit the person), $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the extreme depth of supporting side, from B to G, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and from G to H, 4 inches. A slight aperture should be cut out between the upper board and the side support, to allow for the insertion of the elastic bands across the two ends, beneath the elbow of the writer or artist, and just beyond her hand.

The table shown in fig. 3 is meant to be placed, saddle-fashion, across both invalid and her sofa, the long legs resting on the floor on each side, and thus rendering the table so firm as to serve for the purpose of the most delicate artistic work in drawing, painting, or mounting microscopic objects, &c. The desk can easily be removed when necessary. The proportions of this table will, I think, be regulated best by the width of the sofa and the height to which the invalid can be raised on her pillows, and any carpenter, on being shown the sketch at fig. 3 and the sofa, will quickly decide on the dimensions. The cost of making would be small—not over twelve shillings, I should imagine—and the method of manufacture should be as light as possible compatible with its being steady and solid enough to draw on. This table was, I believe, also invented for herself by an invalid lady, and both inventions show a brave and determined spirit, that, in spite of such drawbacks as pain and helplessness (hard and trying in themselves to be borne), will still have a share in the work of the world about them. I hope my dear invalid girls will follow such good and worthy examples.

And now that we are fully supplied with ideas about tables, it is time to turn to the use that can be made of them, and to consider the first of our subjects, "head-work." Unless positively incapacitated by some special illness, in which you cannot use your powers of brain and mind, you will find a regular course of study carefully laid down, and pursued, of the

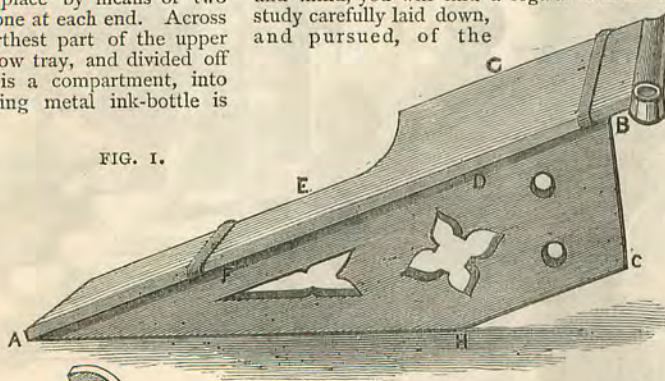


FIG. 1.

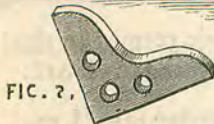


FIG. 2.

BED-DESK TO REST THE ARM FROM THE ELBOW.

utmost benefit to you. It will brace the nerves and strengthen the mental powers, rousing them from that state of inertia into which they are too apt to sink in sickness. The happiness, and even the health, which an active energetic mind possesses I have endeavoured to show you in my first paper on this subject; and those buried in mental slumber live only half their lives. The education of the true girl only commences when she first wakes to a perception of the

inner life, and of the vast field of improvement which lies within herself. She should never rest satisfied unless the day as it passes has brought her some new idea, some solid information, and if all her studies be carried on in the fear of God, and as a means of glorifying Him, as her mental riches increase, so will also increase her view of the position and responsibilities of her immortal spirit, and she will form a correct estimate of its capabilities of enjoyment, concerning which the Scripture tells us of so much respecting this life and of so much of the hereafter.

It is a good plan, I think, for the invalid to make Biblical study of the first importance in her course, not only because it is more peculiarly suitable, but also because all history is but a record of the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, and, Bible in hand, the intelligent

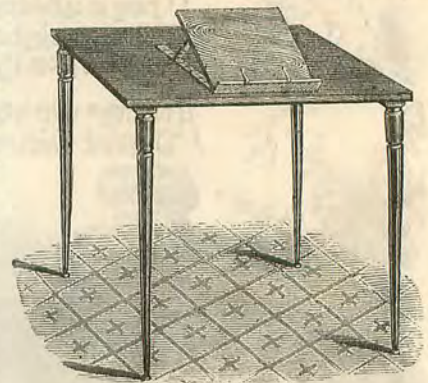


FIG. 3.—SOFA-TABLE WITH "RISING-DESK" AND SPIDER LEGS.

student cannot but be more and more impressed with the sublime truth that the Maker of the world is also its Governor and Redeemer. The first use of the Word of God for the day must be purely a spiritual one in the endeavour to find directions for the responsibilities and perplexities of the day. And then would come the study of the mass of Biblical literature, which will throw a wonderful light on all other history. Jewish rites and ceremonies, Jewish history, the geography of the Holy Land, the chronology of the Bible, and the natural history of the Bible, are all subjects of vast interest. Then in connection with the Bible, and its histories of the four great empires of antiquity, you should read the profane records also, ending with the establishment, in the days of the fourth empire, of that fifth and last kingdom "which shall never be destroyed," "but shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and shall stand for ever"—the kingdom of Christ in which we Christians live.

The first thing, I think, in entering upon a course of history is to try to acquire a clear idea of historic time, and the connection of historic events. First make an outline, and then fill up the various periods as you can, choosing, as many readers do, history in special periods, *i.e.*, the 1st and 2nd centuries, from the Pentecostal feast, to the time of Constantine, the Reformation, the Crusades, or the Middle Ages.

After history, as a recreation in sickness, comes poetry, which is good at all times and seasons, of course, but especially when the soul requires constant wakening up to high thoughts and aspirations. From Chaucer and Milton down to our own day the list of

English poets is a long one, and in devotional poetry we are richer than any other people. Biography, too, is a delightful study. To myself the first reading of some biographies have been epochs in my life. Benjamin Franklin's and Dr. Johnson's, amongst others, Wilberforce's life, Hannah More's, and Mrs. Fry's are all very suitable to the sick-room. Franklin's life is peculiarly valuable to those who desire to improve themselves, and every page is full of instruction. His plan for self-examination, "with a view to acquiring a habitude of all the virtues," is very remarkable, and there is no doubt that posterity has largely benefited by Franklin's example in many ways, as his immediate posterity did by the example of his beautiful character on earth.

The study of astronomy, natural history, and of languages are much to be recommended, each and all offering a regularity of occupation, which may be taken up at a fixed time and pursued as a duty. I do not consider that sensational stories are safe reading for the invalid, as they certainly impair that restful, yet active habit of mind we are most anxious to acquire, and act like the narcotic draught, that leaves depression and irritation behind. Yet even here one cannot dogmatize, as I have been told by a great sufferer that a sensibly-written story made her almost forget her sufferings, and certainly calmed and rested her, when nothing else had any effect, as she was able to throw

herself into the sorrows and joys of the imaginary beings in her story-book, to the entire exclusion of her own sufferings. She thought, too, that this had much increased her power of extending her sympathy to the lives of others, and feeling with them.

And lastly, as to the power of obtaining the books for your course of study that I have mentioned. There are few small family libraries which do not possess some standard works, "Josephus," "Rollin's Ancient History," a Bible Dictionary or Commentary. Whatever you find, use it, and be assured that more will be added to you, in proportion as you make use of the means you have at hand. Some friend will be raised up, or a little money will be found, to purchase the books you desire.

To those invalids who can write, an invalid much recommended the use of a "Stylographic" pen as saving much fatigue to the arm. And to "the pen of a ready writer" many occupations are also open, while also by their means they may carry comfort and consolation without end to those absent from home. Letters are now in demand for hospitals, reformatories, and prisons, and many other societies have been found that consider the regular letters of their associates and friends a very excellent method of converting and sustaining the class they endeavour to influence. Letters to missionaries in distant lands, and sailors far away at sea, are also advised, and I have no doubt each of my invalids will find no

difficulty in thinking of some lonely thirsty soul to whom their letters, written from a sick chamber, might be a veritable God-send—some friendless maid-servant, to whom a few words of kindly advice, a few lines of friendly sympathy, a verse of Scripture, a few lines of poetry to be learned by heart for your sake, will indeed prove "like cold water to the thirsty soul." There are many instances of this kind of working, while laid aside on a couch of sickness, and none more remarkable than that of Miss Hetty Bowman, the charming writer, who was so great a sufferer.

I have left my advice on "head-work" to the last, and that is the endeavour to learn hymns and devotional poetry by heart. Verse by verse, line by line, I should advise you to acquire them day by day; each hymn you learn, each lovely poem will be a blessing to you, and perhaps to others, when the well-stored mind can acquire no more, when the eyesight has failed, and the strength for learning is departed.

Does it seem to you that I have been setting you too hard a task, my dear invalid girls, in begging you to cultivate and make the best of this season of enforced repose? Does it seem impossible? Believe me, it is the will that makes the way, and if you are quite determined to help yourselves, others will help you too, and you will find your reward in increased patience and fortitude of mind, and in a store of precious knowledge gathered in "the time wherein you suffered affliction."



THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

SEATED here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,
I gazed across the meadows, white and chill and wrapped in
gloom.

Could they be the pastures sunny where I rambled in the
spring,

And the wild bee gathered honey and the linnet used to sing?

Down by the hedgerow yonder, past blooming meadow sweet,

My steps were sure to wander, another step to meet;

The pathway to the thicket with pimpernel was gay,

And close beside the wicket blushed crimson buds of May.

There is yet one tiny cluster pressed fast within a book,

Old recollections muster when on the page I look;

Old dreams and hopes come hither, old memories are rife—

Ah! wherefore must they wither, these rose-clad hours of life?

No more with careless pleasure I revelled in the sun,

The bee had hived her treasure, the linnet's song was done;

The pimpernels had faded, snow-hidden wound the track,

The little gate was shaded by branches bare and black;

Earth grants no sweet forever, her flowers have scanty reign,

And the step I loved would never come to meet my own

again.

Ah, wherefore is she lavish of joy that briefly lives—

Bestowing but to ravish more freely than she gives?

Seated here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,

I heard across the meadows, white and chill and wrapped in

gloom,

The rough north-easter roaming through the bent and sobbing

limes,

And softly in the gloaming the sound of Christmas chimes,

Now rising clear and clearer, now-dying quite away—

"Sweet bells, to one lone hearer ye can have nought to say;

Go, let your echoes gladden those that were gay before,
Such music does but sadden grief-wounded souls the more."
But while I listened coldly and scorned the tale they brought,
Quick spake their voices boldly in answer to my thought;
And straightway (or, I fancied, and fancy has her spells)
I heard, as one entranced, the message of the bells
Outpouring, fast and faster, "How long," they cried; "how
long,
Mortals, before ye master the burden of our song?
O stricken ones and lonely, O mourners, pale and weak,
Not to the mirthful only our loving words we speak;
For you, who, weeping, languish, was not the Saviour born?
Who knew a sterner anguish, whose heart was deeper torn?
If He thus meekly faced it and dared the cup to drain,
Shall you, who do but taste it, despairingly complain?
Earth's flowers are not immortal, earth's joy is sacrifice,
Lest ye confound the portal with God's own Paradise.
Behold! with cheerful warning we usher in the day;
On this most blessed morning bid selfish tears away."

Seated here, amid the shadows of the dim and fire-lit room,
I turned me from the meadows, white and chill and wrapped
in gloom.

O vanished hours! 'twere better to leave you in your grave

Than ever there to fetter my spirit like a slave.

If haply less alluring the future that I greet,

To pleasures more enduring she'll guide my willing feet;

Life truly was not given for dreams of little worth—

I will look up to heaven, not down upon the earth.

The bond of grief was broken; and thus the record tells

Not all in vain was spoken the message of the bells.

S. E. G.

girls, and then once more she stood still, and facing her schoolfellow with something of a sullen expression on her face, she said doggedly—

"Look here, Josephine, I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, or to vex you in any



"THE NARRATIVE BEGAN."

way, but I had better tell you at once that it will be no good your trying to scold me now, or attempting to read me a lecture, for I am in no humour for it, and won't listen."

"I know," said Josephine, with a mingling in her voice of sadness and gentleness. "I am not thinking of preaching or scolding you. I only want to tell you something about a poor little boy Rose and I saw while we were away last week. I should like to interest you in his case."

"Oh! certainly I'll listen to anything of that sort you like to tell me. That's quite another matter. Is the little boy's case anything that papa can help in, do you suppose?"

"I don't know; I am afraid not. But you will be better able to judge when I have told you his short history."

And so saying Josephine Bell ushered her two companions into the little study specially appropriated to her own use after the morning classes were over day by day.

Beside the fireplace was a tiny horse-hair sofa, and on this Josephine and Helen seated themselves; little Rose established herself on Helen's lap with a very earnest face, and the narrative began. Before repeating it, I must pause to remark that the present state of affairs at Crofton House was very dreary.

There had been a terrible scene that morning. After prayers, which had been an unhappy mockery for two of the party, Miss Crofton had detained everyone but the servants, and then gone over the facts, so far as she knew them, of yesterday's disturbance. Having done so without interruption from anyone, she had concluded earnestly—

"But I hope that the next five minutes will see the end of this cloud, and that we shall have clear skies once more. There is not one here that cannot understand that without patience on both sides, and submission to authority on the side of the pupils, no establishment of this kind can be well regulated. You, I am sure, Miss Edison, will by now have seen this, and will be willing to acknowledge it. To make your apologies to Miss Rowe the easier, in consideration of your yesterday's punishment, I may add that in some sort they will be also made to me, seeing that during my absence from home Miss Rowe is, as you are aware, my representative."

Helen started to her feet, with crimson cheeks, and exclaimed, "Don't say so, madam. Don't claim a spy for your representative; you, who are so frank and straightforward, that we all, down

to little Rose, learn to respect you as much as we love you. Do you think that you could have ever made yourself tell a little child to sneak softly into a room that she might find out what her companion was about? No, you know that you could not."

That was the first the Principal had heard of that order to little Rosa Bell. And then she heard also of that box on the ears. And Helen had ended up with: "When Miss Rowe has begged my pardon for that insult, I will beg hers for some portion of what I said, but I cannot do so before."

After that no one knew exactly what had happened. There was a confused memory of Miss Crofton, in a tone of shocked astonishment, asking her young subordinate if she admitted the accusation. There was an indistinct recollection of a sharp, fierce answer from Miss Rowe that she had a good mind to repeat the blow there and then, not once but several times, and then all remembered the sudden lull that had fallen on the storm for a few moments, to be followed by the young governess suddenly coming forward and saying, in cold, slow tones—

"After this, madam, it may be as well that I should let you know that my services are greatly required at home. I will leave to-night."

"Well," said Miss Crofton, heavily, "perhaps it will be well."

And then, without a glance at Helen Edison, she had gone, and the girls had all trooped off to the breakfast that had been awaiting them nearly half an hour. Mademoiselle had to take the head of the table, for the English governess had gone up to her own room, locked herself in, and refused to come down. She re-

mained there all day, seeing no one. Once, in reply to a third visit from Josephine, she had pushed a tiny note out to her under the door; but that was all the notice she would vouchsafe to anyone of her existence.

There had been some half promise given by the Principal two or three days ago that if Rosie's birthday should be fine, a holiday expedition should be made somewhere.

The day did turn out a most lovely foretaste of summer, but there were too many thunderclouds in the school atmosphere to permit of any talk of festivities. The day dragged on with its usual succession of classes, Miss Crofton taking those belonging to the English governess, but paying no attention to Helen, who began as the hours wore away to feel an inclination to follow her antagonist's example. Through her Miss Rowe was losing her position; through her Miss Crofton was put to terrible inconvenience. Helen began to feel very miserable, but very hard; and then Josephine got hold of her, and persuaded her to listen to her story about a little boy.

(To be continued.)

OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.



UR mental powers strengthened, and our nerves braced in some measure by our course of training in "head-work," it is not improbable that we shall find we have acquired much cheerfulness and good humour also. The first is one of the greatest elements in the religious life; and of the second, a saintly Lord Shaftesbury, who lived a century

ago, said, "Good humour is the best foundation of piety and true religion," and true happiness is a state of mind calm, unruffled, and undisturbed. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." The restless and unquiet spirit will derive its best soothing from holding high communion with all the great minds who have gone before, and left their ennobling thoughts, their lofty aspirations in written words, to cheer and rouse us.

But on the very threshold a temptation will probably stand, which, if yielded to, will paralyse us completely in our efforts at self-employment. They are but "poor efforts" at the best with many invalids, as all the occupations which can be suggested seem trifling and profitless if compared with what they might have done in perfect health. And then there occurs to them that most trying question, "*Cui bono?*" "Of what good is it?"—a query which has been propounded to struggling souls by Satan for thousands of years with varying success.

"She hath done what she could," is our Lord's measure, and a most generous and pitiful one it is; the strongest can do no more, the weakest can do as much. Thus I advise my invalid to place her frail attempts in this balance, and so rest content. If heartily pursued, any occupation diverts the mind and soothes pain more or less. We forget it while at work, and thus the result will

have answered the question, "Of what good is it?"

Our next heading, "Handwork," is a very wide one, and includes so many classes of invalids, that it is somewhat difficult to arrange them. I shall begin, however, with those who, though invalids, are obliged to endeavour to earn either the whole or a part of their sustenance, and, therefore, must produce something that the public will buy. Their work is executed in weariness and painfulness perhaps, but it is very wonderful how both health and strength are given by an all-wise Father to these poor dependants on His care, and we cannot but feel astonished at their powers of endurance and the amount of work which they can perform.

To encourage my readers I will begin by citing two cases, of which I have recently been told. The first is that of a young lady who is confined to her sofa, an incurable invalid, and who lives abroad for the sake of her health on the warm and sheltered Riviera. Last year I was told she made £106 by selling her designs of Easter cards, and this year she has designed, painted, and sold twenty-three dozen Christmas cards. Some of her etchings with pen and ink are really wonderful for their cleverness and originality. The second invalid has been most successful in painting on velvet, satin, silk, and vellum, and is, I am assured, obtaining a fair remuneration for her work in this direction, having been fortunate enough to form a connection, and to obtain trade orders to a large amount. Besides these two ladies I have heard of several others, and I am led to consider that the various forms of art-work are the most suitable for that class of invalids who must endeavour to help themselves.

"But," someone says, sorrowfully, "I have never had any training; I cannot draw, I cannot paint, I know nothing of art in any way." Perhaps not, but, being young, you can try to learn; and if we take a recent authority for our guide, we shall be much comforted. "Drawing," he says, "is an art which can be learned at any age, by any person." "Cast away," he continues, "that old-fashioned notion about taste, or no taste for drawing. As well might it be argued that Messrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson had no taste for writing, and therefore it was useless to try. The first man, whoever he was, who tried to write, tried to draw, and did both by the same effort. Everybody should know how to draw; the archbishop and the cabin-boy, the duchess and the parlour-maid. To learn to draw is to learn to think. Drawing is an expression of our thoughts. You could not describe in words the exact shape of the letter 'A,' but you could draw it in a moment, and so easily too; and why? Practice has given you the power. You can draw all the letters, great and small; practice has done it, taste never would have taught you. What then, if we try to draw the forms of other things as well as letters? A vase or a pitcher is no more difficult to draw than the first letter of its name, only that we are more accustomed to draw the letter than the object. Try, then, some simple form. It may be an antique Greek vase, or it may be a marmalade pot. It is not in reality more difficult to draw than the letter 'M.' The eye must be educated. Many failures will instruct it. Draw all your tea-service, and perhaps you will then be able to draw a cup and saucer."

I have given the whole of this sensible advice, because I believe that any girl may teach herself to draw, and by constant sketching may at last perfect herself in it; and drawing is really the foundation of all art work, and thus of numberless employments suitable to the invalid. Etching on paper, illumination, drawing on wood, and wood engraving, china and terra-cotta painting, as well as oils and

water-colours. Oils are better for the invalid than water-colours, as they are easier to manage, and the first attempts are less discouraging. The original "setting up" of a small stock of materials is less alarming perhaps in water-colours, as there are wonderful boxes for a shilling, but I think the results to the worker are more satisfactory than the former.

Pen-and-ink drawings are in high favour just now, and are used for *menu* cards, birthday, Christmas, and Easter cards, and the same art is applied with marking-ink to linen and silk, for all kinds of ornamental purposes. Illumination is a delightful occupation for the invalid, whether performed for her own benefit as texts for the house, or the decoration of some favourite poem, or texts for the walls of churches, schoolrooms, and chapels. Letters and texts for missionary purposes amongst the North American Indians, or in the East Indian languages, are very gladly received. Most missionaries in these fields of labour will give you instructions in the kind of words they require.

Some time ago I saw in an American newspaper an appeal to ladies from a missionary in the far North West, for kind help in this way. He wanted fifty alphabets in some Indian tongue, I believe. There are proper colours for illuminating, the materials for illuminating upon are vellum, vellum paper, and good hot-pressed drawing papers. A small manual of instructions and books of alphabets and initial letters in colours for copying can be obtained of any good artist's colourman.

Drawing on wood and wood-engraving are both very valuable acquirements, the first is more suitable to an invalid than the last, which might need more strength than the invalid could put forth, and also a longer and closer apprenticeship than most arts of the kind. Drawing on stone and etching on copper are both more easily acquired by an amateur than the technical part of wood engraving. The block of wood, as purchased, has a glossy surface, which is then covered with a thin coating of Chinese white mixed with water, which is rubbed all over with the hand while wet to render it even. When quite dry it is ready for use. Draw with a HHH pencil, all the lines being clear and decided. The engraver cuts away all that is left white, and leaves only the part which is covered with pencil marks standing in relief. I have recently seen some examples of drawing on wood by an amateur, and have been much struck by the fact of its being so eminently suited to invalids. Many of the best artists on wood of the present day are women, and there appears to be an ever-increasing demand for all kinds of pictorial work.

China-painting has been very fully treated of in an article in this paper at page 340, vol. i., and also Christmas cards at page 485, vol. i. Both of these you will find most useful to you. China-painting is not, however, as profitable a pursuit to the amateur now as when it first came out, but it is most delightful and fascinating work for its own sake, and quite suitable to an invalid.

Painting on terra-cotta is still more simple, and has the additional recommendation of not requiring baking. It takes oil-colours beautifully, and repays the worker fully for careful treatment. The terra-cotta for painting upon

is procurable everywhere, and at very small expense.

A small shilling manual will give you all needful advice about mixing colours, and the method of working, and if you use "Robertson's Medium," you will not suffer from the smell, which proves so offensive and painful to many sensitive invalids. My own parting advice on this question is: "Keep your brushes and palette clean, and make a rule of never putting them away dirty. Your work will then be always pleasant, and without a drawback to yourself or others.

I hardly know whether any of my invalids will fancy modelling as an occupation, but if they should, they will find it most interesting work. In France many ladies model in their drawing-rooms in coloured clays, and I am told that it is found very profitable work by those who possess any taste or skill for it. The clay for modelling is obtained at potteries, of pipe makers, and plasterers, and also of the dealers who supply the artist-world. The small bone or wooden spoons, and scrapers used are simple and cheap; and nothing but a board is needed to work upon. The first attempts should be copies of simple objects—a dog or cat, a rabbit or a hare. First, lay the base by spreading the clay to a certain thickness and making it level. Then begin and build up the dog or cat from the model, taking the dimensions of it with a pair of large compasses. After making yourself certain that your model is correct as to size, begin copying the original, scraping away and imitating all the hollows, &c., with the utmost care. There is very little to be gained from a master in this art; the tools and materials are simple, and, judging from the forts modelled on the sea-shore and the mud-pies of the streets, children are artists by intuition. I have seen, within the last few days, a head of Demosthenes modelled in clay by a little girl, which showed conclusively what can be done, without a master, by innate quickness and a correct eye for outlines.

So far I have dealt with my young invalids, who require, and can bear a small amount of training, hoping to become workers to some purpose in the end. In my next I shall endeavour to suggest a few remunerative occupations which may be followed without any special training, by painstaking care and some degree of taste.

(To be continued.)



she was standing, one June afternoon, in the porch of the Priory, with the summer sunshine making a radiant halo round her fair head, with her eyes gazing eagerly down the avenue. No wonder that there was earnest expectation in those eyes, for she was to-day to see Ella again after a separation of five years. Mrs. Ashby—that was Ella's married name—had resolved, as soon as her entangled money affairs were settled, to return to England, and had written to ask her former guardian, Mr. Lindhurst, if he would receive her and her child in his house for a time, until she could decide where she should live. Miss Nancy had at first violently opposed this plan; for, however much she might have honoured and petted Miss Ringwood, the heiress, she was very far from wishing to show especial kindness to Mrs. Ashby, the poor widow. Besides, the notion of having a baby in the house was something utterly horrible to her. But Mr. Lindhurst, whose sympathies were all aroused on Ella's side, insisted on receiving her as a loved guest, and Ruby's heart and Ruby's lips thanked him for this decision.

A gracious, winsome picture was sweet, brave Ruby, standing there in all the glory of her early womanhood—standing there, with the porch wrapped in green creepers making a frame for her, with the sunbeams kindling each thread of gold in her brown hair. Her slight, flexible figure was a little bent forward in her intent watching; her dress was all one silent harmony of delicate colour; there was a soft flush on her cheek in the excitement of the approaching meeting. There was one bright tear-drop hanging on her long lashes at the thought of Ella's sad story, and yet her mouth and her brow were full of smiling calmness; she seemed the very ideal of earnest, active, sympathetic life.

But hark! what was that? Surely it was the sound of wheels! She went out a few steps on to the gravel, and caught sight, between the sea of green which the avenue now made in its summer dress, of a carriage coming up the drive. Here they were, Ella and her baby-boy! A few moments after—moments in which the whole of her old girlish life with Ella seemed to be crowded into Ruby's mind in one great picture—they had stopped at the door, and were getting out. Could that figure be Ella—that figure in deep widow's mourning, with the pale, thin, face, and the shrunken form? Yes, surely it was Ella; she knew it from the way in which she was clinging to her, and sobbing in her arms!

They neither of them spoke many words at first, the hearts of both were too full; but Ruby, with a sweet, womanly instinct, hurried to the nurse, who was standing behind Mrs. Ashby, and took from her softly the eighteen-months-old baby, and brought him to his mother. He stayed the flood of tears far quicker than anything else would have done. Ella could not help smiling, even through her weeping, as she heard how Ruby, to whom he appeared to have taken an immediate fancy, prattled to him in baby talk, and how he laughed in return, and saw how he stretched out

his small hands to herself and pulled at her dress, as though he were resolved that she—his mother—should not be left out of the new bond of love he was forming. Then, when he thought that Ella was near enough, he sat upright in Ruby's arms, as upon a throne, with a satisfied air, and began to survey seriously the surrounding objects—the old house, and the trees, and the flowers, and the blue June sky.

"This is indeed a treasure which God has given you," said Ruby, very softly.

"Yes, Ruby," answered the mother, "a treasure, and more than a treasure; for he, my boy, has shown me the way to the Friend who sent him to me in my hour of deepest gloom. Ruby, when my first troubles came upon me I was very hard and rebellious; but when my child came my heart seemed to thaw and melt, until the light of God's great love found its way into it."

"Thank Him, in His dear mercy, that so high and precious a thing has come to you through suffering, Ella," murmured Ruby.

"And, Ruby," went on the widow, "I know now that you were right, and that to be a child of the King and to serve Him is the one thing worth living for in this world. I have but one wish, too, for my boy, and that is that he shall grow up a brave Christian soldier."

"And so he shall, with God's grace," said Ruby, solemnly, as they passed into the house.

(To be continued.)

OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

IV.

AMONGST the suitable and paying artistic occupations for our invalid girls are the colouring of photographs, painting magic lantern slides, and some other kinds of painting on glass, such as transparency painting, which may be used for fire screens as well as windows and doors. It may be as well to premise that no previous knowledge of art is required for colouring photographs, which can be done by anyone of ordinary ability, after a little practice, quite as well as they are sold in the shops.

The materials are not at all expensive, and are within anyone's reach; ordinary water-colours are used, two sable hair-pencils, Nos. 1 and 3 being the most useful numbers, a bottle of clean gum-water, and a small new sponge. A hand magnifying-glass is of great use in helping the painter to see the smaller touches about the eyes and mouth, and a good light is an absolute essential. A practical colourist has usually three or four photos on hand, and as no colours can be put on till the first are dry, this will be found a great saving of time. Unless the worker has seen the original, it is of course difficult to give the right colouring to the photo, and much experience is needed to give a truthful rendering to all the vast varieties of hair and eyes. The former ranges from flaxen to black, in all kinds of intermediate shades of gold, red, auburn, nut-brown, chestnut, dark brown, mud-brown, and brown-black, ending in that peculiar jet black so rarely seen. The eye has also an astonishing variety of hues, grey alone varies from yellowish green grey to that lovely colour peculiar to the Irish eye; blue, from the pale colourless china blue to that seen in infancy, which is so deep as to be nearly violet; and as to brown, we have a

wealth of colour, from the golden brown of the lion's orb to the green of the cat, and the hazel and tender brown eye of the dog and the deer. The complexion also must be closely studied, as every one possesses a certain amount of clearness or density, and a general hue, which must be reproduced if the likeness is to be true and correct; a very trifling variation in any of the colouring will completely alter the appearance of the face. This is singularly exhibited in the case of dyed hair, which can be instantly detected by the experienced observer from the hard and unnatural line with which it frames the face, and however well the work of dyeing may be accomplished, never appears to agree with the natural colouring, from which we may gather the fact of the uselessness of interfering with nature's painting of our faces. I have been very explicit on this point, as on it our success as colourists depends.

The photograph to be coloured should be raised as close as possible to the eyes, the strain to them being too great if it is too far off. Place a piece of clean white paper over the photo for the left-hand to rest upon, to avoid marks, and to have somewhere to test the tip of the brush. The photograph itself is also a matter of some importance, as it should be clear, well-defined, not too dark, and free from stains and spots; the tone of it should be a warm, neutral tint or grey; heavy shadows of purple brown or of an inky hue should be avoided, as there is a perfect lack of harmony between these tones and the natural shadows of flesh. At the same time, if the half-tones are wanting in the impression, it will be a matter of difficulty to restore them in colouring.

The first process is to wash the whole surface of the photograph over with the large brush and clean water to see if the surface be in a proper state to take the colours; if it runs off unevenly in drops or globules, wipe off the water, and then pass the tongue from the lower edge upwards over the whole of the picture; repeat this process two or even three times, and on trying the water again it will probably lie smoothly on every part. Prepared ox gall is sold for this purpose, but is not nearly so good as the tongue, which, in the opinion of most colourists, is better than any preparation.

The method of putting on the colours is not by a series of flat washes, but by "hatching" and "stippling," the first meaning to work on the colour in short strokes, following as nearly as possible the form of the features, that is, somewhat horizontal on the forehead and circular about the eyes, mouth, and general contour; these fine strokes are then crossed with similar ones, avoiding, however, the formation of direct right angles; they should be done with a firm touch, making each as even as possible. "Stippling" is a similar process, only fine dots with the point of the brush are used instead of lines. The effect in both cases is to give depth and transparency, as there is no part of the human face so flat as to be correctly represented by a simple wash. This firm, free touch is very needful to acquire, as the first tints in water colours must be kept pure and brilliant, and several hesitating touches would give a muddy effect. The amateur worker will do well to procure a well-tinted photograph and study it well, making a careful copy, if not two or three, until quite certain of the few preliminary rules, when she may strike out bravely for herself, remembering that practice alone will make her perfect.

Many colourists give a first wash over the entire picture, consisting of raw sienna, Naples yellow, and pink madder, each rubbed down separately, and mixed on the palette to the desired depth of colour. Rub it on thin and lightly, beginning at the top of the front parting of the hair, use the large brush well filled,

and passing over the portrait quickly. Let this become thoroughly dry before putting on the second flesh wash, which is of pure pink madder, very thin, and very lightly applied, so as not to disturb the colour beneath. When this is quite dry, commence the hatching with a fine brush made into a good point with the lips, and, using a thin wash of pink madder, take a little of the colour, and make the lightest downward strokes, the end of the brush hardly touching the paper. The work should be so delicately performed that no pink is apparent for some time; work over and over again, the magnifying glass showing your progress, and except by its aid it should be impossible to tell that the bloom of the face consists of a series of tiny dashes. If a mistake be made, and one spot becomes too distinct, it is best to take a brush and clean water, and wash the whole face again, as each photo will stand washing several times before becoming too roughened to take the colours properly.

The chin and ears require a fine stippling at the point, and the lines and shadows formed by the curves and hollows should be put on with Venetian red, or, if dark, brown madder or vermilion. The hands and fingers are stippled with pale pink madder at the ends and the knuckles. The forehead, between the eyes and above the brows, should be lightly stippled with the same, and beneath the shadows where the hair touches the forehead, a little cobalt should be added to the pink madder. Place a touch of gum at the nostril and between the lips, colouring only the lower one, with a little rose madder. Put a little gum on the eyeball, and on this, when quite hardened, put in one touch of Indian ink for the pupil; when dry, round it put the colour, cobalt for light blue, indigo for dark, &c., and one touch of Chinese white for the reflected gleam to be seen in every natural eye.

The hair should have three coatings of colour; for brown hair, the first would be vandyke brown; the second, sepia; the third, raw sienna. Light hair, the first coat should be vandyke brown and raw sienna, and yellow locks of raw sienna and yellow ochre together. One drop of gum water must be mixed with the above, by rubbing down the paint with water, and after dropping the gum on the palette near it, mixing all together with the brush. Gum is never used for the face, neck, or hands.

The gum is made of the very best gum arabic. Take one ounce, and having reduced it to powder, put it into a bottle, and fill the bottle to double the height of the powdered gum, or about one ounce of water. Shake the bottle occasionally till the gum is dissolved, when it should be strained through a piece of new flannel; as this takes some time, arrangements should be made to fasten it so firmly that it does not require holding in the hands while straining. In order to keep this gum when made, add a tiny bit of camphor to it and place in a small wide-mouthed bottle with a glass stopper. And now I think I have described the art of colouring photographs quite sufficiently to enable my invalids to commence, and experience will teach them more than any number of books.

The other art work which I think invalids might undertake for profit is painting magic lantern slides. The materials required are few and inexpensive, and the colours used are necessarily only those which are transparent, and they are few in number, viz., indigo, Prussian blue, rose madder, crimson lake, lamp-black, madder brown, vandyke brown, burnt sienna, aureolin, gamboge, Indian yellow, gallstone, and Italian pink.

It may be well to add here the list of a practical worker who has painted slides for the trade for many years; it includes some

of the foregoing, but is more moderate and less expensive. Prussian blue, gamboge, carmine, verdigris, madder brown, indigo, crimson lake, and ivory black for transparent colours, and raw sienna, burnt sienna, cappale brown, and vandyke brown, for semi-transparent pigments. No particular method of mixing or preparing colours is needed, but in order to save the trouble of varnishing, we believe that colours ready prepared for glass painting can be procured. The pencils used must be small, with good points, and camel's hair is considered preferable to sable brushes for painting on glass. The best vehicle for thinning oil colours is the ordinary megilp, and great care must be used to avoid making the colours too thin, as in that case they will run into each other and completely ruin the painting. The best medium for laying on the first wash of water colours is a hot solution of transparent gelatine. Upon this all the other colours can be worked with cold water and a soft pencil, as usual.

The quality of the glass used for painting on must also be a subject of consideration, as it must be free from blemishes, such as air-bubbles and streaks, and any irregularity of surface will interfere with the smoothness of the colours to be laid on. It should be the best plate glass, and should be cut to fit the magic lantern in which it is to be used. The slides to be painted should properly be mounted in a frame, which may be procured ready made or ordered of anyone who supplies artists' materials. But they can be painted without a frame, and perhaps quite as well.

The first operation of the worker must be to draw a perfect outline of her picture on a piece of tracing paper, which must be laid under the glass as a guide, but it should always be remembered in painting on glass for magic lantern slides that the best effect is produced by seizing on the prominent features of the picture and representing them with as few small additions as possible, as a quantity of little accessories crowded into a small space will lack effect, and render the whole design uninteresting and puzzling to the beholder. Fasten the tracing on the glass at each end with gum to keep it from slipping, then reverse the glass so that the paper is beneath it and you see the tracing through the glass. Take a little black paint mixed with megilp, and draw with a fine camel's-hair brush the outlines of the picture with a light, firm touch. If you desire to have a superior picture instead of black, use a dark tint of such of the natural colours of the object which will materially increase the natural effect; when the outlines are perfectly dry the colouring and shading of the pictures may be proceeded with.

Commence all pictures at the top, and lay on the distant outlines of mountains, clouds, or buildings. Then comes the "middle distance," as it is called, or the centre of the picture; for this rather darker tints are used, while the foreground is the darkest of all, and will require to be drawn in with a firm and broad touch, as the most prominent portion of all. In all these directions I am supposing that my worker has supplied herself with several lantern slides, already painted, so that she can see and follow the directions more intelligently. A very thin wash of lac varnish, well diluted with spirits of wine, may be used to fix the water colours, and a second coat may be added if needful. Our practical worker says, "Dry the slides in the warmth of the fire, as the heat will make the colours transparent; test your slide in the magic lantern, when you will be able to see and correct all its defects; and, finally, if the slide is to be used by lamp, gas, or candle-light, paint them by that light, for then you can judge if you have produced the right effect."

Transparency painting on glass is a valuable accomplishment at the present moment, as it

has been so much adopted for fire-screen and all kinds of interior decorations, such as the inside doors and windows where it is possible to insert glass. The person attempting it should have some knowledge of drawing and painting. The materials used are powdered colours; the lists already given of those suitable for magic lantern slides being suitable for transparency painting also. These colours are mixed with picture copal varnish, and are diluted with turpentine in case of being too thick. Sable brushes are used, and ground glass is more easy to paint on than plain. The same method of outlining is pursued, the outline of the design being drawn on the glass with a warm brown tint, composed of brown pink and burnt sienna. A very fine brush or a fine quill pen is used to trace the outlines. The glass to be painted must be placed on a white background in order to show the colouring as it proceeds. The method of working in the distances has also been described, and little remains to be said except that in all cases very dark hues must be reserved for the foregrounds, and the painting, when finished and perfectly dry, must have a coat of varnish, the unpainted side being placed outwards to the spectator.

It is probable that orders might be obtained from furniture-dealers who manufacture what is called "High Art" and "Queen Anne" furniture, when the worker can send a specimen of her work to take orders from. In all these things perseverance is the most needful quality, and it is not difficult to understand that to make things worth selling and worth buying, both knowledge and experience are needed. Some people will perhaps say it is too much to expect of an invalid. But my experience tells me otherwise, and in my first article I carefully measured the ground before me, and stated my reasons for believing that the mind, in its powerful influence over the body, worked miracles, and when backed by a Heaven-sought strength was fully "sufficient for these things."

In my next article I shall continue the list of employments which can be rendered *paying* by care and a little good taste; but we will descend into less artistic regions, for the benefit of the many who have no capabilities in an artistic way.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

A LATE harvest this year, so the crops were but just gathering in, and as twilight deepened round the village of Felbeck you still heard sounds of labour on all sides. Now along some narrow lane passes the heavily-laden waggon, with the carter cracking his whip, and the rustling boughs as they droop over the ripe-gathered corn are feign to levy a passing tribute; now a solitary workman returning home beguiles the way with a merry whistle, and borne across the little stream which flows between us comes a shout of joy from the homestead on the rising hill as the last load is carried safely into the rick-yard. And all these sounds so dear to Joan Rivers' heart fell upon her ear this Michaelmas Eve with a vivid interest, as she knew many a long day might come and go ere she was back on the Cumberland hillsides, where she had passed, nearly all her life of childhood, early youth, and ripened girlhood.

Dear, very dear to her, was every spot near Felbeck; and dearer still does every place become when the time to leave it draws near.