

some very mild one—were taken about twice a week, *if* out-door exercise were taken, *if* a cold or tepid bath were taken in the morning, and *if* she did not bend quite so much over her work as was her wont, for the simple reason that in this world no one has a right to kill herself in order to make a living. So Clementina tried the remedy, and lo! and behold in about a month she was quite herself again. She clapped her hands with joy. "I will always use the citrate," she said, "whenever I feel the least bit out of sorts."

But that was just where error crept in. For Clementina took to use her darling citrate when there was really nothing more the matter with her than a good brisk walk would have banished entirely. Thus taking a tonic was in her case like taking a stimulant, taking wine in fact; and it left "collapse," exhaustion in other words. And was it any wonder then that in time Clementina grew really and seriously ill, and that a doctor had to be consulted, who, after a great deal of suffering on the innocent child's part, did manage to put her quite well again, and finally dismissed her, not with his blessing, but with a gruff but friendly caution "not to go doctoring at herself again."

There is a moral hidden away in that little story; to find it is your business, not mine.

I will say no more about tonics, then, as a class; but just a word about iron and quinine. Iron is an excellent blood tonic—I mean it improves and strengthens the blood. It causes heat of the body sometimes, however, and then the dose must be lessened. The dialysed iron drops are mild and effective. Quinine should be taken in very small doses. It is a good nerve tonic and general imparter of strength, always provided it is needed. It should be taken in much smaller doses than are usually given. The tincture of quinine is a good remedy in some cases of tic, or nervous toothache. Quinine sometimes affects the head, causing fullness of blood, and even dizziness. If it does it should be avoided.

Cod liver oil is excellent to combine with the tonic. But small doses must be taken at first, gradually increased.

Girls often fancy they are ill, and fly to medicine when they had much better trust to a change of diet.

When you do take tonics—and there are times when, perhaps, it is right you should—do not forget to combine with those excellent remedial aids, exercise in the open air, change of diet, and that which I am constantly preaching about, *the bath*.

Some girls are troubled a good deal with dyspepsia; and one of its most painful symptoms is acidity of the stomach and heartburn. Well, heartburn is very easily alleviated by taking a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a tumblerful of cold water; but this is not getting at the root of the evil, it is not curing the dyspepsia. To do this strict regulation of diet is necessary, and as for the soda it is a most pernicious thing to swallow, it injures the coats of the stomach and does no end of mischief. So I say avoid it unless in extreme cases.

Some girls are constantly aiming at possessing a higher standard of health than they have; to such I say let well alone. Be content; we are not all made alike, we cannot be all giants in strength; and, perhaps if you are weakly in body you may have a more finely formed mind, a soul that, though easily east down, can enjoy more in one hour than others more vigorously formed can in a week. It is the weakly and the nervous that are constantly seeking relief from medicines. They are just those that ought not to. They should rather, by leading an exceedingly regular life, and studying temperance in all things, try to find

that greatest boon of all—contentment with their lot. And they should not forget that the best and the safest of all medicines is plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.



JANUARY received its name from the early Romans in honour of Janus, a deity who is always represented as having two faces—one looking back on the old year, and the other looking forward to the new. Our Saxon ancestors called this month Wolf-Monat, *i.e.*, wolf month, because of the popular belief that the wolves, which then infested the woods, were more daring and voracious than at any other time. Subsequently, when Christianity began to make way, the month gained the name of Aefter-Yula, or After-Christmas. But both titles were abandoned in favour of the Roman one. The practice of making presents on New Year's Day was doubtless derived from the Romans who settled in Britain, and spread the custom among our ancestors, together with the celebration of certain festivities. These festivities, however, in Rome were carried on amidst much rioting and unseemly mirth, while our Christian forefathers, blessed with the light of truth, rejected the superstition and excesses of the heathens, merely retaining those interchanges of good wishes and of presents which had accompanied the pagan celebrations.

The wassail bowl, carried from door to door, was a great institution among the Saxons. The most perfect fragment of the "wassail" exists in the usage of certain domestic banquets and corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up at the conclusion of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, with a handle on each side, by which he holds it; while the toastmaster announces him as "drinking the health of his brethren out of the loving cup." This cup, which is the ancient wassail bowl, is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to his next left hand neighbour, and as the loving cup thus passes round to all the guests in their turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president. The French keep up the practice of giving presents on New Year's Day to a surprising extent, and the day is in France recognised from this circumstance as *le Jour d'Etrennes*.

The sixth day of the month is especially known among our young folks as Twelfth Day, and the cake, which in most families forms an important part of the entertainment, is known by no other name than that of Twelfth Cake. Authorities differ in their accounts of the origin of the festive custom of drawing for king and queen, &c., when the cake is divided, some maintaining it to be derived from the practice of the Roman children, who, at the end of their saturnalia, drew lots with beans to see who would be king. The old calendars stated that on the vigil of this day "kings were created or elected by beans," and denominated the day itself "The Festival of Kings," which is still retained in Spain. Our children thus have a time-honoured custom as the foundation of their Twelfth Night amusements!

I wonder if any of my readers ever heard of Plough Monday? This is the first Monday after Epiphany, and received its appellation from its having been fixed upon by our forefathers as the period when they returned to

the duties of agriculture after the festivities of Christmas. The plough, being the fundamental instrument of husbandry, was not inaptly made the typical expression of the renewal of their labours. Time has, however, nearly worn out this ancient usage, to which perhaps the morris dancers in the North owe their existence, as they *sometimes drag* a plough from door to door soliciting plough money, wherewith to defray the expenses of a feast and a dance in the evening. January is represented in old paintings by the figure of a man clad in white, as the type of the snow on the ground; under his arm he carries a billet of wood, and near him stands the figure of the sign of Aquarius, the watery emblem in the Zodiac, into which the sun enters on the 19th of this month.

## USEFUL HINTS.

**HEADACHE.**—Sponge the head all over night and morning with water as hot as you can bear it, and rub dry with a coarse towel.

**CURE FOR BRONCHITIS OR SUFFOCATION.**—One tablespoonful of salad oil to three of old French brandy. Put it into a bottle and shake well until it is a froth. Dose, one tablespoonful when necessary; likewise use a little of the liquid to rub the throat and between the shoulders gently with a warm hand.

**CURE FOR BOILS.**—A tablespoonful of yeast taken every day mixed in half a tumbler of cold water for three months, is a certain cure.

**CURE FOR BURNS OR SCALDS.**—An application of common whiting and oil (or water, if oil is not to hand) draws the fire out of the burn or scald, and gives immediate relief. Make the ingredients into a paste and lay it over the part affected, covering it up with some old linen and cotton wadding.

**HEAT SPOTS ON SKIN.**—One oz. of cream of tartar and half an ounce of flour of brimstone mixed. Take a teaspoonful of the powder and a teaspoonful of strained lemon juice in half a tumbler of cold water, three times a day for a fortnight. Vegetable diet and cold bathing desirable.

**TO CLEAN DECANTERS OR BOTTLES.**—Put the tea-leaves from the teapot into your decanters over night with a little cold water, in the morning shake them well until quite clean, then rinse and place in your bottle rack to drain. After polishing with a soft cloth, they look bright and beautiful.

**TO PREVENT A TEA-POT GETTING MOULDY.**—After washing and drying thoroughly, place a lump of sugar inside; it absorbs all dampness.

**TO CLEAN JEWELLERY WITHOUT STONES.**—Chains, lockets, anything without stones may be cleaned by brushing in soap and water with a small piece of soda in, then rinse and dry on a towel, after which place the articles in a large plate of bran, taking care to cover well with bran. Then put the plate in a moderately heated oven for half an hour and rub with a piece of wash-leather when you take them out of the oven.

**FALLS.**—Rub the part affected with a piece of fresh butter, and it will prevent a bruise or any discolouring of the skin.

**CHILBLAINS.**—Rub every night with oil or cold cream, and sleep in warm socks or stockings.

**EARACHE.**—A good sized linseed-meal poultice hot, with eight or ten drops of laudanum in the middle, will cure the most severe earache.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY takes its name from Februa, signifying purification, or expiation, from the fact that the religious expiation of the ancient Romans took place at the beginning of this month. Our Saxon ancestors called it Sprout-kale, from the sprouting of the kale-wort, "the greatest pot-wort in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele"—probably our cabbage. Augustus Caesar subtracted one day from February and added it to his own month of August. Every fourth year an additional twenty-ninth day was added, and is therefore the 29th, or last day of February. Every leap year is easily discovered by dividing the year by four; and if there is no remainder, as in 1852, then February contains twenty-nine days, but if there is a remainder, as in 1854, the month only contains twenty-eight days.

Of notable days we have, on the 2nd, Candlemas Day, so-called on account of its celebration in the Roman Catholic Church with processions of candles, followed by the performance of mass. The Germans say "the badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and if he finds snow he walks abroad, and if he sees the sun shining he draws back again." Probably the saying that "if Candlemas be a shining day, the winter is not half finished," may have arisen from this German notion.

St. Valentine's Day falls (as everyone knows well enough!) on the 14th of this month, and surely no one should remember it better than the postman, as he hurries from door to door, leaving many a quaint device and pretty picture wrapped in those huge envelopes! And who, pray, was St. Valentine? Well, St. Valentine was an ancient presbyter in the Church of Rome, and suffered martyrdom A.D. 271. He abolished the old heathen custom of young men drawing the names of girls on this day, and substituted the names of saints instead. In Spain and Italy even now patron saints are chosen on this particular festival, while we in England have changed the practice to that of sending valentines to those whom we love—a new fashion, somewhat better than the old one.

On the 18th of this month the sun enters Pisces, or that sign of the zodiac typified by fishes, and the common emblematical representation of February is a man in a dark, sky-coloured dress, bearing in his hand that astronomical sign. The old Saxon pictures, however, show him as a *wine-dresser*, pruning his trees, and sometimes as a man, in tightly-buttoned jacket, warming his hands by striking them across his body, in token of the usually inclement weather of the first part of the month.

VARIETIES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

My first most commonly is reckon'd  
To be the offspring of my second.

1. She laid the tear before the gate of heav'n,  
Pardon'd — rejoicing—for her task was done.
2. By this, in one sense, mental food is giv'n;  
In th' other, farinaceous food goes briskly on.
3. A ridge of three sharp hills, whose points  
look down  
On a well-known, romantic Scottish town.
4. Chief city of an island-kingdom, known  
For works of art so different to our own.
5. A British king; his name would not remain  
But for his famous son's heroic reign.

6. A sailor, whose descriptions may have bent  
As many lads to sea as *Crusoe* sent.
7. A king of Corinth, who, in travelling round,  
Experienc'd no enjoyment, and no comfort found.
8. A linen fabric, that derives its name  
From the French city whence at first it came.
9. Heir to the English crown, usurp'd; his  
death  
(So timely, though untimely) heal'd the  
feud  
His father waged for years; his passing  
breath  
Gave peace to England, long with blood  
bedew'd. XIMENA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 2.

Two foreign cities, for their beauty known,  
But beauty diverse: One the work of man,  
Whose utmost skill was tax'd to carve the  
stone,  
To mould the pinnacle, to trace the plan;  
The other, fresh from nature's bounteous hand,  
With all the charm of mountain, sea, and  
sky,  
In matchless loveliness must ever stand:  
For saith her proverb, "See me and then  
die!"

1. Barbarian soldier, whom his fellows rais'd  
To be the arbiter of nations; prais'd  
For having wrought, by their all-conq'ring  
swords,  
The saddest siege that history records.
2. Safe on the shoulders of her bovine steed,  
That struggled through the waves with  
fitful speed,  
She cross'd the straits, forsook her native  
ground,  
And gave her name to that new land she  
found.
3. What is that word so often us'd, you  
know,  
T' express that tides are neither high nor  
low?
4. The river, on whose banks are seen dis-  
play'd  
The wealth and wonders of our cotton  
trade.
5. The princess, who beheld her son despoil'd  
By an usurping uncle; long she toil'd  
To reinstate him in his lawful fief . . .  
Vain all her efforts. Overcome by grief,  
She cast herself at th' oppressor's feet  
In grand despair, "Here I and sorrow sit!"
6. The Greek philosopher, whose precepts  
rare  
Are summ'd up in one phrase, "Bear and  
forbear." XIMENA.

HONEST PRIDE.—If one has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne*.

WORLDLY WISDOM AND THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know, and the best philosophy to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation, which only makes our weakness more contemptible, by showing that we are not what we wish to appear.—*Walpole*.

IN PRAISE OF INNOCENCE.—As continued health is preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGES.—Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by

the ghost of past affections, and hopes gone for ever.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?—The Emperor Sigismund, in conversation with Theodoric, Archbishop of Cologne, asked the primate how he ought to act so as to obtain happiness. "We cannot,  *sire*, expect it in this world." "What, then, is the way to gain happiness hereafter?" "You must live virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," answered the archbishop, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to follow when labouring under a fit of gout or indigestion."

FOR EVER.

Joys soon are past,  
No grief can last,  
The years stream in time's river;  
The sun will die,  
The earth pass by,  
Yet love remain for ever.

A COMMON OBSERVATION.—Certain people study all their lives; at their death they have learned everything except to think.

UNREASONABLE MOURNING.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,  
Where a lily had chanced to grow;  
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,  
When she of the blue and sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"  
Then it lightly soared through the sunny  
air,  
And spoke from its shining track;  
"I was a worm till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph  
sings;  
Would'st thou call the blessed one back?"  
*Mrs. Sigourney*.

THE USE OF MODESTY.—Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture—it gives to it force and relief.—*La Bruyère*.

IN THE SHADE.—Woman is a flower which breathes its perfume in the shade only.—*Lam-ménais*.

UP IN THE WORLD.

Two boys were playing at chess. As there was a knight short, they put a mark upon a pawn, and so made a knight of him.  
"Hey!" exclaimed the other knights;  
"where do you come from, Mr. Clodhopper?"  
The boys heard the scoff. "Hold your tongue," said they; "does he not perform for me just the same service as you?"—*Lessing*.

THE HEARING EAR.—Our ears should be accustomed to hear all manner of things, without carrying to the mind anything but what is good.—*Erasmus*.

TROUBLESOME WEAKNESSES.—Some of our weaknesses are born in us; others are the result of education, and it is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.—*Goethe*.

HOW TO TELL A WISE WOMAN FROM A FOOLISH ONE.—A wise woman can be distinguished from a foolish one by the following marks: Moderation in anger, government in household affairs, and writing a letter without useless repetitions.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 197).—

D O R N A C H  
E S P A R T E R O  
C O A L  
E P H O R I  
M O L D  
B R A G A N Z A  
E M F E R Y  
R U B E N S

December. Holidays.

tear the edges of the mattresses, was performed both easily and quickly.

The maids were instructed to keep a needle and thread always at hand whilst engaged in bed-making, &c., so that a rip in the pillows, mattress, or other bed-furniture might be repaired on the spot and at once, and thus much subsequent mending was avoided. In the little boys' room, to facilitate the keeping of it tidy, the cretonne dressing-table cover was made with pockets along the front in which the various toilet articles were kept. There was a pocket for brushes and combs, another for nail scissors and button-hooks, and so on; and thus, without unduly taxing their patience and powers, their dressing-table was, as a rule, kept tolerably neat.

Margaret's brother Tom and his wife, who lived at the other side of London, had two little children, whose tall, thin forms, pale, pretty faces, and unnaturally gentle quietness gave the impression of extreme delicacy. But Margaret thought differently, and felt sometimes honestly indignant that strong constitutions such as theirs should be so weakened and spoiled. "Why, if you keep a sturdy daisy in a hothouse and do not let the breath of heaven blow upon it, it will become weak and frail and delicate, as though it were to the manner born," she would say. "And I do believe that is just what Laura is doing for her little ones."

Laura of course considered she was doing the best for her children; having been always rather delicate herself, she took it for granted that they must be frail also, and coddled them accordingly.

On one occasion when she was to bring them over to luncheon with their cousins, the morning was fresh and fair and exhilarating, with a fine breeze and bright gleams of sunshine, the very day to put fresh heart into a sickly child; but the hours passed and they did not come, till, upon the stroke of one, Laura walked in alone. "But where are the little ones? Not ill, I hope?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, they are about as usual, and I was sorry for them to miss the treat of coming; but I really dared not bring them out to-day. The wind is so boisterous, and I fancy there is a touch of east in it."

"Afraid of this splendid health-giving breeze! I never heard of such a thing in my life," cried Margaret, almost out of patience.

"Why, every breath of it does one good, and I'm certain if you let them have a brisk run every day of this sort, they would soon look very different. You should have seen little Julius before he came to us; he was the most miserable, white-faced little creature you can imagine, for he never went out at all unless the fancy took him. Now, going out every day, in all weathers, he is as different as possible."

"But you surely do not mean *all* weathers?" cried Laura, aghast.

"Oh, if it really rains much and is very foggy, or if there be a bitter east wind, I keep them at home, but not for a trifling amount of either. Of course, they are well wrapped up, and if their clothes seem at all damp when they come home, they are changed, and with Claud, who has a tendency to bronchitis, nurse is very particular about this; but, taking these precautions, the more fresh air and exercise they have the better they are. Nurse is very wise and sensible in preventing their taking any chill; for instance, after their cold bath every morning they always have a few turns or swings on the gymnasium, and come down looking rosy and bonny."

"I always thought your system of training was very heroic, but I do think a cold, daily bath is too severe, even for your strong boys."

"They would not be so strong if it were not for that," returned Margaret. "People

are so particular about babies and small children being daily bathed, yet as they grow older and acquire a remarkable capacity for getting 'dirty,' the ablutions are decreased. I think that absurd, and let them have the daily cold bath as long as the weather permits, because it is so much more strengthening (with some gymnastics afterwards); when the winter sets in really cold, the water is tepid. But come to the nursery and see them; I'm sure you will approve of my heroics then."

The children had returned from their walk and were hard at work—or rather, hard at play—with a great number of unpainted, wooden bricks, their favourite building implements.

"How happy they seem all by themselves, and they have no toys apparently, either," whispered Laura, after speaking to each.

"I don't allow them to have many toys," said Margaret. "They take no care of them at all if they know that one will be replaced directly it is broken, and they cease to value anything if they have such a number. It is a comfort that they can amuse themselves, for those children who are brought up to require playing *with* and constantly amusing must be a perpetual tax upon one's time and patience."

"What is that wonderful affair on the cupboard-shelf? It looks like an ideal representation of our first parents in the garden of Eden."

"Oh, Laura, the children *would* be offended if they heard you say so," said Margaret, laughing. "That is one of Miss Baines's suggestions. She has a great idea of letting the children make their own toys, and, as they had been intensely thrilled by the reading of 'Robinson Crusoe,' she proposed their making a model of the desert island. There is a piece of wood for foundation, you see, and the seashore consists of sand and pebbles sprinkled upon a gummed surface round the edge. The forest undergrowth is of dried moss, and these tropical-looking trees, you see, have natural twigs for trunks, fastened into gimlet-holes in the main land, with brilliant crevel-wool foliage waving on the top. The cardboard 'castle' was rather difficult, as were also Crusoe himself and Friday; but their construction appeared to be intensely interesting, and still the children often spend a wet half-holiday in studying the book and finding fresh objects to be added to the island, and I daresay when that is quite finished, there will be something similar to be done."

Laura could not but admire and almost envy the bonny looks and healthy, happy natures of her nephews and nieces; and she secretly resolved by gentle degrees to make her own little ones more self-reliant and contented, and if possible more robust too.

Claud, Hugh, Julius, and Cicely always had their midday meal with their mother, that she might see for herself that they ate well and contracted no slatternly habits at table. They lived very simply, having porridge, bread and milk, or rice, or sago milk for breakfast; and for dinner a little meat, or fish, with potatoes and gravy, well cut up and mashed, and a plain pudding, of which suitable varieties are abundant. It was always a treat for them to have "a whole pudding each!" as they would rapturously exclaim, and the cook often managed this by beating an egg for each, adding half a tumbler of milk, a little sugar, and the least pinch of salt. Baked in buttered cups for about twenty minutes and served hot, or turned out cold, with a morsel of jam on each, these made fascinating little puddings. At other times she would break stale bread into cups, soak it with egg and milk, and bake it. Then there were corn-flour or sago shapes, eaten with sugar or fruit syrup; or apples, boiled for about ten minutes, which method of cooking them is much preferable to the usual baking, which is apt to dry them up.

Margaret had a vivid remembrance of the discomfort and often squalor of the "nursery teas" of her childhood, and was anxious to save her little ones from a like infliction. It was therefore arranged for them to have it with Miss Baines in the schoolroom, and as it was the last meal of the day, there was generally some little substantial adjunct added to the usual bread-and-butter bill of fare, such as a lightly boiled egg, or a mould of rice with golden syrup or sugar. Oatmeal scones, gingerbread, or plain cakes also formed a wholesome variety to the children's supper-tea.

(To be continued.)

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.



To the Romans again must we go for the naming of March, so called in honour of Mars, the god of war. Until January and February were added to the calendar, the Romans made it the first month of the year, and in France it

was so reckoned until the year 1564. The Saxons called it Lenet Monat—*i.e.*, length month, in reference to the lengthening of the days at this season, which is also, some affirm, the origin of the term Lent. There are several proverbs relating to the month, based upon its character. Thus it is sometimes said that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and "a dry March never begs its bread." Both these sayings signify that a dry March is favourable to the gardener and to the agriculturist; and this is borne out by another wise "saw," which says that "March grass never did good."

The 1st of March is dedicated to St. David, the patron saint of all Welshmen, who are the pure descendants of the ancient Britons. The custom of Welshmen wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's Day is said to owe its origin to their having gained a great victory over the Saxons, from whom they distinguished themselves by wearing leeks during the battle. The tutelary saint of the Irish, St. Patrick, is also commemorated during this month, on the 17th day, and they wear a sprig of shamrock in his honour. The origin of this is related as follows:—When he first endeavoured to plant the seeds of Christianity in Hibernia, he found great difficulty in persuading the people of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, and, therefore, holding in his hand a leaf of the shamrock, or trefoil, he thereby represented the divisibility of the divinity into three distinct and equal parts, together with its perfect union in one stem. Truly a beautiful illustration!

The symbol of March is a young man of fierce aspect, with helmet upon his head, intended for Mars, the god of war. He holds in his right hand a ram, typical of the sign of Aries, because the sun enters that constellation on the 20th day of the month, when Spring commences.

exactly what is necessary. The bowl must be put in a warm place, but not too warm, and it must not be placed in a draught. If it is made too warm the dough will rise quickly and form a sort of spongy mass which will not answer our purpose at all. If kept too cold it will not rise sufficiently. In summer time it may be put further from the fire than in winter. Let it rise till it feels very light and lithe when touched with the fingers, and is more than twice its original bulk. It is rather unsafe to say how long dough should rise, because a good deal depends upon the quality of the yeast, the place in which it stands, the time of year, and also the method of mixing. When sufficiently risen, turn it upon a baking board and roll it out as you would pastry into pieces about seven inches square and a quarter of an inch thick. Cut the square across from corner to corner; this will give you four triangular pieces for each square. Roll each one of these lightly, beginning at the wide side, put them on a buttered baking tin, with the side uppermost where the point of pastry is, and draw the two ends of the roll towards each other to make a sort of crescent. Let the rolls rise again till they look light, brush them over with beaten egg or milk, and bake in a quick oven. The bread is most excellent when eaten cold.

Yorkshire tea-cakes are also delicious preparations. A true Yorkshireman would tell you that, compared with the sally-lunn of the London shops, they were as "moonlight unto sunlight or as water unto wine." They may be easily made as follows:—

*Yorkshire Tea-cakes.*—Rub six ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, adding a pinch of salt. Dissolve rather less than an ounce of fresh German yeast in half a pint of lukewarm water, put the flour into a bowl which will hold three times its quantity, scoop a hole in the centre, leaving flour to cover the bottom of the bowl, and pour the dissolved yeast into the hole. Draw flour down from the sides and mix it with the liquor to make a smooth batter. Sprinkle a little flour over the top, cover the bowl with a cloth, and leave it in a warm place till bubbles begin to rise through the flour. Beat two eggs and mix them with half a teacupful of milk, add lukewarm milk, and knead well till the dough is smooth and elastic. Cover the bowl again, and let the dough rise till it is quite light. Divide this quantity into ten pieces, roll these till they are about the size of an ordinary saucer, put them on a baking tin and let them rise for a few minutes, prick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. When wanted, split them in halves, toast them, butter them, and serve them hot; or split them, butter them, and serve them cold.

Much as we may enjoy teacakes, sally-lunns are not to be despised, and they will doubtless find advocates among true-born cockneys.

*Sally-lunns.*—Put a pound and a half of flour into a bowl and mix a pinch of salt with it. Put three-quarters of a pint of milk into a stew-pan with four ounces of butter, and let it remain till the butter is melted. The milk should not be much more than lukewarm. Dissolve the yeast with a little sugar, add the milk gradually, and stir both into the flour and also two well-beaten eggs. When quite smooth, divide the dough into four parts, place each of these in a well-greased tin, cover them over, and let them rise till they are about three times their original size. Bake in a quick oven. Sally-lunns are, it is well known, split into three portions before being toasted and buttered.

*Milk-rolls with Yeast.*—Mix a pinch of salt with two pounds of flour in a bowl. Make a hole in the centre and put in an ounce of German yeast which, with half an ounce of baking powder, has been dissolved in half a pint of lukewarm milk. Work in flour

from the sides to make the sponge; sprinkle flour over the top and let the sponge prove or rise till bubbles break through the surface. Add gradually another pint of lukewarm milk and work the dough till it is smooth and elastic. With your hand form the paste into small balls or ovals the size of walnuts, put them on a baking sheet, cover them over, and leave them in a warm place to rise. When they feel light and springy brush them over with milk and put them in a quick oven to bake. This dough may be made into twists, rings, fingers, or plaits instead of rolls. These are the only recipes I will give for making rolls with yeast. I must, however, impress one or two points upon my friends. One is that when yeast is used every thing should be warm. The bowl even may be warmed with advantage, the flour should be perfectly dry, and the liquid should be lukewarm, but not hot. If hot milk is used the bread will be heavy. Another point to be noted is that the dough should not be allowed to get chilled. If it is, it will either rise very slowly or refuse to rise altogether.

*Milk-rolls made with Baking Powder.*—People who are afraid of yeast may make very good rolls with baking powder. Rub two ounces of butter into half a pound of flour, add a little salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and gradually milk to make a stiff dough. Roll the pastry lightly into small oval shapes and bake quickly in a brisk oven. The more quickly rolls are made with baking powder, and the less they are handled, the better they will be. When half baked, the roll may be brushed over with milk. This is a very easy way of making hot rolls for breakfast where hot bread is not objected to. Plain bread also is excellent and wholesome made with baking powder, and of course it is very easily made. You need only to mix a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt with a pound of flour, work it into a firm but not over stiff dough, make it up into small loaves, and bake immediately in a brisk oven. It will be baked in about half-an-hour.

Sometimes in summer housekeepers are annoyed to find that, notwithstanding all their care, the milk will go sour. When people are economically disposed it is a great annoyance to have to waste anything; therefore I give the following recipe, as it shows how milk may be not only utilised but really turned to very good purpose:—

*Scones made with Sour Milk.*—Mix a pinch of salt, a heaped teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same of cream of tartar, with a pound and a half of flour. Add a pint of sour milk to make a light paste, knead the dough, lightly roll it till it is the third of an inch thick, divide it into rounds about six inches in diameter, cut these across twice to form triangular pieces, put the scones on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven. Scones may also be made with baking powder (a dessertspoonful), a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, and four ounces of butter. Make into a rather stiff paste with milk, and bake as before.

I have so often said that practice only will teach this and that in cookery, that I feel almost ashamed to repeat the remark; nevertheless this is especially true with regard to fancy breads, particularly those which are made with yeast. A little experience will enable a girl to make delicious rolls and cakes almost in the dark, while an inexperienced person with the most exact directions for her guidance will make some ridiculous mistake or other, and so throw away all her trouble. Therefore I wish to say to my friends, do not be discouraged if at first you don't succeed, but try again. Remember good Eliza Cook's words,

"Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
And beware of saying 'I can't';  
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead  
To idleness, folly, and want."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

THE three preceding months received their appellations from causes totally unconnected with the particular character of that portion of the year to which they were assigned, but the name of April (derived from the Latin word *aperio*, to open,) was doubtless expressive of the season in which it has been placed. For at this time the young buds begin to open, the earth shoots forth fresh vegetation, and Nature generally awakens from her long winter sleep. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers (I hope you will not get too tired of hearing so often about them) called this month *Oster-Monat*, or *Easter-Monat*, from the name of their goddess, *Eastre*, as some say; while others think it was bestowed on account of the east winds that usually prevail at this season.

The first day of the month is distinguished by the unenviable title of "All Fools' Day." Our present almanacks have discontinued that notice of the day, and the custom which gave rise to it is happily dying out as men grow wiser. There is nothing very amusing in making one's friends go on some foolish errand, or in playing a practical joke upon them. The person so deceived is called an April fool in England, a gowk in Scotland, and *un poisson d'Avril* in France. Some authorities declare that "all" is a corruption of *auld*, or *old*, thereby making it "Old Fools' Day," which derivation does not add more dignity to the festival.

But the most remarkable day in April for all Englishmen is undoubtedly the 23rd, which is dedicated to St. George, the national patron saint. The accounts rendered by different authors of the history of St. George have been so various, and some of them blended with such gross absurdities, that the very existence of this great and popular personage has not only been doubted, but even denied, by modern writers. There is a fabulous history of George, the martyr of Cappadocia, rescuing the King of Beyrout's daughter from a desperate dragon, and all that befell him in his sojourn in Palestine. He is represented on all our old sovereigns and five shilling pieces in the act of slaying the dragon. He was beheaded in the year 296, after being drawn through the city of Lydda, for having openly avowed himself the champion of the Christians. St. George was the ancient word of attack of England, as St. Andrew was that of Scotland, and the figure of this saint is attached to the Order of the Garter, which was instituted by Edward III., after the battle of Calais, in the year 1347. *Apropos* of the establishment of this illustrious order, you have all doubtless heard that its origin was derived from King Edward's having taken from the ground the garter accidentally dropped by the Countess of Salisbury, when he is recorded to have made use of the expression, now the motto of the order, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*."—"Evil be to him who evil thinks." But this whimsical story is probably fabulous, and the establishment of this noble order may be justly ascribed to more serious and dignified motives. The motto is explained as having been adopted by Edward, who laid claim to the throne of France, and thereby meant to retort shame and defiance upon any who should oppose the undertaking he had planned for renewing his right to that crown, in which he was to be upheld by the bravery and influence of these new-formed knights. A more worthy reason than the former. April is aptly depicted as a young man, with a cheerful and youthful face, clad in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds, holding in one hand a bunch of primroses and violets, and in the other the sign Taurus, or the bull, which the sun enters on the 19th of this month.

well drained and filled with very rich soil; they will then grow luxuriantly and can be trained over arch or porch, where the splendid fruit they bear looks quite wonderful.

Scarlet runners may be planted to climb up even such a seemingly useless affair as an old withered Christmas tree. It gives one pleasure to see the dead shrub the children danced around in bleak December's festive week, arrayed in summer in white and green and crimson.

Honeysuckle is too well known to need description; but there are a great many different kinds of it, and sweetly fragrant and pretty they all are. Some bloom in January, others in April and May, and some later on still. They look beautiful spreading over trees, such as our dark, needled pines; but, indeed, it would be extremely difficult to say where they will not grow, and what they will not beautify.

Then there is the Japan honeysuckle, which makes a splendid archway over a gate. It is kind, and contented, and an evergreen, and makes a nice arbour. The wistaria is a gorgeous creeper. I believe the mauve or pale blue-flowered species is the most common in this country. My readers must know the plant, though it is more usually seen in the southern counties of England. Its flowers hang from the woody stems in immense drooping racemes, in shape and form like the laburnum. It looks most lovely as I have seen it in America, growing around and adorning tall pine trees in the forest.

The laburnum is not a creeper; but to a certain extent it can be trained. Now the wistaria and this flowering tree are both out in bloom at the same time. I mean to plant one of each at each side of a gateway, and bring them over to form an arch. Will not the combined blooms look very handsome in early spring?

But, indeed, there is no end to the charming effects that can be produced from tastefully-arranged and well-cultivated creepers.

About ivies I have only space to add that they are quick and willing growers, and will thrive anywhere and beautify anything; and they are always green. Their little bunches of yellow blossoms have little to recommend them, but the berries look pretty. They may be grown in boxes and trained over wooden or wire screens, which can be moved about at pleasure.

How they love the light, those creepers all. Their march is ever onwards; their gaze is ever upwards. May yours be the same, girls!

\* \* \* \* \*

I believe some of my readers have taken the advice I gave in my last, and have got ready boxes for growing outside window flowers in. Well, I shall now tell them what to put in these, so that they may make a nice show all the year round. By the way, though, if you have a brother, and he is a reader of the *Boy's Own Paper*, as all brothers ought to be, you might do worse than take a glance every month at the little article on window gardening appended to "Doings for the Month" in that periodical.

I told you that the mould ought to be rich—refer back, please; and it is as well to keep renewing it, now and then, with a few handfuls of good garden mould, or a mixture of that with leaf, peat, and a little fine sand. I find it a good plan with sickly plants or flowers to treat them sometimes to a spoonful or two of Condry's fluid, or, what is cheaper, a large bottle containing a dessert spoonful of the permanganate of potash, dissolved in water by simply filling the bottle up and shaking.

Bear in mind that you should never overcrowd your flower-box; bear in mind, too, that

when you are transplanting a flower of any kind out of a pot, it is best done in the afternoon, or early morning; but for the first day or two it should have plenty of water and shade from the direct rays of the sun; and it will be as well on very bright and hot days to extemporise some kind of shade over your flowers, else they may get killed.

This is now April, or rather will be when you are reading these lines. Early spring flowers are past and gone, tulips are now growing all to leaf, and crocuses and snowdrops are no more; you must prepare for summer, and exercise a little patience. But if you want a show of bloom all at once, and if you have a garden, you can remove a few of any that are in bloom, but do not fill up with these.

The question now comes to be: What is it best to put into our window-boxes to make a nice summer show? The difficulty I have in replying to this question depends on the fact that there is such a multitude of flowers to choose from. And not only on that alone, for I must not forget that my readers may not wish to spend too much money on the window-box.

For early summer show, then, you may with advantage get a few roots of the golden pyrethrum or golden feather, as it is usually called, the foliage of which is very pretty; also get about a dozen blue lobelias, and plant these in your front row alternately; they are both dwarfs. About the end of April or beginning of May will be time enough to plant calceolarias, and pelargoniums, zoned or ivy-leaved, mixing the former artistically according to foliage or flower. Well, with lobelias, a few yellow-pouched calceolarias, and these geraniums, which by the way ought to have different coloured flowers, and not be too tall or shrubby, you have quite a summer show. But quite a common one you may imagine. Nothing new about it. Well, I confess there is not, but these flowers look well and last a long time.

I am not finished yet, however. The ivy-leaved geraniums have a pretty wee flower; but this is not all, they trail over the box so nicely and hang down, and they need not interfere with the sweet, blue-blooming lobelias. Besides ivy geraniums to trail over the box, we have the tropæolums. Get the sorts that have a small flower of a bright crimson colour; they will form a perfect cascade of beauty. The scarlet and lucifer tropæolums are pretty, and I must not forget the lesser coccineum, quite a lovely dwarf.

In addition to these, when you go to a gardener's or seedsman's greenhouse to have a look around, do not forget to have a glance at the bignonias; you will be charmed with some of them.

The less bushy heliotropes are nice window plants; so are the balsams, some being very superb; so are many species of petunias; and last but not least come the fuchsias, and later on in the season asters bloom. So that really you can dispense entirely with geraniums if you think them common.

The two ends of your box must be reserved for your creepers. If you want a show quickly, get a few bits of wild convolvulus, and plant them under the window—not in the box, the roots spread so. In the box itself you may have the Scotch tropæolum—I believe it is called *Tropæolum speciosum*—or the canary creeper; or you may have creeping roses or maurandyas.

So much for summer blooms, but many of these will last far into autumn; and if you have room you may put a little mignonette or musk with them, or you may keep them for the smaller flower-box on the sill of your bedroom window.

For autumn we have a variety of asters, especially the dwarf kinds, primulas (Chinese),

the autumnal flowering stocks and the dwarf stocks, dahlias, the smaller kinds, and that charming flower the zinnia.

Towards winter we can have Christmas roses and chrysanthemums, and ferns of various kinds.

Now, in the beginning of winter, or, say, the latter end of October or November, is the time to get in your spring bulbs. Buy good ones, but do not overcrowd the boxes with them. Snowdrops come first up, then come crocuses, and by and by tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils, etc.

If you are careful to make a nice selection of these, your window-boxes in springtime will be one mass of gorgeous bloom; and this is the season of the year above all others when flowers are appreciated.

It must be confessed that hyacinths and tulips cost a little money to begin with, that is all; for remember that when they are done blooming you take them carefully up to make room for your summer flowers, and pot them, and then the bulbs go on increasing in number every year, so that you might have some to sell or give to your friends.

The crocus and snowdrop and wild hyacinth of the woods, that bonnie scented blue-bell, are certainly cheap enough. But if you wish to have a show of early spring flowers in your window-box, independent of bulbs, what can you have better than primroses, polyanthuses, forget-me-nots, crimson silene, and later on auriculas and phloxes (dwarf).

Violas and pansies look charming in window-boxes, so do marigolds and linums, and candytuft. But space warns me to stay my pen. Just one or two concluding words—in your hanging baskets put moss, then mould, and plant a fern or two, a trailing tropæolum, some trailing rose and blue lobelia, or the lovely hanging abromia.

Grow your own seeds in flower-pots, and put them in your window-box when ready to plant out. Your accessory flower-pots thus become your reserve forces, from which the regular army in the window-box is recruited.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

MAY is said by some authorities to have received the name in honour of Maia, the mother of Mercury; while others state that the name was assigned to it by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in honour of his nobles or senators, who were called Majores, or Maiors. The Anglo-Saxons gave the appellation Trimilchi to the month, with reference probably to the improved condition of cattle, from the benefit of the spring herbage as food. The first day of the month, May Day, is a very remarkable one in our calendar. May-day festivities are supposed to have originated with the Romans, who worshipped Flora, and celebrated her festival by rejoicings and offerings of spring flowers. In our own country, in former times, the lads and lasses left their houses at break of day, and joined in procession to some neighbouring wood or green, where stood the maypole, painted with various colours, dressed with garlands and streamers, and surmounted by a large crown. There was the village fiddler, seated upon a cart, vigorously scraping away for the dancers to trip joyously round the maypole. These good old times have long since passed away, and are merely honoured now in the remembrance. The last maypole in London was taken down in 1717, and conveyed to Wanstead, in Essex, where it was fixed in the park for the support of an immense telescope. Its original height was upwards of one hundred feet, and it stood

on the east side of Somerset House, where the church now stands. A relic of these pastimes has come down to us in the sports of the chimney-sweepers on the 1st of May. Jack-in-the-Green originally consisted of a man dressed out with flowers and ribbons, carrying a long walking-stick with a wreath of flowers twisted round it. This strange character danced away at the festivities, whisking his stick about, and keeping up the spirit of the games.

The third day is the "Invention of the Cross," being the anniversary of the alleged discovery by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, of the cross on which our Saviour suffered.

The twenty-ninth day is memorable for the restoration of King Charles II., in 1660, to the throne of his ancestors. In some parts of the country the custom still holds of wearing oak leaves and apples in the hat, thereby to perpetuate the remembrance of Charles' wonderful escape, by concealment in an oak tree at Boscobel, after the disastrous battle of Worcester. The allegorical figure of the month is a young man, clad in green, wearing a garland of white and damask roses. In one hand he holds a lute, and on the forefinger of the other is perched a nightingale. The sign of Gemini, or the twins, accompanies him, alluding to the sun's entry into that sign on the 20th of the month.

VARIETIES.

A STRANGE STORY.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the West of England one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of his time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that a very interesting trial for a robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner, but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

His guest manifested some curiosity to hear the trial; and accordingly, next morning he went into court, and was shown to a seat on the bench presently after the trial began.

While the evidence was given against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behaviour, he said, "Oh, my lord, I see a person that can save my life: that gentleman (pointing to the stranger) can prove that I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the whole court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt himself in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before; but he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?"

The gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

"Well," said he; "but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trousers carried your trunk to the inn and told you a story of his being in the service; that he

thought himself an ill-used man; and that he showed you a scar that he had on one side of the forehead?"

During this last question the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's showing the scar he became quite sure that he was the same person.

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said he sometimes made memoranda of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On looking into his pocket-book he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion.

This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court.

Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all brought back together to the same gaol for robbing the mail!—*Holcroft's Memoirs.*

THOUGHTS OF MORTALITY.—To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. "Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return."

A WISE LIBERALITY.—Sure, none need be more bountiful in giving than the sun is in shining; which, though freely bestowing his beams on the world, keeps, notwithstanding, the body of light to himself. Yea, it is necessary that liberality should as well have banks as a stream.

PRUDENT COUNSEL.—It is not good to exasperate any—though far inferior; for, as the fable tells us, the beetle may annoy the eagle and the mouse befriend the lion.

FIRE! FIRE!—A gentleman who was in love with a lady and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house and cried out "Fire! fire! fire!" upon which she threw up the window and asked where. He placed his hand on his heart, and said, "Here! here! here!"

OUR EXAMPLAR.—They say that, at the sight of the Apollo, the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude: in the same way, the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life!—*Sauvestre.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If mineral springs be your object in life,  
For the health of your daughter, yourself, or  
your wife,  
I advise you to visit the two I name here,  
But be careful to choose the right time of the  
year;  
In each water the various min'rals combine—  
One, ferruginous sulphur, the other, saline.

1. A Lombard of piety, learning, and worth,  
Who wand'ring away from the land of his  
birth,  
Was known as an ecclesiastic of fame  
In a country remote from the scenes whence  
he came;  
He became the adviser of monarch and peer;  
His words were decisive, though rarely  
severe,

- And 'twas he who rebuilt, while thus hold-  
ing the helm,  
The grandest cathedral that stands in the  
realm.
2. The earliest instance of "changing her  
name!"  
When a northern princess to a southern  
throne came,  
She surrender'd the name that had once  
been her own  
And by that of her mother-in-law is still  
known.
3. A province that lies on the frontier between  
Two powerful countries and lately the scene  
Of pillage and fighting, of sieges and strife,  
Oppression by war and destruction of life;  
And was giv'n, in part payment, when  
peace was declar'd,  
To th' invaders who 'mongst them th'  
indemnity shar'd.
4. We know that the saints'-days commemo-  
rate those  
Who have conquer'd the world, with its  
wants and its woes,  
But there's one glorious saint who did  
more, for he hurl'd  
To perdition the spirit that masters the  
world.
5. The popes, it would seem, this appellative  
lov'd,  
But alas! a misnomer too often it proved.
6. In the French Revolution, as ev'ryone  
knows,  
Men framed a new calendar: this term they  
chose  
For the month in which *winter brings hail-*  
*storms and snows.*
7. A horrible thing, which the Grecians of old  
Imagin'd! Instead of fair ringlets of gold,  
Her head was with venomous serpents  
o'ergrown,  
And her one eye could strike the beholder  
to stone.
8. The promise of lovers; the test of a man;  
The aim of historians; attain it who can!
9. By Catherine founded, her trade to increase,  
This town has since flourish'd in commerce  
and peace,  
Till the Crimean War, with its shot and its  
shell,  
Caus'd such wanton destruction wherever  
they fell.
10. Two mystical letters: the puzzle has been,  
Very often, exactly to know what they  
mean;  
But I think the transcriber the error has  
done,  
When in writing two letters, he made  
them like one. XIMENA.

ANSWER TO CHARADE (page 371).  
Star-ling.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 407).—

E S H C O L (a)  
V A S C O (b)  
A D R I A N (c)  
N I D R I N G (d)  
G O L F  
E R C I L D O U N E (e)  
L A U R E L  
I S A B E L (f)  
N I N G P O  
E L B O W

Evangeline. Longfellow.

- (a) In Hebrew signifying "a cluster."  
(b) In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed round the "Cape of Storms," and changed its name to "Cape of Good Hope."  
(c) Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear) was choked by a fly.  
(d) A Norse epithet, signifying "utterly worthless."  
(e) The abode of Thomas the Rhymer, called in the Border ballads "True Thomas."  
(f) Isabella of Castile furnished Columbus with the means of embarking on his expedition to discover the Indies.

## GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Deeds not Words, 1s.; Weymouth, 2s.; Every Little Helps, 3s.; Collected by Miss Lottie Jones, £2 11s. 2d.; Collected by Miss Louie Ashwin, £1 14s.; S. E. F., 10s.; E. L., 1s.; Annie, 2s.; Collected by Miss S. S. Reid, £1 11s.; Emilie, 1s.; Bessie, 2s. 6d.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; Agar, 1s.; One who wishes she had more to give, 2s.; Jessamine, 2s.; Miss F. Coupland, 1s.; Miss E. da Costa Rica, 2s. 6d.; Gertie E. C., 1s.; Emily, 1s.; Collected by Miss Jennie Taylor, 11s. 9d.; Agharad, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. L. R., £1; J. B. R., 2s. 6d.; C. M. R., 2s.; J. G. M., 2s.; H. E. C., 2s.; J. C., 2s.; Ninety-six Stamps, 8s.; Louie, 5s.; Ethel M. W. Marsh, 2s.; Collected by Miss Kate Fordham, £1 0s. 9d.; Collected by Mrs. Esslemont, £2 13s.; Marjoram, 1s.; A Servant, 5s.; Collected by Miss Mary Hurwood, 11s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Clarke, £1 4s.; Collected by Miss L. Baron, 12s.; A. G. H., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Florence Newbold, £1 10s. 6d.; Miss Florry Smith, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Walser, £2 1s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Clapp, 5s.; Nora and Bessie, 1s.; A. M. W., 2s. 6d.; Waratah and Lily, 3s.; Collected by Miss Ada Bagnell, £1 1s.; Miss E. Welby, 5s.; E. B., 15s.; E. and K., 5s.; Miss Caroline K. Turner and Fellow Servant, 1s.; Collected by Miss Solly, £3 14s.; Inverurie, 2s. 6d.; Holyrood, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Marion Tye, £5 8s.; Ivy, 5s.; Collected by Miss Barber, 10s.; A. K. L., 2s.; Collected by Miss Anna Tillyard, £1 2s.; Miss Mary Haslam, 1s.; Collected by Mrs. Duncan and Friends, £3 6s. 6d.; Scotland, 5s.; Miss Nellie Farley, 2s.; Mrs. Morison, 2s. 6d.; Dartford, 2s.; H. C., 2s. 6d.; Seven Ealingites, 7s. 6d. Total, £39 7s. 2d. Total amount received to March 31, 1883, £208 12s. 5d.

It has taken so long a time for the above sum to be collected, that the Editor is afraid that if the girls do not become more active, the Girl's Own Home will scarcely be a real institution during the present century! The girls one and all, therefore, are earnestly requested to wake up, and apply to Mr. John Shimplon for collecting cards. His address is 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Will not every reader of this magazine do what she can to help her poor hard-working sisters of wicked London, by providing them with a respectable home? The temptations in this wicked metropolis are multifarious to the poor hard-workers without wholesome shelter, but fewer to those who have comfortable and Christian homes; therefore, girls, remove those temptations by subscribing to the *Girl's Own Home*.

## VARIETIES.

## TENNYSONIAN PUZZLE.

The first letter of the name of the person to whom the first quotation refers, the second of the second, the third of the third, &c., when read together will form the name of the person to whom this quotation refers:—

- "Lightly was her slender nose  
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."  
1. "So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple."  
2. "He has a solid base of temperament."  
3. "The prettiest little damsel."  
4. "Beyond expression fair  
With thy floating, flaxen hair."  
5. "Soft, gracious, kind."  
6. "A miniature of loveliness,  
All grace summed up and closed in little."  
7. "She seemed a part of joyous spring."

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears

best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, and visits, and whose delight is in all such things; the other is the kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of the house. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there should be two classes of girls. The right thing would be to unite the desirable qualities in one.

## TO HAVE AND TO BE.

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—a fair return be thine;  
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine. *Schiller.*

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.—Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. —*Addison.*

AN ERROR OF YOUTH.—It is the error of youth to consider itself more happy or unhappy than it really is.—*Lessing.*

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

JUNE, sweet month of roses, and other lovely flowers, derives its name, it is generally supposed, from Juno, the wife of Jupiter; although some assert that it is derived from the Latin word *junius*, because it is considered especially the month for young persons. In our earliest Anglo-Saxon times the name for June was Weyd Monat, because, says a quaint old writer, "Their beasts did then weyd in the meddowes, that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a meddow is also in the Tutonicke called a *weyd*, and of weyd we yet retain our word *wade*, which we understand of going through watrie places, such as meddowes are wont to be" (what curious spelling it was in old times!). Life out-of-doors is now very enjoyable, and although the rain may fall more frequently than is pleasant, yet we have the bright sunshine quickly following to dry up the ground again. In the fields and country lanes we charm our eyes with the delicate white rose and rambling honeysuckle, the meadow-sweet, and the fox-glove, while the air is perfumed with the fragrant peas and beans and the delicious clover. The longest day in the year occurs on the 21st, which at Greenwich is sixteen hours, thirty-four minutes, and five seconds; the shortest day being seven hours, forty-four minutes, and seventeen seconds.

The 23rd is Midsummer-eve, which used to be kept with various ceremonies in different parts of England, bonfires being lighted, and the doors of the houses decorated with St. John's wort, long fennel, green-birch flowers, and candles and lamps, which were kept burning all night.

The following day, the 24th, is called St. John's Day, being held in commemoration of the nativity of John the Baptist.

The ancients represented this month as a young man clothed in a green-coloured mantle, having his head ornamented with a crown of flowers, while he held an eagle in his left hand, and bore a basket of summer fruits upon his right arm. The sign of the zodiac called Cancer, or crab, is also placed near him, in allusion to the sun's entrance into that sign on the 22nd of the month, to make the summer solstice.

## THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

By ANNE BEALE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccles. xi. 1.

## PART II.—AT TILBURY.

"LET tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the *midst and heat* of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust."

Thus spake Queen Elizabeth in her memorable speech at Tilbury, and we are told her deeds were great as her words. Day by day she reviewed her troops in the camp on horseback, and bearing a marshal's truncheon; "she was saluted wherever she moved," says an eye-witness, "with cries, with shouts, with all tokens of love, of obedience, of readiness and willingness to fight for her;" and accompanied by "divers psalms, put into form of prayers, in praise of Almighty God, no way to be misliked, which she greatly commended, and with very earnest speech thanked God for them." To this same Tilbury camp and fort flocked Englishmen of all ranks and creeds—noble and peasant, Protestant and Catholic—ready to offer their lives for their queen and country; for it was ascertained that the invincible Spanish Armada was to disembark in Essex, and hence the camp at Tilbury. We have all heard how this mighty fleet was chased from our seas by the Howards, Drakes, Hawkins, Frobishers, and numerous others of our admirals and their dauntless sailors, until they reached Spain again, minus eighty-one ships and 13,500 soldiers. But we may not all know that the Queen herself composed a remarkable prayer, closing with the words, "Thou that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech, with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm, with the least loss of English blood. To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou Thy blessed grant. Amen."

As in that time of extreme peril the prayer of sovereign and people was graciously answered, and no Spanish troops landed, either in Essex or elsewhere, so now God hears the prayers of those who call upon Him. At Tilbury, where, nearly three hundred years ago, those psalms arose in its ever-memorable camp, supplications continually ascend to heaven for the soldiers that man its fort, the sailors that leave its waters, and the navvies that work in its docks. The Thames Church Mission "prays without ceasing" for all these, and there are many proofs that the Most High hears and answers its petitions. Vast docks with miles of wharves have been, and are still being constructed in the Thames, and those now forming at Tilbury are of immense importance. While redeeming the East Tilbury Marsh and framing these mighty docks, the navvies are not forgotten, and already the Thames Church Mission has done much for them, and hopes for abundant fruit before these works are finished. Already it has built a mission room. This has only been opened a few months, and the missionary says, "I have services in three houses every week in addition to those in the mission room. Through the preaching of the Word a man became deeply impressed. I was holding an open air

Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch."

"What next?" asked Rose.

"I shall play," said Nora, "one of the songs of Schubert, transcribed by Liszt for the piano."

She then played that beautiful one, "Faith in Spring," beginning—



"Play another," said Florence.

She played "The Wanderer."

There was a general desire for a third, so we had the "Ave Maria," which everyone declared was the finest of all.

"We might have a song now," said Ralph, "and if no one can suggest anything better, I shall sing 'Du bist wie eine Blume.'"

He sang it, rather coldly perhaps, but his taste was irreproachable.

"That is a charming song," said Ambrose.

"Whose are the words?"

"Heine's," answered Ralph, and he repeated them from the beginning.

"Du bist wie eine Blume,  
So hold und schön und rein;  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schön und hold."

"We might have a specimen of Liszt's dance music next," said Arthur.

And Rose followed up the suggestion by playing a *masurka brillante* with which many of us were familiar.

Edward now suggested that, by way of variety, we should have a piece for the harmonium, and he looked over to Agnes, who is by a long way our best harmonium player.

"Liszt," said Agnes, "has written and arranged several pieces for the organ and harmonium, but the only one I know is this, which he describes as an *andante religioso*."

We returned next to the piano, and Nora played the "Wilde Jagd," one of the *Etudes d'exécution transcendante*, and splendidly too, never seeming to exert herself even when playing the most difficult passages.

Her place was taken by Annabella, she of the formal temperament, who played the "March of Rakoczy."

Then Florence asked if anyone knew any more songs by Liszt.

"Yes," said Edward, "I can sing 'Comment disaient-ils,' the words of which are by Victor Hugo. It is a very charming song, and I wish I could do it justice, but I have a rebellious voice, and it is not in tune to-night."

He then sang—

"Comment, disaient-ils,  
Avec nos nacelles,  
Fuir les alouettes?  
Ramez, disaient-elles.

"Comment, disaient-ils,  
Oubliez querelles,  
Misère et périls?  
Dormez, disaient-elles.

"Comment, disaient-ils,  
Enchanter les belles  
Sans philtres subtils?  
Aimez, disaient-elles."

"Let us finish off the evening," said Ambrose, "with Liszt's arrangement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for two pianos."

"There is no time for that," replied Arthur; "I propose rather that we should ask Nora to play No. 3 of the *Consolations*; that in D flat."

Nora made no difficulty about doing so, and, as no one seemed in haste to rise, she afterwards played No. 6 of the *Consolations* in C sharp minor.

Then Agnes asked if she knew a romance by Spohr transcribed by Liszt for the piano.

"Is it the one," asked Nora, "originally written to the words—

'Rose, softly blooming, formed to allure,  
Emblem of nature, lovely and pure?'"

"The same."

"Then," said Nora, "I know it very well; you will find it amongst my music."

With that romance ended our Liszt concert, and everyone went home in high spirits and with pleasant recollections of good music, good playing, good singing, and unrestrained friendly intercourse.

"How late it is," said Nora to Edward, as she stood at her own door, "and yet no one seemed inclined to go. But I am afraid I tire you." And she made haste to relieve him of two music books and a music-roll.

"We are never weary," said he, "of doing what we like to do."

## VARIETIES.

**IN DANGER.**—A notorious rogue, being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, he took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you, in the King's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger because of him."—*Lord Bacon.*

**THE WORST OF WEALTH.**—She is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to *supply* wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it *creates* more wants than it supplies.

**A WIDE BERTH TO POVERTY.**—Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.—*Dr. Johnson.*

**NUMBERING OUR DAYS.**—Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated; whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days, and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those who dare misspend it, desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 558).

W	A	R
E	L	F
S	A	L
T	H	E
G	I	G
A	R	I
T	A	R
E	S	T
Westgate	Ramsgate.	

(a) The capital of Bœotia, founded B.C. 1493 by Cadmus, who invented the first sixteen letters of the Greek alphabet.

(b) The boat kept for the use of the captain of a man-o'-war is called his "gig."

(c) The wife of Patus Cœcinnia, a senator, suspected of joining a conspiracy against the Emperor Claudius and condemned to death.

(d) Dukes of Ferrara.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.



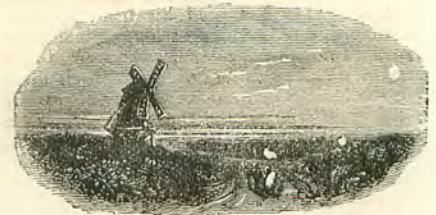
IN the ancient calendar of the Romans July was called Quintilis, to denote its numerical position, being in fact the fifth month of the old Latin

year. But in consequence of the alterations made in the calendar by Numa Pompilius, July became the seventh month; and later on Marc Antony changed its name to Julius in honour of Julius Caesar. The old Anglo-Saxon

name was Hey Monat, from the hay harvest, and also Maed Monat, from the meads being then in full bloom.

The month of July is generally very hot, for on the 3rd day the "Dog-days" begin, and continue until the 11th of August. This name was first given in reference to the rising of Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation, also called Canis Major, or Dog-star. Its appearance was formerly thought to make the sea boil, wine to turn sour, dogs to go mad, and all other creatures generally to languish! Such were the strange beliefs of ignorance and superstition.

The 15th of the month is dedicated to St. Swithin, who lived in the ninth century, and was the deviser of tithes under King Egbert. Being very pious and learned he was created Bishop of Winchester, and at his death was canonized by the pope. He requested that he might be buried in the open churchyard, which was all the more singular, as the bishops were generally buried in the chancel of the church. The story goes that the monks, wishing to translate the remains of the saint on his canonization, resolved to do so on the 15th July, with a solemn procession and great pomp; but as it rained violently on that day and the forty days succeeding, they looked upon it as a mark of disapprobation on the part of the defunct saint, and erected a chapel over his grave instead, at which many miracles are said to have been performed. Ever since then a popular notion has prevailed that if it rains upon St. Swithin's Day there will be rain for the forty ensuing days, so now when you hear this little superstition mentioned, you will be able to account for it. The truth is that at this time of the year there is often much rain, but its connection with any special day is mere fable. The allegorical representation of the month is that of a strong, robust man, clad in a jacket of light colour, to the girdle of which is attached a bottle. He is eating cherries, and bears a scythe upon his shoulders, symbolical of the hay-harvest, while by his side stands Leo, the lion, which is the sign of the zodiac into which the sun enters upon the 23rd day of the month.





and your doings," said her sweet voice. "I have had one or two bad days since I saw you; days when I have said to myself, 'Is this bad health or bad temper that makes me feel unsettled?' I believe I have been rather over-tired, that is all."

Frank Lilly did begin to talk about himself; modestly, it is true, but all the more freely because formalities were laid aside, and Mary's invalid condition made his visit altogether unceremonious. She was so sincerely interested in the details of his work, and so ready with gentle counsel, that this was a very happy evening to him.

"It seems to me," she said, when he had been pouring out some of his sorrows, "that you have been in as much danger lately of thinking too much of your calling as you were formerly of forgetting it. You must just have patience, and come down to people when they won't come up to you. St. Simeon Stylites was thoroughly in earnest when he perched himself up on his column, but what might he not have done if he had descended, and worked, and prayed amongst men, and met them on common human ground?"

"But, somehow, your saints in comfortable broadcloth are very difficult to believe in," answered Frank, with a sigh.

"One does despise the reverend Charles Honeyman with his rich silk cassock, and his dear little boots," said Mary, laughing. Poor Frank blushed hotly, remembering the days when he had thought a great deal about his own boots. "But," she added, perceiving his confusion, and quickly divining its cause, "I believe there are more true saints in broadcloth than ever there were in sackcloth. And once let a man have an honest desire to help others to become better, and he is sure to find the way to their hearts. Only he must learn, as St. Paul did, to become all things to all men; and not fancy he is going to make all men become just like himself."

"Now you have been talking quite long enough," said Bona, coming up to the sofa. "Mr. Lilly, I must send you away. You know you are to come again soon; and you will take my unceremonious dismissal as a sign of friendship."

So Frank departed, and made his way back to his lodging with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a day. Mary's influence upon him was very different from what Cassie's had been. Cassie had flattered and dazzled him, until he could neither see himself as he really was, nor the duties that were lying all around him. Mary made all things clear; she showed him his mistakes without disheartening him; she pointed to his duties, and they seemed easy. He worked better, and preached better, for that visit to the Bloomsbury square, and he thanked God, as many men have had cause to do, for the friendship of a good woman.

He was doubly ashamed now, when he remembered the old days. He saw that he might have been miles further on in the march of life if he had not

stopped to trifle by the wayside. If he had only read, and thought, and laboured, instead of dangling after Cassie Decke, and wasting his time in the small gaieties of Yare!

And then he thought of Mary Berrithorne's trial, and of its influence on her life and character. That she had suffered deeply he had learnt from her writings; but had not those griefs of hers helped to make her what she was? Were his little mortifications (the natural outgrowth of his own vanity) to be compared to her stern sorrows? The Reverend Frank Lilly walked very humbly after these meditations, and was better liked and more respected than he had ever been before.

He went frequently to see his friend and counsellor, and was always kindly welcomed. Miss Carlisle used to treat him as a kind of *protégé*, according to him the same sort of licence she gave to Harry's schoolfellows. Even Mary seemed to forget that she and Frank were nearly of the same age; and behaved to him in an elder-sisterly manner that began, ere long, to make his heart ache in a most unreasonable way.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wenlock, in his country vicarage, was mourning over the latest tidings from a distant land. And when those tidings found their way to Bloomsbury, Mary Berrithorne wept such bitter tears as she had not shed for years.

(To be continued.)

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

AUGUST is the glorious time of harvest. The year has now reached its prime. In the fields the busy reapers are hard at work from early morn to dewy eve, getting in the fully ripened corn. Sheaves of wheat are now piled upon the carts, and the whole countryside is astir with life. In addition to the wheat, oats, and barley, the hops are now gathered, and the picturesque hop-gardens are alive with busy hands, picking the long green sprays of hops, which will be converted sooner or later into beer, that great English beverage! To the sportsman, too, does August bring work and pleasure, for on the 12th of this month he lies to the moors with his dogs, and commences the slaughter of the much-coveted game. Yet although the noon is hot, and the sky is blue, there is the beginning of the silent change that tells us that the year is on the turn, and we must look forward to winter, and backwards to summer.

August derives its name from the Roman Emperor, Augustus Cæsar, to whom it was dedicated in honour of his being created Consul in this month. It was the sixth month in the Roman Calendar, but Numa Pompilius made it the eighth; Julius Cæsar gave it thirty days; and Augustus, taking one day from February, gave August henceforth thirty-one days. The Anglo-Saxons called it *Arn-monat*, or *Barn-monat*, alluding to this being the period when their barns were commonly filled, the Saxon word *Arn* signifying harvest.

The 1st of August is called Lammas-day, and was one of the four cross quarter-days of the year; Whitsuntide being the first of these quarters, Lammas the second, Martinmas the next, and Candlemas the last; and such partition of the year was formerly equally as

common as Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. Lammas seems to have been held as a day of thanksgiving for the new fruits of the earth. It was probably a great heathen festival.

The 6th day commemorates the Transfiguration of our Lord, which is not observed by the Church of England, although it is inserted in the calendar attached to the Prayer-book. The Greek Church instituted this feast as early as the year 700; but the Latin did not adopt the institution until 1456, when Pope Calixtus passed a decree for its general observance.

On the 10th a grand festival is held in Spain in honour of St. Lawrence, who, being by birth a Spaniard, has ever been highly exalted by the Spanish nation, and is their tutelary saint. The celebrated Escorial, situated near Madrid, founded by Philip II., and dedicated to St. Lawrence (in honour of a battle won on his day), is built in the form of a gridiron, which is supposed to be the instrument of torture by which the saint met his death at the hands of the Emperor Valerian.

On the 15th of August, 1769, was born, at Ajaccio in Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte; the great leading star, military and political, of the Western World, for nearly a quarter of a century. During the reign of the second Empire in France, this anniversary was always considered a *grand jour de fête* among the Parisians. The illuminations were magnificent, and everything was done to give due prominence to the birthday of that Emperor who had done such great things for France. What a different story is told to-day!

The 24th day is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and this festival was instituted A.D. 1130. When the Apostles took different routes, the more extensively to propagate the Gospel, St. Bartholomew travelled with energetic zeal and great hazard through Arabia Felix, Lycaonia, and Phrygia, in which latter country he witnessed the cruel death of his friend St. Philip, and narrowly escaped a similar fate, to suffer a death yet more painful; for, about the year 72, he was flayed alive by order of Astyages, brother to Palemon, king of Armenia. He may readily be recognised in all Scriptural paintings by the representation of a knife in his left hand, in allusion to the terrible death to which he was doomed. His day has also a horrible historical celebrity, in connection with the massacre of the Huguenots in Paris, in 1572, by order of the king, Charles IX. of France, and his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Prince Albert, the illustrious Consort of our Queen, was born at the castle of Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819, and his marriage with Her Majesty took place in 1840. He was the son of Ernst Anton Karl Ludwig, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose ancestors were Margraves of Meissen, in the twelfth century, and Electors of the Empire from 1425 to 1547.

On the 28th day, 430 A.D., died St. Augustine, one of the most celebrated Fathers of the Church, at Thagaste, in Africa. His mother, Monica, appears to have been a woman of considerable piety, and instructed him in the principles of the Christian religion. Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, in token of his high estimation of St. Augustine's virtues, ordained him a priest; and in the year 392 caused him to be advanced to the dignity of Bishop of that place, Valerius himself being preferred to another See.

The allegorical representation of the month is a young man of rustic and cheerful countenance, with a flame-coloured habit; upon his head is a garland of rye and wheat; upon his arm a basket of ripe fruits; at his belt a sickle; and at his side the sign *Virgo*, the Virgin, because the sun enters that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER is, literally, the seventh month of the year according to the ancient Roman calendar, as established by Romulus, but the ninth of Numa's year. It derives its name from the Latin words *Septem*, seven, and *ember*, a shower of rain, as this is generally the commencement of the rainy season. Our Saxon ancestors called this month *Gerst Month*. It was thus called, says Verstegan, because "barley, which that month commonly yielded, was antiently called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it by reason of the drink therewith made, called *beere*, and from *berlegh* it came to be *berlegh*, and from *berlegh* to *barley*. This excellent and healthsome liquor, *beere*, antiently also called *ael*, as of the Danes it yet is (*beere* and *ael* being, in effect, all one), was first of the Germans invented and brought into use."

September is the month for the sports of the field. With the first day commences partridge shooting, and the eager sportsman, who has watched where the birds alight and feed, hastens to the stubbles with dogs and gun. The autumnal season sets in about Michaelmas with a cooler air, often cold nights, but generally fine weather. As it advances, and the temperature continues to decline, it frequently produces showers and wet weather, accompanied with high gales of wind, which prevail mostly during the night, and are often succeeded by dead calms in the daytime. Towards the end of the month the fogs become dense, and sometimes last during the day.

The first is St. Giles's Day. This saint was born at Athens, became Abbot of Nismes, in France, in 715, and died in 750. He is the patron saint of beggars and cripples. St. Giles's Church, Cripple-gate, London, and the High Church, Edinburgh, are dedicated to him. On the 2nd September, 1666, broke out the terrible fire of London, which consumed eighty-nine churches, Guildhall, the City gates, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, 13,000 dwelling-houses, and 400 streets. The ruins of the city after the conflagration were 436 acres, from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east along the City wall to Holborn Bridge.

The fourteenth day is called Holy Cross, or sometimes Holyrood Day. It is a festival of the Roman Catholic Church, and celebrates the miraculous appearance of a cross in the sky to the Emperor Constantine. It is only noticed in our almanacs as a guide to the autumnal ember days which are governed by this holiday.

The 29th is Michaelmas Day, a festival instituted in the year 487, in honour of St. Michael and All the Angels. It is a great festival in the Church of Rome, and is still retained in the calendar of the Church of England. Wheatley, in his "Exposition of the Book of Common Prayer," remarks that the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels is observed that the people may know what benefits we derive from the Ministry of Angels. Many very curious customs are observed in different parts of the country upon Michaelmas Day. In Kidderminster the inhabitants, till within the last thirty years, assembled at a particular hour of the day, which was announced by the ringing of the town-house bell, and during one hour, termed *lawless hour*, the poorer class of people amused themselves by throwing cabbage stalks at each other, while the higher class threw apples from the Town Hail amongst the crowd. In some parts of Scotland the people bake a cake upon this day, which is called "St. Michael's bannock." In England geese are killed and

eaten, which custom is erroneously assigned to Queen Elizabeth in the following story: That, being on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th September, 1588, she is alleged to have dined with Sir Neville Umfreville, at his seat near that place, and to have partaken of a goose, which the knight, knowing her taste for highly-seasoned and substantial dishes, had provided; that after dinner she drank a half-pint bumper of Burgundy to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, soon after which she received the joyful tidings that her wishes had been fulfilled; that, being delighted with the event, she commemorated the day annually by having a goose for dinner, in imitation of Sir Neville's entertainment, and that consequently the Court adopted the like custom, which soon became general throughout the kingdom. That Queen Elizabeth did dine with this gallant knight is not to be disputed, and the currency of the story renders it more than probable that a goose formed part of the banquet. But the custom is of much older date, and equally observed on the Continent as in England. Among other testimonies of its having been a long established luxury may be adduced a well-known and feeling wish expressed by Christiern, king of Denmark, who reigned from 1455 to 1493, "that he hoped to see the time when not only nobles, but good burghers through his land, should feed on a fat goose every St. Michael's Day."

"The decline of the year has now commenced. The leaves of the trees are donning their golden and tawny tints. The orchard trees are laden with pears, plums, and apples. The hedgerows are brightened with the scarlet berries of hips, haws, and honeysuckles, as well as with the bright fruit of the privet, the thorn, the elder, and the blackberry. The harvest is over, and we cannot but feel thankful to the Giver of all good things for it, and the many bounties which we now so freely enjoy."

September is allegorically represented as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hue of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his right hand he holds a basket of medlars, chestnuts, mushrooms, and other fruits, "ripe and rare;" while in his left hand he grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd day of the month.

---

## CRAYONIUM.

THE present age is one of surprises, which follow each other in such quick succession that no sooner do we understand the workings of one invention, than another springs up, attracts our attention, is tried, and supersedes the first either for its novelty or utility.

The new aid to drawing known as Crayonium can fairly be said to have a claim to both the above terms, it being decidedly a novelty, and it also enables any person to obtain a perfect outline of any design, and to enlarge or decrease the same, without having to learn to draw.

For mechanical drawing, for enlarging plans, copying architectural pictures, the instrument used is invaluable, while it will give a perfect sketch of a head, full-length figure, or of any landscape, and will leave nothing for the artist to do in the way of outline, and only requires to be finished by shading to become a perfect picture. An invention that thus confers the power of drawing upon anyone will be a great boon to people who are fond of the art and have a decided taste for colouring, and who at the same time have not the power of sketching

correctly or of copying a likeness. When from a small picture of a friend or some celebrated person a life-like enlargement is thus obtainable, half the trouble of the work is over, and what is more important the likeness is not lost, as is so often the case in enlargements, where one line too short or too broad will alter the whole effect.

The manner of working is as follows: The instrument used can only be obtained of Miss Gaspard, 200, Regent-street, who is the sole registree of the same, and this is screwed down upon a flat table. It is fitted with movable arms, to the *shortest* of which is fixed a fine-pointed tracer, under which the design to be enlarged is secured. The second and longer arm stretches to the right of the tracer, and is so made that its length can be regulated so as to enable the worker to produce an exact copy of the picture, a slight enlargement, or a life-size enlargement. To the end of this long arm a pencil or sharp-pointed black crayon is secured, and under it the drawing-paper, canvas, or whatever is to be used for the background of the enlargement is placed.

The worker holds the pencil lightly in the right hand, and moves it with her eyes fixed upon the tracer, so that she makes the tracer which moves with the pencil accurately pass over every line of the design, lifting it away from the design when any break in a line occurs, and going over every part—such as all the curls in the hair, every part of the features, every fold in the drapery, any ornaments either upon the figure or in the background, and in fact everywhere where a line of any size or of the slightest importance occurs. While the attention is thus fixed upon the tracer, the pencil held in the right-hand is repeating all the lines made by the tracer, and from its position making a long line to correspond with a short line made by the former, and thus the enlargement is mechanically obtained, the worker having nothing to do with it except keep the point of the pencil upon the paper, and so regulate the action of the tracer that it perfectly goes over the lines of the design.

A perfect facsimile of the picture obtained, the finishing has to be considered. For a plan or outline, simply deepening the lines with Indian ink is enough. For a chalk drawing or real "Crayonium," stumps and black chalk are required. The hair and features are worked up like an ordinary chalk drawing, with lights and shades and clearly defined strokes, while all the shadows upon the face, neck, arms, or drapery are made by stumping in powdered chalk in those parts, or rubbing the same on with the first finger. Depth of shade is given by rubbing in a good deal of chalk where this occurs, lighter shadows by using but little chalk, and soft tones melting into the lights, by softening the chalk upon the picture with bread crumbs. White chalk should be rubbed in for the very highest lights. Coloured Crayoniums are either worked up like French pastilles with coloured chalks, or are painted with water-colours, while for oil paintings the same finish is required as for ordinary pictures, the Crayonium in them only giving the correct outlines.

Pictures instead of being enlarged by this process can be decreased. This is done by reversing the positions of the pencil and tracer and putting the latter and the picture to be decreased under the long arm of the instrument. Lessons and instrument can be obtained at 200, Regent-street.

We need hardly point out to our readers that Crayonium is an art that anyone with a little patience can excel in, and that being such, it is sure to become a fashionable accomplishment.

B. C. S. WARD.

Perhaps amongst your acquaintances, whom you know but slightly, there may be one who, so far as your knowledge of her goes, seems to be the friend you want. Her sympathies respond to yours, and even on first meeting there was that strange feeling of affinity between you which tells you you might be good friends; but she makes no sign, and takes no steps to become better acquainted. If she would make overtures of friendship, you would gladly respond; but she does not, and you say, of course, you will not push yourself forward where you are not wanted.

There is a French proverb: "Chacun veut avoir un ami, mais on ne s'occupe guère d'en être un." "Everyone wishes to have a friend, but never troubles himself to be one."

If everyone waited for someone else to make a beginning, friendships would never be made at all. The Bible says, "He that would have a friend must show himself friendly." So perhaps it is for you to take the first step—to begin acting the part of a friend. Very likely the girl you have taken a fancy to is just as much in want of a friend as you are, and is wishing you would appear more inclined for further acquaintance, as, "of course," she will say, "she will not push herself where she is not wanted."

A girl said to me once that when she was writing letters she always looked at her correspondent's last letter to see how she signed herself, as she was always afraid of appearing too affectionate, and liked to regulate her expressions of friendship by those of her correspondent.

But these severely cautious people are not the kind of friends we should most care for, nor is it the kind of affection others would care to find in us. A real friend is one to whom you can write or speak exactly what you feel without fear of being misunderstood; and if you want anyone to be your friend you must not take offence because she is not always at the same pitch of demonstrative affection. If you want to have a friend, remember you must be one, always ready to render a service, and equally willing to ask one of others. Nothing so soon begets a kindly feeling as the performing of a kind action, far sooner than the receiving one; so if your friend has it in her power to do something for you, have no scruples in asking it.

If you have done your part, and still your friendship does not prosper, consider if you deserve a friend. Have you endeavoured to make yourself lovable, to overcome those failings which estrange the affection of those about you? Are you honest and straightforward, or affected and silly? Are you always courteous and considerate to others, or do you sometimes, in your anxiety not to be overlooked yourself, forget the feelings of other people? Try for a moment to imagine yourself another person, and consider what it is in that person that makes her so unlovable; what fault or folly is it that she gives way to. Look over the events of this very day, and see if she has given way to bad temper, or laziness, or boasting, or any other wrong thing; and if you find her guilty of any such, take the besetting sins, just one at a time, and ask God every morning to help you conquer that one special failing. Try to win at least three victories over yourself every day, and each conquest will make the next easier. Then, when that temptation to evil has become less strong by this constant watchfulness and prayer, take another, and you will find that as you overcome your faults and become more lovable, people are sure to love you.

Having found your friend, do not be too exacting; do not expect her always to be exactly the same in her manner; do not accuse her instantly of fickleness and coldness because there is a shade less of her usual demon-

strativeness. Perhaps she has toothache, and in consequence is in very low spirits, and writes what you consider a cold letter; but that is a reason why you should be more affectionate than usual, rather than less so.

Above all things, never believe a report about your friend till you have been straight to her and asked her the truth about it. The longer you live the more you will find how quickly evil and untrue reports are spread, and how unsafe it is to believe them without carefully tracing them back to their source. Solomon says, "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends," and it is the same at the present day. Telling and listening to tales against other people is an unfeeling source of mischief, and breaks up more friendships than anything else.

But I cannot close without saying a word to some girl who may read this, and who, through no fault of her own, is so situated that she cannot make a friend, and whose yearning for sympathy and love meets no return. Dear girl, let me remind you that perhaps our Lord is withholding human friendship from you because He wants to draw you nearer to Himself. If you had a friend who fulfilled all your desire, you might be satisfied with earthly happiness, and forget to look upward, for where your treasure is there your heart will be also. Jesus is longing for your love; if you will go to Him with all your worries and your pleasures, telling Him about all your interests as simply as you would an earthly friend, you will find that your longing for sympathy will be satisfied at once. In Him you will find no changeableness; your affection will never meet with a cold return; but He will be to you "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

## CHATS ON THE CALENDAR.

OCTOBER derives its name from the Latin words *Octo*, eight, and *imber*, a shower of rain, and was the eighth month in the calendar of Romulus, but was changed to the tenth month by Numa. The number of its days in the time of Romulus was the same as at present. Numa reduced them to twenty-nine; but Julius and Augustus Cæsar each added one day, so that the original number was restored, and has not since been altered.

By our Anglo-Saxon ancestors this month was called *Wyn Monath*, or wine month; "and albeit they had not antiently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining."

There are not many notable days in this month. The 11th is Old Michaelmas Day, on which a custom formerly prevailed in Hertfordshire for young men to assemble in the fields, and choose a leader whom they were obliged to follow through fields and ditches. This occurred every seven years, and every publican then supplied a gallon of ale and a *ganging cake*—a plum cake—so-called from the day being termed a *ganging-day*.

The 25th is dedicated to St. Crispin, the patron saint of all the cobblers. Formerly St. Crispinian's name was coupled with St. Crispin's, but it has long been disjoined from it. These two saints are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who in the third century went as Christian missionaries to France, and preached at Soissons. In imitation of St. Paul, they supported themselves by working at the trade of a shoemaker by night, while they preached during the day. Shakespeare has immortalised the day in the speech he has given to our King Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt (which was fought on this day), and which some of you may perhaps remember. King Henry says, addressing his soldiers:—

"This day is called the feast of Crispian;  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Allhallowen occurs on the 31st of this month and is the vigil of All Saints' Day. Many curious customs are connected with this festival. Burns informs us (in a note to his poem on Halloween) that "the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yira*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems are placed somewhere over the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the stems, the names in question."

Some of the very old Saxon calendars have marked the character of this month by the figure of a husbandman, carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, as expressive that October was a proper time for that important part of agricultural labour, when the weather was cool and dry. In later times October has been depicted as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hues of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak-leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his left hand he holds a basket of chestnuts, medlars, and mushrooms, while his right hand grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

## NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

*March of the Old Brigade.* By Odoardo Barri.—A stirring military march in the key of B flat. Brilliant and showy, at the same time easy to play.

*Dame Margery.* Rondo gavotte. By G. J. Rubini.—A pretty, simple, graceful piece, in the key of G, well suited for moderate players.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

*The Three Fishers.* Song for contralto or baritone. Written by the late Canon Kingsley. Composed by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

*My True Love Hath my Heart.* Words by Sir Philip Sydney. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

*Love Me Little Love Me Long.* Poetry anonymous. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

*Love Song (Liebeslied).* Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

The four charming songs before us by the above composer will be especially welcome to many, for they are the composition of a scholar and of a refined composer. "The Three Fishers," although set before by several well-known musicians, is excellent, and if taken up by the public will deserve equal favour.

ENOCH AND SONS.

*Paradise Square.* Song by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Frederic N. Löhr. In two keys: E flat and F.—A rather melancholy

a remark came to Grace's ears which made her cheeks tingle. "Are they engaged? Who is she?" "It is very evident what is going on there; I suppose it is all settled," and so on, for indeed their names were upon many lips, Helen's bright animated face betraying only too plainly the happiness she felt in Edward Leslie's society.

They met for a few brief moments at the end of the evening.

"Edward has promised me faithfully that he will speak to Mr. Leslie tomorrow," she whispered gladly. "Wish us success."

"Indeed I do," Grace replied, adding to herself, "It is the very least he can do after to-night."

But alas! even at that moment a messenger of ill-tidings was speeding on its way, and reached Alverstone the next morning, while its inmates were

yet resting after the fatigues of the previous day. It came in the shape of a hasty summons from Mrs. Dalrymple, for Helen to return home at once, and hinting at some great unspeakable misfortune. In the shadow of this trouble all such matters as had only the night before so completely engrossed their thoughts were for the moment utterly forgotten.

(To be continued.)

## GREETINGS.

By SYDNEY GREY.

CAN there be any greetings, I wonder,  
To feeling and friendship more dear,  
Than the two that so seldom we sunder—  
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"?"  
When affection's whole force is paraded,  
A genial warfare to wage,  
And each holly-crowned home is invaded,  
Like that on the frontispiece page.  
Our artist has surely with reason  
Permitted his fancy to rove,  
For good wishes just now are in season,  
And letter-bags bursting with love.

Here's a bit of young madcap's sweet folly,  
Which grandpapa's laughter will stir;  
Here's a card to dear Ted from Aunt Molly,  
And somebody's missive to her.  
Cousin Tom has a certain small token,  
The sender it fails to avow,  
But I doubt not his thanks will be spoken  
Very close to the mistletoe bough.  
Well—away on your mission, fair greetings,  
High embassy yours to fulfil;  
Ever hailed amid joyous heart-beatings,  
The pledges of peace and good-will.

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, according to the calendar of Romulus, was the tenth month, as the name implies (*decem* being the Latin word for ten); but by the Julian calendar it was made the twelfth, and is the last month in our year. Among the Romans this month was devoted to various festivals. The peasants kept the feast of Vacuna, after having got in the fruits, and sown their corn. During this time all orders of the community were devoted to mirth and festivity. Friends sent presents to one another; the schools kept a vacation, and pleasure was the order of the day.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called December the *Winter-monath*, but after their conversion to Christianity they called it *Heligh-monat*, or holy month, in commemoration of the feast of the Nativity, which is always celebrated in this month. There are few remarkable days to be noticed. Perhaps it may interest some to know that in this month the poet Gray and the painter Rubens were born; and Riche-lieu, John Wycliffe, Flaxman, Mozart, Dr. Johnson, Washington (names you should surely know something about) died. The 21st day is the shortest day, and from this time we may begin to look forward with some hope to the passing away of the dreary days of winter. But by far the most remarkable festival occurs on the 25th, commonly called Christmas Day. Happy Christmas! The time of family reunions, of joyous greetings, and of welcome presents. Out of doors there may be rain and wind, snow and ice; but indoors the scene is very different, with the merry games, the kisses under the mistletoe, Sir Roger de Coverley, not to mention the roast beef and turkey, the plum-pudding and the mince-pies, without which, in the opinion of many young people, Christmas would not be Christmas at all! The mistletoe is so associated with the festivities and decorations of Christmas that a word or two about it may not be uninteresting. It grows luxuriantly upon apple-trees, and upon the oak, and the fruit is made by the Italians into a kind of birdlime. The mystic uses of the

mistletoe are traced to the pagan ages; it has even been identified with the golden branch referred to by Virgil in the lower regions. The Druids called it *all heal* or *guidhell*. They had an extraordinary veneration for the number three, and chose the mistletoe because its berries grow in clusters of three united to one stalk. They celebrated a grand festival on the annual cutting of the shrubs, on which occasion many ceremonies were observed; the officiating Druid being clad in white, and cutting the branches with a golden sickle. But when did mistletoe become recognised as a Christmas evergreen? We have Christmas carols in praise of holly and ivy of even earlier date than the fifteenth century; but allusion to mistletoe can scarcely be found for two centuries later, or before the time of Herrick.

"Down with the rosemary, and so,  
Down with the baies and mistletoe,  
Down with the holly, ivie all,  
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall."

And Shakespeare describes—

"The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe."

The seeds of the mistletoe ripen late, between February and April, and birds do not willingly feed upon them as long as they can procure the berries of hawthorn, hollies, ivies, and other winter food. No sooner, however, does a late frost set in, and the ground become covered with snow, perhaps for the first time, then the little food-seeking warblers fly to the mistletoe, and find the sustenance in its berries which is denied them elsewhere. If the ripe berries are rubbed upon the branches of trees they may thus be readily cultivated.

The 28th day of this month is celebrated as the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod, and there is a strange superstition which affirms that it is unlucky to begin any work upon this day.

A good many people still keep up the custom of seeing the old year out and the new year in, and I daresay many of our young readers have done so. At first it is con-

sidered fine fun, and the old year is gladly pushed aside, in order to make room for the more welcome incoming one. But as you grow older, you will not be in such a hurry to get rid of the old years, but cling more lovingly to them, as you begin to feel the truth that they can never be recalled. Hence you will treat their exit into the land where all things are forgotten, more tenderly, and perhaps even sorrowfully.

December is allegorically represented by the Ancients as an old man, with a severe countenance, clothed in a coarse (but, let us hope, warm) garment; his hands, which are encased in gloves, hold a hatchet, emblematical of the season, which is the time for felling timber. Instead of his head being surrounded by a garland, it appears to be wrapped in three or four nightcaps, with a Turkish turban over them; his mouth and beard are thickly icicled over; at his back is a bundle of ivy, holly, and mistletoe, while by his side is the sign of the goat, Capricornus, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 21st.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

EDNA.—It might be well to write to the secretary of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, and Cripples, 18, Queen-square, London, W.C., for information on the subject of a hospital for spinal disease. They have seventy-one beds, and a branch hospital at Bournemouth. There is also a "Cripples Home" at No. 17A, Marylebone-road, W., where Miss Blunt receives girls, aged twelve years, at £10 per annum for three years. But whether this be a mere home, or a place where medical treatment, with a view to cure, may be obtained, you can easily ascertain.

N. A. H. is thanked for her verses, which express excellent sentiments, on the value of "Kind Words;" but they are prose in verse, not poetry. If her verses be intended for a friend's album, she should, at least, correct the last line, placing the beat on the second syllable, and amputating the superfluous foot. "N. A. H." writes a beautiful hand. We do not tell characters from handwriting; and can only thank her for her kind commendation of our magazine.