looked at with more curiosity than admiration when they figure in the shops. They resemble what used to be called "opera hats," I believe, which were worn about 1837-9, more than anything else. These bonnets, as they are now called, will be found illustrated in an article by Miss Caulfeild on the "Hats and Bonnets of the Nineteenth Century," page 116, vol. i. I hope my readers will refer to the page, in order to see what our French neighbours may call on us all to wear. We must not be too hard on them, however, for our mothers and grandmothers wore them, and looked quite as pretty, modest, sweet, and maidenly as their descendants do to-day in other guise, and with other ideas of the beautiful and becoming.

A STUDY IN GREY AND GOLD.

By Grace Stebbing.

CHAPTER IV.

GLADYS OSMANN'S PARABLE.

"AND we shall not lose the train, shall we?" asked Gladys, with beaming eyes, as, seated beside Mr. Gordon in a hansom, they were driven rapidly to the Waterloo Station.

It was a crisp, sunshiny, frosty morning, and Jane had declared ten minutes ago, with much satisfaction, that the lost sunbeam had been found again.

"Mind you have your sister, and cook's little niece, to spend Christmas with you to-morrow, Jane," called Gladys from the cab, and then she turned with a laugh to Hubert Gordon, and the hope that they were not late.

Mr. Gordon's hope was even stronger.

"The dear mother is expecting us, and I would not for much that she should be disappointed.'

Somebody else—or, rather, two other somebodys—were also expecting them, but of that Mr. Gordon at present said nothing.

"Poor Christabel," murmured Gladys once softly to herself; and a bright, very knowing-looking smile passed swiftly over her companion's face; but she did not see it, and he said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have done so, for she very nearly threw herself out of the carriage before it stopped, when at last the train reached their destination, and she saw upon the platform not only the kind, sweet, welcoming face of old Mrs. Gordon, but also the blooming, beaming countenances of Christabel and Percy.

"Oh, Percy!" she cried, between tears and smiles, "however do you come here?"

"He brought me," with a nod at the future brother-in-law. "He said he wanted to give you a Christmas-box a little different from usual, so he's given me a nomination to Charterhouse, and brought me back to England to take advantage of it."

"Oh!" began Gladys. And then everybody laughed at Percy's way of putting that matter of the gift. But Gladys gave Mr. Gordon a quick, bright glance, which made him feel very well satisfied with his own idea.

"And Christabel?" was the next question. Well, that was soon answered. Christabel had been telegraphed to yesterday morning, and had caught the evening mail south.

There was plenty of time for questions and answers during the two hours' drive to the Dower House. Plenty of time for chat and laughter during the substantial meal to which all alike were ready to do justice, and then Mrs. Gordon retired to her room for a rest after her long drives, that she might be the better able to enjoy the evening with her visitors; and the four younger people, scouting the imputation of fatigue, went off together to Gladys's future home, Gordon Hall, to superintend the gathering, and bringing up to the other house, of evergreens for the Christmas decorations.

"I expect that Gladys will do them better than ever this year," said Percy, as they entered the Gordon grounds.

Mr. Gordon looked round at him. "What makes you think that, young man?"

"Oh! because she looks so happy."

"I was happy last year," said Gladys gently, and in low tones, "for some things, you know, happier."

"Yes, I know." Percy's face changed its smiles for earnestness. "I know that, Gladys, I don't forget. But you had not been sorry then before you were glad."

Percy was no more given to speaking out his thoughts than most boys, so with those last words he pushed past his sisters a little brusquely, and ran forward to where the gardeners stood awaiting orders. When Mr. Gordon reached them he paused a few moments to give some final instructions as to where the spoils had better be gathered, and then led Gladys on into the house to see the two long trestle tables already placed in the fine old hall, at which all the people of the neighbourhood were to be entertained on the morrow, who had no fair prospect of comfortable feasting in their own homes.

"People like me," whispered Gladys, with a little sob, as she stole her hand into Mr. Gordon's. It was clasped very closely, but there was a tone of hurt reproach in the voice that asked—

"Gladys, do you feel like that with me?"

She looked up quickly, the honest grey eyes true as ever.

"I like to feel it, Hubert. I was poor and sad, and lonely and tired, and not wanted, and then you came. I had no real home, no prospect of any comfortable feast, till you came and took me away to have both. It all seems to me like a beautiful parable, and doubly beautiful now at Christmas time. For we are all as I was, Hubert, are we not? All poor and sad, and homeless and hungry, and then Christ came to give us joy, to give us rest, to give us home, to give us living bread and a marriage feast."

There was a long, long silence after that. That girl-face might not be beautiful as the world counts beauty—might have no good feature but the pair of eyes, and yet more than Hubert Gordon would have thought it lovely at that hour. Gladys Osmann's earthly happiness was likely to wear well, for she took it straight from her Heavenly Father's hand as a direct gift from God. Even Hubert Gordon felt more fully than he had done before as he looked at her that he was taking upon himself a sacred trust.

To what time those two would have stood together, alone and in silence, in the old hall, content with their own thoughts and each other's society, it is impossible to say; but Percy grew impatient at their absence from the evergreen cutting, and at last rushed in upon them impetuously, shouting as he came—

"Gladys! Where are you, Gladys? I've got a prize for you. Look there!"

And springing forward into the hall, he flourished before his sister's eyes a branch of golden holly.

"Do you remember, Gladys, the beautiful little wreath you once made with bunches of greyish-coloured leaves and little sprigs of this gold-berried holly?"

Most evidently Gladys did remember, for a blush rose in her cheeks and a low laugh rippled over her lips. That wreath had been made four years ago for this very Hubert Gordon, when the maker was still young enough not to feel shy of showing friendship. As they followed Percy from the hall, her hand upon his arm, she said, with grateful love—

"It is you who have given me the wreath this time, but you have taken out the grey and given only gold."

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THE first great trouble a child ordinarily has to endure is going to school. It is one which has to be borne by the great majority of children, and with many of them, morning after morning, there is the same scene; amidst tears and sobs the poor little mite clings to its mother, beseeching to be allowed to stay at home just that once; while she in turn is miserable at having to force it from her, and has all the morning before her the memory of that little tear-stained face.

But now, with the opening of Kindergartens in so many of our towns, brighter days are come. Instead of being loth to start, the children are eager and impatient for the time to come, and an unwilling one is a curiosity yet to be discovered.

The Kindergarten system of instruction is happily gaining ground so fast in England that a detailed description of its working is hardly necessary. Most of us have some little friends or relatives, who, morning by morning, trip off gaily to their school, which yet is not a school—to the "children's garden," where many a useful lesson is learnt, though the scholars are not conscious that they are learning.

The object of the Kindergarten is literally to educate, to draw out the faculties of the children, and so prepare them to receive the teaching of an ordinary school.

From the age of babydom upwards, a child, as long as it is in health, will be busy about something. Keep it employed, and it will be good and happy; but

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

Seven or eight years old is generally considered a fitting age for a child to begin attending school, and it is to fill up the gap between babyhood and that age, a gap too often occupied by mischief and naughtiness, scoldings and punishment, that the Kindergarten steps in—its object the preparing and strengthening of mind and body for future instructions; the means it employs, a series of systematized games and exercises.

Frederick Froebel, the originator of these "children's-gardens," was born in 1782, in the obscure village of Oberweissbach, in Thuringia. His mother died while he was still an infant, and his lonely childhood, spent amongst the forest glades, rendered a sudden entrance into rough school life an unusually severe transition to the sensitive boy.

He stayed at school four years, and was next apprenticed to a woodman. After this he went to college, became a teacher, and soon had opportunity for maturing those theories of education upon which, even as a boy, he had loved to dwell.

With the memory of his own childhood, and the misery of his early schooldays fresh in his mind, he presently devised a plan for commencing the education of very young children, by which the awakening mind and growing energies of the infant might be gently trained and stimulated, without in any sort unduly forcing them on. In fact, so far from this, the system is calculated to keep back an over-intelligent or excitable brain, whilst a dull one is roused to interest in natural objects, sights, and sounds.

By means of games and exercises which lead on to other branches, the child receives a good groundwork of simple information, and becomes neat and orderly in habit, quick and deft in movement, prompt and obedient, and accustomed to the discipline which is so irksome in early school life.

For the better understanding of the working of the system, let us imagine ourselves present at part of one morning's exercises in this happy school.

The room which represents the children's garden is large, light, and airy, with bare floor, and a linen dado all round the walls, as high as the children's heads. A row of desks and forms is at one side of the room, and opposite them stand a blackboard in a frame, the teacher's desk, and a cupboard in which all the implements for work or play are kept. A piano stands in one corner.

There are two classes here, the elder and the younger, with about ten scholars in each. A larger number than this is not desirable, because each child must have the individual attention of the teacher, and ten are quite as many as can be managed.

The morning's engagements begin usually with the singing of a simple hymn or song; if the latter, it will be accompanied by descriptive gesture. In teaching these, the teacher takes care, by telling little illustrative tales, and talking about it, that each child grasps the meaning of what it sings, and learns all the lessons that can be drawn from the song. For example a favourite song is one beginning, "Do you want to know how bread is made?" in which the whole process is described, from the casting in the seed to the baking of the loaf.

Next comes a march round the room; in single file, two and two, or three and three, keeping time to the music, now fast, now slow, or perhaps marching to the time of their own singing.

These preliminaries take off the first exuberance of the little folk's spirits, and slightly sobered down, they step quietly into their places, and settle to work.

On one morning in the week the proceedings begin with a scripture lesson, given with great simplicity. But to-day let us look on at an arithmetic class.

The little ones sit with folded arms till the teacher or monitor brings along a pile of slates and pencils. The slates have chequers permanently marked upon them. The first step is to learn to make figures; when they have made a figure 3, they put by it three strokes, by 4, four strokes, and so on, to fix in the mind what each stands for. They then learn the meaning of units, tens, hundreds, and of the different arithmetical terms, plus, minus, and so on. This is done by slow degrees, the lesson being first illustrated on the blackboard, and afterwards by each child on his own slate, till he can claim the privilege of promotion to a book. The elder class, meanwhile, is engaged in doing simple sums in addition or subtraction in books, also ruled in squares; and great care is taken that the figures are well and neatly made.

Perhaps some of the smallest scholars are getting fidgety and tired, before the time is quite up; the teacher soon marks this; "Jessie, Tommy and Sybil may leave off figures and draw me a ladder, a chest of drawers, and a Noah's ark," she says; and, to our surprise, these mites of some four years old proceed with joy to produce these articles upon their slates, and quite recognisable ones too. This, it seems, they have learned to do, first by means of the blackboard, learning thereby the meaning of such long words as horizontal, perpendicular; then at dictation, "Make a horizontal line covering nine squares, at each end a perpendicular line over these squares," and so on, till finally they are able to draw them without any help at all.

On another morning in the week there will be building first. Each child is given a box of bricks, and then every eye rests on the teacher till the signal to begin is given.

She counts "one,"—each child draws the lid half off the box; "two," he turns his box over upon the table; "three," he draws the lid quite off; "four," he lifts up the box, leaving the bricks in a compact cube, and at "five," places his box exactly before him in the middle of the table.

Next, following and imitating every movement of the teacher, they begin to build, and during the erection, learn all about the bricks, their shape, colour, material; and a little arithmetic is introduced by counting how many bricks each child has, how many two have between them, and so on. Now that the edifice is completed, it is declared to represent a bridge; and the class is instructed, by means of lively conversation and questioning, about real bridges, how they are made, their use, and the names of the different parts. After this, the bricks are replaced in their boxes, again at signals from the teacher.

The elder class, a little more advanced, has been having an exercise in mental arithmetic; but now, after a march round, both classes unite for a lesson on the bee.

The teacher perhaps begins by asking what one is likely to see in a walk in the country on a fine summer's morning. A great many answers are given—the sun, trees, flowers, birds; at last some one says "insects," then the meaning of the word is explained, and the bee taken as an example. A picture of it is shown, and its various parts, uses, and peculiarities described.

A bell now rings for ten minutes' relaxation. The monitor for the week fetches a basket in which each child on arriving has put his little bag of biscuits or cake for lunch, and for a few minutes nothing is heard but chattering and laughing.

The bell rings again, and the teacher's "Now, children, back to your places," speedily restores order and quietness.

The elder ones now each have a pair of scissors with rounded points given them, and several small pieces of coloured paper. Under the teacher's direction they fold and cut them into triangles, oblongs, and other simple geometrical forms, learning their names and giving examples of each shape as they master it.

The little class meanwhile is engaged in making chairs, tables, and other objects with wood and peas. Each child is provided with a little heap of sticks, like rounded matches sharpened at the ends, and some softened peas. Closely following every action of the teacher, they take a stick and fasten a pea on at each end of it, then another stick is pressed into each pea, at right angles from the first, and so on, till the desired form begins to appear, and presently a row of chairs, which, delightful to relate, stand quite firmly, testifies to the deftness and industry of the little workers. These are put away till school is over, when each child is allowed to take home the specimen of his handiwork.

Froebel designed a progressive series of six games, which he calls "gifts;" and in every Kindergarten these have a place in the course of education.

The first of these consists of a wooden box containing six soft balls of various colours, each with a string attached. With these, lessons on colour and various motions are given. One ball is given to each child, who is expected to say what colour it is; they then, swinging the ball by the string, practise the pendulum motion, circular motion, movements up and down, and so on, singing appropriate songs the while, till they have received as much instruction as their little brains can retain all at once; and then they are allowed to practise ordinary ball play, throwing the ball from one to another without letting it fall, or throwing it against the wall and catching it.

In the next gift there is a cylinder, a cube, and a wooden ball. The latter being contrasted with the soft balls in gift one, many new lessons are taught; it is hard and heavy instead of soft and light, and so on. From that they go on to compare it with the cube. The sphere is round, has no corners, can be rolled along the table; the cube is not round, has corners, and is not easily moved like the ball. The cylinder comes between the two, being in some respects like the ball, in that, placed on its rounded surface, it will roll, while it remains still like the cube if placed on end.

It would be impossible within the limits of one short paper to describe the gifts at length, and a few words must suffice for the remaining four.

They each consist of one large cube variously divided.

In gift three it is divided into eight smaller cubes, all of equal size; in gift four the shapes vary; in five and six the forms are still more varied, giving scope for more intricate combinations.

With these the rudiments of geometry are taught; they are a useful medium for teaching arithmetic too, first by counting the sides, corners, and separate cubes; then addition and subtraction will follow naturally, and division is explained by dividing the large cube into halves, quarters, and eighths.

As soon as the children attain tolerable proficiency, before they leave the Kinder-

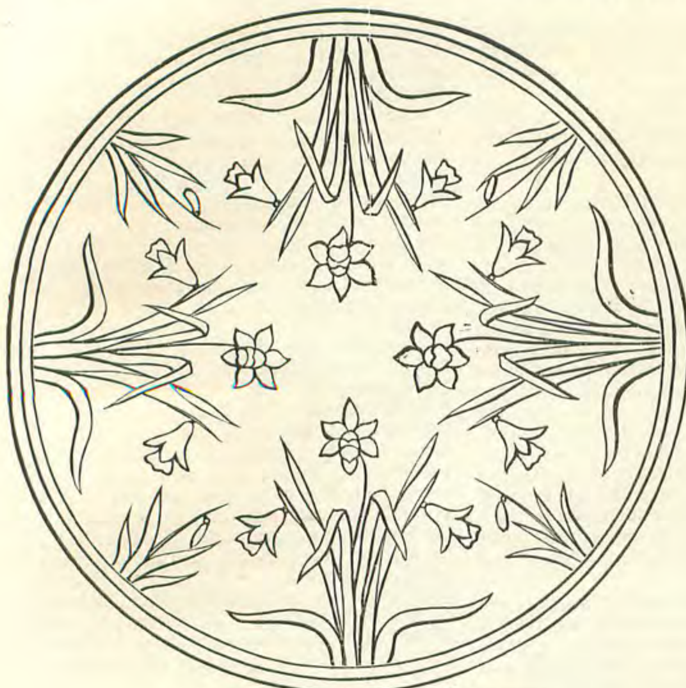
FIG. I.—FOOTSTOOL—NATURAL DAFFODIL.

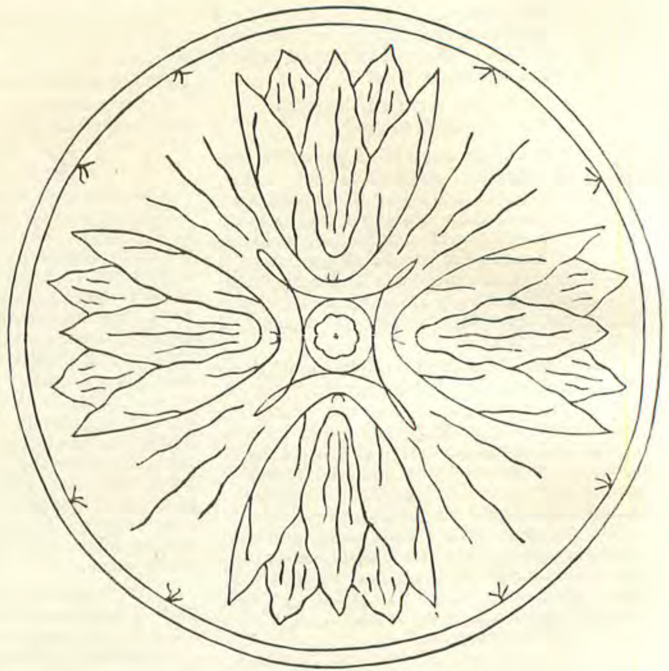
FIG. 2.—FOOTSTOOL—CONVENTIONAL.

garten for a real school, they are put into what is called the "transition class," which is, as its name implies, just for those in a transition state. Here they learn history, grammar, geography, and a few other things; so that the class of teaching in an ordinary school is not altogether new to them.

The whole morning's exercise occupies but the space of two and a half hours, or three at the most; and, to carry out Froebel's theory, there should be no school in the afternoon, though sometimes it is continued all day.

The children trained from a very tender age, till they are ready for a real school, in these establishments, certainly acquire a precision, prompt obedience, and deftness of action not to be gained later in life, besides imbibing an amount of varied information which lays an effectual foundation for all kinds of future instruction; and all in a form so pleasant and attractive to the child, that to be given a holiday from the Kindergarten, instead of being a treat, is regarded as a hardship and punishment.

DORA HOPE.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

No. 4.

IT has now come to the turn of footstools and cushions, which I put together for the sake of convenience, as designs for the one will sometimes do for both. I am giving you some specimens of each. To begin with, the former, being chiefly worked on cloth or serge, are easily made in the hand, and some of the most effective patterns require very little work. But, before commencing one either for home work or for a present, I would advise you to consider well the general style and colouring of the room it is intended for; as a footstool that is so out of harmony with its surroundings as to be glaringly conspicuous, or, on the other hand, one that so closely matches the carpet as to be almost invisible, and, therefore, constantly tripping up unwary feet, is more likely to prove a torment than a comfort to its possessors.

Small round or square stools have nearly superseded the large, cumbrous old-fashioned ones, and of these round ones are the most convenient and easy to make up, as they can be put on to flat muffin-shaped foundations, with or without a frame; the two round designs I give you will do for either.

Fig. 1 is composed of groups of daffodils, natural flowers, but conventionally arranged, and can be worked in their own colours in crewel on any shade of blue or green diagonal. The flowers should be worked in silks of two or three shades, taking care to make the outer petals of a very much paler shade of yellow than the bright golden trumpet-shaped centre. The lines at the outer edge of the stool would be worked in pale shades of green crewel, rather thick. There are so many flowers that will make pretty groups to work like this, and, as you see, only two different groups need be drawn—iris, narcissus, buttercups, white or yellow daisies, all would look well; and if you have an old stool to re-cover, you could easily make it up yourself; it only needs sewing on to the side piece, and a narrow cord to match the colour of the outer lines put round the edge over the join.

Fig. 2 has much less work in it, as of course it is intended that the outline only shall be worked, either simply with thick crewels or in feather-stitch. Two or three shades will be needed, and I think it would be best to work it in various shades of the same colour as the material, which may be either cloth, Roman satin, or velveteen; and it could be made up in the same way as fig. 1.

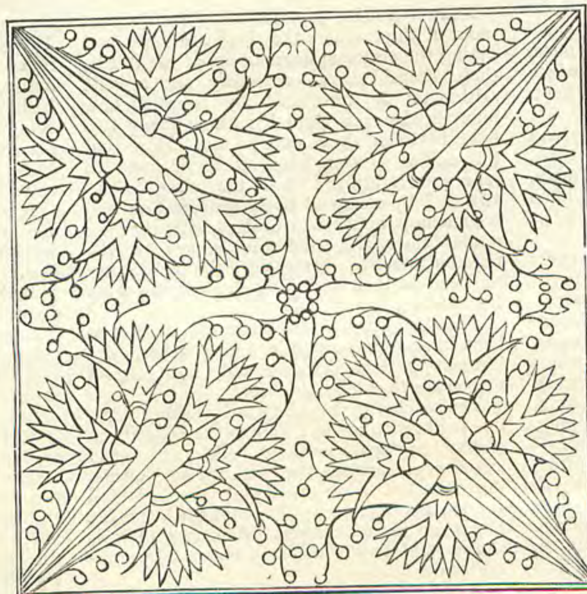
FIG. 3.—SQUARE FOOTSTOOL—CONVENTIONAL LOTUS.

Fig. 3 is an arrangement of the Egyptian lotus. If any of you girls are at a loss for conventional patterns, for almost anything, I would suggest some visits to the British and South Kensington Museums, more especially to the Indian department of the latter. You could find endless suggestions for the most beautiful designs there—scraps of borders, bits of shawls and cushions; the only difficulty is to make up one's mind what to choose, for it is quite an *embarras de richesse*, and you could sketch enough bits in a morning to work up into as many things as would keep you going for a long time. One of my favourite stool designs, to be worked in outline in the same way as the lotus design I give you, I copied from a section of the pavement of the ancient palace of Sardanapalus in the basement of the British Museum. It is also lotus, for this flower, held sacred by the Egyptians, is introduced into all their designs, and indeed gives its chief characteristic to oriental art. The design would look