were pointed, she thought, but she made no reply.

Mrs. Hayward had fully intended to be very candid and uncompromising to express her opinion to Laura about her conduct before she parted with her.

She had planned to say how detestable she considered anything underhand, particularly an unconfessed engagement, accompanied by manners that were anything but suitable to a betrothed girl.

She had planned all this, but somehow, at the last, Laura's pathetic eyes, her troubled countenance, her grief, evidently so genuine, disarmed her cousin's speech of its intended sharpness, and the parting was one of regret on both sides—of many tears on Laura's.

Mr. Hayward walked to the railway station with her in the early morning, closely followed by Dick Hill and his donkey cart, on which reposed Miss Leigh's boxes and portmanteau.

In his mild way, the curate showed his sympathy for Laura's trouble by talking to her on every subject but that uppermost in their minds.

"How he must despise me! What contempt there must be under all that kindness!" thought Miss Leigh, as she tried to keep step with him, and to reply when an answer was required.

But her opinion of the curate's feeling towards her was altogether unfounded. His whole heart was full of a tender pity for the young, motherless girl—so untrained, so undisciplined—despite all her proud beauty and world-approved manners.

A prayer went forth for her that she might be kept safe, "unspotted from the world," even when once more she was in the whirl of London society, with its stir, its excitements, and its flatteries.

Seated alone in the first-class railway carriage, Miss Leigh strained her eyes at the window for a last look at Highbridge mills.

There they stood in the soft morning light, with a slight haze hanging over them, calm and peaceful. No stir of work yet, for the labours of the day had hardly begun, and only a few people were moving about the grounds.

"I suppose I shall never see them again, nor their owner either; I do not deserve to," mused she. "Marion will not invite me to Highbridge again, of *that* I am quite certain."

But already one part of her supposition proved wrong, for a tall figure was standing beside a clump of fir trees, on some rising ground near, and her quick eyes recognised Mr. Ashton.

Had he walked there in the early morning on the mere chance of seeing her in the passing train? Had he taken all that trouble for one more look?

If so, he could not despise her utterly, he could not altogether hate her, even now, she thought.

That he had discovered her was very certain, for he raised his hat, and stood watching the train as long as it remained in sight. After this incident, Laura's spirits revived a little, her overwrought nerves became calmer, and the train whirled on, bringing her every moment nearer the home of her childhood.

(*To be continued.*)

TOBOGANS AND TOBOGANING.

By ALFRED C. W. HARMSWORTH.

"WHATEVER is a tobogan?" is probably the question asked by an English girl on reading the title of this paper.

A tobogan is nothing more than a small sledge. Toboganing is a sport almost unknown in England, simply because we never get a continuance of weather cold enough to cause what is necessary for the enjoyment of the sport—hard, dry, frozen snow.

Although a tobogan is a kind of sledge — or "sled" as they say in America—it is very unlike the ordinary winter vehicle of cold climates. Its form is exceedingly simple; it has no "runners," or springs of any kind. It is made of a plank of birch or Indian basswood, in length from six to eight feet. Bass is exceedingly delicate, and resembles cedar or the wood of the lime-tree in its softness. The plank is about eighteen inches or two feet broad, and as it has a maximum thickness of considerably under a third of an inch, it is strengthened by the addition of braces made of some firm wood placed at a distance of a foot apart. About two feet of the front portion is turned up and back, and the bend thus formed is kept in shape by two strings of catgut. With the addition of "leading lines" for pulling it about, cushions for sitting on, and a neatly-painted name, you have a tobogan of the most perfect kind. The majority are without either cushions or names, and are simply bent planks of wood. In Canada, and some parts of the United States, everybody tobogans except papa and mamma. Morning, noon, and night you meet rosy-faced toboganists of both sexes, setting forth to the neighbouring toboganing grounds. Every suitable hill for miles round is covered with the votaries of the sport, some flying down at lightning speed, others toiling up, and resting ever and anon to criticise the "form" of the flyers.

I will suppose you to be a stranger to the art—a Britisher or Yankee anxious to see how the "Canneks" (as the Yanks call the Canadians) "fix things." Under the escort of an expert friend you have arrived at the top of the slope on which the sport is going on. All you will have to do at first is to sit in and hold tight; he will do the steering. You cry "All right!" and in a second or so you feel the tobogan slipping slowly down; the pace increases, and in half a minute you are rushing along at a pace that takes your breath away. The snow flies up and the keen air almost cuts your face. You feel certain that you will be upset, and wish that you had never ventured. Your friend, who is sitting behind you, with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, suddenly cries, "Look out for the *cahoot*." Not knowing what a *cahoot* is, you are at a loss what to do, so hold on with might and main. Without the slightest warning the tobogan gives a jump in the air; you just manage to hold on as it rises, when suddenly it comes down again on the snow, and for a moment you scarcely know where you are. On you go with the speed of thought in your wild, Mazeppa-like career, and then, gradually and almost imperceptibly, the tobogan stops, and there you are at the bottom of the hill. "Well, how did you like it? Not bad, eh?" On the whole, you think you *do* like it, and want to come down again, so give the leading lines to your instructor, who proceeds on the upward journey.

There is—to use a strange but expressive Canadian term—a vim* about the sport peculiar to it. The nearest approach to it I know is flying down a hill, "legs over handles," on a bicycle.

That there is a certain amount of danger in this "sport gone mad," as an American writer calls it, there is no doubt. There is danger in everything—in riding, driving, bicycling, tricycling, cricket, and even lawn-tennis. "No rose without a thorn" is as true as regards toboganing as it is to anything worth having.

The *cahoots*—one of which so nearly threw you out on your first journey—are the chief source of accident. The word *cahoot* is a curious one, and methinks it smacks of the French. In my French dictionary I find that

* "Go," spirit, dash.

cahot is a jolt, so there can be no doubt that it is one of the many terms borrowed from the old possessors of our North American colony. These *cahoots* are of two kinds: the most common is that caused by a ground swell; the other is the work of the *traîneau* (sledge). These *traîneaux* are a nuisance to every one except their drivers. They "rough" the snow as they go, and leave it in a state in which it is impossible to sleigh or tobogan over in comfort or—as regards the subject of my paper—in safety. Some years back the Canadian sleigh owners unsuccessfully petitioned the Government for the suppression of these vehicles.

As yet I have said nothing about the manner in which the steering is done, but as by this time you have arrived at the top of the hill, and are ready for your second attempt, your friend will induct you as far as in his power into the mysteries of guiding a tobogan. What is wanted in this delightful pastime is *practice*. One might read every known book on horse-riding or swimming, and then, when mounted, or in the water for the first time, feel as helpless as an infant. No amount of reading or instruction without the real thing would make one a toboganist. Some tobogans have small pieces of wood on each side by which to steer. If you wish to proceed to the right, you press down the piece of wood at your dexter hand, and the tobogan "answers her helm" immediately. But the majority are steered by the hands or feet. A tobogan so guided has a far more exact and sensitive steerage than one with wooden "guides." The proficiency gained by practice is really marvellous. I once heard of three young toboganists who were descending with all the momentum caused by the weight of three strapping lads and a steep hill. Suddenly, when at their swiftest pace, they perceived a farmer's one-horse sleigh ten yards in front of them in their direct path. It was a very dangerous position, to say the least, but their steerer cried, "Lean back and duck your heads!" and they passed right underneath the horse, and were yards off when the poor animal gave a neigh of fright.

You are now seated and just off for your flight. "Be careful and steer lightly," is the parting warning of your friend as he starts you off—this time alone. With only the weight of a single occupant the tobogan jumps about fearfully, you think. As yet you have not tried to steer, but now you make your first attempt. You want to clear that rough snow and glare ice in front, and leave it on your right. You dig your left hand into the snow, and the result is a spill. The snow is all over you, down your neck, in your eyes, and covering you like ice on a cake. And where is your tobogan? Why, over there, some ten or fifteen yards away. "*Experientia docet*"—to give a free translation, "Experience does it"—and when you come to the next obstacle, after having made a fresh start, you lightly touch the snow and find that a very little pressure is sufficient for all ordinary occasions. At the conclusion of your second ride you are smitten with a tobogan fever. And in truth it is a delightful recreation. It has all the charms of sleighing and skating, and strengthens both limb and nerve.

I have only once or twice seen toboganing in England. In the frost which delighted the hearts of skaters two years ago there were several toboganists at Hampstead Heath, near London. Quebec is the great toboganing city of Canada. Montreal is building too fast, and all the adjacent ground has been cut up. If you are in Quebec you join a party and enjoy a seven miles drive in one of the quaint *cariole* (sleigh) along the river to the falls. There is the finest "location" for toboganing in the world. Thousands of sledists and toboganists in their picturesque *toques* make the glittering panorama a charming sight. The toboganists slide down the ice-cone formed by the successive spray splashes. The descent is tremendously steep. At night, when the moon is up, and the sleigh lamps are darting hither and thither, the scene is beyond description. Toboganing can never be successfully introduced into England. I see no reason, however, that it should not flourish in some of the colder parts of Scotland.

The tobogan itself is no new invention. The Canadian Indians used them long before the advent of the French. They were then, however, not instruments of pleasure. In those days the traveller across the snow-covered prairie used to proceed on foot, and drag his food and furs in his tobogan. There is, besides toboganing, the favourite pastime of "snow-shoeing" for the youth of higher North America. These snow-shoes enable one to travel tremendous distances in a day. From forty to fifty miles is considered an average walk. They have a wooden framework, and are in form not unlike a tennis racket.

NO TIME.

No time! One might call this expression the watchword of many girls. With it they ward off invitations to works of mercy and charity, entreaties from the world's workers to aid them in their desperate struggle with the sin and misery around them; even recommendations so to train their own minds that they may represent more worthily the results of centuries of intelligent, throbbing life, and live more as feeling themselves to be those upon whom "the ends of the ages have come."

"We have been wanting a teacher for our little ones in the Sunday-school for some months. The class is far too large for one lady to manage, so now that you have come to live at home, Miss Fanny, I hope that we shall find a worker in you," says the much-burdened vicar of a large London parish to a young member of his congregation; and Miss Fanny smiles her sweetest, and "would be only too happy; but now that I have left school, mother wants me to go out with her so much, and there are so many little things to do in the house, that really I *have no time* to prepare Sunday lessons; and I am sure you will agree with me that, unless one can do that, one had better not attempt to teach."

This last assertion is quite indisputable; so the vicar goes away, perhaps with an ironical smile, perhaps with a grave word of warning; and Miss Fanny fritters away her time, passing it quickly and pleasantly enough, and really managing to persuade herself that she has not any to spare; while the poor, overworked teacher, who, as likely as not, also teaches in the week, struggles on with a class of from twenty-five to thirty infants, wondering what fault there is in herself to make the children seem so irresponsive and troublesome, when the truth is that she is over-burdened with numbers.

Or Miss Bessie takes some friends over the Union. "Papa is one of the guardians, and the arrangements are almost perfect," she explains with a little pardonable pride.

The girls go through the wards, and are saddened by the looks of vacancy and utter indifference on so many poor old faces.

"Ah," says the kind-hearted matron, "the poor old things need cheering up; that they do. We do all that we can, but, you see, when they leave their homes and all their bits of things, they leave their interests behind them. Now, I have often thought, if some young ladies like you would come and read or sing to them sometimes, it would give them a deal of pleasure."

"Oh, Mrs. Smithers," says Bessie, "I am afraid that you will have to find some one who lives nearer than I do, much as I should like to help you. You don't know what it is to be the only sister with a number of brothers. One or other of those boys is always after me, wanting something done. And as for getting away by myself to walk three miles, and then read for half an hour, it would be almost impossible. I should be a very irregular visitor. I really *have no time*."

And so it may be that no brightness dawns for those poor world-wearied lives until in "the land that is very far off," in the deep tenderness of the Father's smile, they learn that there is love and pity even for them, and in that sweetest draught of the wine of God forget that the "cup of cold water" was denied them here below.

Or it is Miss Alice, with whom some kind, sensible friend is expostulating. "Don't you think, my dear, that now you have left school, you ought to have a regular time for study—say at least an hour every day. The more knowledge you have, the more useful you may be in the world, and you owe to your parents and teachers the duty of making some use of your capital education."

But, Alice has *no time* for study. Of course, she does not mean to forget all that she has learnt at school, in fact, she does intend to "keep up" some of her studies. But as for sitting down to a regular hour's work every day, there are so many interruptions at home that she should *never find time* for that. "Besides," she says to herself, "in a matter that only concerns me, I can surely do as I like."

No, Miss Alice, an old book says, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." But Miss Alice does not think of that, and she too leads an empty, unconsecrated life. What is the result? In after years, perhaps, when she has seen the vanity of living merely an animal life, some call to work comes to her, and alas! she is not ready for it. She has wasted her opportunities, she is not "meet for the Master's use." It may be that the superintendent of a working women's college is needing a teacher for her history class. She appeals to Alice, knowing that at school she passed good examinations in the subject: "It would be such a kindness, and you might get good influence over the young women, my dear."

And Alice is willing enough. She does not say now that she has "no time," but alas! she is really unable to teach. Not only is she wanting in actual knowledge, but her thoughts have become dissipated. She has no power of concentration, and the work cannot wait while she is training herself for it. She is sorry enough, but alas! we do not get over our mistakes and sins by being sorry for them; their consequences follow us throughout life.

Now, often when a girl urges this excuse of "no time" she is not uttering a conscious falsehood. The excuse does not deceive others, but she is often blinded by it. The happy little domestic offices, which are a girl's first duty, unfortunately admit of being dawdled over to an alarming extent. As long as Emily has dusted the china in the drawing-room before callers arrive, her mother probably does not inquire whether the operation occupied her for twenty minutes or for an hour and a half at intervals, the intervals having been employed in the perusal of the last new library book, which lay so conveniently on the table. And Emily herself has only a vague remembrance that by the time she had finished dusting, luncheon was ready. "The mornings pass so quickly, you know," she observes to her bosom friend; "one is always doing something, and yet one never seems to be able to say what one has done."

Now, dear girls, is it not dreadful to think of so much good work in which you might help