

and, leaving the room, told the housekeeper, who had lived with the rector's family from her childhood, to prepare a room for the squire, who was evidently suffering.

Violet Strangeways was the daughter of the Reverend Jocelyn Strangeways, who had early in life married Mr. Metcalfe's younger daughter. The elder one wedded Major Temple, and had lived for years in the "States." It happened, curiously enough, that the grandchildren were all in the neighbourhood, Ida being accidentally in England, and stopping with the squire during her father's absence in London.

The rector's daughter was very pretty. Observed carefully, her features could not be considered handsome, but she had bright intelligent eyes, a rather large mouth well-furnished with even white teeth, brown hair, and generally a good-tempered expression. She was sixteen years old, well formed, and promised to be tall. Her hands and feet were neither small nor delicate, but she walked well, held herself erect, and could play cricket and croquet, or pull an oar upon the neighbouring river with as much skill as many a young man. She was, moreover, an indefatigable visitor amongst the poor, taught in the Sunday-schools, and was not adverse to any rational amusement that came in the way. With all these accomplishments, she was quite unaffected and unselfish, ready to help anyone or relinquish any pleasure to gratify others. She was called an heiress also, for the rector had ample means, though he spent money freely in the parish and in the house, and was a liberal subscriber to several county institutions; he had only two children, and all the income of his benefice was expended amongst his parishioners and in the neighbourhood.

Violet, if placed beside her cousins, Ida and Lily, would have suffered by the comparison in the estimation of a casual observer. But there was a sweetness of disposition about her, and a reserve of spiritual beauty, which raised her entirely above most girls. It still remained to be seen how the younger girls would turn out. Violet promised to be a "beauty."

Lily kept chattering to her grandfather, and did not appear to notice his evasive replies and disturbed manner until the rector, coming in suddenly, exclaimed—

"Why, my dear squire, what's the matter? Are you ill? Has anything happened? Here, Sarah Foster—some wine, quick! Dear me, you must remain here. Violet, my dear, tell them to get the bedroom ready—your grandfather is ill!"

Violet replied quietly that she had already given directions to have the "blue" room (as it was called) prepared. And then, while the squire sipped his wine, she sent Sarah for the village doctor.

When Mr. Metcalfe at length consented to go upstairs, and move from the sofa, he found himself almost unable to stand. The pain was so intense that he nearly cried out, and when Mr. Drencher arrived he discovered that a serious internal injury had resulted from Mr. Metcalfe's exertions in securing the pony, and an unconfessed kick which he had received while holding him in the road.

The symptoms were serious, and the distress of the rector and his daughter may be imagined. Lily was almost inconsolable in her grief, and it was with considerable difficulty that she could be persuaded to return with the rector, who drove back to the "Chase," as Mr. Metcalfe's house was called.

The arrival of Mr. Strangeways at Lily's home without her grandfather caused great commotion; but when the cause of his absence was known, Mr. Metcalfe at once decided to go back to the rectory, while Ida was persuaded to remain with Lily. Mark Strangeways and Arthur were also at the

"Chase," so it was decided that Mr. Metcalfe should look after them while his wife attended, with Violet's assistance, upon "poor grandpapa."

The young people, apprehending no danger, amused themselves very well. Ida and Mark Strangeways struck up quite a friendship, and endeavoured to conquer Lily and Arthur at croquet and archery; but in this they were unsuccessful. Ida then turned her attention to Arthur Metcalfe, and with his assistance managed to beat Lily and Mark at the butts. This success annoyed Lily, who upbraided her brother, and things did not look very pleasant that morning.

"Let's go for a row," suggested Mark. "Or, stay, let us take the boat to Roddesham by the canal and river, and see how grandpapa is."

This suggestion was made after three days had passed, and the squire was in a precarious condition.

"All right," said Arthur. "We'll row the girls. They don't know much about boating, I expect."

"You expect wrongly then," replied Ida, calmly. "I can row or paddle better than any British boy, I guess."

"Guess again, Yankee Doodle," retorted Arthur, rudely. "Do you think no one can row in England?"

"Arthur, how rude you are!" said Mark and Lily, simultaneously. "Ida can row, I'm sure."

"All right, Ida!" exclaimed Arthur, with an attempt at an apology. "I'm sorry I offended you then. Come along and get the boat out, and then we'll decide the question. What fun it will be!"

"Capital," assented Ida, who, although so self-possessed and quiet in her manner, enjoyed an adventure as much as any boy. "We shall have a real nice time on the water. There are no rapids I suppose on your rivers?"

"Rapids? Cataracts do you mean?" inquired Mark, as he handed his cousins into the boat. "No, nothing more than the mill weir, and we don't go near that. We cut into the canal at the lower lock."

They were soon ready, and, pushing off, Mark and Arthur pulled steadily along. Lily was steering, but she parted with the lines to Ida after a time, for the young American girl more than once made a suggestion which piqued her British cousin.

"Then you had better take the ropes yourself, as you know all about it," Lily had said, pettishly. "I am sure I don't want to steer at all. Here they are. Mind the shallows in the middle."

"That is not a shallow. It's only an eddy," replied Ida, as she guided the skiff directly over the spot indicated. "There's the shoal," she added, pointing to the sparkling water which ran swiftly over the stones."

Lily was silenced, but angry. Accustomed to have her own way unquestioned by all save her brother, she felt her jealousy of her cousin again arising in her breast. Still, she was obliged to confess that Ida's experience was useful and had saved them inconvenience.

"Hot, isn't it?" remarked Arthur after a good half hour's pull. "Feel warm, girls?"

"Rather," remarked Lily. "At least I do, I cannot answer for Ida," she added.

"You may," replied her cousin, "I'm just baked as dry as a clam. You've no clams in this country, I suppose?"

"I guess not," replied Arthur, "clams are shell fish, are they not?"

"Yes," replied Ida. "Capital things to eat anyway. But it is hot here, I must say, and no sun either."

"Sultry weather just now," said Mark. "Very likely a storm is coming, it looks thundery."

"Oh dear, I do dislike thunder, it's so very

dangerous," remarked Lily, with a terrified glance round.

"Thunder doesn't hurt you much," replied practical Ida; "the lightning is the worst part, and if you had seen it flashing about as I have, and striking the ground within a few yards of the house, you wouldn't say thunder was of much account beside it."

At that very moment a distant peal growled over the hills on the right, and Lily exclaimed:

"Oh, do pull away, and get to the mill. The storm is coming. Pull, Arthur, pray pull!"

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said her brother; "wait till we see the flash, and then we can count how far the cloud is. Go ahead, Mark, we may as well get on all the same."

The lads had pulled about a mile when a sudden flash right in front called forth a piteous appeal from Lily, and they made way manfully, for the mill was not far off; the prospect of shelter animated them.

But the storm gathered fast overhead, and the peals followed the flashes in quick succession. The rain came down in torrents and wetted them to the skin. Lily crouched down hiding her face upon Ida's knees. The boys pulled harder and harder round the bend of the stream, while Ida gazed fearlessly forward, never flinching nor quailing as the dazzling lightning hissed through the rain and broke into forked tongues of fire as in blue and violet and red flashes it leaped from cloud to cloud.

"Here's the mill," she said. "Right or left, which is the way?"

"Right," gasped Arthur; "straight on, there. Dear me! that was a pacer," he said, as a terrible flash darted across the river, and a fearful rattling peal overhead told how near the electric fluid was.

A few strokes more, the boys pulling very evenly, brought the boat, without any assistance from Ida, near the little landing place by the lock. Arthur turned his head and noticed that Ida was steering wrong.

"Pull your right hand Ida, or we shall be over the weir. How stupid you are, can't you see where you're going?" said the rough lad.

The answer he received quite cured him of his rudeness.

"No I can't," replied Lina, quietly as ever. "I am blinded; that last flash put my eyes out, I think!"

(To be continued.)

## Y. W. C. A.

By the Hon. EMILY KINNAIRD.

Y. W. C. A. What do these four letters mean? We wish all the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to understand them. Perhaps you think they mean very little, and it may be so to you. But if you will read on a little way, you will begin to understand "Y. W. C. A."

Let us change their order, beginning with the last of the four.

A.: *Association, friendship.*—Which of us does not know the pleasure of having a friend—and a good one too? Which of us does not know how good it is to be associated in business or amusement with pleasant companions?

C.: *Christian.*—What a grand word! It is the motto of this Association, because we know it is the happiest and best thing in life to be a Christian. For what is it but following in the steps of Jesus Christ, the best and truest Man that ever lived; manly and noble, a perfect Man, yet loving and tender as a woman? What can we do better than ask all to "follow Him?"

Y.: *Young.*—Everyone who reads this will be young, with life and all its great possibilities before her. Ready to enjoy life; forgetful too often of the temptations and sorrows which



are sure to come sooner or later, and which have come on so many in our great London, even though they are young. But we want life to be happy, and do not so much wish to prophesy evil, as to ensure constant happiness and joy. We want to lead all to the true joy of a new, young life, which will continually "renew its strength"—life in Christ, which will never grow old.

W.: This is our last letter. I daresay you will have guessed it. If not, here it is—*Women*. We girls are all turning unto women. Let all try to be worthy of the name, and belong to the band of noble women who have done so much for the good of the world.

Now we have it all—*Young Women's Christian Association*.

Have you ever thought what thousands of girls come to this great London of ours, and have neither friends nor Christian helps? They leave happy country homes and a loving mother's care to plunge into this busy, busy city. These letters, Y. W. C. A., speak to them; they promise what they want, for they tell of acts of friendship as well as words.

First, there is a large band of ladies—"working associates"—who undertake to do all they can to help their sisters who are engaged in business, domestic service, or factories. They hold weekly Bible-classes (there are some hundreds in London); they receive the names of members, advise them as to good lodgings, registries, etc. They have libraries (from twenty to thirty are in circulation) for lending interesting books; they have branches of a benefit society for times of sickness, a total abstinence society, etc.

Secondly, we have twenty-six institutes and homes, at each of which you will find a superintendent, to whom you may write or go at any time in the day. Let us visit some of these and see what is doing. We will visit a different institute every night for a week.

Monday.—We will go to-night to the City Branch, Finsbury Institute, 31, Finsbury-square, between seven and eight o'clock. The doors will be open, the fire lit, the gas burning, all ready for the busy city toilers as they turn out of the large warehouses to turn in and rest. In comes a girl who has got away a little earlier from business to have her music lesson before the piano is otherwise occupied, for it will be in great requisition to-night. This music comes in very useful; at social gatherings our young friends can sing and play to each other, and at the Sunday and weekday Bible-class they can help in leading the praise which continually goes up to a loving Father's ear. By half-past eight they are busy at work—reading, writing, and arithmetic classes are going on around us. In another room we shall find those who do not want to learn, but to rest. Miss Baldwin, the superintendent, is in and out amongst them. Each one tries to have a word with her; many want to ask her advice in some difficulty they have met with during the day. Here is one out of work. Miss Baldwin writes for her to some manager, who, on hearing she is a Y. W. C. A. member, says "that is in itself a recommendation; I can help you." Ten o'clock comes round too soon, and all is quiet again till to-morrow evening.

Tuesday.—This evening we will go over the water to the newly-opened Rochester Institute, 211, Walworth-road. The Bishop of Rochester opened these rooms last summer, and already they are in full work. The shops in South London close very late. From nine till eleven at night is the only time that multitudes of young people have to enjoy such change of air, exercise, and company as the crowded streets afford. But many are tired after a day's standing, and do not care to walk. Many have only a lonely lodging, or an uncomfortable, crowded home. With what real appreciation such can turn into a cosy, airy room

with bright pictures, a piano, and young friends to welcome them. We find them this evening. Some in the club room, writing letters or studying. In the larger room groups of young people are engaged in fancy work or drawing, and someone is singing to them. All is social and homelike. "The nights I spend at the institute are like heaven on earth!" has been exclaimed by some of the members.

Wednesday.—We will go to-night to another busy centre of this city's industry, the Percy Institute, 18, Percy-circus, W.C. Thousands of young people pass up and down the crowded thoroughfares of this neighbourhood between King's Cross and the Angel, Islington. This institute has only been open nine months, mainly at the request of the Rev. Mr. Stubbs, rector of Pentonville. But we must stop to hear how God Himself led the way. Some members of a Y. W. C. A. Prayer Union Branch had long wished to have an institute here, and prayed much for it. One day, after another house had been nearly taken, one of the members came to the secretary, Miss Malden, and said, "Do you know the house we have prayed for is to be let?" Inquiries were at once made, all proved satisfactory, the house was taken, and Percy Institute was opened. Wednesday is Bible-class night. We meet them hurrying in, not to miss the happy hour of Miss Malden's teaching; and as we talk with them afterwards, they tell us how they love coming to the institute. "I thank God I ever came," "I am always happy now." And sometimes their friends will come to the superintendent with the question, "Can you tell me what makes my sister so happy now? I should like to be like her." The answer is gladly given, "You can be. Everyone can be, for the same Saviour loves you, died to save you, and the Holy Spirit can shed abroad His love, joy, and peace in your heart." Thus these institutes become centres of happiness.

Thursday.—We have been north, south, and east; let us wend our way westwards to-night, and turn into Apsley House, 22, High-street, Notting Hill. We find a working-party going on; the young people who come here are many of them very clever with their fingers. How easily they seem to turn about a piece of stuff, and make a pretty bonnet! So one evening a week they are glad to come and use this talent for Christ's sake and for His poor ones. They make articles for a sale of work for the institute funds, or for some other mission, or they make clothes for the poor. But some over there are not working; what are they doing? They have a number of little cards before them, and seem very busy painting and writing. They are preparing cards for the flower mission. Every card has a text on it, so that each sweet nosegay of flowers, as it goes to cheer a sick one on her bed, carries a message from God's own Word with it, written by one of our Y. W. C. A. members.

Friday.—We have kept our largest institute for the last, so we must visit it to-night. It is just out of Oxford-street, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W. To-night is a "Social Evening." The piano is open, the tables are arranged with books, pictures, and games; some young friends have brought their music, and by half-past eight the room is full, and a very cheerful party it is. Peals of merry laughter echo through the room, and almost tempt those who are upstairs at their French class to give over study and come down to play. All the evening Miss Ely, the superintendent, is busy making friends with one or other of the 600 members; or she will be receiving the names and subscriptions (1s.) of young friends who wish to enjoy the benefits of the Y. W. C. A. If they want further talk, she invites them to come next Tuesday, when she is always to be found alone and at leisure from eight to half-

past ten. About nine, coffee is handed round, games are brought to an end, and at a quarter to ten all are joining in hymns. A few verses from God's Word, a prayer commending us to His loving care, and we part for the night.

Saturday.—This is the busy night with everyone at home; still, we shall find a little band of Prayer Union members meeting together to ask God's blessing on to-morrow's efforts.

Sunday.—This day there is a welcome all day long. If we could take a bird's-eye view over London, we should see happy companies gathered together in the afternoon to study God's Word and listen to the message of salvation. They do not break up, as is usually done, directly after, but a free tea is provided, and opportunities given for conversation. Some will gather round the piano to sing; some will meet together for prayer. By seven o'clock all have left to attend their different churches, better able to appreciate the services, and better prepared to meet a week's difficulties.

1. Now, some who read this may like to take advantage of these institutes and homes. We have mentioned several; there are twenty-four in London, and if you want to know more about them, write to one of the ladies whose addresses are given below. Go and see for yourself, and welcome. The more you go the better will they be pleased.

2. Or some may like to become members for the sake of the pleasant association. Write and say so, and you shall receive your card, member's handbook, and the monthly letter from a friend will be sent to you each month. We should like to have a GIRL'S OWN PAPER Branch of scattered members all over the country.

3. There may be some who live happily at home, and have all the joyful associations and friendship they want. Will you join for the sake of your sisters who have not so many comforts? If you can afford it, will you become an honorary associate, paying just 5s. a year to help on the work? Or, if not, become a member, paying your 1s.?

4. Lastly, there may be some who wish to help on the work and have a little time to spare. Will you become a working associate, and from love to your Saviour, see what you can do to make others' lives happy and bright?

Now we must part after a week spent thus together. Do not forget about it. Perhaps the editor will allow us to spend another week like this in visiting Y. W. C. A. Branches all over the country—at Liverpool, Brighton, Cheltenham, Clifton, etc., anywhere you like.

Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot, 15, Craven Hill Gardens, and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, London, S.W., are the Hon. Secretaries of the London Association, and will be glad to receive subscriptions. They would like to have a GIRL'S OWN PAPER Institute, supported by contributions through the paper; or they will be glad to receive members' names, and give any information. Anyhow, do not forget Y. W. C. A.

The office in London is 17, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, W. For the country, Miss Moore, Cossington, Clifton, Bristol.





## MORE ABOUT Y.W.C.A.; "GIRL'S OWN PAPER" BRANCH.

BY THE HON. GERTRUDE KINNAIRD.

ABOUT three years ago a paper appeared in the pages of this magazine entitled "Y.W.C.A." It will be interesting to trace the growth of the seed then sown, and to see whether it found any ground where it could take root and grow. That some soil was prepared to receive it appeared evident from the very first, for letters flowed in to the writer of that paper from many parts of the country.

Some of these letters were from girls living in the neighbourhoods where the Young Women's Christian Association had established branches, but about which they knew nothing, although its benefits were just what they needed. They had not even heard of the existence of an association in which provision is made for the social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare of young women. These girls were at once put into communication with the local secretary, who received them with a hearty welcome, and it is pleasant to record the eagerness displayed by our new members in availing themselves of the opportunity afforded to them by our Association to become allied with the great band of young women now encircling the globe who desire to live godly, righteous, and sober lives in this present evil world.

On the other hand, a large number of letters came from those who lived at a greater or less distance from any existing branch, and it became necessary to find some link by which these young people could be joined together. They were therefore formed into the "Girl's Own Paper Branch," a name which has since been abbreviated to "Girl's Own Branch"; and a very efficient Secretary was found in Miss Violet Tweedy, who was somewhat unwilling to undertake this work, but now writes, "I love the work, and would not give up my girls for anything; it is one of my greatest pleasures writing and receiving letters from them."

It is extremely important to observe the words "Scattered Members' Branch," and we will pause to consider this striking feature of the work of the Y.W.C.A., enabling it to extend its influence into places where no Institute or Home has found its way, and among those who cannot avail themselves of their special advantages.

Of such branches some of the most prominent are, the "Art Students' Branch," with this aim—to bring together in Christian, social intercourse, those who are studying art in our great centres of population, and the Secretary of this branch will be glad to receive the names of any students likely to be in London; the "Hospital Nurses' Branch," started for the purpose of uniting in sympathy those who are labouring to alleviate pain and suffering; the "Restaurant Girls' Branch;" the "Rural Servants' Branches," etc., etc.

Let us now return to the history of our "Girl's Own Branch." The duty of the Secretary was to correspond with the members, supply them with the Monthly Letter, and induce them to take in one of the Association magazines. It was only about three years ago that our branch first saw the light, and during that period it has proved to have a healthy and vigorous life. In all 82 have joined, of whom a great many have been transferred to other branches, two have married, two have been removed by death, leaving 40 now in constant correspondence with the secretary.

That the individual members are alive may be judged from these facts:—

One member has a Saturday evening Bible class of twenty factory girls, whom she helps in many ways.

Another collected £1 for the Shaftesbury Memorial Fund, and a third collected for the Old Ford Institute; and all have helped in the special Christmas collections.

One of the members is an inmate of an incurable hospital, and is most helpful to the secretary by specially remembering in prayer any of her fellow-members who may desire to be thus aided.

We will now ask you to listen to the testimonies of the members by quoting a few passages from their letters, to which many more might be added:—

"I never thought seriously till I joined the Association," writes one, "and now I am a totally different girl—so happy. I was confirmed last week, and shall always look back to the day with joy."

"I think it seems so kind and good of ladies," writes another, "to take such an interest in us poor girls. You little know half the good you do us or what our lives really are. I sometimes feel ready to give up in despair, when everything seems to go wrong, and at those times your letters seem sent of God to cheer me up and help me to go on again. They are read and re-read again and again, and I thank you for them much."

A young member writes:—"Thank you very much for writing to me. I do enjoy your letters. I quite feel as though I knew you; but I should like to see you ever so much."

Yet another:—"You have granted me such a privilege by asking me to write to you, which I shall be pleased to do."

The last extract is from a girl of seventeen, who, after describing her life, adds:—"I have ordered, may I say, our Association papers. . . . I must now close, longing to have one of your ever welcome letters soon."

Surely there is no need to question the usefulness of the Association. These letters tell their own story by the simple, unaffected manner in which the writers assert that they have received positive benefits through linking themselves to it.

It will not be out of place to add a word or two as to the objects of the Y.W.C.A. for the benefit of those who have not seen the article referred to, besides other notices which have appeared from time to time.

The products of nature are not valued in proportion to their size or outward appearance, but more generally with reference to their use for the sustaining of life. The spreading cedar is far more magnificent and beautiful than the little potato-plant, and yet the cedar would be less missed than the potato.

The rosy-checked, shining apple makes more show than the little seed-corn, and yet there is no comparison as to which we could most easily spare. The apple we could dispense with; it would be difficult to dispense with what has been aptly termed "the staff of life."

So with the Y.W.C.A. It does not assume to itself a great place in the way of presenting you with a magnificent appearance; but nevertheless its work is sure, and it is steadily making its influence felt through the length and breadth of the land. If anyone should wish to feel this influence, they must join the Association, follow it in its work, watch its effects, and the verdict must be favourable.

The Association is winning its name inefaceably in the changed lives, enlarged hopes, higher aims, and nobler motives of many of its members.

Another point sometimes forgotten is that the object of the Association is to build up

character, remembering that "it depends upon what we are as to what the world is like."

"Dark is the world to thee;  
Thyself the reason why."

Its aim is not to bring the members out of the spheres in which they have been placed, but to help them to do their duty better in that station of life where God has placed them.

Its aim is to lead them to see that it does make a vast difference how they fulfil those duties, and that if they are actuated by high Christian motives, they will find this the way to ennoble all work.

Its aim is to teach its members who have the talent, or leisure, or education, or artistic training, to use this for the common weal, and save them from the selfish narrowness of a useless life.

Thus the Y.W.C.A. does its quiet work day by day. Sometimes it offers its protection to a girl who sets foot in London or some other large town for the first time, the Stations Visitor sent out by the Travellers' Aid Department (Office, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.), meeting her at the Station or Wharf. Sometimes it saves a girl from falling into the snares, now so often laid for them in advertisements offering high wages and little work, which means ruin and degradation. Any girl may apply to the Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish-street, or to the Business Agency, 316, Regent-street, for a safe situation, or for information concerning registries and advertisements. Sometimes it gives occupation for the leisure hours when tired fingers and weary brain need relaxation and change. There are 40 institutes and homes in London alone, and 125 branches, and similar work is carried on all over the country.

The Association has thus proved itself indispensable to many a lonely, tempted girl. Thank God for the Young Women's Christian Association! The London Association has published four reasons why every girl should join.

Y.W.C.A.

WHY SHOULD I JOIN?

Because every young woman should identify herself with an Association which is pre-eminently her own, and thus support it by her influence and example.

Because if you yourself do not need the special advantages of our Association, remember the thousands of our sisters who do; therefore, enrol yourself as a member, and encourage every one whom you may come across to do the same.

Because, if you desire to work for God, here is a delightful sphere for all the time and talents you have to spare, as almost all our local branches are needing helpers.

Because, by joining, and also influencing others to join, you may be the means of bringing many in who will by-and-by say, "Thank God I ever came in here!"

Enough has been said to prove that the seed sown in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER three years ago has taken root and flourished, and we would ask every young reader to join their own branch at once. They may join as Associates or Prayer Union Members, paying 1s. a year, or as Working Members, 2s. 6d. a year, or as Honorary Associates, 5s. a year, by writing to Miss V. Tweedy, Widmore House, Bromley, Kent; or, if they prefer, to the Secretary, at the Central Office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W. Subscriptions in aid of the work will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretaries—Mrs. H. Arbuthnot, 15, Craven-hill-gardens, London, W., and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, S.W.



master. I wor up by the stile an' heard them," corrected Roger from his vantage ground.

"'Twas all through her at the first," persisted Mabel.

"No, it wasn't," exclaimed Bob, turning round sharply in a sudden fit of magnanimity; "it was Arthur and me. But I'll never call you names again, Phillis, never. I thought you'd be glad to hear I was beaten, and I didn't expect you'd be sorry and cry over me—I didn't. You've made me ashamed of myself, you have."

"Mph!"—(an unconscious imitation of her father) was all Mabel's acknowledgment of her brother's repentant confession, as she marched loftily away, and so missed the tearful compact of peace Bob sealed with a brotherly kiss.

Phillis frequently in the summer time carried her books out of doors in order to learn her lessons in quiet. So Stephen Heathfield found her, waiting his return home that evening from his round of inspection. And no sooner was his foot out of the stirrup than her face was up for a kiss, and a whisper, "Please, father, don't be cross with Bob; he's been so nice, and says he's sorry, and won't call names any more."

"Humph! Let him see he don't, and I'll forgive him this time."

"And will you please write a note and ask Dr. Marsden not to punish him?"

"Oh! So Master Bob's set you to shoot his bullets, has he?"

Even in the twilight he could see the indignant blood crimsoning her face as the swift denial came, along with a suspicious tendency to tears.

"I'm not shooting anybody's bullets. Bob doesn't know. But I don't think he ought to be punished now he's sorry and good."

"Well, well, go in, and I'll see."

He did see, and so did the boy—the contents of the protective note—but that he owed it to the sister he had done so much to provoke.

"Bob," said the little peace-maker, on the way to their respective schools the next morning, "would you mind telling Hubert you are sorry for him. He has got such a dreadful lip, all cut and swollen."

"Oh, that depends. Not if he rides the high horse, you know!"

Much to his amazement, Hubert himself generously made the first advances. He was closing Miss Pringle's green gate behind him when the three Heathfields passed. His lower lip, cut by a button on Arthur's sleeve, was plastered across; the upper one was still swollen.

He put out his hand to Robert, saying, "I'm sorry my elbow went in your eye, Bob. It was quite accidental. I was too angry to see anyone but the insolent fellow who struck me."

Robert, who had taken his extended hand, looking foolish the while, was not to be outdone in generosity. "It is very good of you to say so, but I deserved all I got for interfering, and a good deal more for joining in Arthur's game against Phillis. I shall never do it again, I can tell you."

He kept his word. But the ball had been sent rolling, and others took it up.

Arthur Rivers, who was fourteen, and consequently older than either Robert or Hubert, was the leader of a clique, and the two reconciled friends were not always able to endure passively the flippant jests he and his followers directed against Phillis and Miss Pringle, or Hubert himself as "Miss Pringle's *protégé*"; hence they were frequently in hot water, much to the grief of the little old maid.

Phillis might have fared little better but for her godmother's comforting assurance, "Persistent patience will disarm animosity in the end," and her advice to "Pray for patience to the Almighty, who can alone give it, my dear."

Then she found a congenial companion in a solitary girl like herself, one

on whom elder girls of the Rivers type looked down as beneath them.

Lucy Hope, who was about her own age, was the daughter of a widow living on a small annuity, who was straining every nerve to keep her son at college and give her girl an education on which she might rely for self-support in the aftertime. She was dressed in deep mourning when first she came to Miss Birtwhistle's, but when the black grew shabby and was not renewed, and it oozed out that she was to be trained for a governess, those who had been at first attracted by her ladylike manners, her clear complexion, rich auburn hair, and sad brown eyes, became either patronising or indifferent.

Phillis, who knew how lonely a little girl could be in a great school, was instinctively drawn to her for their mutual solace and benefit. They were in the same classes; they walked out of school together, leaving Mabel to the companionship of her own friends; they read together; Phillis lent her friend her own great treasure, "Mrs. Sherwood's Stories of the Church Catechism," which had come to her from her godmother; and finally, by her generous praise, obtained for Lucy admission to Miss Pringle's parlour, and a welcome at the farm, where previously only Mabel had introduced her friends for croquet and tea, or strawberries and cream, in the arbour overlooking the lawn.

That first visit of Lucy Hope to the farm was quite a red-letter day to Phillis. Mother and father alike appeared pleased with her friend; Mabel was most gracious, and Bob, who rather fought shy of strange girls, offered to pilot them over the farm and keep the big turkey-cock at bay. Even Hepsy remarked to Jenny, "Well, I'm glad Phillis has got a friend of her own, she'll not be so lonesome like, and yon seems a nice little lass."

It was quite as well, for changes were impending.

(To be continued.)



## EDUCATIONAL CLASSES. Y.W.C.A.

SUCH of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as have been interested in the different articles on the Young Women's Christian Association, will be glad to learn that the City Branch prospers. At the annual meeting the other day it was announced that there were nearly one thousand members, and that they increased at the rate of about one hundred each successive year. There was also another important announcement. Educational classes have been set on foot for the benefit of young women engaged in business, whether members of the association or not. There is an elementary class for reading, writing, and arithmetic; one for Anglo-Parisian dress-cutting, and others for shorthand, arithmetic, book-keeping; also piano, elementary and advanced. A course of the St. John ambulance lectures is also arranged. The

hours fixed for these various classes are between eight and ten in the evening, so as to accommodate the learners; and if any other subject is required, a class for it may be formed.

The charges vary from one shilling to five, and are a shilling a course more for non-members. All particulars may be obtained from Miss Baldwin, the resident superintendent, at the Finsbury Institute, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C. Twelve lessons constitute a course, save in the dress-cutting, when six is the number given.

It need not be repeated here that the cheerful rooms of this institute are open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Saturdays excepted; and that girls of all ages are welcomed. One shilling a year for membership is not ruinous; and when we reflect that it is a harbour of

refuge in the great ocean of the city, we are thankful for it and other similar havens. We know that some 26,000 young women are employed in a radius of a mile round about it; and it is a wonderful sight to see them stream through the square of a morning, and stream back again of an evening, to and from their various occupations. To those who have no home in London, the Institute offers particular attractions. Not only will they find friends, but Bible classes, social evenings, entertainments and books. As the population increases, this City Branch becomes more and more important, and we would advise all solitary young women, especially, to join it. Those with friends and homes are, we hope, better shielded from external temptations.

ANNE BEALF.



## NEWS FOR CITY GIRLS.

By ANNE BEALE.



On the 14th of May, 1886, we had the pleasure of seeing the Lord Mayor of that year open the new premises of the Finsbury Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, at 14, Finsbury Square.

We gave a short account of the proceedings in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

As most people want more than they actually possess, the desire then expressed was for the acquisition of certain premises at the back of the new Institute. Great things were to be effected, if only we could obtain and utilise them. In less than three years they have been acquired, and on the 15th of January, 1889, another Lord Mayor came to declare a fine hall and gymnasium, with a variety of useful accessories, open to any of the twenty thousand girls at work round about who might like to use them.

In spite of deep snow, through which a way for the carriages had to be cut, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress arrived in state, accompanied and followed by numberless friends of young girls. We hope they will show their sense of the interest taken in them by leading Christian lives. It was a bitter day, and the red carpeting spread for the feet of the guests was well sprinkled with snow; still, they filled the large hall to overflowing. Its wooden walls were prettily adorned with red and white drapery, and a gigantic "Y.W.C.A." was

amicably placed on their four sides; while a huge "Welcome" stood above the platform, and the words "Jehovah Nissi" faced it.

Many good wishes were expressed from this very platform for the girls, by the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of Bedford, and others; and speakers and audience rejoiced to hear that there were over 800 members belonging to this particular branch, while more than 1,400 names were on the books. We hope they will increase, and that "Our Girls" may become a power in the land by means of their good conduct and good example.

When the meeting was over, its members wandered through the new premises; and certainly much has been done for the enlargement of the Institute. In addition to the hall and gymnasium, which is a very important, lofty, and spacious place, there is a new classroom. Two hundred girls have joined the educational classes, of which a brief notice was given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER not long since; and this apartment, fitted up with desks and other appliances, is appropriated to them. A refreshment bar, lavatory, cloak-room, and a quaint little place full of small private cupboards for gymnastic costumes, are also additions to the original Institute. Assuredly much pains has been taken to give our city girls opportunities for muscular development, as well as for that mental and spiritual improvement at which the Y.W.C.A. chiefly aims. Classes for gymnastics, musical drill, calisthenics, etc., are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 5.30 to 7.30, and from 8.0 to 9.30; while the large hall will be utilised for other purposes as time goes on.

On the opening day it was utilised by some hundreds of girls, who met to enjoy a happy evening beneath its high dome. Despite the inclement weather, many lady friends joined in their mirth, and it is pleasant to know that neither unseemly jest nor boisterous manners alloyed the assembly. The old members influenced the new and such guests as were non-members, and seemed to show by their conversation what "a week of consecration" meant. Previously to the opening, the pre-

mises had been consecrated to Almighty God by a week of prayer-meetings, and a building thus devoted to the Great Giver of all good gifts can scarcely be desecrated by unholy conduct.

We visited it a few days ago, and found Miss Baldwin—who has superintended the good work for twenty years, and is looked upon by the girls as their mother—hopeful if anxious. Any inquiries concerning it may be addressed to her; she will gladly give information about educational classes and gymnasium, which are open alike to members and non-members. She was pleased and thankful to have so many responses to the short appeal in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of last year, and hopes for more from this brief notice. Fifty girls have already joined the gymnasium, and we write about a month after its opening. But what interested us still more was to see the large drawing-room prepared for the Sunday Bible Class, and the other rooms ready for the reception of the girls. It all looked homelike and restful. If any element were lacking it was supplied by a magnificent tom cat, who certainly was "at home," and followed us from room to room as if he were "monarch of all he surveyed." He is the pet of the establishment, and is called "The Mouse-trap of the Square," for although domestic when indoors, he is an inveterate sportsman outside, and if he does not exactly "bag" his game, he brings it in his mouth, to No. 14, from the neighbouring preserves. We felt much honoured by his taking us under his special protection, and ending his march through the rooms on our lap.

Any of our girl-workers in the City who have no home in London, would also find the Institute "a happy hunting-ground;" in other words, a refuge in the great London wilderness. Should they like to see for themselves, Miss Baldwin will gladly give them personal information any evening after six o'clock, or on Fridays after two p.m. We earnestly hope that the members of the Young Women's Christian Association may increase a hundredfold, both in town and country.

## VARIETIES.

## ETIQUETTE RUN MAD.

The etiquette observed in the royal palaces of Spain used to be carried to the point of absurdity, monarch and courtiers alike preferring to fall martyrs to their pride rather than break the rules of etiquette, and so lessen their grandeur. Philip III. being gravely seated by a chimney, where the firemaker of the Court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair, and the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the etiquette.

At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burned fiercer; and the King endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood became heated to such a degree that an erysipelas

broke out in his head the next day, which being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

## CATS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the Island of Cyprus by some foreign merchants who came hither for tin. In the old Welsh laws a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny, when it began to mouse at twopence, and after it had killed mice at fourpence, which was the price of a calf.

Wild cats were kept by our ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had charge of these cats seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds.

IN A DISCUSSION.—People are apt to mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.

HOAXING THE PUBLIC.—A successful hoax was practised by a wag in the reign of Queen Anne, and is thus noticed in the newspapers of that period: "A well-dressed man rode down the King's-road from Fulham at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike to be immediately thrown open, as he was a messenger conveying the news of the Queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every corner of the city; the trained bands who were on parade furlled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed; the shopkeepers displayed their sables; and many were desirous of purchasing mourning before the news should become more known." The author of the hoax was never discovered.

FAMILY LIFE.—The family is the miniature commonwealth upon whose integrity the safety of the larger commonwealth depends. It is the seed-plot of all morality. We express the noblest longings of the human heart when we speak of a time to come in which all mankind will be united as one family.—Felix Adler.



vultures, on the tide. A dead sheep—a common sight in winter on the large grazing flats of our marshlands close to the sea—is a banquet to them. All gulls will follow the plough in quest of worms, grubs, and all the numerous insect pests that do damage to the crops; the quantity they devour must be enormous. I once captured a common gull in order to show a sceptical friend how much

and what its crop contained; his astonishment was great. The gull was then let go, unharmed.

Starlings search in all directions for insects in some form or other; those lying hid for the winter, and the larvae that would come to life in the warm springtime. Birds wantonly killed, or through mistaken notions about them, are a great loss to the general com-

munity; and it has been proved that those which have been held in the greatest disrepute are really the most useful. Nature left to herself keeps her children evenly balanced.

Winter, as well as ignorant man, kills thousands of birds. But there are localities where, but for their existence, man would not be able to live at all during the dreary winter months.

## MORLEY HALLS.

By ANNE BEALE.



hear of magician's wands, and sometimes think we see them wave. If there were such mystic symbols we should almost believe they had been employed in the transformation of

the once luxurious Lotus Clubs into the habitable, homelike Morley Halls. The magician was the Christian philanthropist; the wand, prayer. Scarcely three years ago we wandered through the countless rooms of the Lotus Clubs, then empty, deserted, unfurnished, cheerless; now we find them a centre of activity, filled, furnished, cheerful, and with a new name. In the winter of 1886 they were converted into the head offices of the Young Women's Christian Association, and 316, Regent Street is at the present moment as active in schemes for the benefit of young women as is its opposite neighbour, the Polytechnic, for young men.

Let us once more roam through the innumerable rooms, and see for ourselves how the void has been replenished. Even in the entrance hall, where formerly Oriental lounges were the principal feature, a *dépôt* for pure literature reigns triumphant, and books, texts, and illuminated cards are offered for sale at a discount of three pence in the shilling. When will buyers and sellers be content to purchase and vend at a fair and fixed price? It would be less troublesome for all parties.

The Lecture Hall, formerly, we believe, a ball-room, greets us first. This is capable of seating 300 people, and here religious meetings of various kinds are held, none, perhaps, more interesting than the Sunday afternoon Bible class, when some 250 young girls assemble for religious instruction. At one end of this lofty hall is a platform for teachers and speakers, at the other an entrance to the Welbeck restaurant. Here we pause to recall that a few years ago some of the young women who frequented this restaurant united in prayer to Almighty God for enlarged premises, and now the partition dividing them from the then Lotus Clubs has been thrown down and an extra dining-room secured. When we consider that from four to five hundred women engaged in business in the neighbourhood dine here daily, and that refreshments are obtainable at all hours and at very moderate prices, we readily understand what a boon the new dining-hall must be. During the season the average was from seven to eight hundred. We have ourselves seen it so crowded at about one o'clock, that we have had to "bide our time" to be served by the ready waitresses. When our time came and we had a good hot dinner for sixpence, we were well assured that more space was very desirable indeed!

This "space" we soon enter upon, and find another of the old halls converted into a dining-room, filled by the overflow from the

restaurant. Truly, women are superabundant. Still, they have no time to lose, and the small monosyllable "work" seems written on their brows, and the hurry of business mingled with their movements. Three times a week, when meals are over, this room is utilised of an evening as a gymnasium. A hundred girls joined the class during the first month, and it is said they develop strength and muscle under Ling's Swedish exercises. The apparatus that hangs against the wall is curious, and so are the ornamental Japanese doors which will remain as mementoes of the clubs. One shilling and threepence a quarter will give the "poor lassie" tired of sitting or standing all day, the chance of changes of posture and muscular strengthening.

The "chances" she has in this great building are as numerous as they are wonderful. From the restaurant and gymnasium we mount a flight of stone stairs to the Welbeck Home, for "young ladies in business." On the first floor is the sitting-room, where young women, either in or out of situations, are variously engaged: some in scientific dressmaking, others in different occupations. One is dressing a doll for a competition—and we hope she may get a prize; another is seated in the window, also at work. The latter is out of employment, and tells us "that this is her only home, for she has no parents." This sad tale is, alas! often repeated during our wanderings through these labyrinthine halls.

Evening educational classes are held here as well as at all the principal institutes, where not only dressmaking, scientific or Anglo-Parisian, but other useful arts, can be acquired at moderate charges. Indeed, what cannot be acquired here? Another flight of stairs, and we see sleeping accommodation; a third, ditto.

"Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber," might be the motto of our halls. Nearly sixty cubicles belong to this portion of them, and they are always full, while applicants are waiting for vacancies. Very pathetic are the stories told in connection with these tiny bedrooms, and very touching is their ornamentation. Girls of all ranks fly to these hospitable walls, which might almost be called a city of refuge. It seems sacrilegious to pry into the secrets of the sanctuary, but a glance shows that each little tabernacle is a sort of home, where all the treasures are enshrined. Books, photographs, illuminated cards, ornaments, line the wooden walls, and the character of the occupants can be divined by the neatness and prettiness of the cell; for truly there are many small hives collected under this, our monster hive. The bees that frequent them are mostly regular workers, but there is a travellers' room, appropriated to those who seek lodging for a night or so. In the Central Institute, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, is located the actual "Travellers' Aid" Branch of the Association; but here, also, weary wanderers can find a night's lodging. From nine in the morning till ten at night the doors are open to all comers, and no virtuous girl, if unprotected,

will knock in vain. Policemen, railway porters, and various officials are now alive to the agencies for sheltering and aiding young women, and send them without scruple to the Y.W.C.A., when they find them alone or in danger. They come from station, street, or park, often in peril of starvation or worse; and among the dwellers in our halls may be found wanderers from far Australia, or from other of our colonies. And foreigners, speaking a strange language, are not "sent away empty."

This hurries us from the Welbeck Institute and its many cubicles, to the Continental division of the society, and the office of the International Union. More passages and endless stairs bring us to a small apartment whence large results proceed. Here earnest ladies are working for their foreign sisters, who recount pitiable tales of governesses and servants alone in a strange land. Not long since a German girl, who knew not where to turn for a night's lodging, was brought by a policeman. She proved both respectable and grateful, for when, after due inquiry, a situation was found for her, she sent the first pound of her earnings to the Home. But this is merely an isolated example, since on an average 150 foreigners come weekly for help or advice. A foreign registry is kept for governesses and other employées, open from 11 to 4, and on Saturdays from 11 to 12. This branch is formed for the good of women all over the world. It would benefit English girls abroad and foreigners at home, which seems an anomaly; but many English girls are craving for situations abroad, in order to perfect themselves in some foreign language, and to impart their own in return, and the secretary earnestly invites attention to this fact. If foreign ladies would apply, their situations could be filed for a moderate salary.

The International Union aims at linking together all societies formed to benefit women, and spreads from Europe to Asia and America. Its members are legion, and from this central office extends an almost universal system of protection for all who seek it, according to certain rules. An article of its constitution expressly states that the association is intended to aid every young woman, "whatever her nationality, creed, or occupation." Although its central office is at Neuchatel, each country has its own office, that for England being, as we see, at 316, Regent Street. It works amicably with the Y.W.C.A., and at Morley Halls it is difficult to disentangle the threads that unite them. Doubtless the special fund, Bible classes, and library for French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Norwegian girls are utilised by both.

While we write, we hear a friend say, "Why, there ought not to be a naughty girl in the world since so much is done for the class." A sentiment we endorse, and we hope all our girls will show their gratitude to their heavenly and earthly friends by purity and holiness or life and conversation.

Another short and bewildering journey brings us to the Servants' Home. Fortunately



we have experienced guides, or we should come to grief. A comfortable sitting-room for servants out of work explains itself. At the moment it is full of women of various ages.

They are most of them engaged in needle-work, and look rather despondent, for if situations are not speedily procured, they can but wonder what is to become of them. However, they are in good hands, since the employment agency at 17, Old Cavendish Street is doing its best for them, and Christian love is surrounding them. During one year the beds were used 4,561 times, and there are rarely fewer than twenty servants in the Home. Of course their stay varies in extent according to circumstances, or, alas! sometimes to means, for they pay for bed and board, not exorbitantly, still they pay, and this branch is nearly self-supporting. Spiritual as well as temporal aid awaits them here, in Bible classes and prayer-meetings, concerning which many have written grateful letters when in situations.

Their dormitories are very comfortable, and thirty-three beds are available. One is pointed out as to be occupied for this night only by a servant *en route* for Brisbane. She is not only safely housed, but to-morrow, God willing, will be accompanied to her vessel by one of the ladies connected with the Travellers' Aid. A letter addressed to the lady superintendent, with a request for the rules of this Home, will receive an immediate answer, and no respectable woman will be refused admission who is able and willing to submit to them.

A roundabout, spiral staircase takes us downstairs again, and we find ourselves after some more intricate wanderings in the office for the "Business Agency," where shop assistants, milliners, dressmakers, and the like come in search of occupation. There is no want of applicants for work, but great need of employers who will engage them. The secretary earnestly asks for such, and assures the heads of firms and other agents that they can be "well suited" at small expense and little personal effort. She says that the tales of privation and sorrow told within those narrow walls would almost make them speak; and that her heart is constantly torn by the appeals for aid to maintain, not only the petitioner for labour, but often whole families dependent on her. One poor girl had the burden of an in-

valid mother and younger brothers and sisters. Another, of a helpless father; and are all in need of aid and sympathy.

Sympathy! Yes; that is what they all crave, and they get it here. A milliner, whose soul was downcast by continual rebuffs, read something in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which induced her to seek this help. She was hopeless, and was sure nothing would be found for her. "We will ask God to help us," said the secretary; and they knelt down and prayed. The next day a situation was found. Grateful letters and gifts of money to the association succeeded, and better still, an acknowledgment of the efficacy of prayer. But this is only one of many instances, and we hear of broken-hearted daughters of our poor clergy and others, seeking aid not only in this, but in all the branches of these great institutions. Oh! why will our young sisters crowd up to London?

This question is asked day by day in the waiting-room, which is free to all. From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and on Saturdays from 2 to 6, "they come, they come!" They have, at least, temporary rest in this apartment, with the privilege of entering the library on the payment of one halfpenny, where they may look through the advertisement sheets of the daily papers, for situations, or write a letter, or turn over the pages of a book.

We pause on the threshold of the library to wonder and admire. We see a large room handsomely furnished with couches, tables, and easy chairs; the walls hung with beautiful paintings of flowers and texts, executed by a friend, and surrounded by books, shrubs and flowers in pots, and ease everywhere. We enter, and are greeted by a photograph of Lord Shaftesbury, the lamented friend of rich and poor. Many ladies are seated or reclining on the couches, searching the newspapers or reading. One from India has a scientific book in her hand; she would fain get missionary work. But every kind of pure literature, from science to fiction, is represented. One penny a day, twopence a week, or one shilling per quarter will enable the subscriber to use this reading-room from half-past seven in the morning to ten at night. There is no extra payment, save for writing-paper and envelopes when required. Says the lady super-

intendent, "Sometimes every couch is occupied by the weary seekers for employment, who come for rest and sleep as much as for literary food." Very patient, if not very weary, must be the young lady who sits all day as secretary near the door.

But how good and patient are all the ladies employed as secretaries or helps in the various departments we have seen! They are evidently "friends all round," and ready to assist one another as well as the applicants at their various departments. Christian cheerfulness is the blessed gift of the Holy Spirit, and it reigns here in spite of much that is depressing from without. This is kept alive by prayer-meetings, Bible classes, ladies' Bible readings, missionary prayer-meetings, and other pious accessories, which arouse dormant energies and stir up flagging faith. At least a hundred individuals dwell in the halls, which are open to all members for religious as well as secular uses. An annual subscription of six shillings constitutes a pass-holder, and makes her free of the gymnasium, library, reading-room, social teas and popular lectures, to say nothing of the ladies' cloak-room, parcels office, and lavatory.

We are not surprised that members increase, since in London alone there are five hundred thousand young girls, numbers of whom surround the Morley Halls.

We cannot better take a temporary leave of them than by accompanying the kind and self-forgetting lady superintendent to her small private sitting-room, if a place subject to the constant influx of individuals can be called private. It was in a corner of this singularly unostentatious apartment that a little company of young girls met regularly to pray to Almighty God for increased space. They were at that time limited to the Welbeck Institute, of which this room is part. Who shall dare to say that prayer is not answered? Who shall affirm that the Great Giver of all good gifts did not open the way from the smaller house to the larger in response to the innocent petitions of His youthful and believing suppliants? None but the blind sceptic. Therefore we close this sketch with the texts, "Pray without ceasing." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Ask and ye shall receive." "I will pray to my Father, and He shall give you another comforter."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## EDUCATIONAL.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—We do not know whether the Guild for Aid in Home Duties train ladies'-maids, but you might write to the secretary, Mrs. Henslow, Zeals Rectory, Bath. You would require to be a fair dressmaker and hairdresser, and be capable, tidy, and clean, with pleasant, respectful manners and address.

W. M. A.—The Sunderbunds is a wild tract of swamp and forest, which terminates the sea-face of the Delta, through which the united streams of the Ganges and Brahmaputra find their way into the Bay of Bengal. The area is estimated at from 5570 to 7530 miles. The population is very sparse; both ricecutters and woodcutters only come for the season. The name is probably derived from the jungles of Sundri trees, which are used for boat-building. Cultivation is extending at present, but tigers are numerous, as well as other wild animals, and the climate is dangerous to Europeans. An enormous boat traffic is carried on between Calcutta and East Bengal, through the Sunderbunds, and from them the firewood used in Calcutta is mostly obtained.

A DAUGHTER OF ALBION.—The spelling and the composition seem very good, and the writing will improve in time. Many thanks for your kind letter. We are glad that you appreciate our paper.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—Perhaps the Utopian Reading Society (Secretary, Miss Gibb, Glenlyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent) might suit you. If it should not prove to be a "Half-hour" Reading Society, there is one conducted by Miss Duckworth, Emswood, Mosely Hill, Liverpool. The subscription is one shilling, payable in advance.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The passage, "She sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief," is taken from Shakespeare; you will find it in his *Twelfth Night*, October 1st, 1866, was a Monday. June 6th, 1868, was a Tuesday. September 24th, 1870, was a Saturday.

ANXIOUS LIZ.—The first London Board school was opened July 12th, 1873, in Whitechapel.

BRIGHTON sends us a few verses on the words "Jesus called a little child unto Him." We are sorry for her distress on the loss of the child, her little scholar; but she has comfort in remembering her own endeavours to lead her to her Saviour. Out of eight verses the word "sweet" occurs in seven of them. We regard the giving way to such a state of mind as she describes as sinful. She seems in a most unhealthy, morbid condition of mind and body.

VERITAS (Hospital for Incurables).—We advise you to write to Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Co. for a copy of "The Story of a King's Daughter," and the editor of that little report of an admirable society may be able to give you the address of the secretary of the "Shut-in Society" of invalids. We think it is an American society, but it may have a branch in England, and if not it would not be difficult to organise one for the mutual comfort of sufferers like yourself.

MAY.—We do not think any of our girls do well when they marry a goddess or irreligious and unthinking man. If they love God themselves, how sad will be the home, and how great the division of interests! If a man loves a girl very truly, he will try to improve himself in order to win her, we think.

A THANKFUL GOVERNESS.—There is a Home for Governesses at 44, Formosa Street, Maida Vale, at a charge each of 10s. 6d. a week. Also the Ladies' Home at 53, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, which supplies medical attendance as well as board and lodging, at from 13s. to 16s. a week. A recommendation from a subscriber is required; hon. sec., Miss Alcock, 22, Somerset Street, and Miss E. D. Simpson, 44, Porchester Street, Hyde Park, W. Also Governesses' Home, 47, Harley Street, W., at 15s. a week; admission by ladies' committee. And the Home for Unemployed Governesses, 9, St. Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park, W.

CARRIE.—We know of nothing to recommend for your friend, except change of air to a mountainous or hilly country. The steady use of gymnastics will sometimes help, as well as rubbing and out-of-door exercise.

KATHLEEN.—The new book, "The Girl's Own Indoor Book," is in one volume, not in parts. 2. We should think the painting has been kept in a damp place, and the spots have been the result.

SWEET SEVENTEEN is clearly too young to think of marriage at present, and so she had better tell this to the young man in question. When she is older and wiser she will know what she wants, and had much better delay.

NEKAYAH.—The lines you enclose are not "blank verse." Each line should consist of ten feet, but the breaks and full-stop periods must fall in irregular distances. Lines cannot run regularly on to the tenth foot, as in Heroics. You should study the intervals in a blank-verse poem of one of our first poets.



"Aye, and they deceived wiser heads than his," said a third, with a significant look at the last speaker. "However, it is not for us to judge the father who is gone, but to help, if we can, the son who is living. He has got a capital head for business, whichever side it came from, father or mother's."

"Maybe he has the father's share as well as his own."

"He has the fine manners of the Simpsons, and he does not think them too good for his present place. I have seen him treat an old market woman, who went shoving into the station, with a couple of baskets on her arms, as politely as if she were a duchess."

"Suppose we come to business," interposed the first speaker. "Young Simpson is doing the station-master's work, and everybody agrees that it was never done more efficiently. He has lately acted in a manner which proves that he places our interests before his own. He has waived his right to occupy the house at the station, with other privileges attached to the post, and made things pleasant for Pritchard. And yet he receives far less salary than we gave to his predecessor, Edelston. This hardly seems right."

"Certainly not," was the remark which followed from all sides.

"It is to our interest to make it worth the while of a trustworthy able young man to stay with us."

Again the rest assented, and old Mr. Burford remarked—

"I happen to know a gentleman who has been greatly struck with young Simpson's ability, and who would gladly offer him a much better salary to go into his office—not here, but in London."

"Then I propose that we retain his services if we can," said my special advocate, if I may so name one where all were proving their desire to serve me. "I propose that young Simpson's salary

be at once advanced to the same amount paid to Edelston, due allowance being made for the house and perquisites pertaining thereto. Pritchard accepted these last as part of an increase of salary which had been promised him, so that we shall not be really giving more in wages than before."

I could scarcely believe my eyes when I received written news of my good fortune. My salary had gone up at a bound from sixty-five to a hundred and twenty pounds a year. The tidings almost bewildered me, and I remained for some moments under the impression that I must be dreaming, and that I should awake to a far less pleasant reality.

When I did become convinced that there was no mistake as to the contents of the letter, and that my position would be so greatly improved, I began to wonder whom I had to thank for such good fortune.

It was not likely that I could keep such news to myself, and as Mr. Pritchard was the friend nearest at hand, I told it to him, and showed my letter.

"I am delighted," he exclaimed, and the pleasure visible on his face was as eloquent as words.

"I have had quite a guilty feeling ever since you were robbed, on account of my carelessness in carrying off the safe key. Now I shall plume myself on having, though by accident, given you a push upward on the ladder of promotion. The climbing of that is generally a slow process. Yours might have been winged, you have risen so fast. However, you have done your best to deserve it; and it is wonderful what a turn things have taken for you."

Wonderful indeed! When I looked back and thought how dreadfully lonely I had felt after my father's death, how often I had mused, bitterly enough, on the desertion of all those who had called themselves his friends, I could not

be sufficiently thankful now. Neither could I altogether clear myself from blame as I looked into my own heart.

Surely I must have been very *hasty* in my judgments, for had not some of those friends been the authors of this great improvement in my present prospects? I heard the particulars afterwards from Mr. Burford, and knew that such had been the case.

He congratulated me warmly, and said—

"You have done well, Jack, very well, and put your heart into your work. But after all, my boy, you would never have got such a big lift all at once if you had not been your father's son. I think it right to tell you this, for it would not do for you to run away with the notion that you are a sort of phoenix amongst railway employes."

"Indeed, Mr. Burford, I do not think that," I replied. "No one could have been more surprised at the news of my advance than I was, for I knew I had done nothing special to merit it."

"That is right. Keep in that spirit, and you will keep the friends who, partly for your father's sake, and, it is fair to say, because they like and respect you, have given you such a considerable advance. You will need to carry yourself modestly on account of your colleagues as well."

I was very grateful to Mr. Burford for this advice, and resolved to act upon it.

Without my asking any questions, he told me how Nelly was; that she would come home for good in July, with various particulars of the Swiss holiday he and his family had enjoyed in the autumn.

He said he should be like a school-boy, counting weeks until the time came for his daughter's return. I knew that I should count days and hours until I should see the face of my old playfellow, but I did not tell him so.

(To be continued.)

## THE LONDON Y.W.C.A.

By THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

THE Young Women's Christian Association have this winter completed arrangements for establishing really good educational classes at twenty-two of their London institutes, and the attendance has been very large. A new session is just commencing, and we give below full details. The terms are as reasonable as possible, and fees for all classes are reduced to members and associates of the Y.W.C.A., but all classes are open to girls, as the object of the association in this as well as its other arrangements is to benefit the largest possible number of girls, and therefore all are cordially invited to join. Two gymnasiums have been opened, and musical drill is also taught. Special facilities are offered those seeking Civil Service appointments.

To fit members for better and more useful positions, and to bring other girls under the healthful influence of the Y.W.C.A., is the twofold object of the educational work; but always to the forefront is the primary aim of the association: to kindle and foster spiritual life in the soul, and to seek to win to Christ and for Christ the body, soul, and spirit of each girl who joins its ranks.

The prospectus can be had of Mr. Kidner, London Office, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, or at the bookstall, 316, Regent Street; also the full

list of classes in any given district or institute. Any girls wishing to join may write to Mr. Kidner, stating in what district they wish to join.

### SUBJECTS TAUGHT.

The classes at these institutes include shorthand, arithmetic, French, book-keeping, music, singing, dress-cutting and draping, cookery, ambulance nursing, etc.

### PRIZES.

Twelve prizes are offered in each of the groups of institutes, or seventy-two prizes in all among the six groups, as follows:—

1. Two prizes, elementary and advanced, will be given in each group to those who obtain the highest number of marks in arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, and French.
2. One prize is offered in each group for Anglo-Parisian dress-cutting (amateur), St. John ambulance "first-aid," St. John ambulance nursing, and for cookery.
3. Any student taking one of the prizes for arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, or French must have attended the classes during at least two terms, and have not made less than eight attendances in each term.
4. All examinations for these prizes shall be in accordance with the syllabus of subjects issued by the educational committee.
5. It is hoped that all students attending

the classes will present themselves for examination to test their progress.

### CERTIFICATES.

Certificates will be of two classes—elementary and advanced—and will be granted to all students who obtain not less than 50 per cent. of the maximum number of marks in any subject.

### CIVIL SERVICE CLASSES.

Evening classes for young women who desire to compete for Civil Service appointments as clerks, sorters, and telegraph learners are held at the Finsbury Institute, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C. A special Civil Service tutor prepares each candidate in all the necessary subjects, on two evenings of each week. Fees:—Members of Y.W.C.A., 12s. 6d. per term; non-members, 15s.

### GYMNASIUM CLASSES.

Classes in gymnastic exercises, musical drill, etc., are held at the gymnasium, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C.—Classes in Swedish drill, etc., are conducted in the Morley Halls Gymnasium, 316, Regent Street, W.—Musical drill is taught at the Cloudeley Institute, 34, Barnsbury Street, N.—A class for Swedish drill is held in connection with the Clapham Institute, 355, Clapham Road, S.W.—Type-writing classes are held at 14, Finsbury Square, and an instrument is kept for members to practise on.