



## GIRL-LIFE IN GERMANY

NOTWITHSTANDING our intimate relations with Germany, and the knowledge we possess of its laws, its statesmen and clever writers, we know but little of its girls, their habits, work, pleasures, and tone of thought; yet if we would learn the condition of a country, present and to come, this knowledge is absolutely necessary. The moral power of girls upon the nation to which they belong is paramount, and cannot be over-rated.

Pure-minded, religious, self-denying, cheerful girls influence all in the land, from the emperor to the poorest peasant.

It seems odd that our knowledge of girl-life in other lands should be so small when year after year we cross the Channel to spend our holidays; but a moment's thought will show us that hotel-life is not the best way of becoming acquainted with the homes and habits of the people of the place, for as a rule we meet only those of our own nation and Americans; and the occasional glances we obtain of the girls of the country do not serve to knit heart to heart, but rather the contrary. We are not pleased with them, and do not hesitate to say so—often in their presence, taking it for granted that they do not understand—while they, in their turn, certainly do not delight in us, and give it as their opinion that English girls are proud, disdainful, and ill-mannered.



But these are mistakes arising entirely from want of knowledge.

If we desire to learn something of the inner life of German girls we must live with them, share their joys and sorrows, and sympathise with them; above all, we must start free of the thought that whatever differs from our English manners and customs must necessarily be vulgar. On the other hand, it is not at all necessary for us to give up our own natural characteristics because we desire to learn the peculiar excellence of the girls of another nation; indeed, for the honour of our own country we must maintain them.

Girl-life in Germany has but little in common with girl-life in England; indeed, there is scarcely a prominent landmark from birth to death but differs, as you will perceive, if I am able to tell you what I have seen and experienced in the Fatherland.

To begin with, their homes are not the same. Every house, as a rule, contains one or two abodes on each *étage* or floor. The street door is always open, and the stone staircase, which is common to all, has an un-English, uncared-for appearance. This vanishes, however, as soon as the door on either side opens in answer to your summons, and you find yourself in a hall or passage, with rooms all round, and capable of being passed through from beginning to end without using the doors leading into the corridor. If it be winter, you will experience a peculiar warmth and almost closeness in the atmosphere occasioned by the use of stoves instead of open fireplaces. The *Grosse-Saal*, or drawing-room, to which visitors are conducted, is always pretty with its polished floor and small central carpet, its porcelain stove, and the many knickknacks on brackets which fill the corners of the room; added to which, a basket of palms and india-rubber plants, is generally to be found, giving to the room an air of cheerfulness and elegance. The *Wohnstube*, or sitting-room, and the *Ess-Saal*, or dining-room, are as a rule very simple.

The bedrooms are scrupulously clean, but bare of the many little elegancies we think necessary at home. I have never seen a toilet muslin or pin cushion in a German bedroom. The little iron bedsteads, with mattress and pillows (no bolster)—often very hard—are furnished generally with good home-spun linen; but the worst of it is, the sheets are never large enough to tuck in, and as the only covering beside the sheet is an eider pillow, or coverlet, an English girl's feet are always bare, and she may think herself fortunate if she keep the clothes on at all. Many a winter night have I shivered, from the impossibility of keeping the doll sheet and pillow over me. I had no sooner gone to sleep than I woke to find myself very cold and everything on the floor; and what with getting out of bed to pick them up, and losing them again, weeks passed before I could get a really good night's rest. The kitchen is perhaps the most un-English of all. It is a small compartment near the hall-door; every available

space is covered with bright saucepans, wooden spoons, and egg whisks; and the stove, a curious arrangement for doing the largest amount of work in the least space, completes the doll-like arrangement. You must not laugh at this, for wonderfully good things are concocted in it for you, if you are on a visit there. This is the kind of house in which people of middle class live; but it is much the same for the richer or poorer classes, except that in one the comforts and elegancies are increased, while in the other bare necessities only are to be found; still, the character and arrangements are the same in all.

You will be warmly welcomed if you take with you a letter of introduction (Empfehlungsbrief), for Germans are most hospitable; and if you cannot speak their language, you need not be dismayed, for there are but few households in which the girls do not speak English—not always well, perhaps, but their earnest desire to understand and help you induces them to put aside all false modesty and to speak without fear.

English people never fancy that German baby-girls can be happy, because of the peculiar manner in which they are handled and dressed. One of the prettiest sights in an English household is to see the baby stretching out its limbs, and using its tiny fists in its endeavour to put out nurse's eyes; or if you wish to kiss it, to see its fingers pulling at your hair or cap-strings, and crowing with delight at the amount of freedom it is allowed.

Of all this there is an utter absence in German babyland. The infant is wrapped in swaddling clothes, its arms and legs confined by a wide binding from the waist downwards, chest and shoulders covered by a knitted woollen vest, and a tight-fitting crocheted cap on its head. In this manner it is carried on a pillow, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbons,\* in the nurse's arms; it looks neither pretty nor happy. *In infancy, at all events*, English girls have the advantage.

Education is very thorough, and much more valued in Germany than in England. nothing is allowed to interfere with it. The girls may be seen going through the streets at seven o'clock in the morning for their first lesson, in all weathers, their warm hoods (Caputze) on the head and bags of books in the hands; their breakfast, which was taken very early, consisting of a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread, which, by-the-by, is very nourishing. German mothers object to their children showing any preference for white bread or Semmeln, telling them they will never prove good Germans if they indulge in luxuries. There is a black bread of very superior quality, called Pumpernickel, eaten in North Germany. It acquired its name from a curious circumstance. A French knight, riding through Westphalia, desired food for himself and horse, and drew up at a wayside inn. The host brought him some very hard black bread, at which the knight looked ruefully, saying, "I cannot eat it, but it may be *bon pour Nickel*" (meaning his horse).

I have spent much time in the public schools of Germany. Almost the first thing I do in going to a new place is to ask permission to be present at the giving of lessons in such schools as answer to our Board and National schools. I have never been refused, and in all cases it has struck me as a great advantage over those in England that the teachers as well as the lessons are changed at short intervals, and thus each one comes fresh to his or her work.

Subjects such as history, literature, and science, are taught by professors in the form of lectures, the girls taking notes. The atten-

tion of the scholars is excited and kept up by the habit the teachers have of putting questions promiscuously—a girl never knowing the exact point at which she may be called upon to answer or give an opinion. My belief is that this system of teaching helps to develop the girls' minds, and strengthen their power of thought.

Several times it has occurred while I have been present, that a new girl has been admitted into the school or promoted to a higher class. In every case the head master or mistress brought the child by the hand and introduced her to her companions, saying, "Liebe Kinder, here is one who will require all your kindness and consideration until she feels herself at home with you," and then looking round with a scrutinising glance among the upturned eager faces—for they knew what was coming—continued, "and now, who will volunteer to be a good little mother to the stranger?" many a hand was held up and many a voice raised: "*darf ich es thun*."

At length one was selected, and very proud she seemed at the honour bestowed upon her. This always surprised me, as it entailed a good deal of work and no little anxiety; for henceforward the "little mother" was responsible for the child's lessons, manners, punctuality, and happiness, and no word of ridicule or act of rudeness must touch the child she is bound to protect. If you want to know how patient and loving a German girl can be, see her fulfilling this arduous office of "mothering" a new scholar. Periodical examinations are held, and to these the pupils look forward as the most important days in the year. They are often made the season of great festivities.

Every spare moment preceding the examination-day is utilised by the girls in decorating the class-rooms with wreaths and flowers. In the largest of these a platform is erected, where the head master, his whole staff of teachers, and visitors assemble on the important day; and to this the fortunate girls draw near to receive the rewards of industry and intelligence. I remember on one occasion seeing the Queen of Saxony give the prizes at a large school in which she took great interest. I shall never forget her kind words and gentle, gracious manner as she gave them with her own hands into those of the fortunate recipients. I ought to say that certificates of merit and proficiency are gradually being substituted for the prizes, as being more useful and less likely to rouse envyings and jealousies among the unsuccessful. When this ceremony is over, the pupils, if it be winter, not unfrequently give a representation of Shakespeare, Schiller, or Lessing, the costumes—of the very cheapest materials—being invariably designed and made by the girls themselves. The day following a summer examination is often spent by teachers and girls in the woods, by the lakes, or on the hills. Armed with fancy work and a few interesting books, they start for some favourite spot where they are sure of getting coffee and Kuchen. On arriving there, the girls break up into groups, one of each reading aloud while the others work; and from the whole, half-a-dozen are told off under a couple of teachers, to serve the party with coffee, fresh milk, and Semmeln (little rolls), and Kuchen (cake). After all are refreshed, wild flowers and berries are sought, and the way home made short and pleasant by the singing of Volkslieder in two voices. It is only two years ago that I was present at such a gathering in the Taunus mountains, and previously I had been at the Starnberger Sea with the girls and teachers from Munich, and with the girls of Dresden up the Elbe to Pillnitz, and I can say with certainty that these simple enjoyments and rambles make a pleasant break in school-life, and seldom fail to send girls back to their studies with new strength and vigour.

Notwithstanding the great pains and time devoted to intellectual pursuits in the girls' schools, all branches of needlework and knitting are taught carefully and well from very early years. It is quite a common thing to see little girls five or six years old standing at the doors, or walking in the streets, with the inevitable "Strickzeug," or stocking-knitting, in the hands, and it is wonderful to see with what rapidity the little fingers move. A German girl takes as naturally to her knitting as an English girl to her doll.

School-life for girls terminates, as a rule, a year previous to her confirmation; but her education is not considered complete until she has undergone a year's training in cooking and household duties, and for this purpose the year between the two periods is usually spent in some family other than her own, or in some hotel, if very good cooking is an object of desire.

The close of school-days and the entrance into home life, its duties and pleasures, is marked by the rite of confirmation. It is looked forward to with very mixed feelings; the discipline is long and earnest, and the pastor is most conscientious in his task of instructing and preparing the candidates, among whom, I am bound to say, the religious view is deep and sincere. Unfortunately, with these solemn thoughts is mingled the delight of putting on the first long dress of black silk, which every girl wears at her confirmation, if money can possibly be spared for it, and the rapture with which she looks forward to her first dance or party, as a young woman, and the freedom from all things irksome which she expects to enjoy in the future. In fact, to the girl this side of confirmation seems to be a kingdom of disagreeable duties, unnecessary self-denials, and petty mortifications; while on the other the world and its pleasures look as beautiful and attractive as the apples on the shores of the Dead Sea, and will, of course, prove quite as deceptive.

At the conclusion of the solemn service in the church, the girls just confirmed, together with their families and friends, resort to hotels or public gardens, where dining and singing and dancing occupy the hours until evening. Of course, this mode of spending the day must of necessity drive out all serious thought, and is, I think, a mistaken notion as to how they should buckle on their armour for battle.

The daughters of a household superintend the cooking in turn, a week at a time; and I have been nearly starved when the girl just confirmed, a novice at the work, took her place in the kitchen and sent in her dishes swimming in dark grease, and her *soufflés* like cannon-balls. I have wondered how the members of the family could possibly eat such food; but eat it they did, remarking for my benefit that everything must have a beginning, and the young sister must be encouraged in her attempts in the kitchen.

A German girl is rarely idle: she has always work in hand for some member of the family or one of her friends, in order to offer them some loving remembrance on name-day, birthday, or Weihnachtsabend (Christmas Eve). They spend all their little pocket-money in the purchase of materials for these gifts, and often, poor girls! they come to a standstill for want of wool, silk, or canvas. They cannot ask for money, as the work is always a secret; so in this dilemma they look about them to see who among their outside friends will be likely to require a handkerchief embroidered or some socks knitted, and having found something of this kind to do, they will rise as soon as it is light and work at it every spare moment. When finished, and they have earned three or four marks, they are as happy as queens, and off they go to expend them in buying the necessary articles to finish their little offerings, never for one moment dreaming of spending

\* Pink ribbons if for a girl, blue if for a boy.

them upon themselves. Who would not value a present which had occupied heart and hand for so long! This is a specimen of nearly every gift offered by one to another.

Let us look in upon a German household at breakfast time on the birthday of the Frau mother, who has been awakened early by one or two verses of a hymn or Volkslied sung outside her door by her sons and daughters.

Before her usual seat at the table is a Kuchen, or flat cake, as large as her plate, with cards of Glückwünschen, or congratulations, piled up on either side; then on the cake a Rosenkranz, or wreath of roses, which the girls had bought fresh at the market at five o'clock that morning, and round about the plate may be seen a number of mysterious packages, the gifts of her children, most of them produced at the expense of hours of labour and some self-denial. It is a sight to see the good Frau walking into the room to take her place, and then to note her surprise and lifting up of hands, and her exclamation of "Kinder! Kinder! was ist denn?" as if she had not known exactly what would meet her view, after perhaps twenty or thirty years of like experience. And then the beaming faces of the girls as they watch the mother open one after the other of the packages, saying, "Ach! du liebes Lieschen;" "Wie gut von dir Marie!" "Ach! wie niedlich," and so on. I have been present at many such a breakfast, and only wish some of our English girls could enjoy a like advantage. Germans do not invite their friends to afternoon tea, but to coffee, and these parties consist entirely of ladies, old and young, who bring their knitting, and work while they talk and sip the coffee handed to them by the daughters of the house, looking so pleasant in their prettily-made dresses and white-bibbed aprons edged with lace, and dainty little bows here and there.

These coffee parties have been much ridiculed and spoken against as opportunities of slandering and picking to pieces friends and neighbours. All I can say is, I have been a guest at very many in all parts of Germany, and I have been struck at the intellectual tone of conversation carried on at them. For instance, standard works of England, France, and Germany are discussed; new music, paintings, etc., talked over, with a knowledge and appreciation which have roused my admiration. I daresay talk about the neighbours may find its way there, but not more often than at four o'clock tea in England; and I will say for German women and girls they are among the kindest and most hospitable people I have known.

Our Princess Alice would never have sanctioned coffee parties if slander had been their chief characteristic. She constantly gave them, and many a charitable and benevolent scheme has been set floating at the coffee parties in the palace at Darmstadt.

The pleasures of German girls are simple and healthful, but their outdoor amusements are somewhat restricted as to number. Riding, croquet, and lawn-tennis have no place among them; but sleighing, skating, rowing, and excursions to the hills and woods do not leave much to be desired.

A favourite game with German girls is one resembling skittles, and a picture of it is given on the following page.

One thing which must be alluded to is the Sunday in Germany, because it forms one of the strongest temptations to a certain class of English girls to forget the principles in which they have been educated.

The churches are all full at the early services, but after the mid-day dinner the day is one of simple worldly amusement. The best balls, the most charming operas, military reviews, concerts in the public gardens and in the cafés are the order of the day. It is the custom of the country, and with it we have nothing to do. English girls,

especially if they be favourites among the Germans, are invited to each and all of these, and pressed with all earnestness to accept them; but I have known the temptation withstood with a firmness and resoluteness, and an imperviousness to ridicule that would have rejoiced the friends in England could they have seen it. It seems strange that these are the girls whom the Germans desire to call friends, for they respect them. Others, alas! resist for a time, and then think it hard that they are to be shut out from all the best amusements because they happen to be on Sunday, and they gradually teach themselves that it is no harm to do what the people of the country indulge in, and thus yield to the temptation, laying down their armour and ceasing to do battle. This number of English girls is smaller, I am happy to say, than the former.

The Verlobung, or, as we call it, the engagement of young people in Germany, is almost as important as marriage. It is celebrated by a feast, to which the nearest relations and most intimate friends are bidden. The bride appears in white dress, toasts are drunk, and rings are exchanged, upon which is engraved the date of the month and year, and the evening is closed by a dance.

On the following day printed notices are sent to relations and friends. If of the aristocracy they would run thus:—

Herr Graf Bingen und Frau Gräfin Bingen,  
Geborne Gräfin von Ehrenstadt,  
haben die Ehre die Verlobung ihrer  
Tochter Marie mit Herrn Grafen Neublatt  
Anzuzeigen.

or quite simply:—

Marie Gräfin von Ehrenstadt,  
Julius Graf von Neublatt,  
Verlobte.

The following is one of middle rank of life which I received last week only:—

Bertha Göring,  
Theodor Friedrich,  
Verlobte.

Weimar, Giessen.  
Im September, 1883.

From the day of Verlobung bride and bridegroom appear together at all amusements and receptions, and make love to each other so much in public, as to offend the modest reticence of English girls.

Betrothal is by no means followed up so quickly by marriage as with us, for the laws which restrict marriage and hedge it about with difficulties are many and severe, and cause considerable unhappiness to the couple. Marriage is often deferred for years until the income defined by law is forthcoming. Betrothal makes the couple Braut and Brautigam (bride and bridegroom), marriage makes them man and wife. "It is a very rare circumstance for either one or other to be false to their betrothal," said a German to me the other day: "and I know of no man among my acquaintances who would think of marrying a girl who had set aside the act of her betrothal."

The marriage ceremony varies in detail as you travel north or south of Germany, and as I have been present at a few of various ranks and in divers places, I will select a rich peasant's wedding in the north as one of the most curious I was ever at.

On a beautiful morning in August the marriage of Herr Stökel with Fräulein Schmidt was to be celebrated. The Brautigam was a well-to-do farmer, and the Braut, a bright pretty girl, was of the same class. Early in the morning at the door of the bride's home stood a large waggon decorated with branches of trees and flowers, the mats and cushions being new sacks filled with straw.

On the front seat the bride took her place,

her head adorned with a myrtle wreath (not orange blossom) and dressed in a very pretty costume.

Suspended from above and over her head was a large cage filled with the finest specimen of the poultry yard crowing lustily; the remainder of the waggon was filled with live stock, household goods, and a quantity of home-spun linen, all of which the bride was taking to her new home. Behind this waggon came vehicles of every description, which were to convey the girl's friends to the wedding. In front of the bride's waggon a procession was formed, headed by a band. It is impossible for me to describe the noise and confusion caused by so many people all desirous of having their opinion taken about the arrangements. At length all was satisfactory, and the cavalcade began to move and the band to play, to the delight of old and young who were fortunate enough to live along the route. As we approached the bridegroom's house, he came forward to assist his bride to alight, and after an affectionate greeting on the threshold led her into the house, where the clergyman, in his robes, was waiting in the best room to perform the ceremony, which, as a rule among this class of people, is celebrated in the house, and not in the church.

It was a solemn service, and many a tear was shed as the pastor, who had known both bride and bridegroom from childhood, gave a short review of their lives, and exhorted them earnestly to remember the importance of the step they were undertaking, and to cultivate those little acts of kindness and consideration the one for the other, without which their home would be unlovely and unhomelike.

This exhortation ended, he commanded the two before him to exchange rings, which was done amid absolute silence among the guests, who consider this the important moment. No sooner was the exchange made than the tension relaxed, and congratulations poured in heartily and noisily. The whole party were now free to turn their thoughts to the grand repast prepared for them in the barn (Scheune Dehle), which made a capital dining hall. In this part of Germany they are well built and paved with large smooth stones, and at either end are the stables and stalls for horses and cattle. On this occasion, however, we saw nothing of these, as they had been carefully hidden by branches of trees.

The meal was of the very best that the farm could produce; the tables literally groaned with the amount of good things. Before we sat the pastor said grace, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit," and the guests sang a Volkslied as only Germans can sing, in perfect tune and harmony. Before rising from dinner the pastor, who sat on one side of the bride, gave the toast of the day in a tender, solemn manner, viz., "The health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom, Herr and Frau Stökel."

I am not going to say anything about the eating of the dinner, except that appetites and spirits kept pace with each other, and there was not a sign among the guests of their having taken too much wine or beer.

When the meal was concluded, coffee was served, which is the custom all over Germany, but at this particular coffee-drinking cakes of every kind were handed round one after the other till the plates before the guests looked like shaky pyramids, and that before the pastor's wife was larger than any of the others; she evidently was the Benjamin of the party. But what was to be done with it? I could not tell; it was impossible to touch it after so magnificent a dinner. I looked at one and then at another; and then, imagine my surprise when suddenly all disappeared under the table except mine. The women had been equal to the emergency. What they lacked in appetite they made up in pockets, and into



"A FAVOURITE GAME WITH GERMAN GIRLS."

a large one in her apron each Frau emptied her plate, the pastor's wife not excepted.

Immediately after this, the pastor, his Frau, and I retired, and then began noisy fun and dancing. So long as the pastor sat at table all undue mirth was restrained, but broke out into full play on his retirement, and was kept up until midnight; and it was not until the evening of the next day that each guest returned home and left the newly-married pair in quiet.

One word as to the girl and women servants in Germany. They are not so fresh and dainty-looking as ours in England, but they are good, hard-working, faithful people, as I can testify. We find fault with them because they offend our taste in their manner of eating and other little matters, but many an English girl and woman will, I know, gladly acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe to German Mädchen for their unceasing kindness and labour in times of sickness and trouble.

And now, having brought the girl to her marriage, I would say that even in the matter of death and its details there is a difference between Germany and England.

Possibly in consequence of the closely-packed dwellings in various parts of Germany the law obtains that the dead and the living shall be at once separated. This knowledge came to me in the following abrupt manner:

I was walking up the Sendlinger Strasse in

Munich one Sunday afternoon with Fräulein Bentivegny, an inhabitant of the place, when I saw a couple of carriages and a group of people gathered about one of the best houses. I asked my friend if they were holding a reception, and, after a moment's pause, she said, "I think we had better turn back." "But why?" I questioned. "Whose house is it?" "That of Herr—, one of the members of the Government," was the answer. "See, they are taking him to the carriage, and will soon be on the way to the Leichen-house; we will walk and meet him on his arrival." I knew but little of the German language and customs at that time, and I fancied her intention was to take me to some friend's house, where I could see and speak with this great man.

We changed the direction of our walk, and in about half an hour found ourselves, to my astonishment, in the Gottesacre (God's Acre), a beautiful name for a burial-place. Here I saw a low building of one story, having, as I understood, three compartments; there were several windows, and to one of these my friend led me. I, without a hint of what would meet my gaze, looked in, and you may imagine my terror as my eyes fell on a large room full of dead people, each lying exposed to view in a slanting position, and clad in their best and most showy dresses. Many in ball costume, others in court dress, and in some cases adorned with jewellery and orders. Any-

thing more ghastly you cannot conceive, and coming upon me suddenly without a word of warning, I was nearer fainting than I had ever been in my life. At this moment a carriage drove up, and out of it was taken the body of Herr—, the Ministerial Rath, dressed with as much care as though he had been about to enter his king's presence. His face was calm—that I saw, and his coat was of blue cloth, with gold buttons, and adorned with several orders. All these things burnt themselves into my memory. He had only been dead about two or three hours and was now to rest here among the rich dead until the day of his burial. Until the body is put underground it retains its position as belonging to the rich, middle, or poor class, for each of which is a compartment. I have seen many a struggle among the latter to procure the means of making the bodies of their dear ones look respectable and cared for in this public exhibition.

The near relations of the rich are never present at the funeral, but pay a visit to the grave about four or five days later.

This last matter excepted, Germany is a very pleasant place to live in, and I doubt much if German girls would exchange their lot with that of English girls even if they could. They love their country, revere their Emperor, enjoy their simple recreations, and, as I have often heard them, "thank God they are Germans." EMMA BREWER.

## OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N., Author of "Girls' Own Pets," "Foreign and British Birds," etc., etc.

### I.—DOGS: HOW TO REAR AND TREAT THEM.

"With eye upraised his master's looks to scan,  
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,  
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,  
The only creature faithful to the end."



"GENTLEMEN," the commander of the saucy N— used sometimes to say to us, as we sat around the ward-room table at tiffin—tiffin meaning luncheon in the phraseology of the Cape of Good Hope—

"Gentlemen, I had a note from the admiral this morning; four of you have got to dine with him—epaulettes and medals, mind."

The words "epaulettes and medals" were a very necessary portion of this little speech, because there were evenings when no such ceremony was required. Epaulettes are awkward things, and heavy as well, and medals mere flaunt, only made and meant for ladies' eyes. And good old Admiral W— would often ask a few of us to spend the evening with him, adding, as he noted our inquiring embarrassment—

"Come in your jackets, lads, come in your jackets."

You see there are occasions that demand ceremony. The present seems to me to be one of these, and I assure you that I never sit down to begin a new series addressed to my girl readers, without feeling duly impressed with the dignity of my position.

Here I am, then, outside the door of my creeper-clad wigwam—a sketch of which

appeared in this magazine—on this beautiful bright morning, seated in my rocking chair with writing-board on knee and pen in hand. Free-and-easy this is, I grant you, but, for all that, I feel that I am doing something that is very wrong. I feel that I ought to be dressed in full uniform, cocked hat and sword, epaulettes, medals, and all; my pen ought to be dipped in rose-tinted ink, and Hurricane Bob, my noble Newfoundland dog, who lies at my feet pretending to be asleep, but watching a sparrow with one open eye, ought to have a blue ribbon round his neck, and a rosebud in the clasp of his crimson collar.

Imagine us thus, please, and it will be just the same.

And now of all my four-footed pets and friends, I think that none deserve first place and mention more than do dogs.

All the world, in my opinion, may be divided into two great classes: those who love dogs and those who don't, and of the latter one-half at least would love them, if they only knew and understood them.

When I was a boy at school, there used to be a useless and pernicious doctrine instilled into our minds, to wit, that all the animals that we see around us were made entirely and solely for the use of mankind. Nothing could be farther wrong, for every animal has an independent existence of its own, and ought to be treated with kindness, consideration, and mercy, if only for the simple reason that our Father made them all. At this very moment I could easily be carried away from my subject and preach you quite a long sermon anent cruelty to animals, but I will not; only let me make just one remark. Whenever I hear any person say, "I hate this animal," or "I hate that," I feel genuinely sorry for the speakers. The words are nearly always used thoughtlessly. I am certain, for how could anyone love Him and despise the works He made, and made, too, so beautiful and so all-perfect? How

well the poet Coleridge expresses this same thought in the oft-quoted lines:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best,  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loves them all."

Should we then try to love God's creatures? No, assuredly not. Love will never be forced. But we ought to endeavour by every means in our power to do our duty towards the animals we take under our protection, and part of that duty consists in studying their ways and needs, for if we do not do this, we can have no assurance that we are treating them rightly, or making them otherwise than miserable. Then, if we do treat them in the proper way, so healthy and so happy shall they be, that their very hearts will overflow with gratitude towards us, and gratitude shown in a hundred different ways; and, if this does not make us love them, why then nothing will.

Well, it is my object in this series of papers to tell my girl readers something about the treatment that science and experience have proved to be best fitted for the well-being of our domesticated animals.

Dogs come first to the front, horses will follow, but no friend or favourite will be forgotten, from the donkey down to the piebald rat or dormouse.

Well, now about dogs. I am sure you have no other wish but to be kind to them, and, if ever you are not, it is either from want of knowledge or from mistaken kindness. I do not think that a girl could have a much better companion than a faithful dog. Birds are delightful, but then for the most part they are indoor pets; it is when a dog gets you out of doors that he fairly feels alive, and so brimful of bounding fun and jollity that he is com-