

human beings instead of being thrown to the pigs, as they invariably are in England.

If I had a patient of a delicate constitution or one suffering from debility, who was about to go to some bracing mountainous country, or to the seaside for a change, I should very likely recommend milk as a medicine. "Get the best," I should say, "goat's, if possible. Take it in small quantities at a time, and add a little lime-water to it. If at the same time you can digest cod-liver oil, take that; and if you cannot, take the extract of malt instead. This is an excellent tonic." Milk is invaluable to the consumptive. He or she ought to try to take it, just as much as she tries to take cod-liver oil.

Milk is an emollient and a demulcent, and of great use in coughs and colds, and in many states of debility or actual disease of the internal organs.

Milk, then, is most valuable to even grown-up people both as a medicine and as a food, but to the young, especially the very young, it is life itself.

THE SPINNING WHEEL IN USE AGAIN.



ABOUT twelve months ago Mr. Albert Fleming, a devout disciple of Mr. Ruskin's and a Companion of the

Guild of St. George, while pondering how to find some way of helping certain poor women living on the fell-sides above Eterwater and its neighbourhood, had the happy thought that it might be a good thing to try to revive what Wordsworth calls "The venerable art torn from the poor." The women Mr. Fleming wished to help were too old to go out to clean, and too blind to sew. Spinning is a work which can be carried on at home. It can, as needle-women say, "be taken up and put down," that is, it can be done during odd moments of leisure. What is more, it does not require much eyesight. The difficulty was to find a spinning-wheel, for all those once in use in this valley had, as the local expression goes, long since been "broken down." A wheel was, however, found in that storehouse of ancient things, the Isle of Man; and then an old woman of eighty-four was found whose fingers had not forgotten their cunning. She taught Mr. Fleming, and gradually a few infirm old wheels were got together from various parts of the country, and from these he pieced together a model from which a clever local carpenter made fifteen new ones. Mr. Fleming's next step was to take a cottage, which he dedicated to St. Martin, whose typical act was clothing the poor.

Here, with the help of a clever and kind lady friend, classes were held, and here Mr. Fleming himself taught many of the women; and as soon as one of these was able to spin a good thread, he lent her a wheel and gave her some flax, together with an assurance that he would buy it back when spun, at the rate of 2s. a pound. Under favourable circumstances, and without neglecting home duties, women can easily earn 5s. or 6s. a week; but as they daily become more fond of the work and more expert, they will probably earn more. The finding wheels was by no means the greatest difficulty Mr. Fleming had to encounter; the next thing was to find a loom. At length, however, one that was very old was disinterred from a cellar in Kendal, where it had been hidden away for years. It was in no less than twenty pieces, and no one had the least idea how to set it up. Art came to the rescue. A photograph was procured of Giotto's "Weaving," from the Campanile at Florence, and that proved of the greatest service, for the old loom from Kendal was practically the same as that which Giotto has left to us. A weaver was found, too; and now the work of teaching, giving out flax and weaving, all goes on under the roof of the pretty little cottage dedicated to the soldier saint, and the webs which gradually grow into being are bleached within a stoze's-throw of the house in the simple old Homeric fashion. No chemicals are used; all is effected by the honest and kindly agency of nature. The result of this single-hearted effort on the part of Mr. Fleming is that twenty spinning-wheels are now busy at work in the Dales—or, in other words, that twenty women who could not otherwise have earned a penny are now feeling honest pride in helping to provide for their families. Their cottages, too, are much brighter than they used to be, for it is part of a woman's religion to put everything in order before sitting down to work. The Langdale loom produces a strong and thoroughly honest sheeting that can be trusted to outwear many a machine-made rival. It is forty inches wide, and sells readily at 4s. a yard. Some specimens were recently presented to Mr. Ruskin. They were of a finer quality, and had been expressly woven for him. In the corner was embroidered, in soft silks, the lovely cluster of roses from the garment of spring in Botticelli's famous picture of Venus. This clustre stands on the title page of "Fors Clavigera," on the fly-leaf of all Mr. Ruskin's books, and has come to be regarded as the badge of St. George's Guild. Besides linen sheeting of various degrees of fineness, the workers in St. Martin's Home produce an unbleached linen so good in tone and texture, that when known it is certain to be in great demand for crewel-work and other kinds of embroidery. It is impossible not to feel a hearty interest in Mr. Fleming's undertaking. To clothe the naked and feed the hungry is an excellent work, but it is more excellent still to put them in the way of earning their food and clothing for themselves.

M. H., from the *Spectator*.

VARIETIES.

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING.—Everything has its fair as well as its seamy side.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

SLANDEROUS TONGUES.—The worthiest people are the most injured by slander.—*Swift*.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. Those

whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of Government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is to be done upon 'Change. . . . But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.—*Boswell*.

OVER-PRECISE.—We are often over-precise: scrupling to say or do those things which lawfully we may.—*Fuller*.

OUR OWN HEARTS.

The stern behests of duty,
The doom-books open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.—*Whittier*.

THE MUSIC OF LOVE.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight.
Tennyson.

AN ECONOMICAL PLAN.—There is certainly a great economy in a woman's adopting for occasions of ceremony one dress, from which she never diverges. It becomes her characteristic, and there is even a kind of style and beauty in the idea.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.—If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortune assails you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the ordinary trials of life. When the hour of misfortune comes, whether it appears in the form of disease or pecuniary loss, face it manfully and make the best of it. Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm; and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.

THE NAMES OF WOMEN.—The names of women should be soft and clear, captivating the fancy, and ending in long vowels resembling words of benediction.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.—Hope thinks nothing difficult; despair tells us that every difficulty is insurmountable.—*Watts*.

HOW TO BE JUST.—It is not sufficient to constitute us just men and women that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern when we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic: for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

32 BURIED RIVERS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES.

At Stow yesterday Kate espied Netty near her at a market-stall; and on greeting her, said, "Dear Netty, are you coming for a run with Amy and me?" She had not mistaken Netty, whose sad countenance underwent a change to joy. Pleased to abandon her task, she skipped over hillocks and stones, as gay as ever now, till she heard a rent and her cape was stayed by the brambles. "Oh! Kate, I think you see that rent, can it be mended ever? And my shoe is gone now, I trod in green mud! What will mother say to us, Kate, for this? Let us go home down this lane, you will tell her we are indeed so sorry."

ANSWER TO CHARADE (page 35).
M-ACE.