

understood who had obliged poor Mr. Burford to recall the invitation given, straight from his own warm heart, and without previous consultation with the lady who ruled his household and himself. She could not see the possibility of worth and poverty being covered by the same hat, and when I once understood why she had so changed in her manner towards me, I could not have crossed her threshold or tasted bread at her table for the world.

Neither could I bear to accept Mr. Burford's second invitation, though I knew he would have been only too glad to surround me with comforts at his own cost, or do anything to make up for his inability to receive me in his own house. So I told him, very gratefully, that I could not intrude on Mr. Gordon.

"Gordon is quite willing, indeed delighted at the thought of your joining him," said Mr. Burford.

I, however, repeated my thanks, and persisted in my refusal, though I was sorry to pain my one true friend. He did not press for reasons; I think he guessed them. He only asked me, "What shall you do? Where will you go, Jack, if you persist in refusing me this pleasure?"

"Anything. Harvest work, if I can find nothing else. Hands will be wanted in the fields, but I shall go a few miles away before I ask for something to do."

I spoke in a reckless way, for my heart was full of bitterness, and I said to myself, "There is one advantage in poverty even: I shall be free to choose my own mode of working. No one will contend for the privilege of being my guardian. With Lint Hill at my back, tutors and governors would have been necessary. As it is, the living wail may drift whither he will, and none will hinder him from sinking or help him to rise."

"My dear Jack, you will not need to ask for work in the harvest fields. In three days you will own a capital of twelve pounds ten shillings—half a year's interest on your five hundred. You need not look at me as if I were telling you an untruth, or inventing a payment in order to help you over your first difficulties. This is July twenty-third. On the twenty-sixth your half-year's interest will be due. Your father allowed the interest to accumulate for some time,

intending to add it to the principal, but when he became embarrassed he spent it. He had a right to do so whilst you were under age, as he supplied all your wants."

"Twelve pounds ten! my very own!" It sounded quite a fortune under present circumstances, and as Mr. Burford quietly laid before me an account book, in which previous interest payments had been duly entered and signed for by my father, I saw that the money would be honestly mine, and I might reckon on a like sum each half-year.

The first thoughts of pleasure in connection with this money were not selfish ones. I had some school debts, amounting in all to not more than ten shillings, but the memory of them cost me several sleepless hours, after I first realised my altered position. They had seemed justifiable debts, and only such as all school-boys are in the habit of contracting, though I had rarely incurred any. Had my usual allowance come when due, instead of the news of my father's death, they would have been honourably paid. In three more days I should send the money, and Jack Simpson's name would be freed from the reproach of having contracted debts which he could not pay.

Then there was cousin Dorothy's fifty pounds, about which Mr. Burford said she was so angry that she declined to attend my father's funeral. No hope of paying that, though if I could have drawn so much of my five hundred pounds, I should certainly have done it, and diminished my future income to that extent, in order to stop my relative's tongue. She was only my second cousin. I was glad to remember that; and her name was not Simpson, but the more appropriate one of Flint, her mother having been my grandfather's sister. That she had heaps of money—more than she could count—was the popular belief, and that she never parted with a penny if she could help it, was also deemed a matter of certainty.

A happy thought struck me. I might pay Miss Flint the interest on the loan; it would only be two pounds five a year, for she had lent her money at four and a half per cent. It was a peculiarity of cousin Dorothy's that, close-fisted as she might be, she never exacted high

interest, not considering it safe to do so. She used to say, "People who promise six or seven per cent. would just as soon say ten, for they never mean to pay either it or the principal. I like borrowers who haggle over the rate and stand out for a quarter per cent. as if their lives depended on it; those are the payers. High interest and great risks go hand in hand."

No doubt Miss Flint was right; but my poor father's trifling loan being likely to prove a loss, was an especially aggravating exception, since it showed that it was possible for low interest and great risk to go hand in hand also, and cousin Dorothy hated to be less than infallible.

When I told Mr. Burford that I should pay Miss Flint's interest, I was met by a prompt remonstrance.

"My dear lad, it would be utter folly for you to do it. She is as rich as—I mean she is extremely well off, and will never miss the principal, whilst every penny is of consequence to you. You might just as well hold yourself responsible to some of the swindlers who drew your poor father into those wretched speculations to his ruin. They lost nothing, for an excellent reason—they had nothing to lose."

"And I do not care for them because they drained my poor father of his last shilling. But cousin Dorothy is different; he really had her money, and I shall pay the interest, if I live on bread and water to do it, until I am of age; then she shall have her fifty pounds back out of my five hundred."

Mr. Burford saw that I was in earnest, and yielded, partly because he could not help himself—partly, I believe, because he imagined that my self-denial might impress Miss Flint favourably on my behalf. I made no such calculation, but I did resolve that, however little I might have to spend, I would not get into debt; and that, however uncongenial any work might be that offered itself, I would undertake it, if within my power to perform, and do it with my might.

I told Mr. Burford so, and he promised to find me a post if possible. "But in the meanwhile?" he said, and waited for an answer which he thought I should be puzzled to give him. He believed I should be driven to join Gordon in the rooms over the chemist's after all.

(To be continued.)

## A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

"CAN you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her

tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their

good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from overwork, and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely, while the

girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat; "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have nightmare—wake up, dear. I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given *me* any time. Now, go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world."

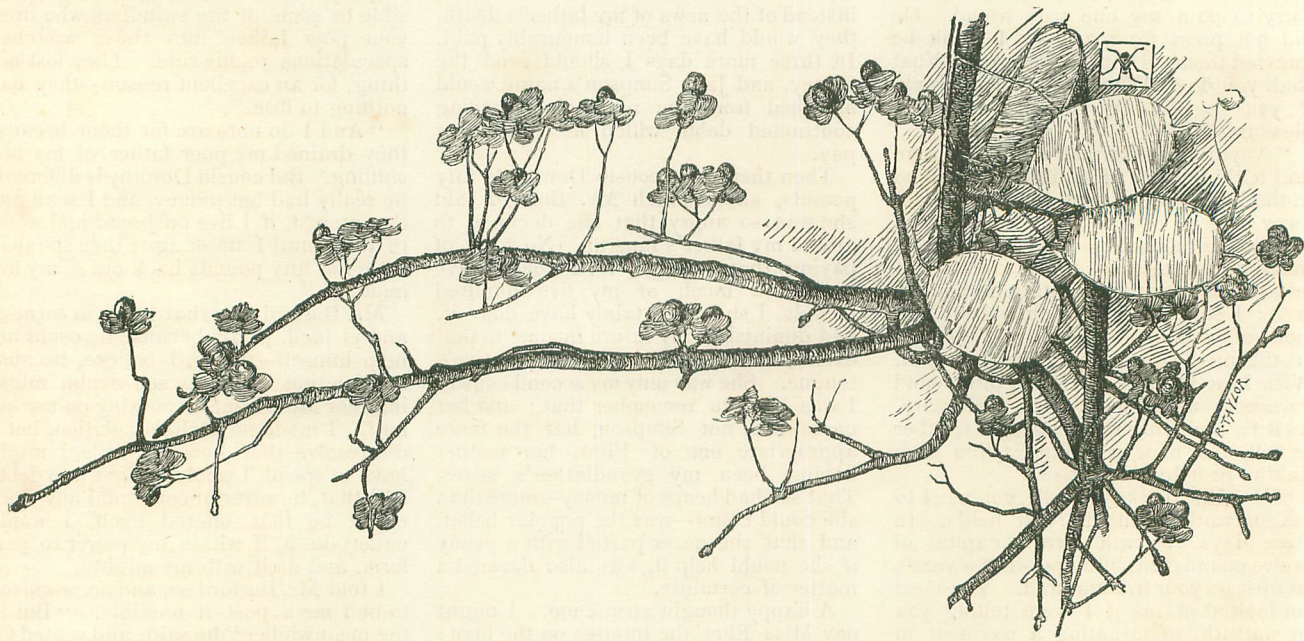
So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquised, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time *she* does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman-rights class remarked to her: "We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S.P.C.M."

C. H.



## IMPRESSIONS OF CELEBRATED PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

THE question has often been raised, whether it is allowable to describe a musical composition in words, or rather to supplement the works of a composer with our personal impressions, and opinions for and against have been expressed with more or less warmth. Speaking from my own experience as a teacher, I may be permitted to say that the practice of suggesting to the student the idea, which naturally connects itself with a musical work to be performed, appears for several reasons replete with advantages. First of all it sets the pupil thinking; secondly, it excites and heightens the feeling of appreciation; and finally, it secures a more intimate acquaintance with the work of the composer. Generally the pupils learn only the notes of a work, and if they can play those notes with correctness and fluency, most of them think that they have achieved all that is to be done. I think there is in a good piece of music much more to be

learnt than a mere succession of notes in a certain order and according to a systematic rule; a good composition in the free style is analogous to a piece of poetry; it describes the feelings of the author, and appeals through sounds to those of his audience. But in so far as the composer speaks through tones and not by words, there is and must be at all times an uncertainty about the precise intention of the musical author. True, the composer can call his piece a nocturne, a serenade, a meditation, a reverie, impromptu, intermezzo, and so on, but it will be admitted that even such names and titles are very elastic, and allow of many different interpretations; and thus the performer, who does not take the trouble to examine more closely the contents of the work to be executed, is unable to do real justice to the intention of the composer, and his acquaintance with the musical author is but a slight and superficial one. On the other hand,

if the performer tries to investigate thoroughly and conscientiously the piece of which he is the interpreter, he will soon find that there are feelings expressed which evoke a sympathy that lay dormant within him. And for this reason the close examination will always tend to bring out the beauties and characteristic features of the composer's work. What I am here offering must be taken merely as suggestions, as the impressions I have derived from playing and teaching these pieces over and over again. I do not in the least imply that they exactly represent the impressions felt by the author himself; I merely offer them as assisting the pupil's study and appreciation of the task to be achieved.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BAR-  
THOLDY.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS, No. 31.

Evening has set in, peace reigns through