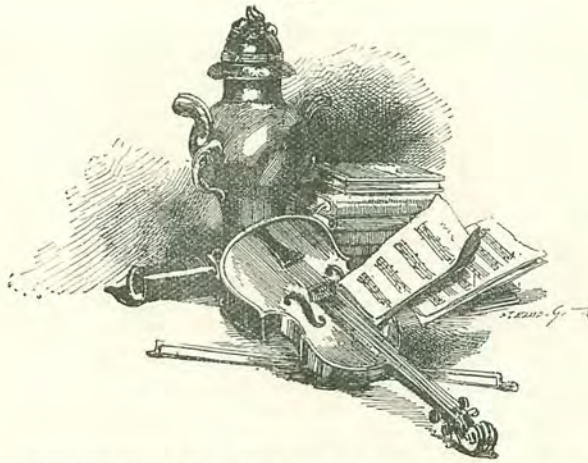




ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER I.

HOME-LIFE AND THE PLUNGE.

THE Forties! Let us try and remember how the world wagged at that time when our two little art-students were being prepared by many different ways to a plunge out of home into a sea of difficulties, and to ride over the storm into harbour.

Everything was so different. The old city mansion where they lived was in a busy quarter of the town, but there was quiet even there. Merchants used to go home to dine (they usually lived then over their warehouses or banks, or near them), and the whole families met at the middle-day dinner. And then tea was such a pleasant informal gathering, when friends dropped in, in hospitable houses like the one mentioned, often in numbers. A few more cups and saucers, and the homely supper of cold meat or ham with et ceteras was an entertainment involving so little trouble, so little expense and so much pleasure that life grew very sociable, and there was an infinite deal of society in a quiet way, perhaps the pleasanter for its impromptu character.

In this old place, where, in the avenue of trees behind the house the sun setting through the branches seemed to fire them with a golden glow, the children used to watch the evening beauty. People still told of the olden days, when at six o'clock in the morning the drums and fifes rattled along the street, and the men, enrolled amongst the volunteers to defend their homes in the expected French invasion, streamed out from door and alley to join their fellows. Rather interesting, by the way, to know by recent discoveries how extremely near that dreaded danger was, how everything was ready in Ireland to help the French, and God's mercy then, as at the Armada, alone protected and saved us.

Those were the olden times; but when these children lived, French nurses had to be ready with their little party in the great hall by six o'clock in the morning, for their father used to take them for the only time he could spare to romp and play in those pretty circus gardens with their neighbours and playfellows in the summer mornings. The habit of early-rising was a gain for life; but it did not feel so early to them, for their father was a great student, and often was up at four o'clock to work at the higher studies for which the daily city duties left no other time.

The children's studies were very delightful, with ample time for relaxation, reading, and needlework, so that study-time was a treasure; besides that, their pocket-money sprang from every work they did, and from work alone. And there were so many things one could do (as Lady Townley remarked, so many delightful things that could be done with money), and the minutes which could earn pence for

plain household needlework were counted and made the most of; even domestic crises not usually considered blessings came under this spell of usefulness. One child remembered well, after a toothache which culminated in a visit to the greatest dentist of the time, a tragical comedy or comical tragedy which began when she was sitting in that very ominous dentist's chair. Her little savings had been reckoned up, and the exact half-crown which was to be her proud portion after the offending teeth were out was almost spent in her mind's eye, when the kind old man looked and felt, and patting the little cheek said, to comfort her, as he thought,

"Well, my child, we shall not want to take that troublesome little tooth out to-day."

"Oh, sir!" in an agonised tone of voice.

"Why, you don't want to lose your teeth?" said he laughing.

"But, sir, my pocket-money!"

"Ah," he said, "well, I am afraid even for the sake of your pocket-money you must wait a little longer."

And then came other preparations for independence! Their father said, "My girls shall never go to school," and to that resolution they have vowed a long life of gratitude when they see others studying a multitude of subjects, all through long days and long evenings, chained to their oars like galley-slaves of old, so that the real education of art, literature, and society of a high class, are to them tabooed till they have lost the young life which learns the love of fine art and has the strength and time to study it.

These children had first-rate masters for all subjects they wished to learn, and for these they worked with a will, and ultimately owed much to the unshaken friendship and fidelity of their instructors who helped them when they were sometimes forgotten by their friends. But they had a finer master in the society of first-rate men and cultured, high-bred women who formed their parents' society. The little ones used to sit under the tent-like table-cover in the drawing-room with their work, and hear the exquisite music—their parents being excellent and old-fashioned musicians who adored Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven—amidst friends who sympathised and helped in concerted music or in as interesting conversation; the latter perhaps even more so sometimes, for between charming singers and delightful talkers mutual admiration and sympathy are so exciting and inspiring that all take their share and give their delight. It was a rare and choice circle. First-rate intellects of so many kinds—musicians, men of science, mathematicians, politicians, the last news (there were few papers), the last music, Weber and his glories; and they enjoyed Beethoven at a time little after the extraordinary rehearsal at which his ninth symphony was flung down

from the conductor's desk with the exclamation, "Call that music!" as was told the writer by one who was present.

At that time such evenings and hospitalities were fresh and common as violets in May. The father belonged to the Royal Mathematical Society, now extinct, and both parents to a very excellent literary institution, where lectures by the first men on each subject, concerts and elocution classes took up many evenings, to say nothing of a capital library. How often in after years did these same sisters, when they saw the dull, lonely study, mornings and evenings, girls now live through, thank Heaven they were born in other times.

Some short while since the President of a great Philosophical Society unpacked his griefs at the present state of things to a friend on the loneliness of men's lives now, except the unmarried men, who may almost live at their clubs. He said, "What possible use or pleasure are afternoon teas to me? I can see no men there whom I should care to meet—and going out to dinner, one may truly say is 'dragging at each remove a lengthening chain.' For I am victimised with infinite toil and trouble and fatigue to help Smith to pay his dinner obligations, only to put an extra tax on my own—and after all, a thousand to one, I don't meet the people I want to see."

I know people will say, "Is not London like an exploded bomb?"—the little world of men of position and education who then naturally sought each other, and enjoyed each other's society is now whirled into space, and they are ten, twenty, thirty miles away, and apart from each other; and to resume, the rest and leisure and freedom of these children's education were necessary to the vital energy which grew to strength amidst obstacles and storms which would have swamped natures tired and enfeebled by dull and ceaseless study. Farmers will not sow wheat for ever, and physicians tell us what the effect has been of the present system on the health, strength, and constitutions of the young womanhood of England—but as Scrooge observed, "it will decrease the surplus population." *Vogue la gaîeté.*

Meantime these children learnt a passionate love for what is noble in art, and of the work which was to be devoted to it.

The youngest, a tender pretty child began early with her sister to attend the studio of a late President of the British Artists, who had taught their father (sometimes alone, as her sister could not always be spared), and under his kind and earnest care improved rapidly—some days also at the British Museum, drawing from the antique—where her sister used to come and cheer her, and bring her home. "The sunny bird of home," as she was called, she was naturally so humble, so pure and self-devoted, she was apparently little fitted for the struggle with a rough world, when the "rugged

nurse" came to teach them how to fight the battle of life, and for life. But such work as hers, so thorough and conscientious, could not but succeed. Her sister observed that the higher the judges were, to whom her work was shown, the more instant and earnest came their sympathy and appreciation.

She was exquisitely pretty, and had a lovely voice, and there were friends who did not see what her artistic powers were, but could not help being struck by her grace and her singing, and were anxious that she, as well as her sister, should go on the stage. They were, in this, as in everything all their lives, perfectly united in their horror of a life so unlike what they had been taught to love.

Did not even the Greek Pericles give a higher aim for women's character, saying, "She is the best of women who is most truly a woman, and her reputation is the highest whose name is never in the mouths of men, for good or evil!" But yet her sister was anxious to receive guidance from those who knew what high art was, and whose authority would shield her and her sister from the insistence of interfering friends. Heaven helped her to an introduction to one of the Royal Academicians, whose name would be a sufficient guarantee to both sisters, for the wisdom of letting the youngest follow the art she loved.

Heaven helps those who help themselves; or, as the mother used often to say to her girls,

"Still as you can provide for your defence,
Use means, and leave the rest to Providence."

The means were certainly blessed, for they made a friend of one powerful enough, and enthusiastic enough to bear down the opposition the sisters so feared. He invited them to the home dinner, and it might not be out of place to give the impressions of the time from a paper written for the absent mother:—

"I was very dull and tired, and sorry besides, that E— had on her morning dress, but they were so kind and cheerful that we soon felt at home; and after dinner we went up into Mr. —'s studio, and, after admiring his pictures, he asked to see her outlines

and sketches. So, gathering round the small table, we so anxiously waited while he looked and thought, and then came such warm heartfelt encouragement! He said he should also gather advice for us from the leaders of the profession, whom we must meet. From that time till we left (I wish you could have seen our darling's face!) his whole attention was given to us, both in the studio and in the pretty drawing-room, taking coffee, where we made a small circle on one side of the fire, while another noisier one chatted on the other, while Mr. — sat on an ottoman, and made out the plan of what was to be done. He will get (oh, mother!) Maclise, the Landseers, Uwins, Prescott-Knight, and others, to give their opinion, and meantime advises her by all means to go on studying at the marbles; and when I mentioned, what had been said by the relation who wished us to go on the stage, about her having studied so long and done so little, he said, 'She has done more at sixteen than many young men who have afterwards risen to eminence have done at twenty.'

Was not that a reward for the years of hard work in which the delicate little child had studied the ancient marbles—anatomy and perspective thrown in—with sufficient society in home-life to give her the love of learning and the power of intense work? Well might a great modern writer, writing of her to a friend, say, "I frequently had the pleasure of meeting her, and was struck by her extreme amiability and most remarkable knowledge of art, which, instead of parading before the public, as most women do, she kept so thoroughly under reserve that it was not until one became upon terms of friendship with her that one discovered how thoroughly she had mastered her subject. I shall long remember her—her charming and thoroughly womanly character (a quality which, I regret to say, is fast disappearing from society nowadays)—in fact, I have always regarded her as the pattern of a Christian gentlewoman." Another writer said of her, "I remember so well having always the same impression of something apart in her,

unsulliable, unworldly, unique, like the expression in those wonderful eyes that seem to shine still in the dark around us." Another says, "I shall never forget, till death closes all the avenues of feeling and memory, the intense tenderness of her voice and of her style of singing." Such was our little gracious lady, who waited the verdict of that circle of famous men as to her fate in art.

"We were so anxious, as may be easily believed, when the real day came at last, as everything, we are told, 'comes to him who waits.' We drove up to that most hospitable of homes, and met that areopagus of our judges. Was it possible to contemplate dining under such circumstances? It was not only possible, but wonderfully easy, in that brilliant room with those around us—all people with invisible heaps of laurels on their heads, yet so apparently unconscious of them. There was an atmosphere of kindness and a glow of happiness that would have inspired the most timid and the most humble. After that brilliant dinner, and we had left the gentlemen, Mr. — came for the sketches, etc., and took them in to that circle of judges. Imagine our happiness, our anxiety, our fate in the balance; and yet with such a certainty that it would be decided wisely and most kindly for us! We were not very long watching the drawing-room door before the judges dropped in one by one, coming to my sister, praising her with such warm encouragement, giving her every advice as to her future career. Our evening was all sunshine; after this no indecision was possible."

The little lady plunged into further hard work under this guidance, became a pupil in the studio of an eminent water-colour artist, a late President of the New Watercolour Society, enjoying at last the freedom and loveliness of the pure Italian colour she had been guided to restrain till she had the knowledge of form and the other foundations of all good art, and enjoying the privilege of sympathy and advice from the masters of her art. "So far had Heaven blessed her!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A CHILD'S PINAFORE OUT OF TWO POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

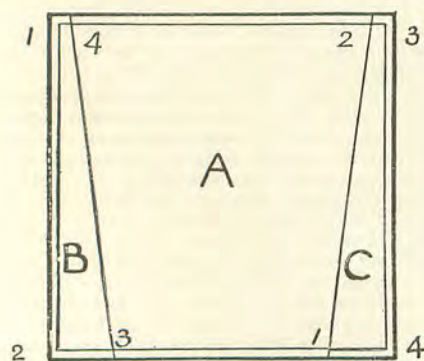


FIG. 1.

IN the December number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER I gave our readers directions for making a pinafore from similar materials, *i.e.*, two pocket-handkerchiefs of any quality, from the cheap ones with coloured borders costing a penny each, to those finely hemstitched and embroidered. I am now able, through the kindness of the editor, to give another design which I hope all will think is equally useful.

The back and front of the pinafore are exactly the same, so only one half is shown in the diagrams.

First cut both handkerchiefs into three pieces, A B C (Fig. 1). Then reverse the gores A and B of each, taking care that they are in their right position according to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. Make neat seams; you now have Fig. 2; place back and front together and seam up the sides from D to E; the spaces left form the armholes; gather along the dotted line, and draw it up to about nine inches, a double row of gathering is required to make it set well; back and front must be gathered separately. Now take some narrow tape and fix it at the back of the gathers, neatly hemming it at both edges to give firmness. Leave a small loop, sufficiently large to admit your little

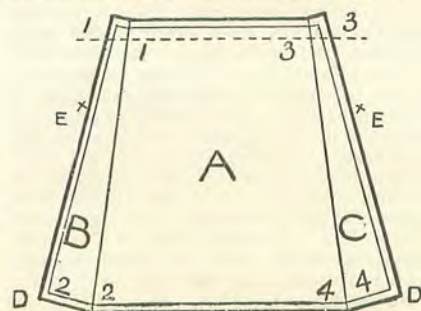


FIG. 2.

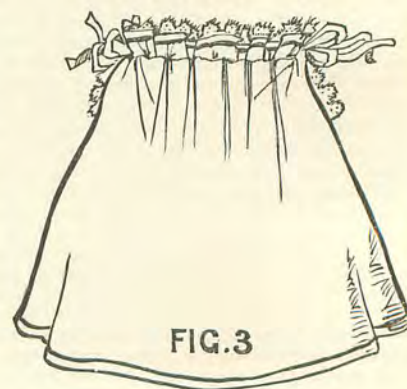


FIG. 3.

finger, at each end of the tapes; through these loops you must pass some ribbon to tie a bow on each shoulder which unites back and front, and can so easily be removed for washing, besides giving a charming finish to the little pinafore.

This pattern looks especially pretty if made of handkerchiefs with what are known as tape borders, particularly those with fine lines, and then if armholes and frills are edged with lace or embroidery, you have quite a dainty garment.

"COUSIN LIL."



SPIRATIONS.

BY ETHEL MORGAN.

OH, that my life might be
A beautiful melody
Borne on the wings of all breezes that blow,
Far above time and place,
Thrilling with love and grace,
Into the glorious vastness of heaven,
Into the highest, which no man may know.

Banish all worthlessness!
Teach me all nobleness,
Lord and Creator of all things that be;
Make my life true and brave,
Free as the ocean wave,
Pure as the snowflakes from heaven above,
Strong, loving, merciful, hidden in Thee.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM AND THE STRUGGLE.

MEANTIME there was sorrow and anxiety in the old home. The head of the house had been suffering more and more heavily from disease brought on by a terrible voyage in the East. He was sent by his father long years ago to transact some difficult business, and the ship on which he travelled was amply stored by his father with provisions for the son, who was then as ever a comfort and blessing to him. But he did not know the character of the vessel. The captain was a drunkard, and the provisions for the crew utterly unfit for human food; the water was foul, and the sailors sickened one after another. Of course he shared all he had; but what were the stores provided for this one passenger to the needs of a large crew. He saved the sailors, but destroyed his own life. And as a great physician he consulted said, the wonder was not that he should suffer as he did, but that he should live at all. The foul provisions and bad spirits were all that was left after the generous gift was gone, and were simply destruction to one who had denied himself every luxury, and lived abstemiously and was a water-drinker only. He had been accustomed to avoid all such expenses, to provide himself with eminent masters, and form a fine library without being a burden to his father. After that terrible journey his life was one long sorrow but for the love and devotion of his home. Ruin in a home where there is perfect love and trust in each other is sorrow, but it is not the bitterest or the hardest to bear. There is a quaint epitaph in Paris—

“Dors en paix, O ma mère; ton fils t'obéira toujours,” and there was the same spirit in this sorely-stricken house. Son and daughters with one hope devoted themselves to their home, the son to work hard and alone far away, the youngest daughter, the “sunny bird of home” as she was called, to her art as we have already related. And the eldest daughter, what of her? She began as a very tiny child to find the joy of expression in music. When her little fingers could scarcely

grasp the keys, the overture to the Freischütz used to puzzle her extremely. There seemed so little power in the old square piano to express all she wanted; the piano could say so little of what the music said to her. She had a wonderful memory, and could repeat in her fashion all the music she had heard of a long opera, and delighted in extemporising, an art apparently hereditary in her family, as a great-uncle was detained by his affectionate parents in prison for fear his beautiful extemporisations should lead him to devote himself to music, a “blot on the scutcheon” they could not forgive.

Of her music lessons under the tender and delicate mother, only such bright memories remain as fragments of sunny mornings beside her, whose kisses and delight when the little child did well were after all the best recompense, though they were supplemented by a pretty dish of ripe fruit to be earned by careful playing. But she was also free to attend the masters she wished, drawing with her little sister in the studio, and German with that best of German masters, Dr. Bernays, who became an attached friend of the family, but who, alas, was so terribly punctual that he seemed like Mephistopheles, to appear as the clock struck, and the German exercises were not always ready.

They also enjoyed the care of a most charming French governess, whose marriage separated her from her pupils, but whose memory is still dear for her gracious tenderness and capital teaching to them both. There were also concerts, elocution classes and lectures by the most eminent people on almost every subject under heaven at the Literary and Scientific Institution to which their parents belonged, where the children learnt that invaluable lesson, how much there was of wonderful to know, how little they knew, and how very small and insignificant they were.

But as time went on, the elder sister succeeded to the post of honour and usefulness in trying to save the home so dear to them all. She was, as they say in war, “called to the front.” Now student life in the Forties was a very different thing from what it is in these days,

and it needed some resolution in her parents to send her alone, where there were all the dangers of mixed society much magnified by the social ideas then current. But the mother quietly said, “I can trust my daughter,” and the young girl determined to deserve the trust. She was not ill-prepared for such a struggle for life.

There were old home customs which were a very good preparation for professional work. The children never had any pocket-money that they did not earn and work hard for. Also their old habits of early hours, and of making the most of stray minutes and, above all, the love of learning and of steady hard work stood them in good stead; and all told when the battle of life began in earnest, and our young student was taken to the Royal Academy of Music by her mother. In the dim light of a winter's afternoon she saw the large concert-room in which the Principal, Mr. Cipriani Potter, was giving a lesson. The large green board over the central mantle-piece attracted her attention at once with its list of names with honours, and the Principal's verdict on the last examination. There were a few others in the room, masters probably, but after a little delay the young girl was called up for examination. The kind bright expression which met her as she looked up was a warrant for hope, and it was not an untrue one. After playing the first movement of a sonata of Beethoven and answering a few questions, and proffering a humble petition to be taken into Mr. Potter's class, which was for the time impossible, she had then first-rate masters given her, piano, singing, and harmony, besides sight-singing and other classes.

The expenses were not slight, especially to them, thirty guineas a year besides all subsidiary expenses, music, books, etc., was something for a ruined family to find; but they were cheerfully met, and as return, what joy to hope to repay all that love and anxiety by future success and power to help the home.

Meantime the student-life was a very happy one. She used to try to get her class-lesson fixed very early, for that which was a trouble to others was, thanks to the home-training, a

delight to her. Others were sometimes late, and then the master would turn to her and give her precious minutes of extra time, while the early long walks in the sunshine, learning her poetry, were so pleasant in the quiet and solitary London streets. As she said, "What a blessing it is one always remembers the sunny hours most!" Then one had peculiar advantages in the Royal Academy at that time. There were fewer students, but more social feeling; fewer opportunities of display, but more of making real friends. Besides, the members of the Council used to come occasionally to the lady-superintendent's room, to hear any pupils of whom the masters had spoken, and those days were very pleasant. Those members of the Council often took a kindly interest in the pupils, and helped them further in their career. Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmoreland, to whose introduction this young girl was indebted for her nomination, often came to hear her and others, and took so much interest in her progress that many important introductions were due to his kindly influence; and to her this interest was the more precious because she thought he resembled her father, as she remembered him in earlier years, before illness had enfeebled and altered a form once so eminently handsome and noble. On one occasion his lordship's good opinion was almost an inconvenience, for, after singing some Italian songs to him, he said (almost like Shakespeare's Henry VIII.), "Ha! you must have an Italian class!"

"My lord," the poor child gasped, "I never taught Italian in my life!"

"Never mind," his lordship continued, "teach them to pronounce as you do, and I shall be satisfied."

Even Miss Taylor, the lady-superintendent, pleaded for her, urging the time it would cost a pupil who was working so hard; but in vain. My lord said, "It is the law of the Royal Academy that the pupils shall teach when required."

It did not turn out so badly as it promised, for, when it was known, there were so many kind voices saying, "Take me, dear—let me be with you," that there was a very pleasant outcome of kindness and goodwill; but there were too many volunteers for her class, and a second was ultimately formed for the overflow. The comedy did not end without a spice of mischief, for the next day, waiting for her harmony lesson in the concert-room, one of the elder pupils, Miss D—, spoke of the new Italian class, and the chaplain coming in, our student asked, as a favour, if he could not manage to get her excused? He advised her to write, or speak, and plead her cause; but he said he doubted the result, as he thought Lord Burghersh wished her to take it. But Miss D—, perhaps to moderate the young girl's possible vanity, said, "Oh, Miss O— and several others had had it offered to them, who had got off because they would not take the class," and sundry other amiable little hints, which our young friend passed over without remark. But when Miss Taylor, the lady superintendent, came in, and Mr. Lucas was giving his harmony lessons, her chance came, and she meekly observed to Miss Taylor, "Knowing the rules of the Royal Academy, madam, I should scarcely have thought of trying to escape; but since Miss O— and others have refused—" On which Miss Taylor turned sharply round, and, having asked her authority, asked Miss D—"on what authority she had said so;" adding that Lord Burghersh had wished this pupil to take it, and she had objected, saying it would take so much of her time; but my lord had appealed to the law, and said there was no other who could take it so well. But, she said, as soon as there was anyone who could take an Italian class, the class should

be transferred or divided; whereupon, great joy among the *Pacifici*, and a crushed and flattened appearance in the war party.

Taken altogether, the life was a very bright and friendly one, in spite of those little quips and quirks which arise in every society where interests jostle one another. The routine was pleasant—exhausting sometimes—when, what with early lessons, long classes, afternoon rehearsals, and evening orchestral practises, one might have been a *flos aeris* for all the possibilities of supporting existence on the usual means.

Once, when an examination was going on, two friends, waiting for their class to be called in, had installed themselves in a cosy corner, with an extemporaneous canopy and screen, and a prudent provision of lunch, and looked so exquisitely comfortable and happy that Miss Birch, the eminent singer, passing, looked in, and observing they had a choice home-made veal-pie, which was departing rapidly, said, she "never fancied any veal-pies but her mother's," and she wished them every success so kindly, as if that little reminiscence of home had touched her.

The examinations were troubled crises, so full of woe and nervousness to some, but to others very happy in the kindness and respect with which they were treated, in the delightful feeling of having the sympathy and approbation of their masters and the council, and also in that keen delight which generous natures feel in the success of their friends.

Each class went in separately at the appointed time with their master, unless the masters were among the few examiners, and each pupil was called up to the piano and the table, round which the examiners sat, and where they wrote those notes on which so much depended. One examination was remembered with peculiar interest, for it was the last one in which a very favourite pupil was to appear. Engaged, as they all knew, to Sterndale Bennett, and he on the council of examiners, it fluttered the young girls who loved her and sympathised intensely with her, to go in with her to this, her last appearance amongst them all, until they should see her as a bride. So the girls streamed in the doorway through which they saw the awe-inspiring circle of examiners, the Principal at their head. He smiled a welcome to her as she was called up to their table of green cloth. She looked so modestly timid and sweet, but never glanced in the direction of that one professor who alone took no part in the proceedings at that interesting moment.

All the examinations were exciting and instructive; they reminded one of what the mother had said when her children were speculating on the various turns of fate—"You will find that the girls who give you most trouble by their bold unmannerly assumption will not pass that ordeal," and it was so. One, the proud possessor of an amount of assurance quite enough to appal any instructor, was unable to answer a simple question or to play a single bar. Another, the haughtiest among her fellow-pupils, retired in a passion of disgrace to the sorrow of even those whom she had treated most uncivilly, while one most timid and gentle girl, inheritor of a great name, who had fretted day and night for fear of disgracing her masters and displeasing her mother, came out to her friend who loved her so, smiling through her tears and telling her friend, while yet she could scarcely speak, the encouraging and praising comments on her work.

The daily routine was full of variety. The classes were held in the concert-room and the adjacent ones. The lady-superintendent's room was the cosiest and warmest one, and also the quietest, as it lay far behind over what might by a strong effort of imagination be called a garden, and here was the grand

piano on which pupils nervously played when summoned by Lord Burghersh (soon afterwards Earl of Westmoreland), or any of the committee, and the table on which lay the books of attendance signed by each professor recording the number of pupils, the time of his attendance and, if any, the absentees. But the harmony master, Mr. Lucas, hardly ever within the memory of girl had any absentees. His pupils were too nervously anxious and also too thoroughly kept in hand, to the silent admiration of one of his pupils, the young girl of whom we have written, who could watch his stern control over those who would have been only too willing to have enlivened their lessons with a little feminine amusement. She knew and loved the tender delicate wife and mother who, with her children, watched for his coming home, and was proud of her master who autocratically governed those unruly and mischievous girls who would have been too glad to have their own way.

The piano and singing classes were quieter, as each pupil had her own time, and there was no possibility of the united mischief of numbers. In that cosy room of the lady-superintendent lay those oracular books also, in which, before the end of the term, each professor had to sign his verdict upon the work of the whole term. Luckily each sub-professor also had the same duty, so she, our student, was able while signing her own reports to remember the agonised entreaties of her fellow-pupils, and to cast a discriminating eye of friendly inquiry on their master's reports and tell them their fate.

In the afternoon came the sight-singing classes, in which great works were gone through under one of the kindest and most respected of masters, Mr. Elliot, and sometimes the orchestral rehearsals in which concerted music with solos, duets, trios, etc., were gone through with the orchestra. Those were more exciting, the music richer, the rooms more crowded. The best pupils floated to the top as leaders of their respective divisions, and each and all were liable to be called up to the piano by a look from our conductor for solos in concerted movements. Sometimes, alas, to the woe of a pupil, if she or he happened not to have nerves equal to the occasion, there would be a tragedy, someone else was called up and the movement repeated. Sometimes, but very rarely, a low "very well" would escape our leader and most glorious master, Mr. Lucas, to those who rejoiced in the difficulties and the hope of conquering them, and fired by his approbation the music went as if inspired. Sometimes it was a piano playing with the orchestra.

How little do people know, who only hear music, what the delight is of playing those wonderful conversations with the orchestra. "Higher still, and higher," speaking and being answered in a language more expressive and nobler than that of words, and better still to sing with the orchestra.

"The sound
Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.
The flute is sweet
To gods and men, but sweeter far the lyre
And voice of a true singer."*

Not everyone knows what an inspiration it is to take part in a noble work. The glow of its fire and beauty taking more and more possession of you, till amidst the intricacies of its choruses solos come, and a sign bids you rise and sing, and you feel as if the life and soul of that glorious music entered yours, and you realise what he did who said and sung—

* From the "Epic of Hades."

"I knew my life
Rise up within me and expand, and all
The human which so nearly is divine
Was glorified."*

Then there were the evening chamber concerts for selected pupils, very bright and pleasant in those brilliantly-lighted rooms filled with young people, with a sort of House of Lords of professors and masters, and a

* From the "Epic of Hades."

running current of pleasant chatting in the intervals between the pieces of the programme. Very refreshing too, that delightful pause for tea and conversation when favoured students were well taken care of. This child was happy enough to have Sterndale Bennett often as her chaperon (and how popular and charming he was, all who had the happiness of knowing him will agree), besides her other masters who looked after the tired and timid girl who felt so happy in their care. Even

now, so long after, the bright happy rooms full of excited young people (all save the few Dons were students), the hum of those young sweet voices, the (not unwelcome) clatter of tea and coffee cups, and the moving crowds with their very audible and decided opinions (young people are so decided in their infallible judgments) form a bright pageant of the past which is very real still to the grateful girl who was so happy then and met with such generous kindness.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN SLANG, CATCH-WORDS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



UNLESS I knew the quaintness of the "slang," and, indeed, of the American colloquial language altogether (which perhaps should hardly be called "slang"), I never was quite so much struck by it as

last year, when I traversed the United States and Canada on my journey to the "Great Show," i.e. the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Some of it is so comical, and the fun is added to a thousand times by the fact that no one looks at it in that light; and the words or expressions are so common that they have ceased to be noticed.

Beginning with the old lady who travelled with me up to Niagara, and told me she had lost so much money, as well as her farm, and "she felt it considerable to have to climb down and take a back seat at her time of life." "I'm going to visit round for a spell," she continued. "My daughter lives out west in Nebraska. I should admire to see you out there; she's gotten her a good home, and she's a real smart woman, though she ain't much to look at. She favours her par, and he was as homely as a brushwood fence." We had great talks together, mine ancient chum and I, and she "took quite a shine" to me, as she kindly said. One of her many confidences was, that "she had gotten religion, and in all her troubles had been a waiter on Providence!" The last I heard of her was, her advice to me to "hustle" or I'd never catch the train. "You have to hustle," she said, "and don't you forget it at the Bridge." And I did "hustle" indeed! but I thus caught my train successfully.

When you land in Canada, the word "hustle" is the most constant sound you hear, and everyone impresses on you that "you'll have to hustle," whatever you are about to do. You "hustle to the tram-cars, and the train," and if ever, by any chance, you have to meet anyone, you "hustle" more than ever. As to the telephone, it is the most dreadful "hustle" in the world.

"I'm just death on cake," exclaims a young lady, who also says everything is "just too sweet," and she has "seen such a lovely man," while she also talks about a "brainy" woman, this word being much applied in America to people and to things. A "brainy" newspaper means clever and able, in the sense of imaginative. "You have a brick in your hat," if you get tipsy; and if this be not your business, you reply, "It's not my funeral" (which it certainly is not, in the sense that you are not yet dead).

"Takes the cake" and "bad hat," or, as the Californians say, "a bad egg," have both

made their bows before an English audience; and we also know the ugly and everlastingly-used word "boodler" and "boodler." This is really a Dutch word meaning, in its proper sense, "property left by a relation," a "testator." It always means money in its present sense; but not money honestly got. In contradistinction to "boodling," a man will assure you that the money is "straight money," i.e. honestly come by. Judging by the charges made in various newspapers, political money is always "boodled."

"He just tore past me like a streak of greased lightning. I guess that buggy won't be worth shucks when he stops," is a vivid description of a runaway of double-distilled swiftness. "Shucks" are the outer skins of the corn-cobs, and of course are quite valueless. If you have got on your "store clothes" you are what we should call a "swell," but if you are "going it" to an even greater extent, you are "cutting a big swathe," a term derived from the wielding of the scythe in hay-time.

An "air line" means the most direct route. If you were in the backwoods you would say, you "went across lots," i.e. across the fields. "Slantendicularly" means to go crookedly, or on one side. "I can't gee with her," is the method of saying that you don't get on with a person; and if some plan or attempt have been a failure, if you said, in the west, that it did not "pan out right," everyone would understand that the man who "bossed" the job had made a failure in some way, and matters had not turned out as was anticipated.

"As mad as mad," and "as savage as a meat axe," are both ordinary expressions. "Acted real mean" is another; and if you were abusive you would probably be exhorted to "dry up and not pile up the agony like that." It is a very funny habit also when you ask someone: "Is this yours?" to hear them say, "Well, it's not anyone else's;" and "don't you forget it," is the commonest addition to every piece of proffered information. "You didn't think I belonged to that crowd, did you?" was the scathing answer to an inquiry as to the invited guests at a picnic.

In Canada you hear much of the "Chore boy," and in the backwoods in May, when the black flies are bad, he weeds the garden "enveloped in the smoke of a smudge," the latter word meaning a smoke made by kindling a fire in an old tin pan with damp wood. A smudge is used to keep off mosquitoes; and I have seen half-a-dozen burning round a house on a summer evening, in the hope of affording a little rest from their torture.

In the north-western parts of Canada you drive about on a "buckboard," which is a machine having four wheels, a floor laid between them on the springs, and a seat in the centre—a dreadfully ramshackle affair.

But when you go over the country roads and find that your horse picks his way through rocks, and that your carriage is expected to go over them, you realise that nothing very solidly built could surmount such difficulties and such real dangers. But oh! the beauty of the woods in Canada in May, when the dogwood and the lilies are all in flower; the dog's-tooth-violets also, and the forget-me-nots blossom under-foot. Or, when in the hush of the early morning you waken in time to hear the great forest around you wakening up too, with the "drumming" of the partridge, or the prolonged cry of the whip-poor-wills, there is a peculiar enchantment in your surroundings.

Out on these northern lakes they catch fish by "trolling," and when a man says he "trolled home," you know he has hung a fishing-line from the stern of the boat, with a bit of tin to glitter and attract the fish. And it is in these "diggings" that, when you "go to see your best girl," the process called courtship becomes of a more electric nature, and is called "sparking." There, too, they take "store pay," which means that wages are paid in kind, by an order on the store for a certain amount. There also whiskey becomes "tangle-leg," a very good name too, for it does cause much confusion amongst men's legs sometimes; and you make acquaintance with the word "crank," a much-meaning term, and if they look out for their own interests, "they have an axe to grind." "Bass" is in universal use, and "the boss has been there, and knows all about it," and most likely you will find he is "the biggest toad in the swamp." The expression that most rejoiced me was "stay put." "I've put it up several times, and it won't stay put." What lots of things I have known in life that don't "stay put!"

The quaintness of the native American humour is at times wonderful. A very good instance of it was given the other day in a weekly paper, in the shape of a story about a distressed and deeply-mourning widow. A friend who is inquiring for her, says sympathetically, "Poor dear, I suppose she takes no comfort out of anything, not even music." "Oh, yes she does," was the answer, "she plays the piano, but on account of her mourning she only uses the black keys."

In an American paper I found the following collection of political proverbs, which I think are excellent, terse, sensible, and witty:—

"Thar's never a short crop ov polliticks."

"A statesman that stays pore, ought never to be out ov a job."

"'Honorable,' before some men's names don't kno what it is thar fer."

"A politishan that kin lie, and won't, is kep purty bizzy exercizin his ability."

"Some men that is in favor of paper money



THE BRIDE'S GOOD-BYE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

MOTHER, mother, the days were fair
When I had no joy that you could not share.
But what of the years no eye can see,
The path that another walks with me?
And what of the cord that binds me fast,
And draws my heart from the happy past?
For some of the joys of girlhood fled
When they wreathed the myrtle around my head;
And the old glad times looked dim and pale
Seen through the mist of the bridal veil.
I lay my cheek on your breast once more,
Ere I tread the path outside your door;
And here, in the dear old room, I pray
God's love to follow me night and day,
Till the pilgrims come to His world of light,
Where child and mother at last unite,
And the earth-dream ends in a glad surprise
When we find old homes in Paradise.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

AFTER the hard work and the examination in those days came the great ball at the end of the summer term, when students, present and past, masters young and old, friends, countrymen, grave and reverend signiors, our very noble and approved good masters, danced the old term out and the long vacation in. And at the supper, after the ladies had left, a few speeches were made, sometimes very clever and exhilarating ones, always kindly and generous, and a few healths cheered, that of our harmony master, Mr. Lucas, especially, of whom Henry Leslie said to this little pupil, "He was my master too, and the best master in the world." On the last ball supper, before our young student left the R.A., her health was drunk with all honours, her master replying for her, and then the farewells and good wishes, the crowd of departing guests streaming down the broad staircase, and the drive home through the dawn and lovely light of the summer morning.

Happy those who could get back to the first class morning of the next term and hear the news of the coming term and meet dear friends with good news and fresh strength. To our two young students the term began sadly. The head of the house had been ordered by his physicians to go into the country, and in that quiet and rest and fresh air to try to regain some portion of the health he had lost. So the two sisters had to go on with their studies without the anxious love and care which had doubled every pleasure and soothed every pain. Of course the mother went with him. The son was away, still the sisters were together; and while they remained to each other, and their duties were clear, life was full of interests, and the home letters were a source of sympathy and strength.

The young painter found the friends she had made a constant resource for advice and help in her art, also for unfailing kindness and for the inspiration of highly intellectual society,

while she took increasing interest in the studios of eminent artists who were hospitably inclined to one they found so capable and so modest as to her own powers. Every studio was a lesson and an encouragement, and her standard was so high that no praise could alter the deep humbleness of her own estimate of those talents which others appreciated so highly. Then her master, the president of one of the great societies, urged her trying for membership. But an extraordinary succession of obstacles made her attempts fruitless. Before her first trial, a lady had been admitted at the previous election, who had so disappointed her electors that they made a resolution no female artist should ever again be nominated. A second trial, and the tremendous fog all over London, still remembered as the worst we ever suffered, made the attendance of many members impossible, a third, and an epidemic of illness prostrated some of her best friends. With all these misfortunes, she was each time within one or two of the winning majority. It was a great blow to her and a greater sorrow to her sister, who knew how hard she had worked against all difficulties, and how the highest members in the society were all for her.

But she had brighter times than those. Her pictures were hung year after year in the Royal Academy and other great exhibitions in London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., even once on the line at the R.A.; and they were asked for by the secretaries of other exhibitions, so that her income became what she had so pined for, a great contribution to the home bank. One can never forget the one bright May morning when her sister dashed home in an ecstasy of joy artists will understand and sympathise with. "Why, dearest, you are on the line!" Indescribable emotion, letters to father and mother, a whirl of excitement those only know who have sent a picture to the R.A. in trembling hope, and whose days and nights have been spent in visions of bliss, or the much more likely woe and disappointment.

The conversaziones also at the Royal Academy to which they looked forward, and which they enjoyed together so many years, were very bright and pleasant. Many friends surrounded them there in the brilliant rooms, where the soft red carpets hushed the tread of the passing crowds and threw a glow on the walls covered with pictures. Many celebrities came with names bright as their stars and diamonds. Besides the comfort of seeing the pictures so leisurely and in such state, the quiet chatting with friends in the tea-room and listening to the music was very delightful. Even the approach to the R.A. on a fine evening was picturesque. The portico and stairs were covered with tenting and lighted with rows of lamps. The carpeted staircase, attended by servants in royal livery, looked very gorgeous, while the said attendants flung up the names of visitors from one flight of steps to another. And what these names became when more unusual than Smith or Brown was indeed an unknown quantity, and it was an interesting question under what unforeseen denomination they were to be announced to the President. After this, and leaving one's wraps in the cloak-room, came the long suite of rooms, the largest looking very formidable with that brilliant Court surrounding the President and his lady, to whom one had to curtsy in the old fashion after one's name had been announced.

It was all very pretty, very enjoyable, and yet once in the little carriage driving home, and they were alone together, there was a happiness and a peace no brilliant crowds could give and no honours could equal.

Then a great pleasure to artists were the private views, to which the sisters went; but it was, after all, much pleasanter to talk over the pictures in the studios, where no extravagances of fashion disturbed your attention, and you could lose all consciousness of the present in the absorbing interest of the pictures. Meantime, work as they would, and did, there were many difficulties in the expenses of painting these pictures, which those

alone who have gone through what these sisters did, will understand.

Then E—, the dear painter, fell ill—a long illness, with dangerous consequences—and her sister remembers, always with a sharp pain that never fades, how the little, thin white hands trembled as they put a sheaf of bank-notes, from the proceeds of a picture, into her hands. The good physician, who had attended her father, had suspected all was not well, and came to see for himself, bringing a valuable restorative—the bank-notes with which he bought one of his favourite pictures—and cheered the little pale face, now, alas! for us so radiant in the better country.

But, before that, they travelled in Brittany and Belgium, Italy and France, and from thence they brought back drawings E— had sketched, with her sister beside her, and of which, long after, an Exhibition was arranged of nearly 300 drawings, so various, so characteristic and beautiful, that only a few were left to keep up her banner at home. The eldest only drew a little, but it was something to sit beside her sister, and preside over the coffee-making which refreshed and cheered the little worker.

Meantime the young musician also worked, and also enjoyed the bright evenings her Royal Academy gave; and, not only those, but the beautiful concerts of ancient music to which her appointment to the semi-chorus had admitted her. These were a noble education for a young musician, besides the relaxation, change, and pleasure of such evenings.

The "Ancient" concerts were under the immediate direction of eight noblemen and gentlemen—Prince Albert at their head, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Howe and others—who chose the music and the singers (assisted, naturally, by the conductor, Sir Henry Bishop). The music was always of the best old music, which had stood the searching light of centuries, and which modern criticism and modern ignorance could not banish from the lovers of high art—Handel, and his predecessors Palestrina, Marcello, and others, Cherubini and Luther, Mozart the beloved, Haydn, Beethoven, besides others of their time. Imagine what happiness such concerts were to a young enthusiastic girl, who had learnt from a child to love the finest music! Imagine also the luxury to a young gentlewoman of hearing that music in such a room—an ideal concert-room—where all were in the full dress of the time, radiant with diamonds, fragrant with flowers, and in the subdued glow of those clustering wax-lights! The directors and their friends had a large enclosed space in front, called the directors' box, with sofas all round, crimson-cushioned, looking—one can't say how they felt—so exquisitely comfortable and reposeful, and the stools so pretty for the little white-satin feet that rested on them!

There was a very brilliant little tea-room for the directors and their friends, to which they all retired between the parts, though they could not need that delightful refreshment, having dined, according to custom, with the director for the evening just before the concert. The higher members of the orchestra, the conductor, and the chief singers and the semi-chorus, also had a charmingly comfortable tea-room, where, besides the most exquisite tea and coffee, the last news of the musical world, the greeting of friends, the pleasure of being well taken care of, and the refreshing change and rest were thoroughly enjoyed by those fortunate young people.

The concerts varied very much in their attractiveness. The Archbishop of York's selection was naturally grave and ecclesiastical, the others more or less perfect as the directors chose more or less expensive singers, but of all the concerts Prince Albert's was

the pearl. He could alone command the attendance of the singers from both opera-houses; he could, by his rare refinement and musical knowledge, command the exhumation of forgotten gems, and be careless of the great expense of getting them copied into the orchestral parts. The Prince's concerts were always looked forward to as the revelation of hitherto unknown treasures, translated into living beauty by such artistes—Signor Mario and Grisi, Lablache and Tamburini, Tamberlek, Herr Pischek, Staudigl, besides Mesdames Dorus Gras, Pasta, Alboni, Persiani, Castellan, Henry Phillips, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, and many other celebrities. The quintet from Mchul's "Joseph," as sung by Mario, Lablache, Tamburini, Herr Pischek, and Staudigl, was a thing of such exquisite beauty that its remembrance alone is an unfading pleasure.

Some curious memories remain of those bright evenings, as, for instance: "On one of the Duke of Wellington's nights, Princess Mary Adelaide, then young and unmarried, was sitting next him, with a circle of Court grandees, in the director's box. The clashing choruses ended, and the summons (always welcome) to the tea-room came. The Court circle rose—we all rose—the crowds in the room beyond all stood up, opera-glasses were pointed to the spot where Royalties, Court dignitaries, and the Duke were to file off into the tea-room. Tea seemed so welcome, with its change of air and refreshment, when the tired and excited musicians also, in their less stately but exceedingly pleasant way, were to enjoy their fair rest. All waited and peered here and there, wondering why no one moved. Singers and orchestra were like charming statues, but they could see what others could not (in despite of opera-glasses all in one direction). The Duke, early riser and hard worker as he was, was fairly fast asleep. The Princess stood and looked helplessly, but rather amused at the sleeper, whose duty alone it was to lead her into the tea-room, where tea and ices, etc., were awaiting the party.

"The young singers, too, looked at each other; their tea also was waiting, and they had been singing, and to them tea, with the fresh air and rest (after an early dinner), was a more serious need than to the ducal party, whose dinner was a splendid ceremony just over. The Princess leant towards the culprit, and spoke softly; the Duke snored audibly. Further tribulation. At last the lady-in-waiting tapped the arm which had pointed to the Guards at Waterloo, and which was due to his sweet young guest—once, in vain—twice, in vain—then harder, and then we heard, 'Eh, Eh! what! Oh! I beg your pardon, Princess,' and, with a delightful sweep of trains, the party vanished to their room, and the musicians became invisible to the rest of the audience with remarkable rapidity. They could not help themselves earlier, but the rest of the crowded audience might have disappeared into their haven of tea, if curiosity had not been stronger than fatigue. There never was a room so instantly and simultaneously cleared."

Another curious incident happened in the passage leading to that room. It was at a morning concert, when the Prince Consort first came over, and the world, especially the little feminine world of students, were wild to see him. This young girl was standing with others in the doorway of the Royal Academy students' room, the passage was crowded, and there was no chance of seeing His Royal Highness from there, when the old Duke of Cambridge came up to her, and, smiling, said, "Would you like to see the Prince, my dear?" "Oh yes, your Royal Highness," with a curtsy and a glow of delighted astonishment. "Well then, just put your hand on

my arm, and you shall see him." In unlimited surprise she timidly did as she was told, and was taken along the inner passage to the head of the great staircase, up which the Prince, with his suite, soon came, and with a nod to her chaperon passed on. Then said the kindly old Duke, "Now you have seen him; isn't he a handsome young man?" taking her back to her companions. "Yes, your Royal Highness; oh, thank you!" and it was time to rush in to the orchestra, not quite sure whether it was not all a dream.

The kindness of the noblemen and gentlemen who then directed and influenced the Royal Academy was, naturally, gratefully and earnestly remembered by the young girl, for important introductions and engagements came to her by their influence; and at her concerts, given after her five years were over, they came to strengthen and encourage her in a success she had owed so much to the Royal Academy over which they had presided. One scene in the last year of her art-student life should not be omitted; it was after a vocal practice, which may be described in her own words, written at the time.

"I walked there in the dusk, and arrived in the crowded, dark school-room while they were waltzing in it, one playing, and there were but few late arrivals unclanking in the red-room; so I joined them, and had so many affectionate greetings on my return and inquiries after my health, that I seemed to have found a number of sisters. I waltzed, now with one, now with another, though weak and sometimes giddy, but the pleasure of kindness kept me up, and chatting with Miss L— between each fresh start, till we were called into the concert-room, and I was quite surprised to see the large number of pupils. The room was half-filled by a large group of gentlemen (my master in the midst, who did not notice my going in), besides the long train of young ladies pouring in without end. We got places (Miss Barrett and I), and had some difficulty in keeping them, in consequence of the press of numbers. I sat in a corner, but when Mr. Lucas saw me, he asked me to join the altos, so I went to the centre of the top of the room—the cross-bench—the most prominent place, while I thought I had never seen the room look so brilliant, well-lighted, and filled. We went through Beethoven's Mass in C, in which I longed to sing alone, but had no solo, contrary to usual practice, for Mr. Lucas generally gives me something to sing. So I was rather down-hearted at this, notwithstanding the glorious music, watching to see whether this would take up all the time, which it did very nearly. Mr. Hamilton, the chaplain (and superintendent on the gentlemen's side), then asked Mr. Lucas if they had done, and on his answering in the affirmative (on which, by-the-bye, no one rose), he said that this, perhaps, would be a very fitting occasion to do that which he had for some time waited an opportunity of doing, as he came forward with a book and put it on the piano. Now Miss L— had spoken to Mr. Goodwin, the librarian, to ask them not to try a new composition of hers, so I thought of her directly, and thought her turn for modesty was coming, but he went on for a long speech, while she pressed my hand, and warned me it was the presentation of the book to me, but I was slow to believe such news."

"He went on to say that the committee wished him to express their approbation of the talents and exertions of a pupil who had shown such remarkable diligence, not only in one but in all her studies, and who had made such great progress—more especially in that study which, though most important, was generally most neglected—as to draw from them special commendation.

"Then the room, and the lights, and the crowd of eager, excited girls, and Mr. Lucas

—whom as long as I could see I watched—smiling at the piano—grew more and more indistinct, and I caught hold of her hand, for I trembled so that I could scarcely sit, and drew back to avoid the multitude of eyes that watched me, and the crowded room seemed more brilliant than ever I had seen it. The excitement seemed very great; I felt taken so completely unprepared for such a scene (for it was a scene); and then, when Mr. Hamilton mentioned my name and came forward with the book, applause burst forth from every corner of the room. He came round the piano and up to me. I believe I bowed low as I took the book which he gave me, saying that nothing then remained for him but to present it to me as a mark of the high approbation of the committee, and he begged to add his own warm congratulations. I had been unable to restrain myself quite from tears before, for I felt completely overpowered by the suddenness, kindness, and publicity of the offering; but when he came up, amid the applause and watching of the whole room, to give it into my hand, I could not help bursting into a fit of tears. My hand dropped with the book, with which I still held my part of the Mass, while I hid my face on her shoulder. There was a pause for some time, with great excitement in the room. Miss L— was excessively kind and kept me up, and without her I don't know what I should have done. She held both my hands in hers, and when at last I moved, and we went slowly out, I was going to pass my master, as he might think it 'fishing' to go up to him; but he held out his hand to me, and said he congratulated me, so warmly and kindly, and I gave him such a shake of the hand and thanks amid my tears. Then I got into the red room, and if I had had fifty sisters I could not have met a more excited, sympathetic, and affectionate crowd, which opened for me only to embrace and

congratulate me on every side. Even the strange new pupils came with the rest, begging to join with them, though unknown to me and such warm, living affection from everyone! K— C— seemed just wild with joy. I escaped from the throng as soon as I could, leaving them my book to look at, into the dark schoolroom, where I soon heard the lady-superintendent, Mrs. Wise, inquiring for me, who seemed afraid I should be ill, and sent me into her warm, dark room, to lie down and wait for her.

"It was not very long before she came to me, and after speaking very affectionately and congratulating me, she asked me whether I should like a cup of coffee with Mr. Hamilton, chaplain and superintendent, in the committee-room, and I, very loth to leave a place which still spoke to me of such exquisite pleasure, accepted; but even then I did not know all the pleasures in store for me, not all the reiterated congratulations when I left her room and reentered the red room, where, though I had been away half an hour, the crowd and excitement and talking still went on, or the happy joining them at prayers in the dark schoolroom, only to be kissed and caressed anew. On rising from my knees, dear Kate L— came rushing down in a sad misery at not having known of this and not being there; then came the pleasant toilet with Miss Barrett upstairs, who was invited to join, and then the exquisite pleasure of going into Mr. Hamilton's room, looking more bright from the dark stone passage, and seeing the tea-table laid and the room glowing with light and comfort, and my master himself in the large armchair by the fire which he resigned to Mrs. Wise. After tea we were asked to sing (with such ears in the room!), and B— and I tried two of Haydn's *Passiones* to Mr. Lucas's accompaniment; and we went home at last, too late for Betty to be much of a protection,

but tired and weak with so much love and gratitude to home, dearest home."

Before closing this chapter we must not omit some mention of the R.A. concerts in which our young student with her fellow-pupils was bound to appear. They were very bright and pleasant concerts, stately with a certain touch of royal and courtly sympathy and good breeding. The director's box was generally filled with the council and their friends who were interested in the pupils, and in watching for the promise of success in new students likely to do honour to the reputation of the Institution.

The crowded orchestra looked well, for beneath the less picturesque costume of the manly performers came a dense array of young girls, each with her badge of royal colour in sash or riband, and all alike bent on appearing, according to precedent, in Lent in black dresses, and after Easter in floating white muslins.

The room was crowded by subscribers and friends and relations of the pupils, and it is easy to imagine the interest and anxiety with which the mother and sister watched the one pupil so dear to them when she took her place in the front row of chairs reserved for the chief executants. On one occasion she played the Emperor Concerto of Beethoven, her master, Mr. Lucas, conducting the orchestra with the kindest and most anxious care. She also frequently in the other R.A. concerts sang solos and concerted pieces, and at the last concert before she left, an anthem of her composition, "Let God Arise," for full chorus and organ and orchestra, was performed, also under that masterly guidance. She had indeed just reason for her grateful and life-long remembrance of her bright days at the Royal Academy of Music.

(To be concluded.)

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.



ALTHOUGH Edwin spoke little of his plans, he had never relinquished his intention of resuming his missionary labours. Mr. Vaughan wished him to remain at home and continue what the "Revival" had begun, but he quietly declared his intention of going to Africa. Mariana could only submit, and help him by deeds and prayers.

Mr. Glyn and Angharad were married in the early summer, during the period of Edwin's illness. Mr. Glyn had called

more than once to inquire for him, but had not been allowed to see him. He told Mariana that he had placed a hundred pounds in his banker's hands, at Edwin's disposal, and wished him to employ it as he thought best.

When Edwin heard of this he thankfully devoted the gift to his African mission, and wrote a letter to Mr. Glyn, which reached him and his bride in Switzerland.

The time came at last when he considered himself strong enough for his departure. He had preached his farewell sermons, he had prayed his farewell prayers, he had made all arrangements for his voyage; there remained only the pain of parting from Mariana, and the last evening was come.

It was of her that he now thought with tender longing, of her who had been more than a sister to him, and to whom, under God, he owed his life. Perhaps he scarcely knew, himself, how very dear she had become to him, and her sweet face had grown lovelier in his eyes than ever Mara's had been. But that last evening was a very sad one to both.

They sat alone in the parlour. Mariana was putting the final stitches into a case she was making for him, and he was looking at her.

"Dear Nanno, I can never thank you as I ought for all you have been to me," he said.

"Do not thank me at all," she answered, with quivering lips.

"It is so hard to part. Oh, Nanno! if I had not been blind all my life, perhaps it might have been different. But now it is too late! too late!"

The little word "Why" was on her lips, but she did not speak it.

"May I write to you, and will you write to me?" said Edwin; "it will help me on to feel that I have a sister at home who thinks of me, and prays for me. Oh, Nanno! I know how you have prayed for me, and your faithful prayers have been heard; I have been raised up from the grave to fight again the good fight, but still earthly yearnings cleave to me on the very eve of battle. I leave home with pain, because I leave you behind me."

While Edwin spoke, he leaned his elbows on the table and shrouded his face with his hands. Thus he could not see Mariana. As no word came from her, he continued:

"I would tell you one thing before I go, so that there may be no misunderstanding between us. My love for Mara is subdued. I can now think of her as

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIENDS.



HEN E—, the young artist, recovered from the illness mentioned in the last chapter, it was to receive a further recognition of her powers from her Sovereign, to whom, by desire, her pictures were sent, and a letter from Miss Skirrett, conveying a gracious message from the Queen, was a great joy to her and to the home. But another happiness was on the way. Her sister had become acquainted with Mendelssohn, and his society and the wonderful life and animation he inspired (especially to E—, when his kindness and encouragement to her sister became more and more a home delight) was a great stimulus. He was at home in all art matters, and praised and sympathised with her drawings, as he did with the mother in political and literary questions and with the sister in music. Her sister remembers, as if it were yesterday, coming home tired and dull with over-fatigue and seeing a remarkably lovely and brilliant face on the landing above. "It's Mendelssohn," she felt; and truly the great master was come to lunch, and to talk over art affairs, and to hear her sister's music, and tell her to go to Leipzig to teach at his great music conservatorium.

From that time until he left England (alas! for the last time) the air was full of the inspiration of his coming or of his letters. He sent the sisters special admissions to his "Elijah," and next day, when he found they had lost their seats through the delay of some friends and had stood in the densely-crowded room, his face, so rapid in its changing expression, frowned: "What," he said, "was there not one gentleman there?"

Moscheles took the elder sister to the first rehearsal, which was at the Hanover Square Rooms in London, for the "Elijah," which was to be done at the coming Birmingham Festival. There were few people in the room, and the orchestra were waiting for parts. Mendelssohn was reading, with enthusiastic delight, some home letters—they must have been intensely funny, apparently—but then, like other great geniuses, he could enjoy a joke so thoroughly. He told them he had been kept laughing for three days at the exquisite skit in *Punch* of the "Antigone" rehearsal; in fact, it came over him as he spoke, with a fresh burst of enjoyment. They sent him some beautiful flowers before one of his concerts, and received a few lines, which made them so happy in the thought that they had given him, to whom they owed so much, a minute's pleasure. His animation was something wonderful. Passing along the corridor at the back of the orchestra to reach him, a crowd of surging figures, a world of agitated hats, and a confused roar of voices, made them pause and hesitate at the commotion; but Mendelssohn was in the midst of a mass of people like a ship in a storm, and they waited patiently for the welcome he always gave, and the appointment he was to put down in that precious little pocket-book. As a conductor, he was most delightful. Indeed, he told them he found English orchestras more easy to rule and more sympathetic; but then it was such a comfort to be ruled by him, and he kept the orchestra all alive. If there was a false note, he would call out, "Mr. So-and-So" (giving the full name, to the amusement of the rest), "A flat, if you please;" or else he would fly

up to the top of the orchestra, two or three seats at a time, be lost in the transit, and come up radiant at the top; and we could see heads bobbing up over the desks till the thing was cleared, and he would come flying down and at his desk again before we could breathe. Once, when the soprani had been watching him and forgetting their parts, he leaned, with folded arms, over his desk, and shaking his head at them, said smilingly (he had a slight lisp), "Oh, ladith, ladith! why do you let uth alone in thith way?"

His playing was not like this person's or that, but the effect it made on us was to make the whole study ridiculous; for he, still young, the greatest in the world of composition, the finest living player on the organ, after having done all this and much more, attacks the piano in his spare moments, and not only showers difficulty upon difficulty, but does it without either effort or apparent thought and impromptu. There was no two years' study, as with Thalberg's *Mosé*, to prepare these tremendous effusions for the public ear; but the cadences he played—smiling most blandly, quite lovingly, at Mr. Lucas, the Conductor, all the while—were four or five times brought almost, but not quite, to a close, bewildering the orchestra, all prepared to come in. The Conductor's bâton flashed up, the violin-bows all sprung to life, and Mendelssohn went off on another track; the orchestra subsided, the poor Conductor struggled between bewilderment and his keen sense of the humour of the thing; while at every passage those beautiful new harmonies struck him as ever richer and better. We saw this, and still Mendelssohn went on as sweetly as ever, half-smiling and half-laughing, as he shook his head at Mr. Lucas's perplexed face. Then he came and sat down before us, talking with bright, animated looks to some ladies in front, till he began reading his letters, and we wondered what there could be in one (which we thought must be his wife's) which could bring such bright sunshine into his face. There was such keen enjoyment and affection in it, and his attitude of careless lounging was yet expressive of much evident capability for intense exertion.

So also, when he played the G Concerto of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, he launched into the most glorious improvisations, taking up the various motivi, transmuting them into gold of his own, and coming at last to the expected close, up went the Conductor's bâton, up went all the violin-bows all ready, but he gently shook his head, and, smiling, went off into another key; subsidence of the orchestra, the Conductor's bâton returned to the desk. Another half-close—excitement—uprising of the orchestra, all ready. Again another departure, by richer harmonies, into another key. Perplexed orchestra, and Conductor quite beside himself with wonder and delight. At last the close came, and a storm of applause burst out from the whole room, orchestra, Conductor, and the happy listeners, wild with the beauty of a feat the Philharmonic audience could appreciate. As our young student said, "It was glorious! his finger so firm, and light, and loose, so unlike most pianists. His hands' work is in their creation of this most wonderful of music, and there is no show on the surface of any exertion—no apparent effort—it reminded us of Landseer's touch, which is neither a thing to be concealed, nor, as it were, to exist, but which without effort creates Art; or, still more, like the handwriting on the wall, where the Divine message was written, and the hand invisible. What we noticed most was the extraordinary union of musical enthusiasm and musician-like control over both his enthusiasm

and his instrument, and the wonderful ease and dignity with which it was done. There was no hovering or crouching over an unlucky piano, like a bird of prey, and striking the keys as if with hammers, but it seemed to him as easy and unconscious as breathing—almost a breathing of music—unconnected with any technical mechanism. His fingers bewitched the music into life, instead of executing it."

We must give another extract from the same reminiscences, of a day when Mendelssohn was expected. He had fixed the hour, but as the young musician was hurrying home a sharp shower made her take and keep shelter, for she had, unluckily, no umbrella, and was dressed so carefully that she could not afford to get wet through, then came rushing home in what she knew was good time. "Oh, so happy that Mendelssohn was coming, so longing to see and speak to him again, anxious about the curtains coming home, for without curtains the pretty little room was quite another thing. Hoorah! the curtains were up. E— home, and nearly dressed, fortunately! for, while I was proceeding quietly enough at quarter to twelve, rat-tat— Doctor Mendelssohn, and in he was ushered; down she rushed, and in a state of dismay not to be paralleled in Grecian history, I rushed through twenty stages of dressing all at once, and found E— and mother quite happy and intimate. His manner was very polite, but my feelings! No lunch laid! He apologised for coming before his time! but he came as soon as he could, and that was such a pleasant sign."

"After chatting a little he asked me to play, and I was stupid and nervous, and spoilt my first Impromptu. Then he told me of a fault in it which I must see to, but so very kindly; and then I played my second Impromptu better, and then sang my 'Nimmer altert,' which he did not seem to take to, and then my 'Brim, blim,' which he liked better; and then I sung the 'Lebewohl,' which he really took quite a fancy to, and asked, quite as a favour, if I would dedicate it to him, and seemed so very, very pleased. I showed him my attempt at scoring the 'Nimmer altert,' and then he came to the table, and we got so cosily talking over the matter. I told him what I had been doing, and asked him if it was right, and he spoke so warmly and kindly, and told me, with the genius which Heaven had given me, I must get on—any means would be available—but with all or any I should get on. Oh, he spoke so very kindly and earnestly, and I told him how in my holidays I longed to go to Leipzig and study under him at the Conservatorium, and he laughed me out of countenance, and told me if I went there it must be to teach, not to learn. He said I did not want a regular master—I knew what they would have to tell me—I wanted experience and practice, and I ought to score for an hour every day to get accustomed to it, and then take what I did to someone—Lucas, Potter (both my past masters), Benedict, etc., who thoroughly understood what they were about, and get their advice. They would sometimes tell me what I should disagree with, but mostly right. But it would not do to go on entirely alone; I was so in love with my own plan, that he said that if I came over to Leipzig he would do what he could for me with the greatest pleasure, and said it so heartily. He was so different as we got more intimate, so very kind, and encouraged me so earnestly, and told me Henry Chorley had told him that I had played his trio, 'Wunderschön, Vortrefflich'—was not that glorious from him, who knew Chorley, the most difficult of critics, although so kind and generous? Why, my two friends have morally surrounded

him, or rather our best friend, Herr Pischek, has, for I believe he quite won him for me at Stuttgart (he and Madame Pischek, who call us their English children), and this is the first consequence. I told him about Herr Pischek's idea of an opera, too, and he quite agreed with it; he said I wanted perhaps a few months score-writing first, but he said it was quite right, and I should be quite right, and was so pleased when I told him Herr Freiligrath was thinking of the libretto. 'Ah!' he said, 'then if he did it it would be done in the very best way,' and seemed so pleased that we knew him.

"Then he made a desperate attempt to go, and we persuaded him, and in a few minutes I was sitting at the piano again, and we sang the canon 'Love having once flown,' and he was so very pleased, quite taken with it, and asked for it, 'if he might be so favoured,' for he said he should wish to show it to some friends of his in Germany; and then—no, it was some time after, while lunch was coming up—I sang 'Come again,' and he liked that too; but we enjoyed—really enjoyed—his society so much. He is so very quiet and clever, so lively and yet so very indulgent. When I told him about my concert difficulties he quite reassured me about Herr Pischek being wanted at Stuttgart for the Czar's visit, which is expected shortly, for he said the Czar would most likely go there when he was least expected, and stay so short a time that it would not be worth while for the King of Wurtemberg to send for Herr Pischek. He seemed sorry to go, and begged us not to be angry, as he went on account of another engagement. After some time he really went, and we went down to Covent Garden for some flowers for him, and to the House of Lords for tickets for him to see it; and he was so kind, and promised us tickets for the 'Elijah' to-morrow with Staudigl.

"Thursday night we went to wish Mendelssohn good-bye, for he was to go on the 8th; and as I mentioned at the Ancients that I might see him I had a couple of messages for him, and the Thursday morning E—and I went, and he was not at home, but we waited, and while she and I were reading, to beguile the time, in that room strewn with papers, parcels of presents for the children, MS. scores, expecting his knock, in he came. He had been with people on business, but brightened up in no time, and grew quite pleased when I told him we could not bear to let him go without saying good-bye, and gave him the copies of the two songs he had asked for. He was very, very kind, and gave me the autograph I wanted for Miss R—, and said he trusted to be six months in England next year, and would bring Madame Mendelssohn to us. So he saw us out to the door, and we went off so joyfully."

Friends!—what friends Heaven gave those two young students! Through Mr. Moscheles and Mr. Henry Chorley, Mendelssohn; by another introduction, Herr and Madame Pischek. He was the greatest and most charming of German singers; and she, so feminine and tender, so devoted to her husband's friends, that where he was loved and appreciated she took an equal share, and gave, as he did, the name of *liebe Kinder*, "dear children," to these two. It was he who insisted on the young musician giving a concert and on singing her songs; and it was she who said so tenderly one day, when the young girl had rushed down to Bath to get their advice, and had excused herself from a lovely country excursion there on a Sunday, saying, "indeed, she could not but go to church," "Ach, mein liebes kind, Sie haben recht; vergessen Sie das nie" ("Ah, dear child, you are right; never forget that").

Herr Pischek—someone will ask—what of him? So fleeting is the memory of a great

singer when he has passed away from the bright career of his art! A composer lives, or may live, as long as the world stands, in his works; but the genius which kindled the dead music into living fire, and enriched all it touched, is scarcely to be appreciated by those who only by hearsay judge of its perfection. A few words from the great critic of the *Athenæum* of May, 1846, may help to show what he was whose energy and goodness came to the help of these children. This gentleman, "Königlicher Hof und Kammer Sänger" to the King of Wurtemberg, appeared, unheralded by any previous announcements, at a morning concert in May, 1846, and the *Athenæum* of May 10th says:—

"The freshest and most taking thing of the morning performance was a Rhine-song by Herr Pischek, the newly-arrived baritone, whose superb voice, enthusiasm, and excellent musical feeling may make Herr Staudigl look to his laurels. A more glowing, genial strain, full of the poetry of one of the most poetical districts of Europe, is not in our recollection; and the saying, if not the singing, of it must have commanded an encore from even a colder audience than usually assembles at a morning concert."

"*Athenæum* on May 17th.—Though we are little disposed in general towards German singing, owing to some experience of its roughness, nasality, and indifference to the delicacies of the vocal art, we have been excited by the new-comer to the old thrill and the old glow, so rarely experienced in this our leaden age, that we sometimes fear the heaviness may exist in our own hearts, when it is really chargeable on the mediocrities, who assail instead of enchanting the public. But there is no mistrusting the effect produced by Herr Pischek. His voice is a baritone of the finest quality, capped by a falsetto of some three or four notes, but so strong and pure, that the discrepancy between the two voices is felt far less than is customary. Then both seem to be under much closer discipline than the Germans think generally needful to apply. Herr Pischek's *sostenuto* is perfect in every gradation of tone. But the attribute which distinguishes him from recent arrivals, is separate from either voice or execution, or that thoughtful good sense without which neither the one nor the other can claim an instant's attention. He has genius, a feeling for what is passionate and picturesque, such as has not stirred us for many days, a gift it may be difficult to define, but impossible to dispute.

"A rather dull song from the *Faust* of Spohr, 'Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe,' is given by him with so much graceful tenderness as to sound sweet, fresh and natural. A somewhat flimsy ballad of Lindpaintner, 'Die Fahnwacht,' is delivered with so much troubadour animation as to call up images of the tent and the leaguer and the castle hall, and to make the triste and weary sights and sounds of a concert-room vanish like so many shows and echoes of Fata Morgana.

"We cannot close this without doing honour to Herr Pischek's singing of Agamemnon's second scene from Gluck's *Iphigenia*, as one of the noblest pieces of declamation and pathos within the compass of our recollections. The other rarity at this ancient concert was the encore commanded by the 'Adelaide' of Herr Pischek—such a delivery of the most impassioned love-song in the world is not within our recollection. This great artist is alone among Germans for the exquisite smoothness and delicacy to which he can subdue his voice when the occasion requires it, and, here is the pity, little less solitary among Europeans for the deep and fervent poetical feeling he throws into his recitation and conception of whatever music is entrusted to him. It was a bold thing in Herr Pischek to venture on Esser's setting of Uhland's beautiful ballad,

'Des Sängers Fluch,' sixteen verses of recitation, especially since the rich and varied meaning of the poem hardly admits of any such musical colouring as would bring it within the sphere of regular and attractive composition. But never was boldness better hazarded, never an audience more riveted, never poetical declamation more perfect.

"Is there one of our young singers in these exhausted days, who will strike out a new path by taking the picturesque into his care, remembering always that the higher the aim, the more needful becomes a deep and wide basis of musical and technical skill?"

Years afterwards when Herr Pischek died at Stuttgart, the preacher at his funeral said: "Truly a kingly singer, although no king, but masterly in splendour of tone and power over the hearts of his hearers, most highly treasured throughout Germany and beyond its boundaries, he had made for himself a memory of honour and affection. He retired in the perfection and greatness of his powers to devote himself to his home, to the education and career of his children, his charities and his God. First in all works of public and private usefulness, after his retirement he would still come forward to help the orphan and the starving with his popularity and his exquisite talent. Two of the strongest traits in him indicate the whole nature of the man—a singer and a Christian. Only a few hours before his death, he sang with fullest and clearest voice, and when he was dying, the cross of his Saviour was upon his heart. The service of his art and the service of his God was to him one service, and to that he gave himself with the holiest and truest devotion. They say the heart makes the theologian; I might say the heart made Pischek the artist which he became."

It may be easier to imagine than to exaggerate the influence which such a character and such genius should and did exert over the two young students. The enthusiasm and the glory of his singing her songs, was an inspiration to the young musician, and the sisters shared equally the affection and esteem, which made their quiet home one to the great singer and his wife who would come to enjoy the quiet and rest of that little cosy room, where they could feel secure in not being lionised, only loved, for like the sisters, they disliked the whirl and restlessness of much society, and subsided into perfect happiness in the quiet home, talking of their children and the Stuttgart doings with mother and sisters, and the one friend who could always be trusted to report their safe arrival after they had travelled home, and sometimes their doings abroad.

One time he told them how when an expected visit from the Czar at Stuttgart made it impossible for him to promise his presence and assistance at the Bonn festival, Herr Pischek unexpectedly arrived at Bonn, and finding all programmes made up and parts filled, cheerfully said: "Well, let me help the basses," and he quietly took a part, and sang at the back of the chorus singers. Another time, when he had sung before the king one of our young musician's sacred songs, "Benedictus," the king said with surprise, "You say that this is the composition of a young girl?"

"Mit respect, Ihre Durchlaucht, ja" ("With respect, your Highness, yes") was his answer, and it was afterwards often sung by him before the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria in their private chapels, as well as at home with her other songs.

He wished her to write an opera of which he would take the chief part, and see to its being brought out at the Stuttgart Theatre; the poet Freiligrath would have rendered the beautiful play she chose into German. But insuperable home duties made the plan impossible, though

the kindness and zeal which prompted the proposal could never be forgotten.

Then Heaven gave them another friend in the queen of English singers of that time, who took up the fairy godmother's wand of loving protection and kindness to the sisters. Through her they paid a long visit to Italy, where the artist delighted in the glory of art and nature, and drew lovely water-colours from the inspiring scenes, and no less inspiring kindness and bright intellectual society of her family. Reverence for the noble lady (still living, to the happiness of her home, and to all who love her) must limit what one may be allowed to say of her, who added the dignity of the gentlewoman to the lustre of a noble name and the utmost culture of an exquisite voice and style. One may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to an incident remembered particularly well by her who relates it. It occurred at one concert where Madame Clara Novello had promised to sing, on the condition that both her songs were in the first part, as it was necessary for her to escape early to take the train, so as to get to Manchester that evening, and to rest before singing (as Her Majesty had desired) "God save the Queen," at the opening of the great exhibition there. One song was by our young student, who accompanied her own song. They were called and prepared to appear, when an eminent tenor (also engaged at Manchester) slipped up the stairs and actually began his song to their amazement and distress. Of course in a few minutes he came down and vanished; his carriage was at the door; his wife was ready at the station with luggage, tickets, etc., and they were gone. Our noble songstress had in vain appealed; her song now came, and with all speed they drove to Euston, only to hear the scream of the departing train, and spend the night before such an important day in hard travelling in a later train. But this was not the end; the lady's revenge was to come, and it was worthy of her. The next day crossing the bridge at Manchester, towards the private entrance reserved for the singers, her carriage and that of the tenor, who in such an unmanly way had inflicted this fatigue on her, were blocked up close together; he heard a sweet voice calling his wife and asking if she had remembered to get the pass for

their carriage to come through the private gate.

"No," they both exclaimed horrified, "we quite forgot it!"

"I thought you might," said the same kind voice. "Here it is; I got it for you."

Great applause at the home when this was told. "Just like her," they all said.

That was not the only time when she managed to help one who had been so ungenerous. It happened at the Gloucester Festival, when the aforesaid tenor disappointed his audience (not for the first time), and they were not in the temper to put up with any excuse. The people became so furious that neither conductor, nor manager, nor living creature (in a coat) could get a hearing. At last they suggested this gracious lady's trying to calm the storm. She came forward and waited—the excitement gradually gave way to the wish to hear her—a pretty and pleading speech came suggesting that this was, she knew, a case of real illness, that they must all needs know what real suffering illness was—ending with a plea for being allowed to sing anything they desired to make up for his absence; and friendliness and good humour came back. She certainly "drew an angel down of peace and goodwill."

Her brother once told the sisters what had curiously happened when this same lady, quite a little girl, had made her first appearance at the Philharmonic, and was then engaged to go down and sing at the York Festival. She and her mother were comfortably seated at the rehearsal, when the conductor coming down to her mother, said, "Now, madam, will you kindly come; we are quite ready." "Oh," she smilingly said, "it is not I, it is my little girl who is to sing." "What, this child?" he said, somewhat haughtily, but the little maiden followed up the orchestra, and took her place quietly in front, with her music. The music began. "Faster," she said, "this is the time." "No," said the conductor, annoyed at the idea of such a small dictator. "I beg your pardon," the child answered, holding her own, "I sang it to this time at the Philharmonic in London last week," beating time with her little roll of music. "Oh," said the conductor, "then perhaps you had better conduct it yourself." "Perhaps I had," in a pretty, gentle voice, said the little lady, and

proceeded to beat time firmly for the orchestra. Didn't they cheer her!

These scattered remembrances of student days have needs left many events untold—many dear and valued friends unnamed, which belong entirely to the quiet homelife; but it is something to have had an opportunity of expressing the deep and fervent gratitude felt to the Giver of all good things, for the precious friends one has been free to name. The little students' story is told. The early bridge of sighs was past—they had by God's goodness escaped the rocks and shoals around them, and weathered the storms by which they might have been wrecked.

They were spared to each other for a long life, spared to inherit the blessing of father and mother in their home—spared to see that home blessed with peace and content—still, as at first, preferring its quiet shade and protection, to the outer struggles and rivalries of a too busy world. They realised Sheridan Knowles's beautiful lines.

"Let him who thinks

The world is worth his home, exchange home for it.

A little time, he'll find he has lost a world; Not found one."

This is written not without an earnest hope that some little student, hemmed in with difficulties, it may be with loneliness or privation, or even, as some are, with both, may feel and sympathise with those who have suffered and striven before them—and finding like them the truth and strength of the promises which bind our prayers and our hopes to the throne above, take courage to go on cheerfully in the battle of life.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than the world dreams of."

There are students who learn from the promises given us to bring the sunshine of faith on all their work, and who find that in little things, as in the greatest trials which can shake our poor humanity, there is refuge and peace enough to quell all storms, because He, our most gracious master, who quelled the tempest on the Sea of Galilee, will be, as He promised, with His children "to the end of the world."

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QUESTIONS.

101. Which was the second nomad tribe descended from Abraham? Where do you find it first mentioned? Name some great event in which the Midianites appeared, and what influence did they exercise over the Israelites? What is the meaning of "the curtains of Midian?" and where are they mentioned?

102. Give the meaning of the word Mizpah

or Mizpah. What places of this name are mentioned in the Old Testament, and for what were they respectively remarkable?

103. What miracles are mentioned in the 1st Book of Samuel?

104. Name four neighbouring sovereigns contemporary with Saul.

105. Under what circumstances was Saul elected king, and why was he afterwards rejected? What do you gather from the Scripture narrative of the manner of his life as king?

106. Give the finest instance of friendship recorded in the Old Testament.

107. Relate the military exploits of Jonathan? And the manner of his death. Give a sketch of his character.

108. What instance have we in Scripture of a rash and headstrong vow besides that of Saul, that cost a human life? Relate them both.

109. What was the house and lineage of David? Where was he born? Of what place was he first the king, and for how long?

110. Relate what is mentioned of the Wilderness of Ziph and of Paran in the 1st Book of Samuel: what is the difference between the Wilderness of Sin and that of Zin? and for what events were they respectively celebrated?