

say, take up some work for the many suffering ones here, and in lightening their burden, your own will be lessened. There are few joys like the gratitude of a suffering child; the sweet, sweet smile that greets one from a little sufferer, whose load one has helped to lighten. A little one laid aside for years perhaps with spine disease; have you ever thought what you could do for such a one?

There is in London an excellent society called, "The Invalid Children's Aid Association,"* who are constantly helping over three thousand such little ones. God put it into the heart of a kind man to try and help all the suffering children in London, and now vast numbers are through his instrumentality provided with a "friend." Won't some of you, my sisters and brothers, try and lessen your own misery by helping to visit at least one such little sufferer?

You will benefit yourself even more than the child you visit. The flush of eager pleasure, the happy smile on the face bearing the mark of suffering, will bring a joy to your heart you think to be past for you on earth. Oh! I speak from experience, there is no cure for our own sorrows like looking on those of others, especially if they are the suffering little ones; for we all feel a child's suffering to be worse than that of an adult, for happiness seems to be the right of the young.

Suffering is indeed our law of life here; it is meant to form in us such characters as may be

fit for divine companionship, when the Master calls us higher. It may be suffering caused by our father's or mother's sins, but it must be borne, and is best borne by a patient and loving spirit manifesting itself in service for others. Let us remember who it was said— "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

But let us take care that our work is for God, not for ourselves. Not done to bring us praise from our fellow-beings; He bids us all go work to-day in My vineyard.

'Twas early morning with me when I soared
On wings of youth and hope, 'mid all things fair,

I answered, "Yea, O Lord;
I go to do Thy bidding, show me where.
'Twere joy to serve Thee, with some happy throng,

And blend my voice with theirs in holy song;
With other workers let me work for Thee,"
It could not be.

"Lord, there are some upon the mountain side
Breathing with deeper breath the air of Heaven,

In loneliest work, not lonely they abide.
So close a walk with God to them is given.
Might I not rise to saintly heights as they,
And see earth's wildest storms beneath me play?

O, let me on the mountain work for thee!"
It could not be.

"More humbly, Lord, I ask the sunlit plain,
For there are workers working for Thee there.

I love the sunshine, and I shrink from pain,
With these Thy servants let me take my share.

Sweet flowers for them are shedding perfumes sweet,
And living waters wander at their feet!
Bid me in life and joy to work for thee."
It could not be.

"Tell me, my heart, was not His way the best,
In darkened solitude to do His will?
Oh, was there no self-seeking (unconfessed)
Behind thy fairest wishes hidden still?
No longing to be known, and loved, and sought
Lurking within thee? No unhallowed thought
Of flaunting as thine own, God's gifts to Thee?"

It could not be.

"Better the lonely work of lowliest lot
Than this, which hath not been for God at all;

Better to dwell where sunbeams enter not,
Than dazzled by them, wander wide and fall.

Better to bow the heart's self-will and pride
Beneath the sceptre of the crucified
Than do His highest work unfaithfully."
So let it be.

BY A NURSE.

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HOW I PAINTED A TAMBOURINE.

By AN OLD GIRL.



THE first thing that made me long to try painting in oils was reading in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the delightful article, "How I taught myself painting," by Crona Temple. I therefore determined from that day "To take my

courage in both hands," as she advised, and see what I could do. Being therefore almost self-taught in oil-painting, I hoped that perhaps a few of my experiences might be interesting to some who like myself have a great love of art and but little time or money to spend thereon. After painting several small articles, chiefly terra-cotta vases and plaques, I had a great wish to paint a tambourine, but how to manage the background, that was the puzzle; fortunately I had a dear friend, herself a clever artist in both oils and water-colours. Having sought her help, I first laid on as smoothly as possible, and holding the paint-brush nearly upright, a rather thick coating of flake-white mixed with plenty of the medium, viz., magilp, being very careful to wait until

this was thoroughly dry before putting on the next coating of flake-white mixed with a small quantity of permanent blue, letting it dry once more before going over it again with the same colour; it was now a pretty pale blue and ready for the design, which ought to be drawn with the paint-brush; this is difficult to do correctly, unless one has had a good grounding, and much practice in drawing, so until I was able to use the brush, I found a white chalk crayon used very lightly answer fairly well. The design was a spray of wild roses; I first put a coating of flake-white over the whole spray, letting it get quite dry before going over it again with the same. Two coatings are much the better, because if smoothly put on it gives the design when finished a raised appearance. For the exquisite pink of the roses (which no pigments, however skilfully and carefully blended, can hope to equal) mix flake-white and a little madder-lake (this last is an expensive colour, but it gives the desired tint much better than crimson-lake). For the bluish-grey shadow on the roses, mix flake-white, crimson-lake, and a tiny mite of cobalt. For the delicate stamens, mix chrome and flake-white, putting less white and more chrome for the brighter yellow. For the light-green leaves, mix chrome No. 1 and permanent blue.

For the darker green, mix chrome No. 1 and Prussian-blue.

For the reddish-brown of rose-stems and thorns, mix chrome No. 1, permanent blue, and crimson-lake. The veining of the leaves and the high lights must also be carefully attended to. Hovering over the roses, I painted a yellowish-white butterfly; great care is needed in painting these "winged flowers," as I believe some poet has called them. I once painted this same design on a tambourine with a grey background instead of pale blue, and gave it, when finished, to a fancy-fair, where it sold readily. When painting wild flowers, always, if possible, study from the natural flower. I have painted and also sold many tambourines since this my first attempt, finding them very acceptable, when nicely draped, as birthday presents, the trifling cost also suiting my not-too-well-stocked purse. Poverty has many stings, but it has one great pleasure, that of seeing one's handiwork appreciated by those we love, and for whom we have delighted to do our very best. If any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER should feel inclined to try painting a tambourine, I hope she may find it both pleasant and profitable, as I have done.

AN OLD LOVER OF
"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."