

WAVE-WANDERINGS.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

I WANDERED on a pebbled beach,
Where wavelets rolled in endless reach
To seek what lesson they might teach,

And learn what their weird music meant
That ever to the wild wind lent
A sad subdued accompaniment.

I listened, for I burned to hear
What words to me those waves might bear,
Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.

I listened long, but all in vain,
My curious heart could not explain
The meaning of their ceaseless strain.

For in a language all their own
The waves conversed in monotone,
And I was with them—but alone.



NOTES FROM OUR VILLAGE GREEN.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

“In all labour there is profit.”

IT lies at the foot of a steep rounded hill, a bold, projecting background to the peaceful nest of cottages below. Above the elms, as seen from the hill, rises the spire of the ancient church, and clustering around it, as round a holy centre, stand the dwellings picturesque in their variety, for they are not built upon a uniform pattern. The oldest are thatched and timbered, mossy and overgrown with ivy or brown patches of lichen. Some have overhanging stories, weather-tiled and dark; some are built of rugged stone, and have tiny windows deeply set, crooked, oaken door-posts and narrow doors; some are gabled; one or two have outside wooden stairways, and the lines of most are eccentric, giving one the impression that at some period of the village history, a convulsion of the earth had shaken the houses more or less out of the perpendicular.

All have gardens and ancient shady fruit trees. Many of the cottagers keep bees, and cultivate a wealth of flowers to supply food to the busy humming insects.

There is no village street, so-called, but the high road from which the cottages stand back passes through to the coast, and leaves them far behind. A little green spreads itself out in front of the one village shop, and on it gabble and feed a few white geese, very important in their own estimation and exceedingly cliquy towards the rest of their little world. But for the occasional cackle of the foolish birds and the musical clink from the blacksmith's forge, one might think the place was asleep. No one seems to be astir; there is no sound of voices or of labour, for the men are all far afield. A couple of fat old beagles lying in front of the shop-door are resting their noses upon their outstretched paws; they

blink sleepily, now and then snapping at the flies which hum drowsily around.

Nothing appears to be doing, the village might be empty, or the inhabitants gone to sleep for a hundred years.

Wait a little. The church clock strikes four and the fat beagles look up expectant. One or two cottage doors are open and a woman looks out.

Presently the air is full of the voices of children, merry voices; the shouts of boys, the shrill cries of girls, laughter, much glee, and soon the rush and scamper of many feet. The village wakes up all at once; the sleepy dogs leap up and bark a noisy welcome. Mothers come out to receive their little ones, and the owner of the general shop, who is also postmaster, hastens to look out any letters that may have come in that afternoon, for some of the village lads and little maids will be the deliverers of any such at their homes.

In another hour the village has almost sunk into its former state of quietude. In the evening, some few men may gather at the corners, by the public well, or outside the Black Rabbit to talk over the day's events, or to have a sociable game of quoits on the green, though the greater number will set to work in their own plots of ground as vigorously as though they had not already been engaged in a day of hard labour.

The women, after the last meal of the day has been disposed of, appear to have a little leisure wherein to exchange remarks with each other over their own thresholds. The conversation chiefly concerns their respective households, and a dip into their neighbours' concerns, for their interests have a narrow radius, few having ever been many miles beyond their native place. They philosophise a little, and the bent of their uneducated minds is rather to look upon whatever befalls as inevitable; they are inclined to regard all the occurrences

of life as fore-ordained, and therefore to be accepted as the *must be*.

Our village had vegetated for scores of years, from sunrise to sunset without change, in the same slow, quiet way, while the tumult of life was passing by outside of it.

The same families, generation after generation, had occupied the same cottages; the same habits, ideas and doings, the same influences operating year in, year out, had produced a sort of aristocracy of the soil. The villagers were mostly tenants of two or three well-to-do landlords, rooted in the parish, so to speak, for whom the labouring population worked, and this had helped to keep them in a dependent, and at the same time, comfortable condition.

The rector of the parish, who had laboured among them nearly all his life, was one of the old school, whose thoughts and manner of life had moved changelessly on in the same narrow groove for more than half a century. He had clung to old forms and old-fashioned routine; had preached two short, dry sermons each Sunday, returning to a reserve stock regularly about every two years, until many of them could have been repeated by his congregation, when the text was once given out.

He had been very good to the poor and sick, helping largely out of his own purse whatever need was urgent, because he would not be troubled to ask publicly for funds; but beyond this, the villagers had not known him as a friend or true pastor, for he had never stirred their hearts to search into high and holy things, he had never troubled to awake in them any intellectual energy. Consequently, he and they went on in the same indifferent sluggish course, as was yesterday, so was the day following, and every to-morrow.

These now are things of the past. The rector occupies a shady corner of the God's Acre his feet had crossed so often, from the sleepy-looking rectory to the church. A



R. TAYLOR

E. A. SOLLNER

FEEDING THE CHICKS.

younger man now fills his office, a man of energy and progress, whose heart is in his work, whose voice rouses the apathetic souls of his flock, whose sympathies are with them, their interests, spiritual and temporal, made his own.

There had never been such an awakening. The very bells in the grey church tower rang out more lustily—

“Come to church! come to church! Don't come late!”

All the pews were now well filled. The choir reformed, began to think it worth while to sing.

Visiting was general; mothers' meetings revived; the coal club, clothing club and sick club were all put on a fresh footing.

There was a spirited address on social subjects to working men and lads every Saturday at the institute. Books of bright, wholesome reading were freshly supplied. Village entertainments came oftener and were better worth attending. Cricket and football were enthusiastically encouraged. Various handicrafts, useful and ornamental, were taught, and had the effect of keeping men and boys from the public-house. There were also needle-work and gardening competitions for the girls, so that no one was forgotten.

The gentle-folks looked on, nodded and approved, saying: “This is a change for the better; we must also assist. The rector ought not to work single-handed.”

Thus it came to pass that our village, though apparently the same sleepy old place at certain hours of the day, began, nevertheless, to show a fund of real life and energy in the heart of it, like leaven working in the house-wife's pan of flour.

What a change it was! And it all meant work! The rector's watchword was “work,” and all who worked with him, knew and felt what that meant, and how wholesome and inspiring it was. He and his wife took the heartiest interest in everybody. Not a man, woman or child but could feel and say—

“They are my friends.”

They had no children of their own, therefore they adopted the parish, which was all the happier for its good fortune. In and out, and through it all, they wove the golden threads of love, and these were threads which bound more strongly together than any other. They stretched from end to end, and every house-

hold was conscious of the warm radiance in their midst.

The young girls of the place Mrs. Lang made her especial care; she always earnestly dissuaded them from seeking service in the big towns which form a fatal attraction to so many. In her endeavours to prevent this, she used laughingly to say she had constituted herself a domestic agency, for she made a point of seeking good situations in the country round for every capable girl she could induce to apply to her.

“Of what use would be my preaching to them on the subject if I did not act up to my convictions,” she would say, “and do my best to prove to them actually, that they are happier, healthier, better off in most ways than they would be in a grand London situation where they would meet with many a sad experience, and in all likelihood deteriorate from their original worthiness of character and disposition.”

Her influence among them was not small, for she took so much natural interest in their home lives, their pursuits, and little ambitions, for village girls, believe me, are not without their aspirations. The advice she gave was always couched in the kindest terms, not as given from a moral superiority and altitude of position, but as placing herself on a level with the person addressed, as if she were making the weaknesses, temptations, difficulties her own. Her conception of the duties and responsibilities of life were as great and high as were those of her husband. It seems to me as if I could hardly do better than reproduce a few of the thoughts she tried to impress upon her class of village girls, for the benefit of others, no matter in what situation of life, for they apply equally to all.

Many of these village girls are well-known to me, and I am proud to be able to call them my friends. Some of them you may like to make acquaintance with, and I shall be only too pleased to introduce the village girl to her sisters.

The aspect under which she will be seen and known is that of a worker; the watchword being still that which our rector has passed along, “Work!”

“Oh, I know what work is!” you exclaim perhaps. “I have more than enough of it, and why should I hear more?”

Well, let us see whether it be not worth a little consideration; for life is really made up of work for all of us, high and low, rich and poor together. We are not placed in this world for our own amusement and pleasure merely, as most of us can and all of us ought to be able to testify, and it seems to me that in this nineteenth century of progress, girls and women take a very large share in what is going on, and have good reason to be proud of it. It is not with those who train themselves for entering professions or particular occupations that my sympathies are enlisted, however, but rather with those whose labour is essentially feminine in character, and whose province is in the home; where there is just as much scope for earnest conscientious work as in the wider field of intellectual labour, and just as much honour in the doing of it.

“Who sweeps a room as in God's sight
Makes that and the action fine.”

“But that is such a little thing, such a mean thing!”

Perhaps, but if it falls to us to do a little thing, let us do it with all our might, be it ever so mean or distasteful, for if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, you have no doubt often heard said.

Here is a good motto for every worker—
“*Orare et labore*,” “Pray and work.”

Have you ever tried the two together? Believe me, prayer is a great sanctifier of work, and not only a sanctifier but an assistance to its accomplishment. We have a great example of this truth ever before us if we choose to study the pages of Holy Writ. The example of Him who always consecrated His work by prayer. What renewed vigour and refreshment of spirit must have been His after a night spent in solitary communion with His Father, upon the mountain top! How far short we fall! Frail creatures as we are, how little we deem it necessary to consecrate our actions by appeals for aid, whence all strength comes.

If we can realise this and act up to it, how sweet our work will grow, and how easy. We shall be ashamed of the day on which we said, “What I do, I do because I am obliged and not because I like it.”

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *News* gives the following recipe for teetotal hop beer, which he says he obtained from a ship's cook years ago out in the Pacific. He describes it as “the cheapest, healthiest, and most satisfactory substitute for beer I ever drank.” It is also very easily made. Take half a pound of hops; half a pound of tapioca; and five gallons of water. Soak the tapioca all night in a basin of water, next morning when it is swollen, put it into a thin muslin bag, and boil it and the hops together in five gallons of water, for three quarters of an hour. When cool, strain and bottle at once, or put in a cask, which must be tightly bunged. It is ready to drink at once. It is non-intoxicating, most palatable, and if bottled will keep well. Cost, under one shilling, and the quantity given will fill six and a half dozen ordinary penny ginger beer bottles, and sell for six shillings and sixpence.

NEVER let meat or fish remain in the moonlight unless you wish it to go bad, and do not let the moonlight rest on a sleeping person.

Do not exclude the sun from your rooms by pulling down the blinds unless you prefer a doctor's bill to a faded carpet. In choosing a house choose a sunny aspect. There is always most illness in a sunless, shady house.

NEVER allow a housemaid to put her fire ashes box into a cupboard; in one case the staircase of a house was well alight in the middle of the night through this being done. The ashes were supposed to be cold but were *not*.

TRY the use of rather thick curtains instead of window-blinds. You can darken the room so much better, and keep the sun off an invalid's or sleeping child's face. Sleep is far more resting in a properly darkened room.

WHENEVER you see orange-peel or even cabbage-leaf on the pavement, kick it off into the road (but not on to a crossing). Children taught to do this when out walking, think it a great amusement, and probably save many broken legs.

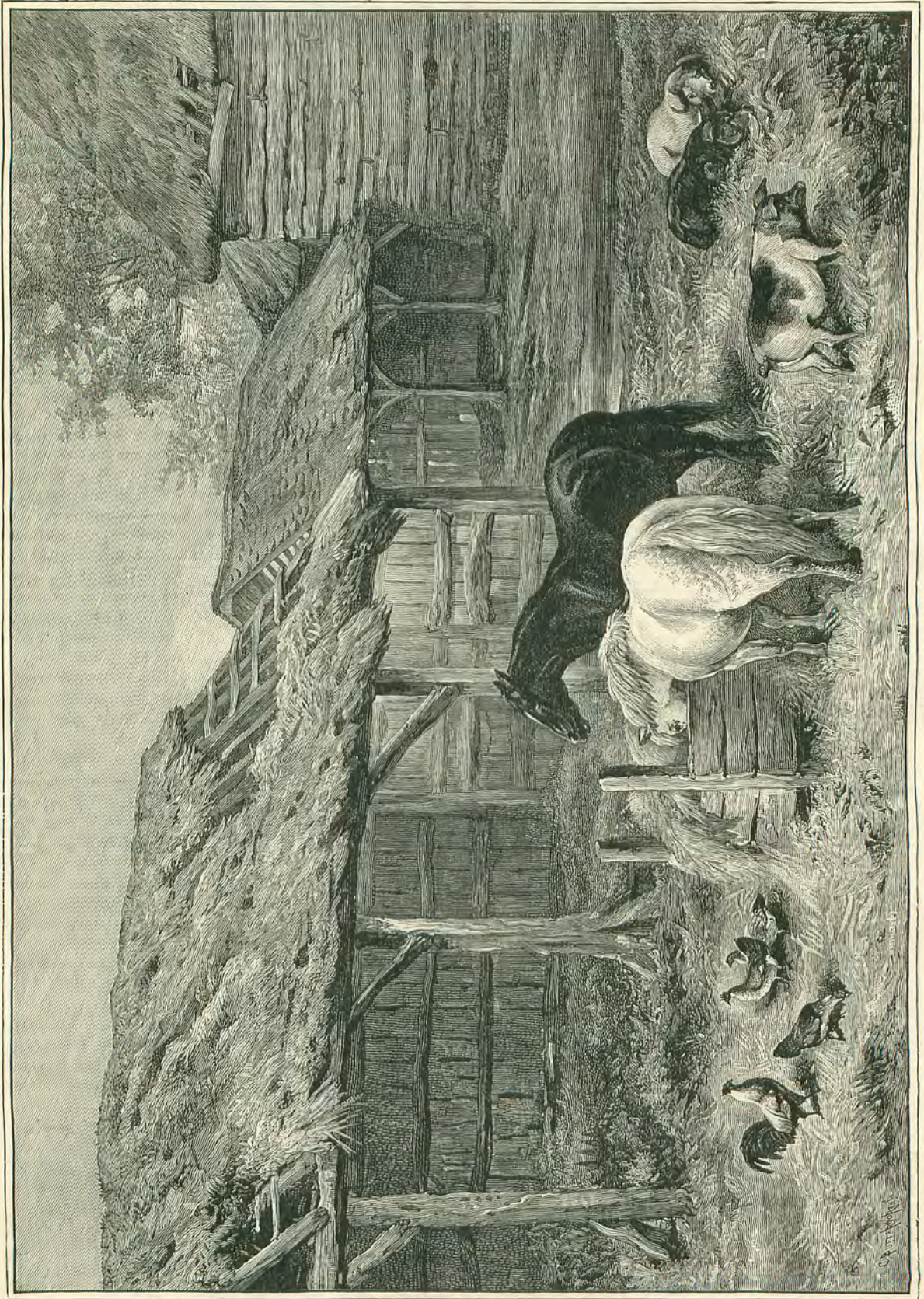
WHEN sending newspapers—especially abroad—it is safest not to use wrappers, but to direct the paper or magazine on itself. Tie a string through it and then twice across with rather fine string. If you only tie it once across, letters and post-cards are apt to get slipped into the folds and be taken across the Atlantic or round the world—as has happened before now. Coarse string is apt to come untied.

IF any one chokes over food, they should at once hold the breath and look upwards. This stops the spasm, and should be taught to all little children. It would save them from many a painful choke.

NEVER spare the use of damp tea leaves when sweeping your room if you wish to preserve your furniture; they also improve the colour of the carpets.

A GOOD furniture polish is made of linseed oil, vinegar, and turpentine in equal parts.

MILK puddings without any egg are much wholesomer and nicer than with an egg.



THE FARMYARD.

NOTES FROM OUR VILLAGE GREEN.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER II.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Longfellow.



HERE are hundreds of town-girls and country-girls whose lot has been to work from an early age. Necessity has carved out their future, and right bravely they put their shoulders to the wheel, and undertake what Providence has given them to do. Unconsciously, they are heroines, hard-working heroines made out of humble material, with no loftier ambition than to do the duty that falls to them, day by day. "Well," you say, "there is not much heroism in that. I have to do my duty day by day, and it often falls very flat. I do not consider myself a heroine in the doing of it."

No, neither would the girls I allude to. The heroism depends upon circumstances, and your work may partake of that character without your being in the least aware of it.

Susan Reid is one of these. I know her well, for she lives between us and our village, and I have paid many a visit to the small farm which is her home. She is the oldest of eight children, who were left motherless when Susie was only thirteen; she is now eighteen, and has long felt and known the responsibilities of life. The care of the family fell to her, and she took up the burden bravely. Her father is a labouring farmer, in quite a small way; the whole farm does not consist of more than thirty acres, and the house on it is little better than a cottage. It is a picturesque place, very old, overgrown in front with an ancient vine, and, like a good many other old places, it has settled out of the perpendicular, while upstairs there is scarcely one even floor. The kitchen is a big room, very low-ceiled, with an oak-beam, black with age, running across it. There is a wide, open fire-place, with roomy chimney corners, in which stand two tidily-cushioned settles. Everything is bright and clean in that big kitchen, its two deal-tables are scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, its windsor-chairs, highly-polished, stand in a row against the wall; they are for show chiefly, as the children are provided with a bench and one or two three-legged stools. A handsomely-carved oaken-chest there is, a bit of family property, on which are ranged the big family-Bible and a few good books. There are some gorgeous prints, depicting Scriptural subjects, hanging on the walls, and brilliant flower-pots grace the broad window-sill to hold Susie's geraniums, which are the pride and pleasure of her heart.

Out of the farm-kitchen opens a small back place, called the wash-house, and out of this the dairy. The brick-floors are bright and spotless, the dairy itself is a picture of sweet cleanliness. This is Susie's domain, and she reigns over it paramount, for no one, from father downwards, would dream of disputing her authority.

How does she manage to get through the multifarious duties which fall to her as little housewife, little mother, little dairy-woman? In all three capacities she fulfils her duties and yet has time to spare to look after her poultry,

to the profit from which she looks to be able to add something to her wardrobe now and then.

Susie makes and mends, bakes, churns, and washes, with occasional assistance from a neighbour, and still contrives to keep her house in order.

How does she do it? With method, unflagging industry and clear-headed management. She has often been an object of wonder and admiration to me.

"You must be very strong, Susie," I once remarked to her, "to be able to get through so much, for your working-hours exceed those of a man; you must be light-hearted, too, for I always hear you singing as I pass."

"Well, so they do, miss," laughed she, "for a man has his regular hours and gets paid for overtime; but with us, you see, that don't count, and a woman's work, as you may say, is never done; but I'm strong, as you say, and I've never had a day's illness, not to lay me by, so to speak, for which I've cause to be thankful enough. 'Twould have been a bad look out for father and the children if I'd been a poor weakly creature. Mother always brought me up to work from the time I could do anything; she was so capable herself, she knew how to learn me; so when she was took away, just when Robbie was two years old, I knew how to set about things. Mrs. Joliff, that's our neighbour, was very kind and used to come in every day whenever she could spare time to help me and see how I was getting on. The children were not much trouble, poor things; I used to wash and dress them and get them off to school bright and early. Robbie was the only one to look after till they came home."

"You make light of work, Susie," said I.

"'Tain't no use complaining," answered she. "It's my belief that when folks once begin to fuss about things and complain, that it's weakening. Mind and body work together one way or the other."

"But you may have a strong mind and a weak body, Susie," I suggested.

"That's so," said she, "but the strong mind can do its will over the weak body, and brace it up so as it won't soon give in; whereas a limp-minded person will easy persuade herself that her body ain't strong enough to struggle and do, and so make her moan with folded hands. That's not my way, however. I think we were all put in the world for a purpose, to do whatever the Lord sets in our way without any half-heartedness. Make up your mind you've got to do a thing, and it comes wonderful easy and sweet."

"Especially when home love lightens the work, Susie," added I.

"Aye," said she with a smile and a quick turn of her head to where Robbie, who was now seven years of age, was merrily rolling in the grass with a retriever pup for playfellow.

Susie Reid's cares are not so heavy or so many now as when she first took up the burden her mother laid down. Two of the brothers are able to earn a living, one helping his father on the little farm, the other working for a neighbour. Dolly, Susan's sister next in age, had to make herself useful at home; but she was wayward, the beauty of the flock, the spoil one of her father; privileged as she thought, by right of an education superior to that her elder sister could boast, to do the reading of the family and to have ideas beyond the range of the work-a-day life around her.

Susie, who had little time or taste for other reading, had time notwithstanding for the study of her Bible, and I was much interested

by the story she once told me of how greatly she had been struck by the lesson in Proverbs which Samuel's mother gave her son when recounting to him the characteristics of the virtuous woman. With a modest blush, and an intelligent sparkle in her eyes, she told me how it had been her ambition to imitate, as far as she knew how, the noble example there put before her. It had made the necessity of rising before it was yet day, in order to get through her work, a real pleasure instead of a hardship, remembering how her heroine rose while it was yet night. When she started off her brothers and sisters for school in their neatly-made and mended clothes, it was with pardonable pride that she looked after them, with thoughts reverting to one whose household had been clothed with scarlet, and feeling that she had done her best. If she burnt her lamp late into the night, with sleepy eyes bent over some necessary repairs to her father's clothes, which day-time had given her no leisure to attend to, she comforted herself with the recollection of her whose candle went not out by night. Susie's understanding of the chapter was all very literal, no doubt, but the fact that it went no deeper than the words was of real help to her. It would be so precious for the children to be able some day to rise up and call her blessed.

Simple-hearted Susie! She is one of those unselfish workers who find the biggest reward for their toil in the comfort it affords others. Unconsciously, she "works the work before her, with all fervour at her best," fitting into her place in the beautiful pattern of God's mosaic, without being aware how much she is helping towards its completion as a perfect whole. In this wonderful work, we each have our appointed place, even if it be only by the addition of a grey, tiny corner in the pattern; but the duller bits are as needful to the filling in as the more brilliant morsels of colouring, and help to set them off. This is surely a comforting thought to the lowly striver whose work seems so unimportant or so humble. A work it is, we see, that cannot be dispensed with, or it would leave the pattern imperfect in the eyes of the Great Designer. Every little bit has to be fitted in most carefully; there can be no ugly gaps or unsightly portions in this grand mosaic. We may none of us know exactly what place we are destined to occupy therein, but we do know, that all must be accomplished to God's glory.

The catechism of the Scotch church tells us at the very outset, that the end for which we are placed in this world, is God's glory. That is the sum and substance of the matter, and it fills us with a deep responsibility which a good many of us are far from realising. Ah, how earnest this thought should make us! and how difficult it appears, that anything we finite mortals can do should contribute to such an end! But, work our life-work as we may, He made us not in vain. We must leave our mark on Time's open sheet; whether it be strong and deep, or whether it be but a scratch, yet it will be permanent, for when as workers we have passed away and left our works behind us, the traces of what we have done will be lasting still.

Do we complain that our toil is never over? Well, what then? This is not our rest, and happy, to my mind, is the lot of that one whose life is fullest, who has the satisfaction of knowing that every golden moment has its appointed task, and that "something attempted, something done, has earned the night's repose."

"There are one or two things we must believe in, girls," said the rector's wife addressing her class of young people one afternoon, when they were assembled round her for their monthly meeting at which they worked, had a good tea and finally listened to one of her friendly talks. "These one or two things are the dignity and nobility of work; the blessedness and comfort of work and the importance of work; for, 'Providence worketh in us all.'" In every calling, therefore, let us see to it that we be steady workers, fruitful workers, hopeful workers and unselfish workers. A famous old writer said—

"Diligence and industry are the material duties of the young; in youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired, for in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of

life affords. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason and of God; whether affluence of fortune or elevation of rank be yours, neither exempt you from the duties of application and industry, and in whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel, for a generous ambition is among the marks of virtue."

I daresay you think, "Oh, this is all too serious, too earnest for a young thing like me, and youth is the time to play." So it is, but it is also the time to learn, and if amusements are made a business of, they become as a gulf in which valuable time that can never be recovered is sunk and lost, they weaken the powers and unfit the mind for active exertion. You are beginning life; in all the work you do, you but make beginnings, with many failures perhaps, but that need not discourage; dissatisfaction with what you do is a sign of progress; keep in your place whatever it is,

and work on diligently. Try to fill in your tiny corner of the great mosaic with hope of the pure, bright colour with which it shall shine when God looks at it, and remember that He watches and knows how the pattern progresses.

Do you ask, "How am I to know what my place is? How can I be sure that I have found my right work?"

Well, our work is usually that which comes nearest to our hands; our place God finds for us; let us accept it without question, whether in the home or outside of it, whether the work be high or lowly, simple or requiring much of our thoughts. We cannot all be head or hand, but in all labour there is profit, and that which is undertaken in the right spirit brings a blessing with it and satisfaction in the doing.

(To be continued.)

IN STONY PLACES.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROPOSAL.

ALL Gerald Robinson's faculty for concentrated thought might have bowled away in that light basket-phaeton.

Study was at an end for the day. Neither his cigar nor his customary stroll in the fresh air around the fragrant flower-beds could shut out the clangour of the bells, the roll of carriage wheels, the shouts of excited urchins, or the thought of the bent and feeble old Squire, so miserably unhappy through it all: more desolate than he himself had ever been—for youth and energy had upheld him in his fight against fate. He could not dismiss from his mind the grey-headed representative of a patrician family, stricken down to the dust by his own beloved and petted darlings, dependent for affectionate care and for consolation in trouble on his dead sister's portionless child, and on the builder's son whom his own child had scorned.

There was no exultation in the reflection—only infinite compassion.

There can be no doubt that the constant reiteration of the Squire's grievances served to irritate a wound cicatrized over but not effaced, and Gerald's first impulse, when the phaeton drove away, was to collect his manuscript and specimens, and take the first train to London, where he might complete his work in quiet, and find a publisher.

Luncheon, and another cigar toned down his hasty impulse, if they did not drown the uproarious din outside.

"Why should I fly and add a feather-weight to Miss Dalrymple's triumph? She is nothing now to me. I will hold my ground and show it," was his second thought. "It would be unmanly to desert the broken-down old Squire, now that he seems to look to me for support. I know that in every fresh phase of his trouble I serve as a safety-valve for the escape of indignation or grief when the pressure is too high.

Deprived of that outlet he might collapse altogether. No, no—I must stay where I am, even if the steam does scald occasionally. Miss Cardigan does not desert her post, and it can neither be light nor pleasant. Poor thing, perhaps she has never had a chance."

He flicked the dust from the end of his cigar as he thought this. In another moment he flushed as if guilty of an unworthy estimate.

"Shame on me; I must not so misjudge her! Did not that gossip of a Rector say something about her refusal of the Honourable Mr. Somebody, one of his curates, reading for orders? Um-m, I wonder why she did that?"

Miss Cardigan could alone have answered that question, had anyone cared to propound it. Certainly, it was not one for Gerald Robinson to solve in his preoccupied frame of mind, though it did recur to him more than once afterwards, when they met in church, or shook hands in the phaeton at his own gate, across the reins she held.

"Surely she could not refuse so good an offer, solely on account of her uncle's health and loneliness, though she is not the girl to desert the post of duty. In such a case a man in love would have been content to wait. Yet she has changed very much, as if her mind had been ill at ease. Ah, well; women are all mysteries."

With that he went back to his desk, where he sat closely at work, until at the end of another six weeks he had the pleasure to write "Finis" to his MS.

He was already in communication with a well-known publishing firm, suggested by his friend Crawford, and contemplated carrying his manuscript to London, when a letter came to hand calculated to upset all his established ideas and theories, and to turn his plans topsy-turvy.

Two letters lay beside his breakfast plate that sultry July morning, the uppermost bearing the imprint of a London publishing firm.

Be sure the aspiring author opened

that with eagerness quite pardonable over a first book. The contents were of a stereotyped character: simply stated that "books of the class Mr. Robinson described were rarely undertaken at the publisher's risk, but that if he cared to submit his MS. for approval, the firm would be in a better position to consider the question of terms."

"Ah, well," he said to himself, "that is but reasonable. I did not expect any publisher to accept a first book, merely on the author's *ipse dixit*, or even to risk the cost of publication, unless it promised a ready sale. But we shall not quarrel about terms. A man must expect to pay for his hobby."

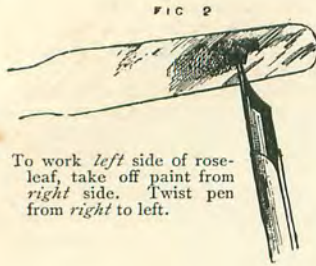
He poured out his coffee as he ruminated, helped himself to half a broiled pigeon, and with the slight comment—"Um, a donation wanted for some charity, I presume," began his breakfast, thinking only of his book, and its possible reception by Messrs. Blank & Co. He had finished his first cup of coffee, and nearly despatched a third half-pigeon when he turned the neglected letter idly over.

"Keswick!" he exclaimed aloud, as the postmark met his view. "Why, that must be from Miss Whitmore! Any fresh trouble with that nephew of hers, I wonder?"

He cut the envelope and extracted the enclosure with quickened fingers. It was so long since he had heard from her. His face after the first glance over the paper would have served an artist for a study, so full of surprise and bewilderment was it. He stroked his brown beard, and opened his grey eyes wide, following the text with ejaculatory comments as he read—

"Greystone Nook, July, 13th 187-.

"MY PRESERVER,—Nearly two years have elapsed since I was favoured with a line from you. At that time you were in Cornwall. I responded to your interesting communication, but possibly as you were moving about my letter must have missed you, or been over-



To work left side of rose-leaf, take off paint from right side. Twist pen from right to left.



Twist pen round and paint left side of leaf.

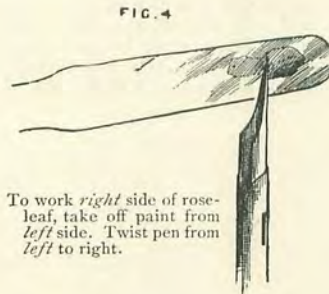
white, chrome-yellow, and Prussian-blue. Shade 3. Flake-white, dark chrome-yellow, and indigo. Shade 4. The same as 3, with the addition of a little burnt-umber. This last colour is used to tone-down any green that may be too vivid, or to darken a shade. For the darkest part of the stems Vandyke-brown and raw-umber should be used, and for the thorns flake-white and crimson-lake.

Tints for the Wild Rose and open Buds.—Flake-white, crimson-lake, with a very small quantity of carmine (the powder will do), deep chrome-yellow (for the stamens), and a very pale-green for the pistil. A delicate pink tint must be painted round the extreme edge of each petal; a very pale tint of grey (black and white), fading to white, for the centre; and, to finish off the petal, a deeper pink ridge must be neatly put each side. When all the petals are painted in this way, the work should get quite dry, and the stamens then be dotted in with the tip of the nib,

and the pistil put in the middle of the rose (with a small lump of very pale-green paint on the tip of the pen) for the final touch.

In painting each flower, leaf, or bud, the pen should follow the natural vein. For those who have a knowledge of painting, the natural flower, when obtainable, is the best copy. For the uninitiated, a good work on the subject of Flower Painting should be employed. Also a good coloured copy will be found of great assistance.

In the course of the progress of the painting the nib will require clearing. (See Fig. 7.) Between each colour used the pen must be wiped with a piece of old clean rag. For the stems a brush is sometimes substituted in the



To work right side of rose-leaf, take off paint from left side. Twist pen from left to right.



Twist pen round and paint right side of leaf.



To make a ridge, turn the nib upside down and drag off a long thin string of paint. Twist pen from right to left.

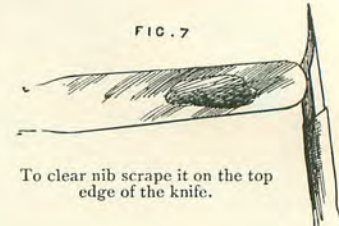
place of the pen, but only a very steady hand should attempt this method. In fact, more effective stems are made with the pen.

To paint Moss.—This must be drawn in with the pen, after the painting of the flower, etc., is quite dry. It will not be found ready-traced in any purchased design. It may be added to any which are "stiff" in outline, as the moss greatly softens the velvet background. Raw-umber and Vandyke-brown should form the deepest shadows of the moss, while the lights should be formed with greens of a brighter hue.

It should be remembered to commence each leaf or petal in painting at the top, working downwards. Any design should be commenced on the left-hand side.

Sunflowers and daisies, having cushion-like centres, must be filled in with a raised lump of paint, left to get quite dry, then gently scratched up with a clean nib (an old one will do), to represent the little seeds in the natural flowers.

Poppies and strawberry-blossoms are treated in the same way as the wild rose, with the exception, in the centre of the poppy, black stamens are substituted for the yellow of the other flowers. The ridges must be placed on the daffodils, where the highest lights fall.



To clear nib scrape it on the top edge of the knife.

NOTES FROM OUR VILLAGE GREEN.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER III.

"Absence of occupation is not rest; A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."—*Cowper.*



MR. JOLIFF, Susan Reid's nearest neighbour, was one for whom I conceived a sympathetic liking and respect. She lived close at the entrance to the village, in fact her cottage was the corner one by the high-road, and looked sideways towards the green.

She was as good-natured a creature as ever breathed, always ready to do a good turn to anyone, and rather easily imposed upon. But then, as she said, "I'd rather make a mistake in that way, than hold my

hand back by turning a deaf ear, when maybe I ought to have listened."

She and her husband were both hard-working people, not so well off as some of their neighbours perhaps, and yet not so poor, by reason of their frugal, thrifty ways, as many in receipt of bigger weekly wages. He was carter on a big farm, and she took in laundry-work or went out for a day's charring, as occasion offered. Whatever the state of their funds, however, they were people who looked hopefully on the bright side, and rarely on the seamy side of life.

"'Tain't no manner of use grumbling," said Mrs. Joliff to me one day. "Grumbling never makes things easier to bear, nor lightens a load; rather it's like hanging a big stone on to what you've got to carry. If we don't always rub along quite as comfortable as we'd like, why, we must take times as we find them."

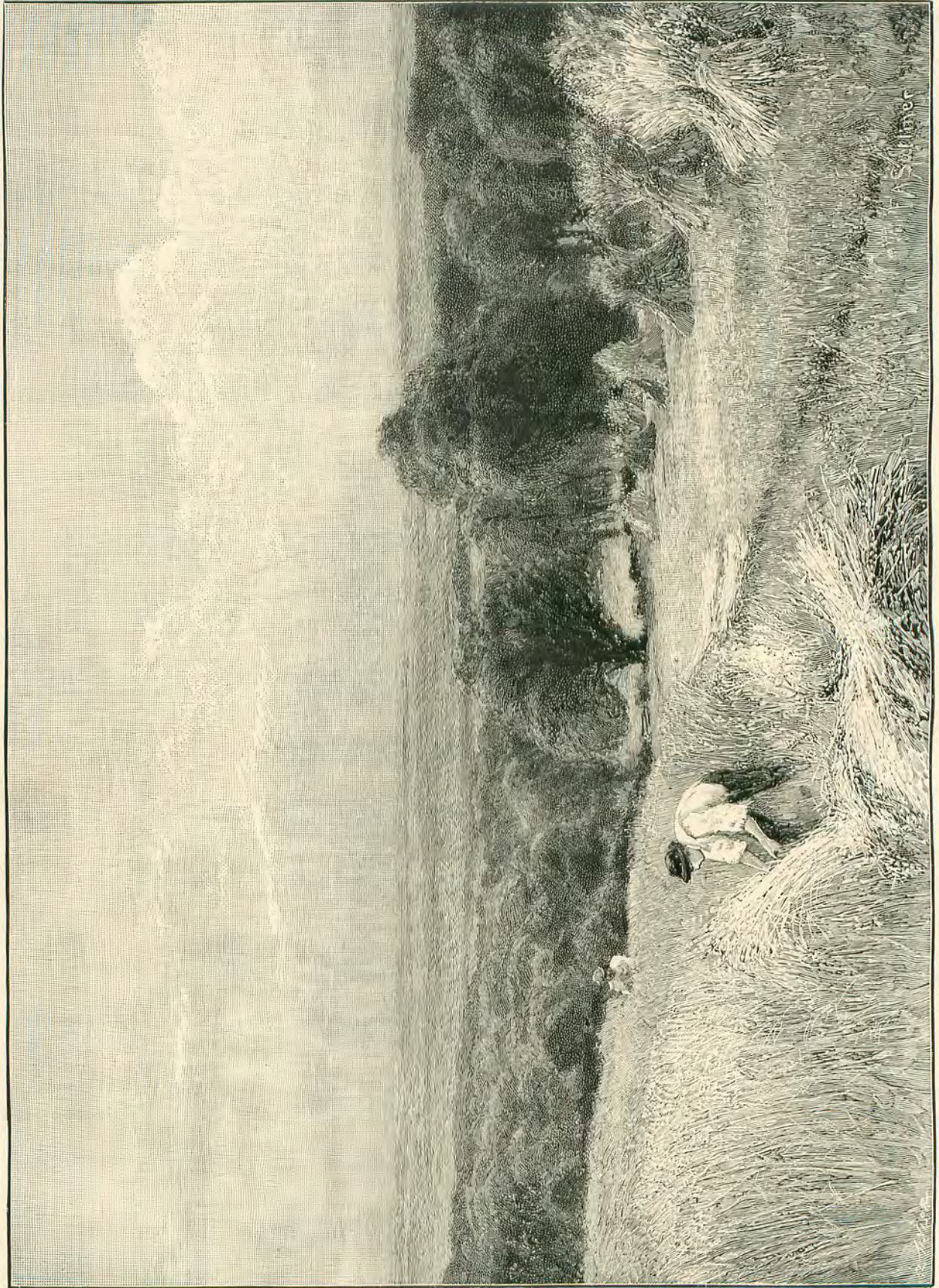
"Are they not so good with you as usual?" I asked.

"Well, the master's been making a few changes; he's had losses, I s'pose, same as other folk, and wages have come down a bit. Joliff, he talked about seeking another place,

but I says, no, don't you dream of it. You've been carter on the place for the last twelve year, and, though we've three shillings less a week, 'tain't well to change a kind master for a hard one perhaps, with a bigger wage that mightn't last, and the cottage is rent free. I'm not one for change, and things may look up before long."

"I think you were quite right, Mrs. Joliff; one never knows what a change may lead to, and your husband is so trusted on the farm. I'm sure neither master nor horses could get along without him."

"And I believe that's true, miss," assented she, looking pleased. "Two of the men turned off, and there you be still, Joliff, says I to him. I don't mind how hard I work, the harder the better; it agrees with me, somehow, to be always a-doing, and makes me feel cheerful like. Then, though we be the poorer in a sense, compared with some, we're really not so hard put to it as you might think, for, you see, whenever we've been able, we've put by something to fall back upon in case of need; and then if it falls in our way to be able to help a body that's in want, why there 'tis, and we none the poorer, so to speak."



FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

From the painting by FLORENCE A. SALTMER.

"You act very wisely, Mrs. Joliff," said I heartily, "and if more people did the same, it would be a good thing. I have always been astonished at the unthrifty ways of the working folks about here, though, for that matter, I fear 'tis much the same everywhere, easy come, easy go. When there is plenty there is no saving, only more spending and spending in unnecessary ways. So few understand the real value of what they earn, or how to economise in the least. The present is their only concern, the future of themselves and children may take care of itself."

"I don't think that's so much the case as it used to be, begging your pardon, miss, in our village leastways, since the new rector and his lady came. They do set such store by thrifty, careful ways, and take no end of trouble in trying to make things be seen as they see 'em, and I believe it has made a power of difference already."

"Those cooking-lessons, which Mrs. Lang gave, must have been of great service," I remarked, "for so few know how to make the most of things; good food is wasted and spoiled for lack of a little knowledge. A few practical hints, such as have been given lately, must be a tremendous help."

"'Tisn't only in the cooking line neither," added Mrs. Joliff, "for the mothers have been taught how to cut-out and make, and the girls to put in a patch so neatly, you can't hardly see where it comes in. 'Tis quite a pleasure, to be sure, to see how clever Susie Reid and Dorcas Field be grown with their needles, and they do put their minds into their work. I wish I could say as much for Phemy."

"Who is Phemy?" asked I.

"'Tis my niece who's a sitting in there," replied Mrs. Joliff, pointing over her shoulder towards the kitchen, for we had been sitting all this while in the porch, and she lowered her voice as she spoke.

"Oh, she is Phemy; I heard you had a niece staying with you, and meant to ask about her. I suppose she is a great help to you when you are busy?"

"Not a bit of it," answered she; "Phemy is a trouble to me, and I don't like to speak harsh to her. It's this way, you see, miss; her mother and me is sisters-in-law, seeing as her father was my brother, who died two years ago come Christmas. They were well off once, and Phemy, she was brought up to think too high of herself—had a lot of schooling and was taught to play on the piano, but never turned her hand to a thing, and don't know how. She's got to get her own living now, for her mother can't keep her, and 'tisn't to be supposed as relations can go on doing it; but how she's going to earn a living passes me, for I don't know who'd be bothered with having to teach such a big lass. I blame her mother more than she, for I don't hold with bringing up children after that fashion; it makes them lazy, and I never saw a lazier or more unwilling girl. My sister-in-law has got a place as working housekeeper, and as she couldn't, of course, keep the girl with her, I offered to take her till she got a situation, and here she is. Joliff wasn't best pleased, but I said she'd be useful to me, and I'd like to do her a good turn for the sake of my brother that's dead and gone, but bless you, miss,

I can't get a stroke of work out of her. She'll sit all day reading of a story, and see me slaving about without lifting a finger to help; you'd hardly believe if you didn't see her."

I peeped round into the kitchen, where sat a girl of about seventeen, with a pale, pretty face, dishevelled hair, and slovenly attire. She was apparently reading, though it struck me she might be listening; if so, she heard no good of herself. My action of looking round at her made her look up, but she neither moved nor spoke. It was evident that though she might have been taught to play on the piano, any instruction in manners had been considered superfluous.

"What sort of a situation does Phemy want?" I asked.

"She'd like an under-housemaid's place," replied Mrs. Joliff; "her mother thinks that wouldn't be so hard for her perhaps; but for my part I hold that roughing it a bit is the best experience a girl can have, and that was mine before I was her age; no dilly-dallying about and looking upon everything as a trouble. If hunger seasons food, labour sweetens it, as I who've tried can tell."

"Have you spoken to Mrs. Lang about your niece?" I asked.

"Well, I have, miss, and she was good enough to say—bring Phemy to see me, and I'll find out what she's fit for; but there! I haven't been able to get her to go yet. 'Tomorrow will do,' says she, and when tomorrow comes, which folks say never happens, she's not ready. I can't go on keeping her here for nothing, and she not willing to help me in the house. Joliff is very good about it, for he's nigh as easy as I be, but I doubt he'll stand it much longer."

"Your sister up at the Mill-House could better afford to keep Phemy, I should think."

"That's so, and she have asked her, but Phemy's not too willing to go; she knows what the difference would be pretty well, I reckon. Sarah was angered at me for having the girl here, and there was a few words passed between us about it, since when she haven't been near me, and Phemy ain't worth any ill-feeling between sisters. If she went to the Mill-House, she'd have to stir about pretty quick, for Sarah wouldn't put up with any nonsense. 'Them as won't work, neither should they eat,' is her motto; but I'm too soft I suppose."

"You are too kind-hearted and indulgent, Mrs. Joliff," I laughed. "I should hand Phemy over to Sarah's tender mercies if I were you; she needs a sharp lesson, in my estimation."

At this moment, we were startled by the sudden appearance of Phemy before us in the door-way. She had thrown her book aside and now faced us with a flush of sullen shame and anger on her cheeks, and a defiant look in her eyes.

"I heard all of what you said," she exclaimed, "and I won't have it thrown in my teeth any longer that I'm eating your bread in idleness, and the laziest girl you ever saw. I didn't know as you'd grown so tired of me and grugged me my food, but I won't be a burden no longer. I'll just go up to the Mill-House, and ask Aunt Sarah to take me in for a week till I've got a place; maybe Mrs. Lang will help me."

"I think it's very ungrateful of you to behave so, Phemy," I began when I had recovered from my astonishment, but the girl turned her back rudely and flounced towards the little staircase as if to put her resolve into immediate execution. Mrs. Joliff prepared to follow in tearful consternation.

"Let her go, you had better let her go," I urged, striving to detain her. "This is the best thing that could have happened. She may not mean what she said in her temper, but if she does, this will be a proper awakening for her."

"Oh, but what will Joliff say? What will Sarah think, and worst of all, how can I, who would as soon think of turning my cat out of doors, let her go off in this way?"

"Phemy's mind is in a tumult just now, Mrs. Joliff, but when she's had time to cool down, she will remember all your kindness to her and be sorry for the ill-return she has made."

"I must go and speak to her, anyhow," she reiterated; "I don't see how I can let her go off like this without a word."

"Well, I wouldn't over-persuade her to stop if I were you," said I in parting; "you have done all you need, I should think. Let your sister have a turn now, as Phemy is willing to try the experiment. It may be the very thing to do her good."

I heard subsequently, that Phemy actually carried out her resolution. It is probable she repented of it in half an hour, but her pride upheld her, and she went to the Mill-House, where she was rather coolly received. But no doubt her stay in the Mill-House was beneficial, for, at any rate, there would be no more story-reading, no lounging in apathetic idleness; that could never be allowed towards any one over whom Sarah Collins held rule.

"Do you happen to know of a place, ma'am, for this young lady?" asked she on the first opportunity, of the Rector's wife.

"I fear I could not undertake to find anything for a young lady to do," replied Mrs. Lang with emphasis; "but I will see what can be done for your niece, Phemy Randall, if she is willing to work and be a good girl."

Phemy coloured and looked shame-faced; her aunt received the rebuke in silence, but she was already tired of her niece, and looked to her to make reply.

"Please, ma'am, I'm willing," she answered in subdued tones and without looking up, as she nervously twisted the corner of her apron; whereupon Mrs. Lang spoke to her with kind encouragement and promised to try and find something for her to do. Her efforts proved successful, and Phemy, after a fortnight's stay at the Mill-House, during which she was hustled and bustled from morning till night, took her glad departure for service under a kind but strict mistress with whom she has, I believe, learned the true dignity and honourableness of faithful work.

I was glad to hear from Mrs. Joliff that Phemy went to take an affectionate and regretful leave of her before quitting our village, and that she expressed sorrow for the manner in which she had behaved while so kindly sheltered beneath her roof.

Sad experience brought out the good in her.

(To be concluded.)





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AUGUST 31, 1895.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NOTES FROM OUR VILLAGE GREEN.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER IV.

“He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.”—*Seneca*.

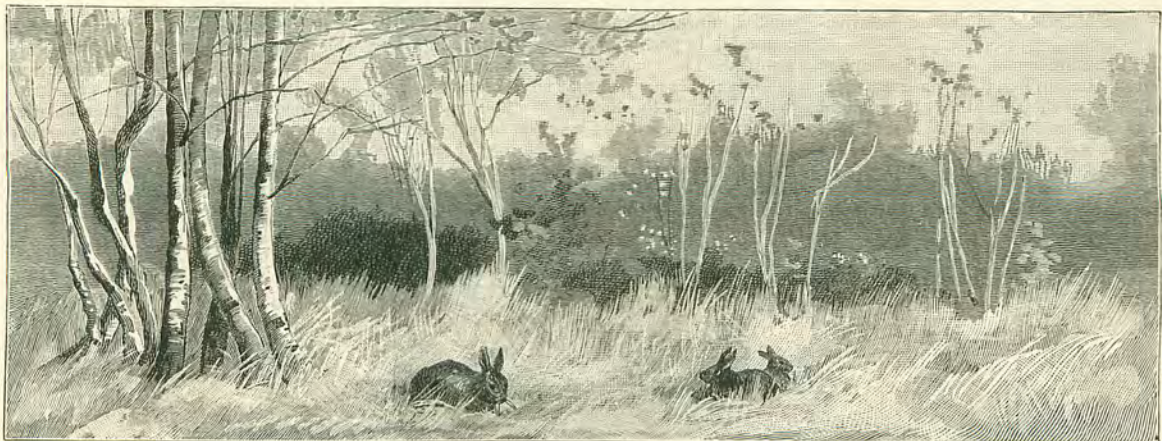
THERE was no doubt that children abounded in our village, as plentifully as blackberries, children of all ages and sizes. If you could have seen them trooping merrily home from school, you would have wondered how a place, apparently so small, could contain them all.

Of course some of them came from outlying farms and insignificant dependent hamlets, the village school, which, thank heaven, was still national, being the central point. Still, the question would arise, “Where do they all come from?” This is but a comparatively small parish among hundreds of largely-populated, agricultural parishes, and yet the rising generation swarms like the bees in a hive. What influence for good or evil will they be likely to bear upon each other's destinies in the future? The older generation will die out, these, in all probability, will take its place, for it is not a population given to roaming. A few, according to circumstances, must seek their livelihood in distant spots, but for the most part, as their parents grew and lived, rooted to their native soil, so will these, perpetuating their family names after the manner most people acquainted with agricultural districts must have noticed. We have Locks, and Fields, and Warners innumerable, most of them claiming, a few disclaiming, relationship with each other. Pressure from without, or from those having the spiritual rule over them, may ere long make some difference in this respect, for the question “How are they housed?” has arisen, and is one of vital importance with the rector and his wife. The answer is unsatisfactory and implies an evil, the remedy not easy of application, seeing what changes it would involve.

“There is scarcely a family,” said Mrs. Lang to me, “where you will not find four or five children, in many instances more; and look at the accommodation in their homes. Very few of the cottages contain



A VILLAGE FAVOURITE.



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IN THE FIELDS.

three bed-rooms, for the most part there are only two; see what that means, and how inevitably the overcrowding, before some of the children go out into the world, must lead to demoralisation. Father, mother, boys and girls, packed together in their small close rooms, and though they do the best they can, how are they to help it or escape the contagion of evil that this unfortunate state of things tends to create? Look at a few of the cases you and I could cite; there are the Locks of Brambleside, you know those cottages—picturesque, ideally picturesque, and very old. Each consists of four rooms, two of which, only, are sleeping-rooms, leading one into the other and open to the staircase. You can just about stand upright in them, and that is all. I think four generations have been born and reared in one of them. At the present time there are eight children besides father and mother. The eldest is a girl of sixteen, who cannot leave home on account of her mother's ill-health. Well, Tom Lock with a younger brother always sleeps in the kitchen; two little ones are with the parents in one upstairs room, Carry and three others occupy the second. It is positively shocking to my mind, and very unhealthy, for the ventilation is of course as imperfect as it can be; the labouring population as a rule having a horror of open windows, especially at night. Until we came here there was no notice taken about the facts I am speaking of, and no stir towards amelioration likely."

"This is all quite true," responded I, "the case of the Locks' cottage is about the worst, I believe, but I know that in the village itself, lodgers are taken in where they should not be."

"I hope we shall remedy that also before long," answered the rector's wife, "and be on the high road to certain reformation and improvement in these matters, for the rector has spoken about those two cottages to the landlord over and over again, and he has promised to make alterations."

"They belong to Marshall of the White Hart, do they not?"

"Yes, and he has bought up several others, he is always on the watch to acquire small lots of property like these, and snaps them up on the first chance. We tell him, as he may be called one of the new proprietors, but belongs to the old village aristocracy, he should be the one to set the example of building improved cottage dwellings, giving increased accommodation, and making good sanitation a special feature. There would be more outlay, but it would pay in the end, I feel sure. Some of the other owners I have spoken to on the subject agree cordially with these ideas, but grumble at the expenditure and say the cottages are not worth it; some of them are not, I dare say, but on the other hand, a great many are capable of the suggested improvements."

"I think there are very few of the occupiers who would not be willing to pay a little more rent for the sake of the advantages they would derive from such improvements," I said, and Mrs. Lang agreed; "for," said she, "they would save in the long run, there would be fewer doctors' expenses."

"And yet, what a healthy race they look!

Their appearance does not suggest any unsanitary conditions of living; what a number of old people we can point to in the village and neighbourhood, and how the ages engraved upon the tombstones give the lie to our assertions in respect of the same," said I.

"That is true enough," she assented, "but the locality is a healthy one, conducive to longevity, and the people live so much out of doors; but if an epidemic came into our midst, you would see what havoc there would be, especially among the children."

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed, and then inquired if, during her crusade against unhealthy dwellings, she had not attacked old Doctor Minnards on the subject.

"That I have, and very effectually, for he has actually threatened to report the sanitary inspector, who is quite a stranger to these parts. The working of this idea has indeed operated on Mr. Damon, who is the largest proprietor about here. He told the rector last week, that he contemplates enlarging some of his cottages very shortly."

"I am delighted to hear it!" I exclaimed. "The want of sufficient accommodation for the agricultural population has long been a subject of regret with us. People with large families can hardly be turned out of their homes because they are too small to contain them, for they have no choice of other habitations, neither can they be circumscribed as to the number of little ones they shall rear, so what you tell me is a good hearing. The widow Morris living on the hill-side is another of those who has too narrow space for her needs. I hear she has undertaken the charge of her sister's children who have been left orphans. It is very good of her, for she and her son will have to pinch a bit to make ends meet, with such an increased burden."

"The poor are always ready to help each other," remarked Mrs. Lang, "that is an old acknowledged truth, and Widow Morris has always been one of the readiest to assist her neighbours. She acts upon the apostle's injunction, 'Let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.'"

"Yes, she and Mrs. Joliff vie with each other in that respect, and I have a great esteem for them both; indeed," I added, "in my opinion, there are many of us in higher stations who might profitably imitate the example they give. There is no ostentation about their charity, and as it proceeds in most instances from real acts of self-denial, it is charity indeed."

"I believe there has been a talk of repairs to Widow Morris's cottage, such as raising the roof, and putting a bigger window into the back bedroom, which would greatly increase both light and air. Really," said Mrs. Lang cheerfully, "with all these contemplated improvements, our village will soon be a model in pattern both as to dwellings and people. The young folks are much improved already; there is just that spirit of enthusiasm, with regard to the work they undertake, growing in their midst which is so helpful, such a promising sign for the future. I consider that nearly everything depends on our young folks, both lads and lasses. They are beginning to learn that—'Sloth makes all things difficult,

but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.'"

"And also to apply what they learn," I added, "and point a moral from the lessons taught by observation of each other's manner of life. For instance, the whole village holds up a shaking finger against that family you are so troubled about."

"Ah, the Markses," sighed Mrs. Lang. "Yes, there is only one decent member among them, and that is Will; he tries to keep their heads above water, but both father and mother are so utterly worthless that the task is hopeless. One cannot wonder at the children being so idle and intractable."

"Is not Will Mrs. Marks's stepson?"

"Yes, his own mother was a very decent body indeed, and his father, who is now such a doubtful character, comes of a very respectable stock, I am told, but drink has been his bane, and the downfall of the family has been hastened by that imprudent second marriage of his. I have tried a good many plans to redeem and rescue the children from the bad home influence, and Will too has done all he could. He is our gardener, you know, and a very intelligent, clever workman. Jane, the eldest of the second family, has had several opportunities of getting into good service. I have tried her myself to my own discomfort, but she always runs away home; work she will not. Farmer Danby has tried some of the boys, but he says they are incorrigible rascals. If it were not that we feel we ought still to persevere in endeavours to reclaim them, the rector would try and get them turned out. Their cottage is little better than a disreputable hovel, and their example a disgrace."

"I really do not think their example will do aught but point a moral," said I, "but for Will's sake it would be a good thing to get rid of them. Is it not the case that he aspires to Susie?"

"I fear so," answered the rector's wife, "but I don't think her father will allow it, for although no exception can be taken to the young fellow himself, his family is all that is undesirable to be connected with. It is very unfortunate, for I believe they are mutually attached, and Susie would make Will a splendid wife; he would then have a good chance of raising up a righteous branch of the Marks family, but as they are situated, both have a heavy charge, and neither is likely to shirk the duties incumbent on them to gratify their own desires. If Reid ever looks upon the marriage with favour, they will have to wait, and wait till their best years are past, and that is so sad."

"I feel sure Susie will do what is right," said I, "and derive content and happiness in the doing of it."

"Yes," assented my friend, "and God's blessing will follow."

As I walked home through the village that day, its peaceful quietness struck me as much as ever, and yet I knew how busy was the life that really went on in it, how earnest the work of most, and how beautiful the pattern of God's mosaic in this tiny corner.

[THE END.]

