

of this description. After one proof of their untrustworthiness, never accept their obliging offers again. It seems provoking, when you are a busy person and they do next to nothing with their lives; when too they are really desirous at the moment to help you, to have to put on your hat and run out in the rain perhaps, to accomplish what they could do without the expenditure of either time or trouble on their way home, but you will be wiser if you do it, and save yourself inconvenience in the long-run.

Then there is the rude, ill-bred person who has all sorts of disagreeable habits, who always leaves the door open, who shouts at you, contradicts flatly, does not trouble to answer you when addressed, interrupts you while you are speaking, makes vulgar jokes, and laughs heartily at them himself, who tries to monopolise the conversation if he is in a talking mood, or sits sulkily silent if otherwise, in short, a person who is thoroughly selfish, has never learnt self-control, and is without the softening veil of politeness which good-breeding casts over the ugly features of such a character. If you are thrown much in the company of persons like this, you will need to keep a very close watch over yourself, you must determine you will not be provoked. Regard the offenders as objects of pity, they are not aware how offensive they are, they do not in the least realise how they annoy you; and they may be of actual service, by showing you, while young and impressible, the sort of behaviour you ought to watch against in yourself. It is easier than some people think to fall into habits and ways that make you disagreeable to your neighbours. From pleasant and well-bred acquaintances, you will, of course, never learn what are your shortcomings, but people of this sort have no hesitation in making them known to you, in the broadest and most candid manner, which though very disagreeable, may also be very useful. Of course they often make mistakes and accuse you of the wrong things, but if once now and then they stumble on a genuine fault, of which you were hitherto unconscious, you have ground for gratitude.

Servants are frequently a most provoking element in one's life. There is the grasping, selfish, indifferent maid, who cares nothing at

all for you or your affairs, or her own duty. Her one object in life is to get as much as she can, and do as little as she can. She is not the least ashamed of dusty rooms, dirty forks, flavourless soups, burnt puddings, tumbled tablecloths, or dingy windows. It is not that she cannot do things properly, but she does not choose to take the trouble to learn the right way to do things, or having learnt scamps her work intentionally to save herself trouble. She is hardly more provoking, however, than her clumsy, destructive sister, whose advent in your house is the signal for chipped china, irretrievably-damaged dinner-services, scratched furniture, and thumbed paint; who destroys the walls, splashes the carpets, bruises the plate, and succeeds in clearing out your household gods, and giving a shabby air to your surroundings in a wonderfully short period of time. This is trying certainly to a lady with limited means, and refined tastes. The hopelessly-stupid servant, who can never give a message correctly, never learn to lay a cloth straight, never draw up blinds evenly, never show a visitor in properly, who invariably makes a huge fire on a warm morning, and lets you come down to a miserable black one only just lighted on a cold day; who always forgets some important item when guests are in the house, and arranges her work so badly, that, though always doing something, she has never done. This damsel is generally, though not always, a grumbler too, never grateful for kindness shown, and, instead of regretting her inefficiency, disposed to consider herself a person aggrieved. Once more, the noisy servant is a constant source of irritation. She shakes the house when she walks across the kitchen, she slams all the doors and bangs down the windows, clatters her pots and pans, rattles her cans and pails, bawls to her fellow-servants when she is out of temper, and sings and laughs so loudly when pleased with herself, that she can be heard all over the house.

Now four old-fashioned lines occur to me as bearing on these domestic difficulties:—

"For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there's none,
If there is one, go and find it,
If there's none, then never mind it."

This is sound advice. You can of course easily put an end to the particular troubles mentioned, by dismissing the offender. If you keep her, it is clear that she has some virtues which in your opinion more than counterbalance her defects. Perhaps the lazy, self-seeking servant is trustworthy, truthful, and honest; the destructive one may be hardworking and obliging; the stupid one may be good-tempered and pleasant-mannered, the noisy one may be faithful and affectionate. Dwell on the good, and try not to let the evil always occupy the foreground in your mind. Remember also that the friction and inconvenience that result from being badly served are good training for your own character; every time you look over an offence without showing temper, or bear a deprivation without grumbling, you are gaining ground in your fight against sin, and the very tiniest victory will be a help in future conflict. I do not mean that you are never to reprove, if you are in authority, that would be neglecting your duty. "He that ruleth [let him do it] with diligence," but the probability is that most of my young readers may safely leave that office to their mothers or elders.

Before I leave off, which it is high time I did, let me remind you of two things, first that we should be patient under provocation, because there is much in each one of us which is highly provoking to other people. We expect them to be forbearing towards our shortcomings, surely then we should be patient with theirs. Secondly, there is a sort of provocation to which we are incited by Holy Scripture. We are told to provoke one another to love and good works. If our hearts were set on obeying this injunction, and our minds occupied in devising ways and means of doing it, we should be less at liberty to discover the drawbacks to our happiness in our neighbours and circumstances, and in a better frame of mind for acknowledging with gratitude, the many blessings by which a gracious Providence daily brightens our path to a world where all will be peace and joy, where no discord will mar the harmony, no shadows dim the gladness, where Love will reign in all, and over all for ever and ever.

A TRAVELLING GLOVE-CASE.

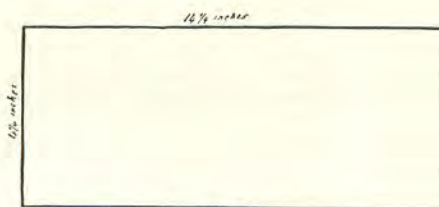


FIG 1

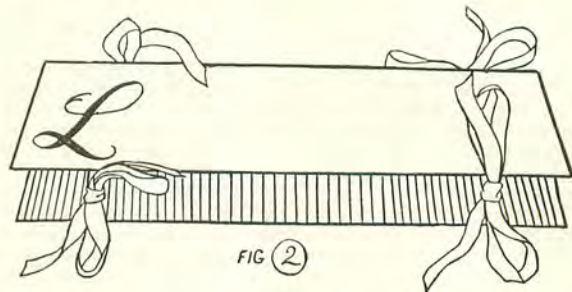


FIG 2

This is a most charming and useful pattern, absolutely original, we believe, evolved by the clever head and dainty fingers of a certain little lady in Antwerp! The story runs thus. A friend said to her, "I want to find a glove-case for travelling, sachets are a nuisance and boxes too bulky, it must be something flat." So the head and fingers went to work, and here is the result, which we think our "girls" will appreciate.

It is composed of two pieces of cardboard, fourteen inches and a quarter long and four and a quarter wide, covered with velvet or brocade—anything you like—and lined with a dainty silk, striped for choice. The initial must of course be worked on the material before it covers the cardboard, and the embroidery silk should correspond with the prevailing tone of colour used in lining and ribbons, which are sewn on and tied as shown in Fig. 2.

Inside this ingenious case reposes a piece of fine, soft, flannel, thirteen inches by ten, the edges carefully "pinked," and a further adornment of feather-stitching added, by way of a border, using the same silk as that with which the initial was worked.

The gloves are carefully wrapped in the flannel, which preserves them from damp, then the case is tied flat and neat, and your work is complete.

COUSIN LIL."