

As Katharine was concentrating her energy on keeping her position, she became suddenly aware of a familiar presence in the hall, at the furthest end of the gallery. Whose was that face intently fixed on hers? She dared not look, either then, or when the curtain rose again; but as soon as the tableau was over, she rushed to Mary Percival, and exclaimed—

"Do you know, Mary, I am certain that your cousin, Douglas Gordon, is in the gallery!"

"Douglas Gordon! Nonsense; he is in Switzerland," replied Mary. "Do calm yourself, Katharine; your solo is soon coming."

"I am calm enough, but he is there, and I believe he tried to catch my eye on purpose, to startle me in the middle of my tableau."

"Oh, I shouldn't think he'd do that, it would be so ill-natured," replied Mary. "But" (anxiously) "I hope he will not introduce himself to father."

"I shouldn't think he'd do *that*," retorted Katharine; but Mr. Waldegrave was already marshalling his forces for the next tableau, in which neither Katharine nor Mary was required. A violin solo (Gounod's "Ave Maria") from one of the pupils was in progress before the curtain; then the solemnity and peace appropriate to the next tableau were aided by the singing of a peculiarly sweet carol, arranged as a part-song for female voices.

Many of the visitors in after years remembered the exquisite pathos thrown by Miss Temple into her next recitation from Canzone IV. to Canzone VI. of

Dante. Only a brief extract can be given here.

"Then Love said, 'I'll not hide it from thy sight,  
Come, see thy Lady as she there doth lie;'

Then dream-like phantasy  
Led me upon my lady dead to look,  
And as a glance I took,  
Fair dames were wrapping her in cerecloth white;

And with her was such true humility  
It seemed as though she said, 'In peace am I.'

Into high Heaven hath Beatrice passed,  
That kingdom where the angels find their peace;

And dwells with them; from you, fair dames doth fly.

It was not spell of cold that killed at last,

Nor that of heat, that other lives bids cease;

But her own great and sweet benignity;

For the clear light of her humility  
Passed into heaven with such exceeding power,

It roused great wonder in the Eternal Sire,

So that a sweet desire  
Came on Him to call home so bright a flower,

And bade her pass from earth and mount up higher;

Because he saw this troublous life of care

Was all unworthy of a thing so fair."

A hush of reverence stole over the audience as the reciter emphasized the

words *In peace am I*, in her rich and beautiful tones.

The picture seemed to give an embodiment, once and for all, of the mystery of love and of death. It was partly a reproduction of Rossetti's symbolical painting. Beatrice lay in her shroud beneath a canopy; the towers of Florence were seen in the distance; angels guarded her head and feet, while Love, with torch inverted, led the grief-stricken Dante to gaze upon the face of his lady. Beatrice was dead; yet by her death she did more than by her life. She became a symbol to her lover of all that was divine, to which he was hereafter to aspire. And to her influence we owe the poem which has been aptly called "The Voice of The Silent Centuries."

In her life she never could have done so much; dead, and passed into the heavens, she wrought more than ever woman wrought by her influence.

While the audience, in mute emotion, looked on this scene, soft music stole upon the air. Katharine was playing her dream-song. Conceived in the spirit her master had recommended to her, this was reverent, sweet, and calm. Few noted exactly what it was that lent such added enchantment to the picture, and seemed the living voice of that silent representation; few asked who it was that played. But Katharine was content that it should be so; more than content that she could help, in the smallest fashion, by the work of her fingers and her brain, to lay a tribute at the feet of one of the noblest poets the world has ever seen.

(To be continued.)

## CONVENIENT WORK-BAG.

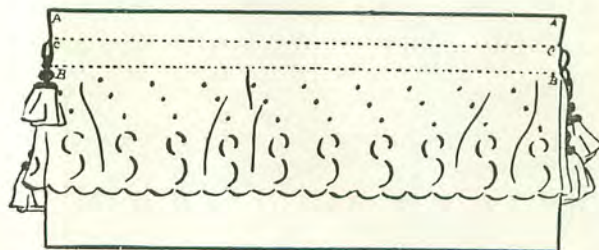


FIG 1



FIG 2

THE great recommendation this bag possesses is that when open it lies flat out on the lap, and forms a most convenient receptacle for all work materials, silks, scissors, etc., and no great effort of "putting away" is needed when one has to jump up in a hurry, just pull the cords, and there you are! Two half yards of silk, a yard and a half of lace, three yards of cord, and four small tassels are the materials required.

Soft surah silk answers the purpose best, about twenty inches wide, one half yard forms the bag, folded lengthwise, and the other half yard the lining; this should also be of surah of good contrasting shade. Sew up the side-seams of both bag and lining separately, put in the latter and slip-stitch them together very neatly and invisibly along the top A, Fig. 1. The lace is six inches deep, and must be slightly gathered to the size required, and when tacked on the bag should be feather-

stitched along the raw edge in white silk B, Fig. 1, an inch higher another row of feather-stitching is worked C, Fig. 1. A small opening is made at each end of the bag C B, Fig. 1, through which to run the double cords, which are made of the two shades mixed.

The bag when drawn up shows the lining at the top, which gives it a most effective appearance, as shown in Fig. 2.

"COUSIN LIL."