

MY DAILY ROUND.

A COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



It is not possible to overrate the interest felt by all classes of society in these competitions for hand workers, or, as one girl quaintly calls it, *hard* workers, and the reason is not far to seek.

The "daily round" of these hundreds of brave courageous girls comes as a revelation to those who, having the good things of life, have no need to work with their hands, it illustrates the ennobling results of enduring hardness, and sows the seed of good deeds; it comes as a help and encouragement to those who have lost heart in the battle of life; it acts as a stimulant to those who are standing shoulder to shoulder in the struggle; and it is a lesson to every one in whatever rank they may be to see what these handworkers get through cheerfully in their twelve or sixteen hours of daily toil.

Every line of the 390 papers just sent in has been read by us with all-engrossing interest. The quiet unostentatious way in which each writer has put before us her daily life, with its struggles, its pains, its pleasures, its self-denials, its aspirations, makes us feel that such lives spent in our midst must influence for good every class with which they come in contact, be they high in the scale or low down, and consequently the world is the better for them.

Studying these "human documents" we see the lives of our working girls and their influence as clearly as though we lived with them. In all these papers written by weavers, teachers, needlewomen, artists, shop-girls, home-workers, farm-labourers, domestic servants, tailors, laundresses and others there is not a vulgar phrase or envious thought, scarcely an expression of discontent, and the only painful part of the whole competition is the selection from these for prizes and Honourable Mention; all are so good and conscientiously written that it is with the utmost

difficulty we make selection. We go over them again and again that we may be sure we are correct. Many a good paper has to be set on one side because the writer has forgotten the rules of the competition; for example, one admirable description of farm-life in Scotland ran into three full sheets of foolscap and had reluctantly to be put out. In another, the writer instead of confining herself to her special daily round took up that of her sister's, which she thought more interesting than her own, and although it was beautifully written could not therefore be accepted.

We should naturally think that the twelve or fourteen hours of compulsory daily toil would be quite enough and even more than enough to satisfy these girls, but if you could read all their papers you would find their evenings as busy as their days. After their evening meal some go off to an evening class and teach dressmaking to poor girls, others to various polytechnics to study languages, science or music. Most of them make their own clothes, some of them have bedridden parents and devote their leisure in reading aloud to them and in making them comfortable; while the majority of them are Sunday-school teachers and members of the church or chapel choirs. If any of their fellow-workers are ill the evenings are spent in visiting them.

This description of our competitors' method of spending their leisure is not confined to those at home, but applies equally to those who earn their daily bread in our far-away Colonies.

It seems to us that these Competitions are doing good service in that they enable us to see and appreciate the daily lives of those girls who work with their hands.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE (£5 5s.).

"Edelweiss," Locomotive-Tracer, Gorton, nr. Manchester.

SECOND PRIZE (£4 4s.).

"Pansy," Pottery-Painter, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent.

THIRD PRIZE (£3 3s.).

"Lily of the Valley," Shirt-Maker, Dalston.

FOURTH PRIZE (£2 2s.).

"Primrose," Lace-Maker, Branscombe, near Axminster, Devon.

FIFTH PRIZE (£1 1s.).

"Begonia," General Servant, Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Nellie Jessiman, Assistant in Shoe Shop, Aberdeenshire.

Mary Ann E. Cue, Dressmaker, Poplar, St. Leonard's Road.

Eleanor White, General Servant, Slough, Bucks.

Mary E. Broadbent, Weaver, Sowerby, York. Amy Burchett, Farmer, Gippesland, Victoria, Australia.

Kate A. Barnes, Book-Folder, Oxford.

Mary Slade, Parlour-Maid, Asylum Road, King's Langley.

Margaret Isabella Hay, in Publisher's Office, Hamilton, N.B.

Florence Gregson, Maker of Athletic Goods, Ossett, York.

Susan Barrowman, Farmer, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright.

Edith Holt, Housemaid, Kentish Town.

Helen Smith Thomson, on a Farm in the Bush, Murmangee, Victoria, Australia.

Janet Joyce, Collar-Maker, Lewisham.

Annie Jones, Compositor, Haberton Road, London.

"Orange Blossom," Nursery Governess, Ceylon.

Ellen Knight, Shoe Girl, Wellingborough.

L. Plaskett, Confectioner, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire.

M. F. Letts, General Servant, West Norwood.

Edith Williams, Dentist's Assistant, Walthamstow.

Hannah Maria Booth, Calico Weaver, Hayfield.

Eleanor Hare, Weaver, Blackburn.

Nellie Trafford, Silk Weaver, Macclesfield.

M. A. Anderson, Crofter's Daughter, Woodhead, Aberdeen.

Laura Bonden, Home Worker, Guernsey.

M. J. Taylor, Fur Tailoress, Lancashire.

M. J. Whiteside, Straw-Hat Cleaner, Clithero, Lancashire.

"Lilies of the Valley," Mantlemaker, Islington.

Florence Emily Parish, Lodging-House Maid, King's Road, Chelsea.

F. Beauchamp, Shirt Finisher, Pentonville.

"Marguerite," Shop-Girl, Great Homer Street, Liverpool.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY (£5 5s.)

MY DAILY ROUND.*

AMONG the vast amount of useful work, begun, suggested, and carried out by the late Miss Emily Faithful; was the suggestion, some few years ago, to a friend; of the employment, in his large Engineering establishment, of females, to do the work of tracing the Locomotive and other drawings passing through his hands. Undismayed by the example of a large firm, at no great distance from his own, who had tried the experiment, and failed; this gentleman built, in the new Offices, which he was then in the course of erecting, a commodious office, cloak room, etc., for the sole use of a few female tracers; and determined to give the idea a fair and patient trial. The practical carrying out of the notion, might have proved as great a failure as

the one mentioned above, but for the painstaking care of one of the draughtsmen; to whom the young girls were given in charge; and who tutored, and looked after them. to such purpose, that the idea became a fact accomplished in a very short time: for which I, for one, have cause to be devoutly thankful, as I am one of the aforementioned tracers employed by the Firm in question.

The Office in which we follow this employment—there are not a dozen of us, all told:—is, I am glad to say, a lofty, airy, and well-lighted room; so that we do not work under the unhealthy conditions, which are the, often unavoidable—accompaniments of so many trades, in these feverish and busy days; nor do we breathe the vitiated atmosphere, in which so many of our bonny English, Scotch, and Irish girls pass the greater part of their lives. We are paid by the hour; and our salaries commence at ten,

and rise to fifteen shillings weekly. We commence work at 45 minutes past 8; and continue till 12.45; when we separate for dinner. Those who like, can stay to take this meal in the office, if they prefer it; for, thanks to the kind thought of our employer, we are the rich possessors of an oven and grate, and, beautiful to say, of a nice little tin kettle, and pan; in which we can warm or infuse anything; and have a few cups and saucers, plates, etc, in a cosy cupboard in the corner. We return from dinner at 2.15; so that we have an hour and a half for our mid-day meal; a privilege for which I must say, I think we work all the better. At 5.15, we give up business for the day; our hours being timed so that we do not come or go with the draughtsmen, or the men; of whom, in busy times, the firm employs about 2000.

Our work, which is brought to our department from the drawing offices by one of the

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.

younger boys, or, on rare occasions by the foreman draughtsman himself; mainly consists in tracing, through transparent cloth, with instruments, with which our employer provides us; the drawings of the draughtsmen, or the architect; which we afterwards colour: using for the *various metals*, etc.,—a mixture of Indigo or Prussian Blue, and Crimson Lake, to represent the steel: Indian Yellow, with a little Crimson Lake, for the brass: Crimson Lake, and a little Indian Yellow, for copper: Neutral Tint, for cast iron: Prussian Blue, or Indigo, for wrought iron: Burnt Sienna, and a little Indian Ink, for wood: Burnt Sienna, a little Indian Ink, and Indigo, for fire brick: and etc. The drawings given to us, do not always have to be made a straightforward copy of, but we have at times to put in alterations, and afterthoughts; or to make one tracing from two, three, or more drawings; as different orders may require. Also, in some cases, such as the copying of maps; specially wanted plates etc. from the Engineering Press; or small diagrams, the work is done partly or wholly by hand. And sometimes again, when the work is fine, or is an ill-taken Photograph from some other firm; the aid of a magnifying glass is needed. Our firm, in addition to Tracings, supplies Photographs to those who like the latter better than the former. In case of this, the ink having been first mixed with a little Indian Yellow; a tracing is made, minus the colour; photographed in the Photographic room; and then the photographs thus made, one, two, or three, of each tracing, as the case may be, brought down into our Office by one of the boys, to be coloured by us. If the Photographs have not taken nicely, it is also our duty to fill in the parts wanting; (which we do by drawing in the lines with a mixture of Prussian Blue;) and to leave them in a finished condition, ready to be forwarded to their destination; to which both they, and the Tracings are sent, fastened together, book fashion, and carefully packed inside a wooden box. If there are any red lines, on our drawing requiring to be photographed; (red lines are often shown to represent the bulk of anything, before it goes through that process known to the initiated as "Finishing"; or in other instances, the differently formed portions of a right and left-handed rod,—or anything of which there is one on each side of the Engine, and where one drawing represents both.) These red lines must be copied by us, from the drawing, on to the Photograph, as the sun refuses to do that part of our business for us. The kind of Photographs made by our firm, are those having blue lines on a white ground, which are, it is difficult perhaps to say why, much plainer to see than those which consist of white lines on a blue ground.

We supply our own men with tracings for use in the shops; and one Set of Tracings, or Photographs,—or in some cases two or more,—accompany all the Engines sent out from the Locomotive department of the Works. These represent different parts and sections of the Engine; and are drawn, some the full size of the object represented, and some in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch scale: in the former, as I don't think I need tell you, 3 inches signify a foot; in the latter, $\frac{1}{2}$ inches represent the same. I cannot tell you exactly how long it takes us to complete a set of tracings for one Engine, as we are at work on so many at one time. As a rule, the "General Drawing" of the interior and fittings of the Loco, takes one person from three days, to a week, to complete; according to the fulness of detail given, and the manner in which it is coloured. The smaller drawings take to trace, from that length of time, to about, perhaps, an hour. It is impossible to give the precise time taken by each, as drawings of the same thing vary so much, but last year, we sent out of the office upwards of 2000 tracings, without

counting the photographs; working about five weeks overtime, during that period.

I used to think, when I was younger, that Locomotives were generally made of one design and pattern, for a few years together, at all events;—but now—well! I know different. One finds the continually recurring alterations and variations in interior detail, are simply legion. This Wheeled Mercury, that carries so many of her busy children, to and fro, on the bosom of Ma Earth, is a strange thing in its way. The dear little creature costs a small matter of from two to three thousand pounds; and weighs the paltry trifle of from 38 to 50 tons; according to whether it is a sturdy-looking luggage drawer, or a mere playful little passenger engine. Here I must not let myself be really misunderstood. Strange to say, it is the (to my mind) lighter looking Passenger Engine, which often weighs the heavier of the two. Those in use at present, in the Mersey Tunnel, weighing, I am told, when standing fully equipped for service, 80 tons. Our flame-breathing acquaintance, sometimes carries as much as 3250 gallons of water in his Tender, if he possesses one; or about 1000 gallons if he is a Tank Engine, and bears his own supplies. This he will use, at the rate of, say, 8000 gallons per 200 miles, as he speeds us along. He also, during the same distance, in his busy process of converting each cubic inch of water into a cubic foot of steam,—and so, by the sheer force of expansion ploughing his way onward; gobbles up, monster like, 4 tons of coal. He is supposed to last, without repairs, from eighteen months, to two years, or thereabouts, and from fifteen to twenty years afterwards, according to the distances he is destined to cover. This familiar Monster of the Iron Road, the dear old "Puffing Billy" of our childhood's early recollections, has also a grotesque reflection of the Human about him. There is something *Eccentric*, as well as wonderful, in his anatomy. He wears *Clothing*; (with a *Pocket* in it, too.) He is also possessed of *Stays*; vain creature! and carries *Rings*, *Collars*, *Studs*, *Links*, and such like gew-gaws. Like the dandies of old, he moves along in *Breeches*, and *Buckles*; wears *Braces*; possesses a choice variety of *Pipes*, *Smokes* industriously; and, as is perhaps not surprising, after the announcement of such ways and habits, is often seen in the company of a *Bogie*. He has his individual characteristics, and his moods, like,—there! I had almost said, like any creature of the female sex,—as if we stood alone in moods, and whimsicalities, and such like things; I think our brothers have their fair proportion, and frequently don't know it. But, in real earnestness, that reminds me; it is a curious thing, that no two Engines made, however exactly, to the same pattern, behave themselves alike under the hands of the driver, or show the same characteristics. Time, place, and circumstance; and, yes, even the characters, and moods of the workmen, through whose hands it passes—who knows—may have something to do with it. At all events, they say the thing is so; and it struck me as curious; for they do say, too, that nothing we ever touch, is left quite the same as we found it, and that our character, and present state of temper, influences the very air we breathe.

But enough of "they say"s. Now let us turn to the "we do"s and the "we are"s. To begin with; we are, then, at our house, a small family quartette; consisting of a father and mother, advanced in years; one elder sister whose sphere of duty lies in the Home-Castle; and myself;—though, as Wordsworth would have put it, we are really eight, all told.—So much for home matters. Now to the work-a-day world once more.

I will just take one "daily round" for a sample of all the others; choosing a time

when we are for the most part busy with the smaller drawings; and after that I will take—my leave of you, dear Editor. First of all then; I rise in good time, to avoid all hurry and flutter; and, it being a rather doubtful looking morning, arm myself with my *parapluie* and sally forth. I reach the office at about 8.35. Having popped my umbrella in the stand, just inside the door of the cloak room; taken off my hat, cape, &c., and put on my apron and half sleeves, for which a wardrobe, filled with pegs, is provided, together with a whisk for chalky dresses;—the reason for which alarming state of untidiness, though to do us justice it very seldom happens, I will describe presently.—Having, as I was saying, put on my apron, and poured out a goblet of water, I walk into the office; and proceed to take out of my drawer, my duster, and case of instruments.—I happen to be tracing this morning, not colouring. Morning greetings pass between those of us who are already present; and then the ink, a stick of Indian, about five inches long, and a little thicker than your finger, is rubbed, in white metal pallets; we get out our set-squares, straight-edges, and a few curves from one of the drawers in the handsome dresser at the end of the room, lift our drawing boards on our desks; mount on our stools; and business commences in earnest.

This morning, of which I am now speaking, I am at work on a sheet of Bolts, of which I have done the greater part the day before. I now first put in the lines and curves which are still needed; and then, arming myself with a six grooved pallet, and the colour box, proceed to mix and apply the colours; first putting into the water with which I mix them, a little prepared Ox-gall; for the cloth is glazed almost like white satin, and would not take at all kindly to the colour, without it. In about an hour and a quarter I have finished my Bolt Sheet; putting in everything, but the writing, and dimensions; which our forewoman often jots in herself. And now I proceed to take off the cloth, and the drawing, from the board, by prizing up the tacks with which they are fastened down, with a tack-raiser; and carry both down to the ledger; where I enter the date, the number of the drawing, the Engine number, and the name of the drawing; with my own name following. Then I go up to the forewoman for further work. This time it is a Locomotive "Boiler Details" (a 3 inch scale.) which I receive; to make a straightforward copy of. I hasten to find a drawing board to fit my Boiler; and then for a few minutes the office echoes, not to the "music of the spheres," but to the music of the hammer, driving home a few tacks;—though I am not so sure but that the hearty and purposeful stroke of the Hammer, no less than the hum of the Sewing Machine, and the sound of the Dust Shovel, has its allotted, and essential part, in such harmony. Nay! I believe it has.

Having tacked on my drawing as flatly as possible; taking care to have it straight, but not wasting too much time about it; as the tracings, and photographs, are invariably cut square after each set is finished, by two of our number, told off for the purpose; I bring the roll of cloth; which is in this instance 38 inches wide;—our widest is 43 inches, by the way;—and, laying the length of the cloth to the length of the drawing; roll it over it from end to end; fastening it down with tacks, each of which must be pushed through a tiny square of drawing or photograph paper, to keep them from bruising the cloth unnecessarily; and stretching it, in every direction, as much as possible. This process of stretching the cloth, has to be repeated two or three times during tracing, in some states of the weather; and so we must, perforce, be content with doing a little detached view at a

time, if we have any little, sweet, obliging detached views, pleading to be traced; if not, we have to do the best we can; taking the greatest care to keep the lines in as correct a position as possible. I am always glad, if I am going to begin anything, to get the cloth tacked on it before the dinner hour, as that gives it a little time to stretch in; or, if I can manage to get the cloth fastened down over a drawing the last thing at night, I am as pleased as two pins and a half; for having the night to stretch in, it generally does it thoroughly, and is as good and flat as you please afterwards. Now the surface of this tracing cloth of ours, is very greasy; and would not take the ink nicely if left in its present condition; so my next proceeding, is to go to the chalk box under one of the racks; scrape a little chalk into the duster I find there, and coming back to my desk, rub the chalk well over and into the cloth; after which process the ink should work smoothly and evenly enough. By this time my covering of cloth has stretched, and must be tightened, which I hasten to do. And now I commence to put in, first radial corners, and circles; by which time the greater part of the morning is gone; and then the straight lines, curves, etchings, &c.; working from the right hand corner downwards, as far as I can reach across the board, which, when all within reach is finished, I turn round; and continue to trace from the other side. The moments pass on. There is a subdued hum of conversation going on all round me. The day is close and sultry. One of the girls says something which I do not catch, which sets everyone laughing. The sunlight, which has been absent the whole of the morning, peeps suddenly in at one of the south windows, changing the whole aspect of things, like a cheerful heart does; and making everything bright and bonny. Of course we all

have our special private troubles and trials; I think it is a sign that God is not leaving us alone, but thinks it worth while still, to forge us into shape for up yonder; but happiness, they say, is always more a creature of mind, and heart, than of circumstances. Parenthetically speaking, I don't know of any recipe for making a discontented and mopesy heart light, and buoyant, better than that of trying to make somebody else happy, and serving them with all your might; but, referring to circumstances, now,—just while these straight lines, and curves of mine are going in,—we ought, at this Office of ours, to be thankful-hearted girls, when we think what some of our, sometimes weaker, often worthier, sisters, in the worlds battle-fields of labour, have to go through in one short day; a day all too long for the flesh and bones of some of them; though not for that essence of God within the earth-shell, which "breathes sweetness out of woe." My mind, carried up and away, I suppose, on the ladder of the sunlight, is just beginning (not, be it for a moment imagined, to the neglect of present duty,) to wander into the regions, not bounded by time, and space, but by Love, and Majesty; when I am suddenly brought back to subliminary things, by the voice of my superior officer:—"Time to go home, girls;" it says. There is a general rustle in the office; stools are vacated and lifted into place; instruments are wiped out and put away; dusters are folded; aprons and sleeves are quickly laid aside; and home we go to our mid-day meal.

2.15. We are busy once again; feeling refreshed and strengthened by the intervening rest. In my case, the process of putting in lines, curves, and penshading, goes on uninterruptedly; until, I having finished my Boiler, (it happens to be one drawn without

colour; a thing which, I must say, very seldom occurs,) our forewoman comes down to my place, and brings me two Photographs, showing the alterations in the arrangement of pipes in a Locomotive; which I am to colour, and fill in. Our method, by the way, of colouring these Photographs, is very much the same as that used with respect to the Tracings; but that, in the former case, we mix the tints and shadings very thin, and do not use Ox-gall. And thus the afternoon wears on. The big clock in the Tower strikes four; and then—five. At length comes the expected—"Time to go home;"—and we are soon after this out into the street; speeding our different ways. Then follows the always pleasant home-coming; tea; mending, or a little reading aloud; a little family intercourse; and to bed. And so another day's tracing is over. Tracing of two sorts; very different in kind, and durability; both to be reckoned for; both done under the same MASTER'S eye. But one has been done on Tracing Cloth of Imperial Stamp; the other has been traced by each thought and action, in the book of the Recording Angel; and on the hearts and lives of all those with whom we have come in contact. Our thoughts, our tendencies, have traced something on their lives to day; for good, or for evil. May it be for good.

And thus the days come and go, with all We Humans; come, and go, with God's light at the heart of them; until we have finished our training, and education; and the tasks and duties set us are ended; and we are ready to "go home," to our Father's house, out of this gymnasium school of a world.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

EDELWEISS.

Gorton, near Manchester.



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Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; and the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

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QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

361. Who was the author of the "Acts of the Apostles?" How does he designate it, and of what is it a history?

362. With which of the apostles is this Book mainly concerned? And in which two cities are its scenes chiefly laid?

363. Divide the book into two sections, and show which chapters contain, first the acts of St. Peter, and then those of St. Paul.

364. Relate the circumstances of the first apostolic miracle, the first sermon, the first persecution, and give the name of the first martyr.

365. Who was the first recorded Gentile convert? Give the name of the first place where the Gospel was preached in Europe.

366. When did the first and second general persecutions of the Church take place?

367. Give the name of the cradle and first metropolis of the Gentile Church. On what river was it situated? Who first preached there? By what title were the professors of the new religion called, for the first time in this city? By whom was the name probably given?

368. When did the first council of Jerusalem take place? What were its decrees?

369. Give a brief account of the three apostolic journeys of St. Paul, and state by whom he was accompanied.

370. What are we told in the sacred writings of the early life and parentage of St. Paul?

would have said aristocratic-looking, only he disliked the word. A haughtiness of bearing, and a somewhat imperious manner implied a consciousness of superiority which Herbert also disliked, although the fine, intelligent face of his fellow-traveller and its handsome, well-defined features made him anxious to find whether he had a mind in unison with them. Herbert, however, contented himself by addressing such questions as he wished to ask about the objects he passed to the coachman, and as the country was new to him, found enjoyment enough in commenting upon it.

At last the stranger put his newspaper into his pocket, and scanning Herbert rather curiously, as if to discover who he was, asked him if he was bound for Oxford. Herbert replied in the affirmative. The gentleman made another short remark upon the weather. Herbert answered with equal brevity, not liking the tone he assumed. The stranger eyed him more closely, and was, perhaps, struck in turn by his appearance, for Herbert was very good-looking. He inquired whether he were going to Oxford for the first time, but still the haughty tone, which was really innate in the speaker, repelled cordiality, and Herbert's reserve increased. The stranger, whose keen eye seemed to look through the very heart, was interested, and he made an effort to unbend, not only his own pride, but that of his companion. He spoke generally of Oxford, its colleges, and its masters. The subject was too engrossing to be set aside, and Herbert sought to conquer his natural shyness, and to place himself on an equality with the haughty unknown, by conversing freely.

By degrees the young men forgot their reserve, in the pleasure of finding a similarity of thought and taste. The stranger was a man of the world, and was inwardly amused by Herbert's want of knowledge upon points that he had, from childhood, considered essentials; but he was not the less pleased and astonished when he discovered his superiority in literary acquirements. They spoke of books, and Herbert's life of study was soon apparent. His new acquaintance was as much behind him in the lore of the black-letter world, as he was his inferior in that of the concerns of the present day. The one was a scholar, the other a deep-sighted observer of human nature. They became, before they reached Oxford, mutually pleased with one another; but the stranger did not make any advances

towards a further acquaintance, and Herbert felt that his position was too uncertain to permit of his doing so. Besides there was an evident desire on the part of the stranger to avoid any familiarity that might lead to future intimacy.

As they approached Oxford, the conversation gradually flagged. It was twilight when they entered the town, and the ancient buildings looked solemnly grand and mysterious beneath its shadows. A thrill of awe and reverence ran through Herbert, when he found himself actually in the place whither his dreams and hopes had so often led him in imagination, and he seemed to have added years to his existence in the brief space of a few minutes. So much was begun, so much, indeed, consummated in that short interval. He was in a profound reverie, when the coach stopped, and his companion had dismounted before he could thoroughly understand that it was no time for visionary flights, but that he must descend to the task of looking after his luggage. A polite bow, and a "good evening to you," separated him from his coach acquaintance, whilst "Is your name Llewellyn," introduced him to a new friend.

Dr. Marsden, one of his grandfather's old college chums, had come to see after him, and with a warm shake of the hand, welcomed him to Oxford, and invited him to his house, where, he said, a bed was prepared for him until his own rooms were ready. Herbert followed him, and was soon seated in a room not unlike his grandfather's study, in which books and papers were the most conspicuous furniture.

Dr. Marsden was unmarried, never having found time to think of a wife, and having been wedded to study ever since his early youth. He was avowedly a silent man, and except on one or two subjects, rarely said more than yes or no. Absent to a degree, his mind never seemed at home, and a sudden question startled him as much as a sudden accident. But he was a good and kind man, and although he never made any professions, a staunch friend when once he became attached. He was predisposed to like Herbert for his grandfather's sake, and before the first evening of their intimacy was over, he liked him for his own, and for a very singular reason; because he did not trouble him with questions, but was contented to let his taciturnity take its course.

They certainly were not loquacious,

but what they said was to the purpose, and Dr. Marsden was pleased with the remarks Herbert made upon his favourite authors, as well as with his desire to set to work at once, and leave no stone unturned to get on at college.

"Persevere, persevere," said the old man; "nothing to be done in the world without perseverance. Talents without it are like gas, easily kindled, but soon extinguished."

"And with it?" asked Herbert.

"Like a good coal fire, that will bear a puff of wind or a poker, and burn the brighter for them."

The following day was spent in visiting the lions of Oxford, and settling Herbert in some very plain rooms that Dr. Marsden helped him to procure. He also introduced him to several of his friends, all men of eminence and ability. Herbert called on his grandfather's other friend, Mr. Silvester, who received him very cordially and gave him a general invitation to his house, which was echoed by his wife, a good-natured woman, who was sitting in awful state at a work-table, surrounded by several grown-up daughters. From these fair damsels Herbert felt it rather a relief to escape, not having yet learnt the art of talking about nothing, in which, to be an agreeable caller, it is necessary to be versed.

It was to Dr. Marsden that he looked for counsel, feeling assured that he should obtain it, for there was in his manner a friendliness that he could not mistake, and an evident desire to be of service to him. Through his means he soon became initiated into the customs of the University, and by following his pithy, but sure advice, gradually saw his way clearly, and began a course of study that he hoped would insure ultimate success. He sought no further acquaintances, and courageously refused many an invitation from the Silvesters, contenting himself with sitting an hour or two, occasionally, with Dr. Marsden, in whose society he always felt himself benefited, even though conversation was carried on by fits and starts and short sentences. But the doctor gradually became more communicative as their acquaintance ripened, and gladdened Mr. Lloyd's heart by a letter, in which his praise of his grandson's talents and good sense was so warm and sincere, that it was evident he regarded his young friend with feelings of esteem and affection, that he was never known to lavish upon an undeserving object.

(To be continued.)

COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

SUBJECT: "MY DAILY ROUND."

Second Prize Essay (£4 4s.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—

I have not seen as yet among your many hand workers one whose "Daily Round" is performed in any branch of the "Potting" trade, so I will try to tell you a little about my own. I am employed in one of the largest Manufactories in the Potteries, as a

Paintress, and although it is not the largest Factory it is productive of every kind of earthenware that is made, tea and dinner services, toilet sets, jugs, vases, flower-pots, and sanitary etc.: all of which are made in various sizes and shapes, and come in for a share of some kind of decoration, and as all the Decorators have a department of their own each one understands their own particular branch of the work. The kind of decorating

I am engaged in is called "Enameling" which consists of filling in, in all kinds of colours and many different ways the patterns that are already printed for us.

I am twenty-six years of age. I live in a small village just outside the town with my Grandmother. I get up about seven o'clock generally, sometimes earlier but if I should happen to be a little later Grandmother will waken me with the exclamation "M— it is

getting late." The first thing on opening my eyes I peep out of the window to see what sort of a morning it is. "Oh! how I love these bright sunny days, and the lovely showers too that makes it so much pleasanter for my long walk to work. I am soon down stairs, never forgetting first to give thanks and ask for guidance of Him in Whom I live and have my being." Then I prepare breakfast, take Grandmother a cup of tea and do a few household duties and on washing days a little washing, when I rise a little earlier. Then after putting my dinner in my bag, I get my breakfast which is very often a hurried one. I start about half past eight generally and in half an hour's time I reach the smoky town, another half hour's walk brings me to the Factory. This is a large four storey building, I have to climb two flights of steps to the top storey where our branch of the work is carried on. On entering the workshop which is a very large one with white-washed walls and great wooden beams, I am greeted with a very strong smell of turpentine, oil and tar that we use for our work. There are fifty-four Paintresses and Gilders in the shop each sitting on a three legged stool opposite tables ranged under the windows which stretch the whole length of either side. Then we have a Designer who makes the patterns and colouring, and a Manager who has to see that they are executed accordingly, besides a Lady who we take orders from and counts our work when it is finished.

Our hours generally are from half past nine to six, but when we are very busy from eight till seven, which I do not like at all as it means that I must be up an hour and half earlier and almost bed time before I get home, besides if not there we get sent back for the day, but I am pleased to say this has not occurred yet in my case. I will however take one of our busy days and describe to you "My Daily Round" at the Factory when I arrive there at eight o'clock. The first thing I have to do is to prepare my colour which is done by grinding it on a tile with a small knife in as much turpentine as will wet it and when fine enough add a little fat oil (as we

call it) which is already prepared for us, and I may say the finer we grind it the easier it is to work with and our work has a much nicer appearance when it is finished. Now for my pencils, the oil causes them to go hard when dry so I put those that I intend using in my turpentine cup to soak while I am dusting and getting my ware ready, which for instance is four toilet sets called "Camelia" the principal flowers first are what we call "washed in," in pink, this is done with a pencil I keep for the purpose by dipping it in turpentine and fat oil then in my colour as deep a strength as I need it. I have now painted a few flowers and it is nine o'clock which from that to half past is our breakfast time and if we should happen to work a minute after the Manager will pop out of his office and call. "Now you girls do you know what time it is." Which means we must stop work at once because if the Inspector should find us working during meal times we are liable to a very heavy fine. After breakfast and a chat we set to work again, I finish pink, and the remaining flowers are done in mauve and yellow, these I do together and now all the flowers are "washed in." While these are drying I do the leaves in light and dark green. All this time it is very noisy, some hunting after patterns or colours, others carrying up ware out of the warehouse to be painted or gilt, (as we all have to carry our own up two flights of steps which is very heavy work) and the kiln boys tramping up and down with empty boxes on their shoulders asking if the ware is ready for them to carry away to the kiln, as before they can do so, each piece as it leaves our hands has to be counted so that it may be known at the end of the week what work each has done and what wages they have to receive. At half past twelve preparations are being made at the stove for dinner, such as cooking meat, making tea or warming food. From one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, knitting, crotchet, reading and much talking. Many I am sorry to say take much interest in halfpenny Novelets. I try

to sell as many "Church Army Gazette's" as I can each week both in the shop and elsewhere hoping to be able to do some little to counteract the evil that is wrought through reading bad books. From two o'clock till seven I am hard at work again with only a little break (about four o'clock) for a cup of tea. I shade on my flowers and leaves (which are now dry) the various colours and tints, to do which I have to take up each piece several times as the colours dry, at seven o'clock I have completed my four toilet sets which consists of from six to ten pieces each, the Ewers and Basins being very heavy to hold with one hand while working with the other. For this I earn the sum of two shillings and eightpence, the prices paid for our work varies according to the patterns, some being as low as twopenny halfpenny a set. For colouring a dinner set of fifty-two pieces I get sevenpence halfpenny, for flower pots I get from fourpence to two shillings a dozen according to size etc: I have described to you one of my busiest and best days as sometimes I have had as little as one shilling. So ends "My Daily Round" in the workshop. I reach home about eight o'clock very tired and often bring back the food I have taken with me in the morning, as the heat and smell of the shop affects it so much I cannot eat it. I have supper and devote what little time I have after in mending or making my clothes or in doing little jobs for Grandmother, and after reading the portion of Scripture appointed for the day I retire to rest. I often feel "My Daily Round" very wearisome and wish that the Presence of Him Who has hallowed our daily toil by having once toiled Himself could be more fully realized in our workshops for—

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done!
And prayer by Thee inspired and taught
Itself with work be one.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"PANSY"

August 29th 1896. Stoke-on-Trent.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.).

My daily round is a very busy and complicated one. I have always longed to be a hospital nurse, but this hope had to be laid aside when my father died five years ago leaving my delicate mother unprovided for with two of us not able to go to work & the eldest of all "my sister" an invalid. I was then at a well known firm of shirt makers in Milk St. City & my earnings were very largely depended upon. Home has been from that time quite a hospital in itself. Nearly a year ago my mother died which greatly increased my work & it is from that time I will write.

I now have my shirt work at home (from the same firm) as my sister is a helpless sufferer from an advanced form of Chronic Rheumatism & requires a great deal of my time. Part of my day is spent in (what I like to call) my hospital ward, & my shirt work is squeezed in between times & is the chief support of my "home hospital." I can do 6 in one day & the price varies according to quality, but we will reckon to-day I am doing the better work which will be 6d. each when finished. I am up at 6 A.M. dress & prayers, downstairs, light the fire, call my little sister & brother, (give my patient her breakfast first) & our own will be ready by 7 o'clock.

We three sit down together but it is rather a hasty meal for my brother has to start for

work by half past, and before then I must get his food ready for the day which he takes with him. After then I see to my little sister's food (for she has started to work now) & fetch my patient's breakfast things away, & make her comfortable to leave until 9 o'clock, during which time I do the daily necessary house duties including bedmaking & general tidying, but as the work is equally divided for the week, each morning has its own portion. My little sister goes to work at 8 o.c., & before I go to my patient I must prepare our dinner. At 9 o.c. I must begin to wash my patient, this (with dressing) means an hour's work; as she is so helpless and needs such tender handling, & I think in a general hospital would be considered to be bad to set up; but she prefers to get up as long as she is able to bear it. About 10 o.c. I carry her downstairs & after arranging her comfortable & giving her a small lunch I leave her to begin my 6 shirts which will be very close work if I am to be in mother's place in the evening; & who does not know of the many attractions there are to draw young people (boys especially) away from home; Well I don't want my brother to drift away, so home must be attractive too. I do not work in my patient's day ward for my work necessitates plenty of space & makes the room look very untidy with white calico scattered all

about & my patient is like all invalids (more or less fastidious) & likes her room tidy, & the noise of the machine would worry her, & I can work quicker alone. When I am wanted my patient rings a small bell, but unless interrupted I work away until 12.30, first: hem the six shirts, seam the sides, put binders round armholes, and yokes on, & prepare fronts (linen) i.e. turn them down ready to put in the bodies. I now leave off for about an hour & half to get our dinner ready & after we have eaten it I wash the dishes &c. & freshen my patient with another little wash & leave her again for the afternoon when she generally sleeps a little while & I get on well. By 4 o.c. I can put my fronts in & make the sleeves. Visiting time at a hospital is generally from 2 till 4 & my ward is not an exception & sometimes I find my patient has had a very pleasant afternoon & nurse is invited to tea which has been got ready by her visitor. This is only occasionally & I mostly have to get it myself. I rather like visitors for they help to brighten my invalid up & she is not hurried so much for after a hasty cup of tea myself I leave them still happy over theirs & hurry back to finish my work which will take me two hours to put the wristbands & collarbands on (these are made by a different machine & sent to me ready to put on) & put the sleeves into the

shirts. I try to be finished by 7 o.c. that things may be as homelike as possible without mother, for it is mother who makes the home even though she be a great invalid at times & it is when the days work is done that mother is most missed, & I try to make up as well as I can for her loss, in the *numberless little things* which constitute home. There is now a meal to prepare for all after which my patient is ready to be put to bed which is almost as trying as the morning performance; My brother will carry her upstairs, he likes to feel he can do something for her.

Every day is very much the same except tuesday when I do the washing which I get finished by dinner time & do my shirt work afterwards. Perhaps the next $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. will only be $\frac{2}{3}$. & in the busy time which is May, June, July. I have to do more than $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. in a day, and I have to sit up late to do them, but one does not mind this when we think of the winter when for several weeks I shall have very little or nothing. It means very quick work while it is here & everything has to be done to time or I could not get all in, but I can never hurry over my patient as every movement gives her pain. I have no trouble with taking my work in when finished for my little sister brings it home with her at night & takes it in the morning which is a great save of time for me. The button-holes are made by indoor hands after they go from me. Saturday is a general clearing up day & preparing for Sunday, which (as in all hospitals) is just as busy only rather different; for a nurses life is always busy, for if she has not to do other work to support her hospital she has more than one patient to attend to; but still I do not have my day off once a week & I have to do night duty as well. My patient is still making a downward progress in spite of all the Drs. efforts to stop it, & he with some other friends think it is more than I can manage & even while I write I am expecting that my patient will be taken from me as the Dr is trying to get her into "Freidenheim," Hampstead.

On Sunday I get up at 7.30. give my patient her breakfast & get to church by 8.30. home again and have my breakfast by 9.30. (we are living only about 2 minutes walk from church) After preparing the dinner I am ready to see to my patient & to-day she has the benefit of my extra time in a sponge bath. My little sister is a great help to me on Sunday morning before school time & I have the dinner quite ready by 1 o.c. when service is over. This gives us time to be nicely cleared away by 2 o.c. Now I make my patient cosy for the afternoon & get ready for S. School where I have a class. Lately I have been persuaded to give this up (at least for a time) but doesn't our Master promise "As thy day so shall thy strength be" & I am so thankful for the opportunity to tell others of Him who has done so much for me that I wish I could do more, and I try to live the thankfulness which no words of mine can express, for the priceless gift of health by doing what I can for the weaker ones &

instead of going out to seek for the work I longed for, it is given me within my own home. We who work with our hands have great opportunities of thinking while we are at work over the lesson we shall be giving the next Sunday in school.

I get home by 4.30. this gives 2 hours quiet rest including tea time which is always bright on Sunday when we are all at home & this is when I get a glance at the articles & monthly sermon by Medicus in the favourite G. O. P. leaving the stories until I may have more time for reading. Sometimes my patient will have a visitor to sit with her while I go to the evening service, or perhaps she would rather be alone. There are many little things to be done for an invalid which cannot be written here & when my shirt-work is not so busy I make my own & my sisters clothes dresses included. Amongst other things there is the management of home & spending to the best advantage our small income, which, between my brother & little sister & myself now earing about 25/ a week. I think it is as necessary to be careful "how we spend" as in "what we earn," for if the one is rather a worry at times, the other needs a great deal of forethought & economy, but through mother's ill-health I had a little practical experience in housekeeping, only I had mothers advice to look to, & at 27 (my age then) I did not feel equal to the responsibilities of father, mother, husband,

& wife together with the duties of nurse, but still after nearly a year's trial I am proud of my home hospital & pleased to think I am useful to others, for even if it be only *one* talent with which we are entrusted by the Master & doing what we can with it we can look forward to the time of great rejoicing when we shall hear our Lord say—Well done

—because thou hast been faithful over few things I will set thee over many things. What is it that makes work such a pleasure

Labour is sweet for
Thou hast toiled
And care is light for
Thou hast cared

Some the Master calls aside from active work & it is as important for these to watch & wait, at the same time living very useful lives & the reward is equal according to our abilities. May we all make up our minds to do all the good we can even though we pass this way only *once*.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true

"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
Dalston

** These essays appear exactly as written—without alteration of any kind.—ED.



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: SECOND PRIZE (£3 3s.)—
Edith Mathew, Beckenham.



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.)—J. Nicholson, Lewes.

THE SECOND COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£2 2s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

I have been thinking since I read your last Daily Round Competition letters that I should like to let you see a lace workers daily round, which work I have to earn my living by.

The summer is my busy time and I rise very early and get my little oil stove ready and make a cup of tea and ready to sit down to work by 5 o'clock sometimes earlier than that. I live quite alone in a little cottage facing the sea and cliffs, and as the days are so hot I like to have the early morning as I have to keep my work very clean so that it does not have to be washed before I sell it. I am to day doing point lace cuffs, and I work for the village shop people who give out the work ready tacked to the pattern they require, which first I draw around with needle and fine cotton in every pinhole of the braid; the pattern is covered with; then if we require a new pattern to work on again I place a sheet of paper over the work drawn and with a piece of heelbore, it is called, rub and the black marks comes on the clean paper, and then we have a new pattern, to begin another time, then I do a lot of buttonhole bars and pretty stitches which we have learnt, then the last stitch is called pearly; which is done with a coarser cotton, on the outside edge then we rip it off the paper; and take it to the shop, where I get things to make use of as we are not paid money there;

I sit to work untill 8 o'clock then I get my breakfast and put my house tidy and if I have any dinner to cook I get all ready. I

sit to work again by half past nine or ten sometimes then work untill 12 o'clock, and if very busy for post as we call it, that is the work we are asked to do by a certain time; I do not stop only for a bread and cheese dinner and a cup of tea or an egg for we cannot afford meat dinners, every day I get fish and things very cheap in our village so it helps one a lot where we have not much money to spare, so after having my bit of dinner if not busy I take my book and sit down in the fields or indoors in my hour we have for dinner. Sometimes there are two of us have a piece of work between us so then I take my piece to a friends house to work alike or they come to mine and it is nice to have company at times so I get to work again and work untill 4 o'clock and then put on my little kettle on my oil stove which saves coal in Summer; and get my tea then sit to work untill 8 o'clock then I leave off and if I have not finished my piece; I then take my can to fetch my water and do any odd jobs I find to do; take my little can to a neighbours for her little girl to fetch my milk at the farm in the morning then I fetch other things I may want for my use and if I have time to go to see a dear old woman, who I call granny and who loves to talk to me, and then I go to see how much work my girl friend has done and then go home to my supper and book for living alone I love books they are my friends now I have lost my mother. Then I go to bed and before retiring I thank my Heavenly Father for his mercies which I enjoy which are many I am glad to say then if I am spared I begin my

daily round each day but often get weary but glad to be able to get work to do. The lace work is very trying to the sight and I am often very glad of an order from Ladies who pay money and a better price than what the shop people do for after working all day as I have said I earn but bare 7d and then only taken out in the shop

Ladies often send their Honiton Lace to be cleaned and put on new net; which is called transferring and then it will look like new lace; and that is real pillow lace which I have learnt; but it went down in price years ago and now if wanted they don't pay the full price for so the Point lace is done quicker and then we get really more for it. We used in the village to have schools for teaching children the work but it does not do now they have to keep to the daily school and then they go to service, I have learnt all the different sorts and find it most useful now as I cannot live in service my knee gives out so glad to come home to the lace work.

A pair of cuffs takes two days and we get 1/2 for them or the worth of it in goods, so I hope if ever my daily round should be in print it will help to show the readers how hard some have to work to earn a shilling before they can spend it if we want clothes we have a book at the shop and they buy us what we want and we work on until we have paid for it.

All these statements I declare to be perfectly true—

“PRIMROSE.”

Branscombe

Nr. Axminster

August 11th.

Devon

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I thought I should like to take advantage of your competition in, “The Girls Own Paper,” for those who work with their hands, and in case you should think my, “Daily Round,” is very easy and not worth writing about, I will just mention that I am afflicted with a very bad lameness, and nearly lost the sight of one eye, so perhaps you will understand then that my place is by no means easy to me, whatever it may seem to others. I am a general servant and I have been in my present situation, (indeed I have been in no other) eleven years. I must say; I have a very kind, considerate, mistress, or perhaps I should not have been able to stay so long. My day's work begins at seven in the morning, when I rise from my bed and dress, strip my bed, open the window top and bottom, come downstairs, and clean the kitchen grate, then light the fire, and clear up generally. Then the dining room as to be swept, grate cleaned, and the room then dusted. By that time, my mistress being a great invalid, I get breakfast ready, and take her's up to her in bed. I then come down, and have my breakfast, when I am allowed to sit over it nearly an hour, so as I do not take a quarter of that time to eat, I generally have a book, I like reading my Girls own paper, then, or I do a bit of knitting, or needle-work, after that my time being up I go upstairs & bring my mistress's tray down, and arrange her room ready for her to rise, wash supper and breakfast things up together, then clean my front steps. After which I go up-

stairs again, help my mistress to finish dressing, & then make the beds &c, take up the pieces off the floors (bedrooms) dust the rooms, and then by that time my mistress being downstairs I go into her to see about dinner, when she tells me what we are to have, after that, I commence to turn a room out, and I begin by moving everything I can out of the room, I can sweep so much better when it is clear, after it is swept, I thoroughly clean the grate, fire-irons, windows, & glass, and well dust the venetian blinds, then by that time, as I am rather slow through my lameness, I return to the kitchen and look to see that my oven is getting hot. & pots beginning to boil, I then prepare the vegetables, and whatever sweets there are to be eaten, and then get my joint into the oven or in the pot, I then go back to the room & return the furniture ornaments &c to there right places, polish up furniture, and finish dusting, then go and see my dinner is getting on alright, take all the lamps out, and properly trim and refill them by that time there are generally some letters ready I slip on my hat and run out to post them & then come back to my next task, which is generally some brass, or bright cooking utensils, to be cleaned, for as I like them always to look nice, but have a great dislike to this particular kind of work, I do a few each day so that I do not notice it so much, as making a morning's work of it as I am supposed to do, or was, when I first came. By that time dinner is ready to be dished up, so I go into the dining room and lay the cloth, take dinner in, and as I have mine at the same time, my

mistress cuts it off, & so I have it nice and hot, which I think is very nice, as it is so tantalising I think after one, as had all the trouble of preparing the food to have it (as I know so many girls do) nearly cold, after the family have had theirs, especially if it is mutton; After dinner of course, there are all the plates, dishes, &c to wash up, knives to clean, whatever silver, as been used, to rub up, and then clean up the kitchen grate, and tidy up. On Fridays I clean all the passages and stairs, silver, Saturdays is the easiest day of all, (excepting of course Sundays) as I only have my kitchens to well clean out and any little thing to do that I have not done during the week. This is a nine roomed house and there is enough to keep me going always, & then of course when visitors are staying in the house there is more to do, and washing week, too, especially as up to now I have had all the starching, ironing &c to do by my self of course! I am not able to do my work all so smoothly as I have written it down here there are so many interruptions, and answering the door is the worst of all, one as to go every quarter of an hour sometimes oftener & to a lame leg it often means terrible aches. And there are so many little things to do that one scarcely remembers before or after the time they have to be done. Well, after I have tidied up the kitchen I go up to change my dress, and then as we have a large dog, I take him for a run, come home and get tea by 5 o'clock, clear away, wash up, and then if there are any errands I go and do them. When I come home, there is generally some needlework to do or knitting heels to be set or toes to

finish, and as my Mistress is a very charitable Lady, I generally have plenty of that to do, I also do all the cutting out of the Material she gets for that purpose which is a great deal in the course of a year, I also do all my own needlework and make most of my own dresses, as I cannot afford to put them out only about one in two years, I only have fourteen pounds a year, and not that until last year, I also like to do a little on my own account to make up a small parcel by the end of the year for the poor little children, Then at nine o'clock we have a light supper, I then clear away once more, leaving the washing up until morning, We then have prayers, and go up to bed, for which I am quite ready, I

expect my, "Daily Round," does not look very hard to my other hard-worked sisters, but it is so hard to me for I have the greatest difficulty to get up and down on my knee (I have only one). I have tried other work, dressmaking, and Furriers before I tried service but sitting so long did not suit me and so I had to try the very work I hated so and never shall like it try as I will, altho I do my best and pray God to help me, and he as been very good to me, making the rough ways smoother, and helping me wonderfully, I hope dear Mr. Editor if you should think this paper worth printing that it will be the means of helping some one else to have courage and work and hope on, who have

as great disadvantages to contend with as I have, perhaps greater. And now once more we have got to Sunday, and all is bright and clean, for that beautiful day of rest, what should we do without it, How it freshens one us each up for Monday and, "Our Daily Round," once more.—I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"BEGONIA"

Mount-Pleasant Road
Hastings.

July 20th. 1896.

** These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.



THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," "Seven Years for Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THERE was a tuning of instruments, and a buzz of many voices; there was a crowd of people of every rank and condition, and there were hearts beating with hope and expectation, and faces beaming with gaiety and excitement. Gwenlleian sat in the old hall unconscious of the scene that was passing, and without venturing to uplift her face to the gaze of the stranger. David was beside her, and they were stationed, with the other performers, upon a platform overlooking a large room filled with company. But she heard nothing—saw nothing; she was scarcely sensible of the grand flourish of trumpets that heralded the performers, and did not even perceive that the hum of voices gradually ceased; that an old harper began to run over the chords of his instrument with a fearless touch, and to play a piece of music, the air of which she must have known well. Even the welcome burst of applause that greeted him was unheeded. She sat with her head bent low, totally lost in the confusion of her emotions, whilst the musicians, one after another, awoke the strings of their harps with the touching airs of their native land; some warlike or heroic, others sentimental; adding to them variations frequently of their own composition. When David's turn came, however, and he whispered to her that he must leave her side, she started, and listened with breathless attention. She had never heard him play that favourite Welsh air, "The march of the men of Harlech," with his own original

variations, so well before, and her heart beat when the well-merited "encore" followed, and he repeated the piece.

Still she listened with trembling, for a young girl, about her own age, advanced and seated herself at the harp. She appeared almost as timid as herself, but gradually recovering her self-possession, she executed a piece with some skill. Gwenlleian felt conscious of superior powers, and tried to summon courage for her approaching ordeal. She had come unprepared by practice, but at home neither her memory nor her finger ever failed her, therefore she hoped they would still stand her friends. There was one piece that everybody liked. It was an arrangement of Welsh airs that she had made with the assistance of David, some years ago, and to which she had since added variations of her own. Whilst the performers continued to play with more or less success, she was going through this piece in imagination.

At last her turn came, and when David led her forwards, and left her alone a little in advance of the other musicians, she thought she must sink to the earth. Her confusion increased, when, by way of encouragement to one so young, and evidently so unaccustomed to public performance, the company welcomed her by clapping of hands. She sat down by the harp, and the cheek that had been blushing like the rose, became pale as the lily. Her head sunk upon her breast, and her hand refused to produce a sound from the chords over which they were accustomed

to run with such wild ease. She would have wholly failed, had not a vision of her mother, pale and anxious, presented itself to her mind's eye, and carried her back to the cottage, recalling, as it did so, the circumstances that had brought her to the Eisteddfod. She made a violent effort, and succeeded in striking a few faint notes of prelude, and then she began the first air of her piece "Nos Galan," or "New Year's Night," which every one present knew well.

It sometimes happens that persons, whose minds are agitated by fear, or any other emotion, perform mechanically the music which they have been used to play. This was something of Gwenlleian's case. Oppressive timidity and shame almost deprived her of consciousness; still her fingers ran over the strings without effort, and when the first difficulty of the commencement was mastered, she went from air to air with great effect and perfect correctness. There was not, perhaps, all the soul and fire of genuine genius that she threw into her notes when playing to her mother at home; but yet they were so exquisitely thrilling, that she was listened to with mute delight and astonishment by all. Nothing like it had been given before. There were those present who had heard Bochsa, and the other celebrated performers of the day, yet whose very souls were entranced by the simple and expressive music of the young girl, who sat trembling before them. Even the oldest harpers leant their heads upon their hands in deep attention, whilst many of them felt their eyes moistened, and their hearts beat

that our sister (or brother) has a wretched memory, we should be wise not to expect her to recollect every minute detail we have ever confided to her, or to regard her lapses into forgetfulness as proofs of coldness or want of affection."

"Well, we seem to have pretty clearly established our point," said Rosa laughing: "in spite of failings, imperfections, or uncongeniality, sisters and brothers are to stick together as long as they can. That's the moral, I suppose, but I still think it rather hard on the ones who want to go."

"Remember there are two sides to the shield," said Mrs. Maynard. "Jealousy of outside friends and outside interests is a mistake, but they ought not continually to be flaunted in the face of unsympathetic relatives, so as to make them feel that they themselves

take quite a secondary position. Constant criticism and continual contradiction are harassing, but they are at all events a proof of interest, and many have found, when removed from their influence, that the absolute indifference to our concerns and well-being manifested by strangers are at least as hard to bear. And even frank rudeness has its redeeming feature, though I am far from defending it. It often shows us ourselves as we appear to others, a painful and often utterly unexpected revelation, but it may easily be made a salutary one. My moral would be, let each one look to herself, try to avoid the evils we have mentioned, and make daily life more harmonious in her own home. Advice, could you not sing that favourite song of mine before you start for the station?"

Advice complied, and the sweetness of her

rich and cultivated tones added charm to the words she sung—

"If I had known in the morning

How wearily all the day

The words unkind would trouble my mind

That I said when you went away,

I had been more careful, darling,

Nor given you needless pain;

But—we vex our own with look and tone

We might never take back again.

We have careful thought for the stranger

And smiles for the sometime guest,

But oft for our own, the bitter tone,

Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lip with the curve impatient,

Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,

'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late

To undo the work of morn."

GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



ROUPING the competitors according to their occupations, the largest number are domestic servants, then follow dressmakers, home helpers, clerks, shop-girls, farmers, house-keepers, confectioners, factory girls,

compositors, teachers, lithographers, book-folders, barmaids, librarians, dentists.

Many of these girls have adopted mottoes for their "daily round" essays. We give one or two—

"Work for some end, be it ever so lowly,
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Work, for all labour is noble and holy."

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build our
characters."

"Do what you can, being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot be a
star,
Work like a pulley if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a
train."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it
with all thy might."

A few extracts from their papers will give us a little idea of their work, the way they spend their leisure, and how they pass the Sunday, together with the spirit in which all is done. We wish we could place every line that has been written by the competitors before our readers, so full of teaching and interest is each one.

1. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"The life of a dressmaker established for herself is full of variety. I am twenty years old having been earning my living entirely in this way since my seventeenth birthday, and have been very successful. I work chiefly for domestic servants and the wives of working men and make quite pretty dresses for 8s. each. My weekly earnings vary, on an average I earn from 12s. to 15s. a week in summer, but in winter the average is low.

"*My Leisure.*—In the winter evenings for the last three years I have attended our Technical and Art School. I prefer science, having obtained first class 'Advanced' in Physiology and in elementary Botany. I am a little deaf and that throws me on my own resources, and I have learned to love books and make them my companions."

2. *From the paper of a Shirt Finisher.*—"My work consists of putting in side bits, sleeve bits and buttons, backing the collars and fastening the ends of machine work for which I get 1s. a dozen if white shirts, and 9d. and 6d. the dozen for common Oxfords and print without holes. I have to work very hard to make 7s. a week and look well at my money before spending a penny. We have to pay 3d. a week for the room to cook in and 4d. a week for our teas which makes 7d. a week good or bad earnings also a penny a week is demanded for hospitalities by the forewoman. . . . It seems hard to be so badly paid for work and firms to compel the hands to give. Sometimes I have not earned enough to pay my 4s. a week rent!"

3. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"I work with my sister; we make dresses for the wives and daughters of the tradesmen in our neighbourhood, for factory girls and servants. They bring their material and fetch it when finished. In the winter we have a sewing class for about thirty girls of the Sunday School; we cut and fit the garments at home and the girls make them in the class which we open and close with a short prayer and my sister tells them stories while they work.

"We have a good deal of leisure between the seasons when we mend and make our own clothes and do flower-painting for which we find a ready sale among our customers. We take long walks and attend a concert occasionally. Our joint earnings for the year vary from £100 to £105 out of which we are able by means of the Post Office Savings Bank to make provision for sickness and old age."

4. *From the paper of a Mill Hand.*—"My day's work is from six in the morning till 5.15 in the evening. . . . I spend my evenings at the Mechanics' Institute with Sir Robert Ball, or take a trip through Europe in company with Mr. Malden."

5. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"My sister works with me in the same mill. We like broth for dinner and make it at night. In the winter we can make as much as will serve three days at one time. On Saturday night we buy a big piece of meat, say from two or three pounds, the butcher sometimes gives us a good bone to it. I cut out the bones from the meat and make our soup or broth with it and put the rest of the meat in an earthenware dish with a cover to it, and salt and pepper and let it stew and it serves us for meat all the week.

"We rise on Sunday mornings, take our breakfast and get on the pot, prepare the vegetables and put them in when the pot is boiling, then slow the fire and leave the pot on while we are at church, then when we come back the dinner is almost ready; we boil one or two potatoes and have a very nice dinner with an apple or some fruit for dessert, and there is as much over as will be a dinner for Monday and Tuesday. While the pot is having a good fire I bake a large oat cake with a good piece of lard in it to make it easier to eat, and fires it in the oven. That gives us a made dinner for six days.

"*Leisure.*—We have about an hour and a half in the evening and we knit and sew and read and we do our own washing once a fortnight. I have had a class in the Sunday School for a great many years."

6. *From the paper of a Clerk in a Shop.*—"I have been over four years at the same work and have never felt dissatisfied with it. I attend classes two or three nights a week."

7. *From the paper of a Draper's Assistant.*—"The evenings are the saddest part of business life because there are so many temptations that beset a girl who is obliged to live away from home. It is imperative for the sake of a girl's health that she should go out in the fresh air, but sometimes she would give anything to be able to close her eyes and ears and not see the things which happen in the West End streets."

8. *From the paper of a Newspaper Compositor.*—"Like the majority of women I did not have the opportunity of choosing my own occupation. Nevertheless I like it very well. An apprenticeship served in an office like this is in itself a liberal and all-round education. I have been nine years and a half in this my first situation. My wages run from 18s. to 21s. a week. I do not know what it is to be out of work. Holidays are six separate days in the year and a half-holiday every Saturday. In my leisure of three hours in the evening I knit for the family and read. I have taught myself shorthand and attend classes for cooking and type-writing."

9. *From the paper of a General Servant. Disposal of her Wages.*—"I receive £17 a year paid monthly which comes to £1 8s. 4d. per month; out of this I give my mother 8s. a month as she is a widow and depending on myself and three other sisters for her living."

10. *From the paper of a Nursemaid.*—"I consider that it is everyone's work to make life happier and better for everyone else with

whom they come in contact, and I think if girls would try to cultivate that spirit they would find domestic service delightful."

11. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I have been over five years in my present situation and I hope to stay for a long time. Sunday afternoons I go to a Bible-class; most of the members are domestic servants. Sunday is a bright, happy day for me."

12. *From the paper of a Milliner-Dressmaker.*—"I work with my sister for working people. Sunday is the happiest day of the week for me and is fully occupied. Beside teaching in the Sunday School I assist in the musical part of the service and this sometimes takes me out one evening in the week. Books and music are my companions in spare time."

13. *From the paper of a Factory Girl.*—"There are all sorts of characters in a factory. There are the quick and the slow, the rough and the refined. Sometimes girls who are fit for better work go to factory work from necessity from a laudable desire to help the bread-winner at home."

"Many people think girls get contaminated in factories, but those who love purity and goodness and have a reverence for sacred things will always be able to keep in the right way. What we admire we imitate."

"Refinement is often found in the most unlikely places, and good manners and refined speech will gain respect in a factory as elsewhere. The factory girls are kind and sympathetic. For example, a little boy who has lately come to work in my room happened to say that he was not going to his Sunday School treat because there was ninnepence to pay, and as he had no father he could not afford the money; a collection was quickly made and 3s. 6d. raised for him."

"Leisure.—I can always find plenty to do in the evenings; dressmaking and sewing take up a great deal of my leisure time. When I am short of work I indulge my taste for reading. I read the best magazines, the best novels and Samuel Smiles' works."

14. *Dressmaker at Home.*—"I live at home with my widowed mother. I have a very good trade. I think dressmaking is a more interesting trade than some, as its fashions change so often, which makes the work less monotonous. Sundays come as a delightful change, then I go to church and Sunday School where I try to teach some little girls."

15. *From the paper of a Cook.*—"I think cooking is the most fascinating of household work and certainly commands the highest remuneration. The only objections I have to service are that people think if a girl is fit for nothing else at least she will do for service. They always send the girls out of reformatories and penitentiaries to service, and also in books they always represent servants as saying, 'Please, mum,' and all kinds of grammar. I have never heard a servant talk like that. When I was kitchenmaid I was up at six. I then black-leaded and cleaned the flues for if there is cooking to do there is no surer way of aggravating yourself and everyone else than by neglecting to sweep the kitchen flues."

16. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"The great advantage about weaving is that girls may so soon be able to earn their own living. In a few days or at most a few weeks a girl can be earning money on her own loom, and then it depends chiefly on herself whether she

becomes a good weaver and earns good wages. It is indeed a long day to be away from home, soon after five in the morning till past six at night."

"Leisure.—My favourite evening recreations are music and reading. I sing in our chapel choir so one evening in the week is spent at the rehearsal. I have taught in our Sunday School for some years. There are many very good voices among the factory girls and weavers."

"Sunday is a quiet, pleasant day. I like to attend the morning and evening services and take a walk afternoon or evening."

17. *From the paper of a Teacher.*—"Teaching is an occupation which needs more love for it than an outsider would suppose. To keep patient under the many provocations of each day is a task of no small difficulty."

18. *From a paper of a General Servant.*—"I am a general servant and have been in my present situation a little over three years. It is by no means what I should have chosen if I had my will for I always wanted to have been a nurse. But I realise more each day I live that my work is ordered by our Heavenly Father and that He knows ever what is best for each one."

19. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I came here ten years ago and I am treated as a friend rather than as a servant, and in these days when mistresses and servants seem to be carrying on a sort of civil war it is pleasant to know that I am loved and trusted."

20. *From a paper of Cook-Housekeeper.*—"I live in a large country house where a number of servants are kept. It has always seemed to me that very little is known of that class of servant as one of the most stringent rules generally is that gossiping and visiting in the village or houses round is not allowed."

"I began my life in service in such a house at the age of sixteen as kitchen-maid, and have gradually worked my way up to the position I now occupy as cook-housekeeper. A kitchen-maid's work is necessarily very rough and hard, but when the rough and disagreeable work is got through and one has gained the necessary age and experience it gives one the best position and the best wages among the servants of the house."

21. *From the paper of a Lady's-Maid in Simla, India.*—"This is Monday which is called *Dhobie's* day; that is what they call the man who comes for the clothes, and I have rather a trying time as he very often brings them back the worse for washing. I rise at half-past five, slip on a dressing-gown and take my lady her *chota haari* which means early cup of tea, after which I have a cold bath. At a quarter-past six I help my lady dress for her ride and while she is out I look after the servants, they want such a lot of looking after. My lady comes back about nine o'clock, and while she is having her bath I run down to the verandah and give the Dursie or sewing man his work. The Dursies squat on the floor and look very like monkeys, minus the tail, but some of them work most beautifully, their toes are almost like fingers, so useful. I am the only white servant, the rest are all native men, and I cannot tell you how lonely it is sometimes, but my lady does her best to make me happy. I help in the house, and as my lady is very particular I find plenty to do. The natives have no idea of

scrubbing. I would just like some of the girls in England to see them scrub. I used to be amused, but now I get angry and use my little stock of Hindustanee trying to teach them, but it is hopeless for they will squat in the middle and make a pool of water all round them, then to finish up they upset the bucket and I leave them to mop it up."

"We have tea at five o'clock, then my lady goes out in her Rickshaw, a sort of bath chair drawn by four coolies. We get letters from home once a week and if I don't get one I feel life is not worth living. We have dinner at eight, then I see that the dogs are comfortable and put my lady's room ready for the night, after which I read my verses and go to bed for I am always very tired."

"I am sorry to say Sunday out here seems to make very little difference, and except that the churches open everything goes on as usual. There is such a want of quietness and peace in this country."

22. *From the paper of a Composer.*—"We work girls can't make a great stir in the world yet we ought to be very careful to do right, as I think our influence tells most on those who are always with us. During the winter I attend a class of dressmaking for children, and printing, and once a fortnight I go to the meetings of the Young Women's Christian Endeavour."

23. *From the paper of a Farmer's Daughter in Tasmania.*—"Although my mother is my only mistress my work is hard and often monotonous but it has to be done. Extra leisure means extra work."

24. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I shall not feel satisfied with myself if I did not mention Sunday in this paper. To me it is the happiest day of the seven. May I briefly state how I and a good many other girls around here spend our Sundays. Suppose it is the first Sunday in the month, we rise a little earlier than on other days as we attend the celebration of the Holy Communion at seven o'clock. As I look around on this congregation I see nearly all servants; we should not be able to attend any other time. In the afternoon we go to a Bible class and in the evening we go to church. I have been in my present situation three years and have been most comfortable and happy in it. We can all try to make our daily work a work for Him whom we love. We can at least work cheerily, not sullenly, and remember that God has called us to this work."

25. *From the paper of Librarian's Assistant.*—"A better situation can scarcely be found for a woman who takes an interest in all sorts and conditions of men than that of assistant in a public library."

Speaking of the people who go in and out during the day she says, "One or two old women with one foot in the grave say, 'Do not give me one of so-and-so's,' naming a well-known author, 'they are too religious. Give me a nice love-tale.'"

"A young man always asks for a love-tale, and won't look at a book unless the word love is prominently on the title-page, such as *Love the Debt*; *Love that Kills*; *Love for an Hour*; *Love for Ever*. On the other hand there are some who from their appearance seem to be in a very humble sphere of life make me often feel ashamed of myself, they display such excellent taste in their choice of literature."

