

## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

## PART I.

## THEIR CLOTHING.

SOME months ago I was privileged to write a short series of articles for the "G. O. P." on "Queen Baby and her Needs." In this fresh course I want to give advice to mothers and guardians upon the culture and care of the girlie when she has passed a few more years of her life. To be called upon to rear daughters of the King, for the King, is our high vocation, there is nothing common or mean about the task. What we "grown-ups" need is not an electrotype mind, thinking that every girl must do just what every other girl ever did. But an open intelligence, ready to see good in new things if the good be there.

It is wonderful how the movement for rational dress has spread over England. Our daughters no longer go about with the cavity of their lungs exposed, or the delicate forearm uncovered. We no longer case tiny feet in openwork stockings and kid shoes. We have learned that strong boots need not be clumsy. Woollen dresses need not necessarily be ugly, or warm stockings coarse. Still, as it was nearly 3000 years ago, so we even now love pretty garments. Bells and pomegranates add so much to the glory and beauty of our robes. Ribands on the borders of our garments are still admired. "Raiment of

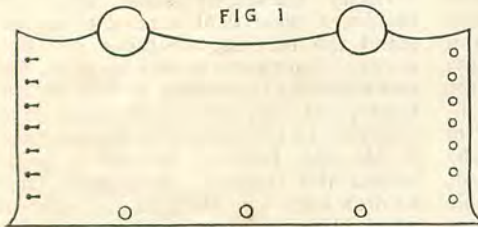


FIG 1

needlework," or "embroidery," is still the thing we like to give our girls. Daintiness in all "within" is what we appreciate.

Now I consider "daintiness" consists really in absolute purity and fitness. If we would preserve health, we must not only think of the prettiness of our children's clothing, but of the adaptability of that clothing to the laws of hygiene. It is one thing to be dressed, it is quite another thing to be clothed. Here is necessary the "wrought gold" of wisdom, and experience, and common-sense.

In perfect health the little bodies we tend maintain a certain degree of heat. Therefore the purpose in clothing them is to keep up that naturally equable temperature. In our very changeable climate, great discrimination is needed in changing the garments to meet the varied weather. It is well understood now that heat as well as cold gives a chill—that overclothing is almost as unwise as underclothing.

To my mind it is no more unwise to lighten the dress on a warm day, than it is to wear a waterproof on a wet one.

"Button to chin,  
Till May be in,  
Ne'er cast a clout,  
Till May be out,"

is one of those half truths that lead many astray. We should avoid bathing our little ones in perspiration, even if we are only in the fifth month of the year.

Now, our object being to keep an equable temperature round our little girl's body, how

can we best succeed? I answer decidedly—as science has so often answered before—"by dressing the child in wool."

The clothing of our children should be as light as possible; as warm as possible; as cool as possible. Wool alone will work the miracle. So the first garment our six-year old

FIG 2



girlie should don must be a woollen one. There are a great many most hideous combination garments sold that in no wise carry out the idea of "fine needlework." I would not disfigure the most beautiful thing in nature, viz.: a girl-child's white form, by putting any such thing about her. But delicately-woven white Shetland woollies can be bought nowadays that are daintiness personified, and yet obey all rules of health. Some white woollen lace, full round the neck, and half sleeves, add a touch of refinement. This combination garment should button on the shoulder, not down the chest, and should cover the thighs.

Over this porous envelope, a corselet should be buttoned. No bones must be allowed in it. On this matter I feel very strongly. We are dreadfully shocked at the cruelty of Chinese mothers in binding up their children's feet to prevent growth. Yet—can it be believed? I have seen little soft-growing bodies—belonging to girls of seven—encased in buckram and whalebone! one foolish mother actually pinching the waist, to make her child "grow up a good figure." We are right in condemning the Chinese mother. But how humiliating to find Englishwomen of the present day actually stopping the growth of heart, lungs, liver, and other vital organs, in this fashion.

The bodices I recommend should be made at home of strong white corded cotton, or knitted to shape in wool by clever fingers. I give a diagram (Fig. 1). The buttons at the waist-line, or over the hips, are for supporting the drawers and petticoats which follow.

One petticoat of flannel and one of cambric is sufficient. Both take considerably less stuff



FIG 3

than similar garments for a younger child. The under one should be trimmed with woollen lace, or mitred in this fashion (Fig. 2). The edges buttoned with flourishing flax, and the small sprays satin-stitched with the same. As flannel shrinks in the wash, a large tuck must be put in at first, the sewing thereof

masked by herring-bone in the flax thread mentioned above.

A mother's love for fine needlework and many tucks may be displayed in the white petticoat. It should be made very full, neatly gauged and gathered into a bodice of the same, trimmed with insertion and edged with frills of torchon (Fig. 3).

This bodice should button at the back.

The drawers worn by our little daughter should be equally beautified. Valenciennes makes a pretty frilling above the knee, or Cashé's cambric frilling looks well. Let the leg-hole be cut amply large and plenty of room for kicking about and running.

The frock or overall will be, of course, always a matter of taste. But as long as possible, let it be white. No other colour is as suitable for the King's daughters. The King has recognised this Himself, we say it with all reverence (Eccles. ix. 8.) His Son wore a white and seamless robe here (Luke ix. 29), as a type of the "righteousness" which girt Him about (Rev. xix. 8). A beautiful legend concerning Him tells of the glistening

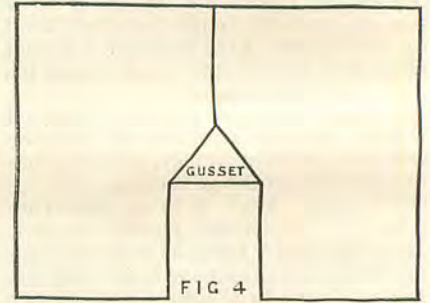


FIG 4

atmosphere which moved with Jesus of Nazareth wherever he went. Some such atmosphere we should try and create round our girls, and, as white is the symbol of purity, we can begin with the white dress, though we must not stop there. Snowy raiment will one day be given them by their Heavenly Father (Rev. vii. 13). Let us imitate His example even here. I have given diagrams for some of the under-clothing, but will not venture to sketch frocks for the King's daughters. Something loose and light and warm and white is all I counsel.

There are seasons, however, that are unsuitable for petticoats proper. Romp hours and play hours; hours at the seaside and hours on the bicycle have to be provided for. The other day I was watching gymnastic exercises in a large high school for girls. I could not but be struck by the utility, fitness, and—yes—beauty of the costumes worn. In these garments, tall girls and short girls, fat girls and thin girls, all looked equally well. In them, too, they were able to vault, and leap, and climb, and swing, as freely and as lightly as young monkeys.

This costume consisted of two garments only. Full trousers reaching to the knee of blue serge, and a tunic reaching just beyond. I then and there resolved that when I next have children of from six years old to twelve to dress, I would adopt some such plan, at least, when at the seaside or during scrambling holidays. The trousers I should make from two straight pieces of, say, white serge. Before being put into the band this would be their shapelessness, I cannot call it shape (Fig. 4).



When put on to one of the vorwork bands and gathered in at the knee they would look like this (Fig. 5).



FIG 5

The tunic should be full, very. Buttoned at wrist and throat and reaching just below the knee (Fig. 6).

A wide sash of scarlet or blue would brighten the white dress and be tied in a big bow at the side. All would be surmounted by a woven cap of corresponding colour. Warm stockings would reach the drawers and be suspended to the under-bodice, whilst square-toed, low-heeled pinet shoes would complete the outfit.

What a happy free life our King's daughters would live if thus habited. They could do all their brothers attempt. They would grow as young trees grow.

I have only just touched on the footgear. But perhaps that part of our children's clothing is the most important of all. No stockings grown too small should compress the pink toes; no boot-too short. Both stockings and shoes should be changed every evening and clean ones given every twenty-four hours. I



FIG 6

think a preventible hardship is often inflicted on young girls by having to wear heavy boots. We should be careful that they should be watertight, fit easily, and yet be light. Of course for such bottines we shall pay more than for clumsy ones. The price is generally in inverse proportion to the weight. Pinet

boots and shoes seem to be expensive. But they are not so in the long run. Those seemingly delicate brogues are made of the best seasoned and toughened leather, and defy wet and weather.

Stockings in the winter-time should be hand-knit ones. They can always be refooted when necessary, so are really most economical in the end. Never let them be worn when the heel comes under the foot. Much suffering and some deformity may follow the use of such shrunken things. The toes are meant to grasp the ground and greatly assist locomotion. If they are cramped up, they cannot, of course, do this, and are practically useless. Then the child walks on her heels, and her "carriage" is spoiled.

The King's daughters should be taught that dress is quite a secondary consideration. Health and not fashion should be our first consideration. But in the matter of hats and bonnets a little latitude of taste may be allowed. The covering of our heads is to protect and shield. It should therefore be light and warm and ample. If bonneting is preferred, very simple granny bonnets of silk can easily be made at home. Take a piece of buckram or brown paper about three inches wide; cover it with silk and let it frame the sweet face and cover the little ears. Then full a pointed piece of silk as a crown into it (Fig. 7). The point of the slip will give a nice raised appearance and should come just in the centre of the forehead (Fig. 8).

The bag of silk should be lined with muslin, and the whole fixed on the head with a bow of ribbon tied under the soft chin. Very winsome will look the little face peeping out of this Quaker affair, and it is so soft that no amount of hard usage can hurt it.

The outdoor cloak to match this bonnet should be in the Kate Greenaway style. Made of wincey or serge and trimmed with fur with muff to match, the King's daughter will be able to defy all weather, especially if gaiters be drawn over her shoes and buttoned up to her knee.

I must confess to a serious weakness in the matter of night-gear for our girls. The traditions of our white-robed maidens still linger in my heart and practice. However, under the wide collared cotton dress, a woollen vest with sleeves should be worn in the winter, and if our daughters suffer from cold feet, double lambswool night socks are permissible.

If any one is strong-minded enough, however, flannel is the wisest thing for wearing at night, or coloured flannelette garments can be made quite pretty with frills of the same embroidery or torchon lace. Only see to it, that the nightdress is long enough to tuck round the dainty feet when in bed, and to cover them modestly when out of it.

A dressing-gown is a *sine qua non* for our girls. I do not give a pattern—but advise wool in winter and some pretty quaint chintz for summer wear.

Shoes for the bath-room should stand beside



FIG 7

this dressing-gown. They can be made at home of bright-coloured felting to match (Fig. 9).

Cut them after this fashion, join the two strips at the heel. Turn inside out, sew to a felt sole, and return to proper side. A device in silks may be worked on the toe or a rosette of ribbon put there.

These shoes are necessary, as one of the worst things for growing girls is to chill their feet. Standing on bare board or cold oil-cloth has often led to lifelong suffering.

If you follow the simple directions I have given you, I think you will find the King's daughters entrusted to you, if not actually all glorious will be very comfortable within, and in the matter of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, modern equivalents may be found in sachets of sweet scents kept amongst the girls' garments.

It encourages individuality to let each child have her own particular scent. "Sweet violet" for a Violet. Lily of the valley for a Lilian, etc. In such little matters as these a wise mother may much help her daughters in love for the beautiful and good. No tawdry ornaments should ever be allowed the King's daughters. No sham jewellery. No falseness of any sort. The keynote to be struck in



FIG 8



FIG 9

these young lives is sincerity and truth. Fair because the beauty of the Lord their God rests upon them. Well-dressed, because clothed with humility and good works. In the ivory palace of youth we would fain have them as the polished corners of the temple, bright, steadfast and grounded in love.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

NO PIECES SOLD HERE.

Customer: "Do you happen to have any pianoforte pieces?"

New Shopman: "No, ma'am; we only sell whole pianos."

CONCEALING THEIR AGE.—Both men and women want to conceal their age and for much the same reason. Men wish to appear older than they are in order to rule sooner, and women wish to appear younger than they are in order to rule longer.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—To demand nothing and to complain of no one is an excellent recipe for happiness.

THE FUTURE.

Visitor: "And what does the little girl think she will be when she gets to be an old woman like her grandmamma?"

Little Girl (tossing her head): "She isn't going to be an old woman. She will be a new woman."

THE NEW NOTICE.

"I understand that you want some painting done."

Editor: "Yes, I wish a notice painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this—"  
"DON'T SLAM THE DOOR."

SLAVES IN ENGLAND IN 1771.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1771 we find the following paragraph:—

"At a late sale of a gentleman's effects at Richmond a negro boy was put up and sold for £32. A shocking instance in a free country."

There was a growing feeling however against slavery in those days, as is apparent from the comment made by the writer of the paragraph on the sale.

BE CHARITABLE.—The true way to gain influence over our fellows is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.



then lifting their tiny heads, and think of dear old Herbert's quiet eye that watched them long ago and wove them into the patch-work of "Man's Melody"—

"Not that he may not here

*Taste of the cheer,*

But as birds drink and straight lift up the head  
So must he sip, and think  
Of better drink

He may attain to, after he is dead."

Though no snow has come the thick frosts in the morning make a very brilliant whiteness, and the sunrise over it in its opal glory has a grand and awful look that reminds us of the sky in Holman Hunt's great solemn picture of the scapegoat. We shiver as we draw the curtains and look at the familiar landscape in this sad wraith-like majesty of dawn. A touch of sorrow and a thought of doom always have a majesty of their own,

"Here I in sorrow sit, this is my throne,  
Let kings come bow to it."

In the green mid-day the line of the low horizon-hills is straight and homely, and seems to frame a Dutch scene with Cuyplike cows of red and black. The one round hill with its one tree that rises from the ridge calls for a touch of tower or turret to fulfil its beauty. But now in the freshness of the dawn, with the silvery whiteness of the frost distinctly pencilling the tree and bringing it out in delicate relief against the sky of gold and rose, we see in these hills all the beauty of Perugino's landscapes in the background that so intensify the pure stillness and holy grace of his Madonnas in the foreground.

Christmas with a singular feeling of untimely spring in the air, has come and gone with snow as far removed as ever. The year's stores

begin to stir in the fields, the honeysuckle over the porch has put forth blue-green feelers and the barberry quite hopeful little perfect leaves, as though assured that winter's cruel fang is drawn. This is the time to delight in all the curious shades of difference in the green of the young crops. On a pale afternoon when the trees on the far ridge stand very lonely and silent but for

"The little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born-of the very sigh that silence heaves,"

when the sky withholds her treasures of colour and light and seems to muse on the sun she veils in her impassive whiteness, we are keen to note the deep emerald of that field of thick young rye which shows so bright and clear against the neighbouring hedge. The little separate blades of wheat in the next field that come up in timid rows have more grace, though their pale green, as of the chrysopraxe, does not add such rich colour to the canvas. The horned sheep with their white faces in that pasture-field of dingy grass all moist and rooted by the flock, look grey and rough beside the one snow-white lamb nestled by its mother. On the other side of the road the unhorned black-faced sheep have lambs that are dull and rough in aspect. There are the two old types, always old and always new: the pure white lamb, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the other homely one, the shayed lamb foot-sore and weary that the shepherd finds and puts upon his shoulder. As we watch closely the monotony of country life these old types live afresh.

The afternoon grows paler still. How warm that spot of colour is where the great red-brown cattle slowly chew the cud as they lie near together in the dark madder-brown

of the farm-barton. There is still enough light to distinguish the graceful bird that shoots swiftly from the hedge and sails so near the ground, "a lady wash-dish," my country friend tells me, "a terrible proud bird, two parts like a tom-tit." We are far indeed from the train-whistle in these quiet lanes, the musing-ground of silver-tongued Sydenham, that ancient Commonwealth divine, and the birds seem to know it; in a few more minutes a lovely white-finch with many bright touches of red and yellow in its wings, flies across the road as we take a sudden turn, to find ourselves, before evening sinks, in a very parliament of rooks cutting the air with level flight or cawing hoarsely as they settle to their unknown business in that Runnymede that lies beneath the ridge crowned with thick Scotch firs. "If you see one rook it's a crow," is the old country saying, and crows are far enough if that be true!

A wealth of berries that has given the lie to the saying that many berries mean a hard winter, have made that bright-eyed robin with his resplendent waistcoat so fat and impudent, that even the shake and rattle of the donkey-cart over the newly-mended road does not disturb him from taking stock of us with his bead-like eye.

Let no one imagine that the country is dull in winter. The winter-scents of earth and rotting leaves are keen and bracing, the winter-sights may "take their colour from an eye that has kept watch o'er man's mortality," but without them all the wealth of summer's glory would be in vain, and would only leave us, like the "brown faces" in Giorgione's great pastoral,

"Sad with the whole of pleasure."

## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

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### PART II. IN HEALTH.



N the set of sumptuary laws given us by the King for our guidance in the care of His daughters a good deal is said about dress. As we read, our hearts re-echo the old cry for lovely things. We still admire "bells and pomegranates" on the hem of garments made for glory and beauty. We still count the "fringes" on border and seam. We still show our parental love by making robes of many colours and pieces (Gen. xxxvii. 14). We still give goodly raiment to our

beloveds (Gen. xxvii. 15).

No less strict and abundant are the dietetic rules laid down. As far as a difference in climate will permit we should follow these rules. It has been truly remarked, that amidst every surrounding of neglect and privation the Jews are essentially a healthy people. If we want our girls to be equally so, we must exercise care and forethought about their food. We should consider individual

taste in the matter. Though it may be, and is, scientifically true that "a fresh herring offers the largest amount of nutriment, for a given sum of money, of any kind of animal food," it would not do to restrict our daughters to an entire diet of such fish. We should soon find that the halfpenny herring, though containing 240 grains of carbon and 36 grains of nitrogen, would cease to nourish. Then again, though beans and lentils may be the richest of all foods in certain constituents, yet a small appetite and weak digestion cannot assimilate enough of them to grow fat thereon. We need common sense so much in catering for our households. Highly seasoned meats are rightly condemned (by thinking housewives) for their growing families. Yet condiments are of extreme value in rendering food more palatable, stimulating a jaded appetite, supplying a necessary substance, and assisting in the due mastication of food. Salt, again, is eagerly sought for by animals and men. The saline earths called "saltlicks" are the greatest attraction to the wild beasts of the desert. Yet, though it immediately stimulates the sense of taste and increases the flow of saliva, we would not condemn our households to a continual course of salted meat. How to give, when to give, why to give, must be learned carefully by every guardian of the King's daughters. In this connection it would be useful to read prayerfully and carefully the fourteenth of Romans. The wisdom of St. Paul is even more in evidence therein than his principle.

I have begun this chapter upon the health of our girls by talking of food, as cookery has a great deal more to do with health than many persons imagine. It has much to do also with their moral and spiritual development, of which more anon. The chief object in cooking food at all is to render it more promotive of good health. Digestion is so much impaired by unskillful handling of meat. Heavy, half-baked bread, cannon balls of boiled puddings; badly made pastry; half fried vegetables, are more than "misfortunes." They are culpable failures, bringing in their train delicate health.

In ordering the menus for our households, we should remember that our bodies need flesh-forming, heat-giving, and mineral matters in the food. All animal food, cheese, eggs, fish, peas, beans, and lentils, strengthen and toughen muscle and bone. Dripping, butter, sugars, treacles, jams, are so much carbon to keep the fire of life alight. Potatoes, all green vegetables, bread and fresh fruits supply potash, soda, iron and phosphates. Now, in different ratios, every girl requires all these constituents in her daily food. But remember, the volatile, active, energetic maiden needs a great amount of both nitrogenous and carbonaceous matter, otherwise her body would quickly wear out. On the other hand, our studious, indolent, peaceful daughter would only accumulate "too solid" and too much flesh if urged to share the quantity of her sister's feasts. Appetite must be regarded and



tastes consulted. It is not from "cussedness" as our American cousins call it that nature dictates beef to one child, mutton to another—fat to Jack Sprat and lean to his wife. It is a wise and intelligent crying out for certain needs required by the structure of two hundred bones, and numerous muscular fibres we call our body. There are miles of thread-like nerves, bundles of tissues, organs of respiration, circulation and digestion, to be kept in order. And "appetite" or "fancy" is one of the masters who tries to provide for this beautifully constructed and perfectly adjusted machine. So we should bow to his dictates and follow his guiding. "Without reproof, by substituting the more excellent way, she secured obedience without seeming to seek for it," has been said of a great mother lately gone to her rest. In a more mundane fashion we can often do the same about food. A thin child will not eat fat. Give her, then, milk, cream, cheese, oil on her salad, butter with her potatoes. More trouble, eh? but with perfectly satisfactory results. Our daughters will grow as the polished corner-stones of the temple—firm, strong, steady, reliable, beautiful.

There are nine things at least wanted to keep the bodies of the King's daughters in health—

(1) Plenty of air, (2) plenty of light, (3) plenty of sleep, (4) plenty of warmth, (5) plenty of food, (6) plenty of exercise, (7) plenty of work, (8) plenty of play, (9) plenty of love.

We have spoken of number five pretty fully. The first and second requisites on our list we can bracket together.

Girls—growing girls—should live almost entirely in the open air. Even when in the house plenty of oxygen should be present pouring in through open windows. The well-fitting window frames and door panels which we insist upon, the "register" fireplaces with their small chimneys, make our modern buildings almost air-tight. Therefore windows must be open day and night if the King's daughters are to be kept healthy. As early in the morning, too, as possible, they should be encouraged to run out of doors. To pick fruit for breakfast, or roses to lay beside mother's plate, or to feed a pet rabbit. Not a long walk, I beg, before the first meal. Nothing is so tiring or injurious for a growing girl. If our daughters are thus much in the open air, they will of necessity get all the sunshine possible in foggy Albion. They will not have blanched faces and anæmic frames. "Where the sun never comes, the doctor does." Do not be afraid of freckles and tan and burn. They are not unbecoming to our young people. Cover the round heads with sensible hats to prevent the sun striking on the brain. Tie a "puggaree," made of a yard or so of plain muslin, round it in the summer to prevent a stroke of heat at the back of the neck. Then send the girlies out without fear. Respiration and digestion imperatively demand fresh air and exercise. Here we come to point 6.

Perhaps, nowadays, there is a tendency to give our girls too much exercise. What with gymnasiums, athletics, bicycles, they are more apt to overdo than to underdo. I consider that every woman-child, until fully grown and developed, needs one hour's rest in the middle

of the day. Spines would less seldom be bowed, shoulders less often round, backs less frequently bent, if our maidens lay down more often. Straight as young poplars, graceful as young birch trees, we should watch them growing up as plants in their youth, full of colour, full of refinement, drinking in sunshine and air through the, I dare not say how many thousand, pores of their bodies. In order to do this thoroughly I would remark, *en passant*, that plenty of water is necessary for the King's daughters. In the East, most scrupulous cleanliness is the rule. All through the sanitary code of Moses, the erstwhile Prince of On, washing is one of the things insisted upon. I once heard a very, very old daughter of the King—yes! really His daughter by faith and trust and adoption—

tepid, and a few of our more exposed rivers. But the little, dark, coffin-shaped bathrooms in most modern dwellings are simply ice-houses! Let Dorothy and Phoebe and Rose take the chill off, and liver, lungs, and heart will thrive. Sweet little King's daughters! We would not condemn you to one pang, one shock, one fear that is unnecessary.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

And what God gives as a good gift, we should see that His daughters enjoy to the full. From pole to pole this gentle thing

should be more cultivated. In the arms of "nature's soft nurse" especially we should place our little girls. A poet author more than 300 years ago—Miguel de Cervantes—recognised the beneficent influence of Ole Luk Loy. "Sleep covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the heat." Yet how little court we pay to the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep" on behalf of our children. How little attractive we make the small white bed and soft pillow. We treat Ole Luk Loy so foolishly. We let our weary little girls set up, thinking they can "make it up" another time. Now, as a matter of fact, the loss of sleep can never be repaid—once lost never regained.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world  
Shall ever medicine thee to that  
sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Nature's debt in this matter is a cumulative one. Every hour spent in repose paves the way for another. Of course there is no strict rule to be laid down. The habit, however, of early to bed should be cultivated. Every child under twelve should be asleep before nine o'clock every night. The bedclothes should be warm but light. Heavy quilts only weary the little frames and put an extra burden on them. One pillow, a pair of soft blankets and a down quilt are all that is necessary for refreshing slumber.

See that your girls lie as straight as possible in bed. In a convent school, where every action is studied and observed, the students lie with hands crossed on the breast. A nun goes round at midnight to see this posture is maintained. One of the pupils has told me how quite unconsciously arms were brought into position just before that inspection. This may sound prudish and absurd to many, but a right principle underlies it. It is quite a natural position too. Strange to say, a wee baby girl with whom I am brought much in contact, always folds her hands on her breast whilst going to sleep. For the King's daughters enjoying His gift it is a beautifully ideal attitude. Do not be in a hurry to wake them in the morning; nature will do so at the proper moment.

In the matter of warmth I think we are not generous as a rule. We light fires in parlour and schoolroom, but send our children to a chilly vault-like sleeping-room very often. I



A MOTHER'S CARE.

object to a thorough cleansing before entering a hospital by saying, "I often heard speak of washing a dead body all over, but never a living one." Now I think our little girls should consider a daily bath just as much a necessity as their daily bread. But NOT a cold one. I believe more harm has been done by the craze for cold water than by omitting the bath altogether!

Delicate, sensitive, shrinking little bodies have been trained to the ordeal of a daily plunge in ice cold water, under the mistaken notion that it was good for them. Gasps of convulsive breathing, sobs from overburdened lungs, hurried beating of an overdriven heart. Who has not experienced such? A glow follows. True, but at what a price it has been obtained. Remember the Oriental bather basks in sun-warmed water. In our northern latitude that is seldom to be met with. The sea is indeed sometimes quite



think many a cold and cough might be nipped in embryo, if a little fire was thought necessary to undress by. The cosy feeling of welcome warmth, the flicker of a cheerful blaze, often makes "going to bed" a pleasure instead of a pain. Chilblains on feet and hands would not so often cripple our girls if flannels were put on hot and toasted, and nightingales even heated moderately before being wrapt round the slight shoulders. I would not call this undue coddling, but simply a husbanding of strength and vital forces for necessary work in life.

Plenty of work and plenty of play are equally necessary for the King's daughters. We all know what too much of the former made Jack. In Denmark alone 29 per cent. of the boys and 41 per cent. of the girls are in a precarious state of health from overwork. It has truly been said that "people anxious to make their daughters attractive could scarcely choose a course more fatal than overpressure. It sacrifices the body to the mind." Yet I assert that our girls ought to be educated as far as the limits of their strength will allow. Instruction is one thing, intellectual waste and overpressure is another thing. "The problem in all educational work is to communicate the

maximum of necessary and ornamental knowledge with the minimum waste of cerebral power in the child." The King's daughters have, in future domestic life, a rôle to play which they can never shirk. One day these children may have to morally and physically educate other children. It is for this function we have to give them the best preparation. In plenty of "work" I would include domestic hygiene and practical pedagogy. This will be, literally, the only knowledge absolutely necessary for our girls. It is, *ipso facto*, the only training so many of the King's daughters fail to get. In a future paper on Home Influence, I hope to enlarge this idea and show how our girls may be trained to be good housewives, good scholars and good women. If we have managed to give them the seven other things, food, warmth, sleep, air, light, exercise, and work in plenty, I think we shall find the King's daughters quite strong enough, quite quick enough, quite healthy enough to get plenty of play for themselves. Why, broom-drill and housekeeping will even be a pleasure! There will, of course, always be a small number of girls too sensitive, too delicate, too studious to make play for themselves. Rout them out, dear fellow-guardians! Invent messages.

Provide means that Fanny and Blanch may skip and jump with her kin. Remember, "no trout is half so shy as a sensitive growing youth or maiden." Encourage independent action and help the children to be happy.

The last requisite is plenty of "love." Of this I shall treat fully in another chapter. "A little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown waywise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation."

With these words from the mouth of a greatly successful mother of King's daughters, I must close this article.

"Let the woman beware," said the Secret One to Manoah of old. So let each one of us remember that loving our girls is part of our work in the world. Not an ornamental fringe, but the very web and woof of life. It is our duty to give our children an environment of loving sympathy. "Cursed be he that doeth this work of the Lord negligently, deceitfully, carelessly or heedlessly" (Jer. xviii 10. marg.)

(To be continued.)



## COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."\*

### FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY.

#### "WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME."

I AM a real stay-at home girl, for though I am 18 years of age, I have never been to school in my life. I am an only child and have always been taught by my mother, but have taken music lessons from a master. Until I was 17, my studies took up most of my time, but now I am free to do other things. My life is a very busy and happy one, & I have no desire to leave my home, unless of course I should have to earn my own living. I have a great many pets—a beautiful pony; a dog; parrots, & canaries—and my first morning duties are to feed and attend to them all.

I am my own groom & I quite enjoy putting my pony through his morning toilet, & he knows me so well that he will let no one else touch him with the brush or comb. Grooming a horse is splendid exercise & on a frosty morning there is nothing better for sending a delightful glow over one's whole body. If I wish to ride I just saddle up & go off for a good gallop.

After my family is put right for the day, there are the pot plants & garden to be watered, & the flowers cut for the dining & drawing rooms. Arranging flowers is a very fascinating occupation, & I generally spend a good hour over it. I take a great interest in the garden & have my own particular beds to plant & keep tidy. I sow & plant out all the annuals each year, & I sincerely pity the girl who does not know the delight of gathering flowers she has grown herself. Medicus advises girls to garden if they wish to be happy & healthy, & I am sure that if more followed his sensible advice, there would be fewer nervous & lazy girls in the world.

I am very fond of writing,—both stories & letters—and I am a reporter for several papers

and magazines. I also belong to a literary society & have correspondents in Scotland, America, Germany & New South Wales. My one ambition is to be an authoress, but though I have hitherto been very successful in getting short tales &c. published, I shall have to work very hard before I think of writing even a child's book.

I generally write for an hour or two in the morning & again at night.

I like to practise my music in the early part of the day, for one seems so much fresher than in the afternoon.

I mend & sort all the stockings & then perhaps do some plain or fancy sewing until lunch time. On busy days I arrange the table for lunch, & take the pot plants into the hall & drawing room. Cooking is also another of my hobbies & I delight in trying all sorts of new dishes. I make the cakes for afternoon tea & for any little party or musical evening we have.

About a dozen young friends, including myself, have formed a tennis club, & we play on our court every Saturday afternoon. One of our club rules is that we girl members must take turns to make the cakes for coffee each week. Of course there is much good natured rivalry & it is splendid practice for us, especially as we have to bake for half a dozen hungry boys.

Next year I am to attend cookery and dressmaking classes, for though I may never have to earn my own living it is well that I should be able to if necessary.

Friday is my busiest day, for besides doing little odds & ends in the house, I always make a point of giving all my bird cages a thorough cleaning & my pony an extra rubbing. I spend part of the morning in the kitchen, & in the afternoon I have to hose,

sweep & mark the tennis court for next day's play. It may seem strange for a girl to do these things, but we have such a splendid climate, that most girls would rather do a boy's work in the open air I think, than sit & sew in stuffy rooms.

I read a great deal, especially in summer when the heat keeps us indoors until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I read mostly history & books of travel, but I think my favourite men writers are Sir Walter Scott & Charles Dickens.

"The Girl's Own Paper" has helped me in different ways many a time & I just love it.

My Sundays are spent very quietly and happily. In the morning mother & I go to church, but as our church is rather far away, we spend our Sunday evenings at home. The afternoon I spend in reading, & practising my sacred music.

My literary friends & I have rather a novel way of amusing ourselves. For instance,—I write part of a story & then send it on for a friend to conclude. The result is really very interesting & instructive, for different people have such different ideas. I am fortunate to know two clever young authors, & a letter from either of them is a lesson in itself.

To some girls, my life may seem very quiet & humdrum, but I would not change it for that of the average society young lady who is afraid to soil her hands by the lightest work.

I do not care for dancing, so when we have no visitors, I generally spend my evenings with my pen, books & music.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Alice Margaret Dunn  
Fortitude Valley  
Brisbane  
Queensland.

\* These compositions are printed exactly as written by the prize-winners.—Ed.



## WON!

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

A GLITTERING sea and a flashing sky,  
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!  
As the boat leaps out at the bugle cry,  
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!  
"The price of my hand," the maiden cried,  
"Is my Father—free—ere the new moon's tide."

A low-lying plain, and a blood-red field,  
Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!  
Where the strong men die, but will never yield,  
Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!  
"The price of thy life," the victor cried,  
"Is a captive's life, ere the morrow's tide."

A moonlit sea and a cloudless sky,  
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!  
And the maiden watched from her turret high,  
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!  
The grey-haired chieftain was by her side,  
And the lover had come to claim his bride.



## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART III.  
IN HEALTH.

IN my last article on our care of the King's daughters in health, I laid down some broad and general rules. There are, however, many details which could not be included in that paper for lack of space. To-day, I would add a little on the care of the hair, eyes, ears, teeth and nails of our children. We will begin with that glory and crown of budding womanhood—the hair (1 Cor. xi. 15). It is almost strange how much is said about this "cellular filament" (as a dictionary defines it) in the Bible. The Hebrews were certainly fully alive to the importance of the hair as an element of personal beauty. Baldness was one of the disqualifications for the priesthood (Lev. xxi. 20), and cutting the hair was a mark of affliction (Jer. vii. 29). It would be interesting to enter into the history of braided, curled, and perfumed locks, but perhaps out of place in this series. So I will content myself with a few hints as to its management. Absolute cleanliness of scalp and head is always necessary. At least once a week, school-girls should have it washed. The yolk of an egg well beaten up, and applied to the roots with a soft brush or flannel is a nice cleanser and keeps the "amber dropping" tints we so admire in childhood. Well wash it off in soft warm water, and the hair will never be rough or harsh to the touch. A few drops of ammonia will soften hard water sufficiently to use, but rain water collected in clean vats and tanks is infinitely better. I italicise clean as some people seem to think that all soft water

must be pure. To wash children's heads in muddy surface water is worse than useless. Strain it, if rain has not fallen for some time. Dry the damp hair by brushing gently in a circular fashion, encouraging the dank locks to separate and fall into tendrils. Every day the girl's hair should be brushed for, at least, ten minutes. There is an improper as well as a proper way of doing this. Who does not remember the hard scrubs of a brush wielded by an energetic but unscientific nurse? Compare that method of torture with the soothing effect produced by a professional coiffeur. The brush should be placed gently on the scalp, then drawn equally gently through the whole length of the hair. In this way the oily substance contained in the root gland is pressed through the hollow stem, brightening and feeding and nourishing each filament. In dressing the hair, may I plead for a due exhibition of the starlike brow of childhood? A long fringe cut over the forehead and hanging to the brow is well called the "idiot bang." It stamps a child with a stupidity not given her by nature. It altogether disguises the open look we so value in the innocent bairns. To cut short the hair of the King's daughters is another injustice to them. It may save trouble, and in cases of infectious disease is necessary; but it is really wrong to have them so shorn, when longer hair acts both as a veil and a crown.

The care of the eye is one but little understood. It is one of the most delicate organs of the body. Fortunately too, it is one of the strongest, otherwise how often would young girls suffer. Sent out in bright glare in

bonnets that do not shelter optic nerves in the least; made to read and write with gas-light falling on the face. Allowed to strain sight by working after dusk. Such are some of the every-day habits we see round us. Let us see to it, that hat brims cover the brown, blue or grey eyes of the King's daughters; that light falls over the shoulder, on to desk and book. That the twilight hour is spent in loving converse rather than in manual labour.

One cannot but notice how much more frequently spectacled youth is seen nowadays than it used to be. Even board school babies look solemn-wise in prepared glasses. It has been proved that position at desk and on form is the reason of this strained sight. Prevention is better than cure. *Verbum sap.* The eyes should daily be bathed—not rubbed over—with cold water. They should be carefully dried, and the eyelashes smoothed outwards; that ridge of protecting bone called the eyebrow should also have its arch of hairs carefully trained to go in one direction, not dried anyhow and left in the rough.

The care of the ear is an important thing. It is not until one has experienced sorrowful trouble in tending a sore ear that one realises how important. Every morning a little girl's ears should be gently washed with good soap and warm water. Every hollow of the curious modelling should be attended to. Then carefully dried with a very soft towel or handkerchief. The wisped up end of a cloth forced into the opening of the auditory canal has often done much damage. If a slight accumulation of wax renders any such treatment necessary, drop a little warm oil into the



orifice at night and syringe out the ear carefully in the morning. Never let a servant do this. Injudicious syringing and probing has led to permanent deafness before this.

The care of the teeth is fortunately occupying more of public attention than it used to do. Our maidens should be encouraged to use a tooth-brush not only at night and in the morning, but after every meal at which animal food has been partaken of. Powder on the brush twice a day is quite sufficient; pure clean water should be used at other times; soap is apt to soften the gums and make them spongy. The tooth-brush should be renewed every month. How often do we see it used until the bristles fall out.

The state of the hands is perhaps one of the greatest indications of our care of the King's daughters; ragged hang-nails, invisible crescents, harsh palms, digits in "mourning." How unsightly are they. Yet a little care will obviate all this. Do not think it extravagant to let our girlies use the best of soap. Give them soft rain water and moderately hard towels. Let every washstand contain a nail-brush, a bag of oatmeal, a tin of borax, and a pair of scissors. See that they are used every day. Biting the nails should be severely discouraged. It implies lack of self-control, and

is almost a moral fault. Besides, it is always a sign, and often a cause of ill-health. Reflex, very, in its action, is this ugly habit. It is said by the unthinking to be a mark of ill-temper. But we know now that the black dog is only visible when there is a derangement in health. If May or Sophie bite their nails let them be examined by a doctor and put to rights. This will be a more certain cure than anointing finger-tips with aloe and mustard, or tying up hands in gloves. About the said gloves, I think little brown "puds" are not at all ugly, and should advise our girls not to be compelled to wear them. A white hand is a pretty thing, but a far more beautiful thing is the hand a little roughened by work for others. A palm scorched a little from cooking for others, a forefinger pricked a little by sewing for others. Still, a child's hand is such a marvellously beautiful creation that it should be scrupulously looked after and kept.

The voice is another function that we should train in the King's daughters. It must never be heard in the discordant scream of passion. We should accustom ourselves to speak gently, and in a low tone at all times. The shrill squeak, trying to out-talk others, should not be allowed in our homes. It was once said of one whose voice was but the echo

of a gentle nature—"To hear him say your name is a lesson in acoustics."

Perhaps I cannot close this very short article better than by quoting some couplets left us by Frances Havergal. They raise the whole subject into a higher realm than that of mere physical care and culture.

"Keep my hands, that they may move  
At the impulse of Thy love.  
Keep my feet, that they may be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.  
Keep my voice, that I may sing  
Always, only, for my King.  
Keep myself, that I may be  
Ever, only, all for Thee."

Put "their" in place of the first personal pronoun, and we have a prayer which raises these "little things on little wings to Heaven."

This paper has been taken up with apparently trivial subjects. But across it I would fain write a motto in letters of crimson and blue and gold. A motto which has often been a help to me when spending time over just such trifling details.

"A little thing is a little thing,  
But faithfulness in little things  
Is a very great thing."

## SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.



THREE years had passed away since Lettice Bertrand had bidden farewell to her North-

ern home and accompanied Miss Carr to London, but there was little sign of change in the big drawing-room at Kensington or in the mistress herself, as she sat reading a magazine by the

window one sunny June afternoon. When the purse is well-lined it is easy to prevent signs of age so far as furniture and decorations are concerned, while the lapse of three years makes little difference in the appearance of a lady who has long passed middle age. Miss Carr looked very contented and comfortable as she lay back against the cushions of her easy chair, so comfortable that she groaned with annoyance as the servant came forward to announce a visitor, and the frown did not diminish when she heard the name.

"Oh, ask Mr. Newcome to come up, Baker! I will see him here." The man disappeared, and she threw down the magazine with an exclamation of disgust. "That stolid young man! How I shall have to listen to improving anecdotes for the next half-hour. Why in the world need he inflict himself upon me?"

The next moment the door opened

and the "'stolid' young man" stood before her. So far as appearance went however, the description was misleading, for Arthur Newcome was tall and handsome, with yellow hair, a good moustache, and strong, well-set up figure. He came forward and shook hands with Miss Carr in a quick, nervous fashion, which was so unlike his usual, stolid demeanour, that the good lady stared at him in amazement.

"He is actually animated! I always said that it would take a convulsion of nature to rouse him from his deadly propriety, but upon my word he looks excited. What can have happened?"

The laws of propriety do not always permit us to ask the questions nearest our hearts, however, and Miss Carr was obliged to content herself with common-places.

"It is a beautiful day. I suppose Madge got home safely last night? She isn't too tired after the picnic, I hope!"

"A little fatigued, I believe, but no doubt she will have recovered before evening. She is apt to get excited on these occasions and to exert herself unduly."

"Nobody can say the same of you, more's the pity," was Miss Carr's mental comment. "Madge rows very well, and the exercise will do her no harm," she said shortly, and relapsed into determined silence. "I suppose he has something to say, some message for Lettice most likely; better let him say it and take himself off as soon as possible," was her hospitable reflection; but Mr. Newcome sat twirling his hat and studying the pattern of the carpet in embarrassed silence.

Three times over did he clear his

throat and open his lips to speak, before he got the length of words.

"Miss Carr, I—er, I feel that I am—er—that you may be—I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness, and can only rely on your kind generosity and assure you of my deep, and sincere—"

"What in the name of all that is mysterious is the man driving at?" asked Miss Carr of herself; but she sat bolt upright in her seat, with a flush on her cheeks and a pang of vague, indefinite fear at her heart.

"My dear Mr. Newcome, speak plainly if you please! I cannot follow your meaning. In what respect are you a claimant for my generosity?"

"In respect of what is the most important question of my life," replied Mr. Newcome, recovering his self-possession at last, and looking her full in the face, in what she was obliged to confess was a very manly fashion, "In respect to my love for your ward, Miss Bertrand, and my desire to have your consent to our engagement, to ratify her own promise."

"Her own promise! Your engagement! Lettice? Do you mean to tell me that you have proposed to Lettice and that she has accepted you?"

"I am happy to say that is my meaning. I had intended to consult you in the first instance, but yesterday, on the river, we were together, and I—I—"

He stopped short with a smile of tender recollection, and Miss Carr sat gazing at him in consternation.

Arthur Newcome had proposed to Lettice, and Lettice had accepted him. The thing was incomprehensible! The girl had showed not the slightest signs of preference, had seemed as gay and



to boys, also militates against the progress of women gifted with musical genius; but, in the opening of the doors of several of the universities mentioned above, some few years ago, with equal privilege of graduateship in all faculties, to female as to male candidates, the chances of qualification in every branch of art are becoming more equalised for the sexes.

We regret to say that the old-world disbelief in the professional woman musician is not quite yet a thing of the past; witness the fact that many parents still consider a few "finishing" lessons from a fashionable "master," no matter how indifferent or careless he be, a necessary completion of the musical education of their daughters. Still more flagrant and unreasonable also is the prejudice, unhappily indulged in by many from whom we look for more generous sentiments, that often debars the thoroughly trained woman organist from having as good a chance of a fitting church appointment as her more fortunate brother performer; in which connection we would merely say that from her innate devotional nature, her inherent power of child-training, and notably her tact in the avoiding and quelling of the only too frequent "choir jealousies," there is no presence so apt and influential in the organ

loft as the earnest, devoted and fully-qualified choir-mistress.

There is no doubt, however, that a just appreciation of women's work in the sphere of the professional musician is only a matter of a few more decades; and meanwhile the conferring of musical degrees upon them by the universities has even now given those few who have already utilised the privilege a status that it is impossible to dispute; and it is with a view to encourage more girls to avail themselves of university distinctions that the writer, who may claim some experience in the matter, would hereupon urge all of her sex so disposed (and especially should it be the case with those who wish to fulfil high and responsible positions in the musical world) to qualify for a University Degree in Music.

It may be desirable to mention that, in the matter of examination fees, the expenses range from £10 to £30 or £40 at the different universities, but these do not cover the necessary expenses of preparation, the purchase of books, etc. However, with care and economy, especially with the facilities granted to students by our public libraries and *conservatoires*, and the number and variety of classical concerts held yearly at popular prices, the

amount of money to be spent upon a musical education need not fall too heavily upon a limited income. A little self-denial in the matter of dress, and perhaps the giving up, during the period of study, of even a few of the amusements and distractions over which we often spend more time and money than we are aware of, will soon provide funds for the comparatively small outlay which is involved by entrance upon a collegiate career.

The amount of space already occupied by the present article precludes the possibility of giving some hints as to plans of study in preparation for a university course; but perhaps at some future time there may be opportunity of treating this matter fully. The main point to be borne in mind in connection with musical, as with all other work is that courage and perseverance, with a worthy and lofty aim in view, are bound to succeed in the end, whatever be the nature of the task or the difficulties to be overcome.

Given, however, the capacity for endeavour and the determination to do nothing short of one's best, excellent results must ensue, especially if all work is undertaken, not so much in order to gratify personal ambition, as to utilise to the utmost those gifts which come to us from the Giver of all good things.



## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

### PART IV. IN SICKNESS.

In a former series of papers I gave advice of how to treat our girlies in the infantile dangers that beset their earliest years. Croup, convulsions, dysentery and thrush were fully treated of in June 1897. This month we go a little further and encounter greater lions still. At the door of the beautiful ivory palace of health, however, stands one "Watchful." He calls to every guardian of the King's daughters, as he cried to the pilgrim of old, "Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee." Yet, though we may be well assured that no good thing will be holden from us and our children, yet sickness is "a very narrow passage" indeed. There is sometimes room "to turn neither to the right hand nor the left." Well for us if our eyes are open enough to see that the Angel of the Lord is standing here, and can bow our heads resignedly (Num. 22). The lions too only guard the Palace Beautiful—the Palace Beautiful of health or the beautiful abiding place of death.

Perhaps of all the childish diseases we dread

most, whooping cough stands pre-eminent. I have been told by one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day, that where other sicknesses slay their thousands, this giant slays its ten thousands. It must at all times be looked upon as a serious disease. The slightest attack of it must be a source of uneasiness to the friends of children. The insidious nature of its approach; the duration of its visit, make it one of the most dreaded scourges of young life.

I am not going to enter into a diagnosis of whooping cough. Any medical book will tell us far better how to recognise and deal with it than I can do; but I do want to warn all readers of these papers never to trifle with this disease. "Only whooping cough" is the bewraying expression of one utterly ignorant of its effects on delicate nervous childhood. The complications are so numerous. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, convulsions, tubercular disease and diphtheritic croup, are often set up and established during the course of this disease. We should, therefore, watch minutely for any wheezing, any heat of the mouth, any spasmodic movements of face and head, any enlargement of brow and forehead, any sore throat. A good doctor should be in charge of every case of even simple pertussis. The disorder is now considered to be almost

purely a nervous one. The whole nerve centres are deeply involved. Any sudden rebuke, sudden or rapid movement; anything which irritates the child, is sure to bring on a fit of that brazen, terrible, convulsive coughing. So we should be very tender with our little girls during the weeks and months this disease may last, soothing them more with caresses and encouragement than by giving them any of the quack medicines advertised as specific in this illness. Chloral, chloroform, chlorodyne, opium, are all more or less skillfully employed in calming the paroxysms of whooping. They should only be given, however, by qualified practitioners. All mothers can do, is to bind flannel round the upper part of the sufferer's chest, to rub back and spine every night and morning, to quiet and calm the child, and to see she has plenty of digestible, nourishing food. It is in the sequela we women can help our daughters so much. Their liability to fall into bad states of health after whooping cough must never be lost sight of, and we should surround them with every hygienic arrangement. Tidman's salt in their daily tub, if a sojourn at the seaside is impossible. Plenty of milk and cream if staying in a farmhouse cannot be arranged. Out-of-door exercise if we cannot take them to live for a while in pinewoods or on a hillside.



There are more old women's nostrums for whooping cough than for any other disease. In Ireland any man riding a piebald horse can be stopped and asked what is good for the chin cough. He is supposed always to give an inspired answer. One owner I knew, always replied to the question by giving the short formula, "Patience and water gruel." In my great-grandmother's recipe book the following prescription finds a place: "Take one tablespoonful of honey, one of good rum, and half a one of spirits of turpentine. Mix them and rub the backbone occasionally." The stimulating properties of rum and turpentine no doubt often produced much counter-irritation, but I pity the patient.

We must remember that whooping cough is most infectious, and no doctor will give a written certificate of exemption under nine months. I have proved this in my own family. The younger a child gets pertussis, the more danger to the child. After six years of age the glottis and trachea increase in size, and there is less danger of suffocation in a paroxysm or by croup.

Another of the lions we would fain chain by watchfulness is measles. Make a flannel bag out of an old blanket, and pop the patient into this when a pinky red eruption shows what is the matter; tie round the neck—arms in—and you will have a bundle to laugh at, but also a bundle that can get no chill. Suppressed measles are responsible for so many things, and to keep arms covered helps the rash to come out thoroughly.

In caring for the King's daughters, I think we should always seek a medical man's aid. "The gifts of healing" are still entrusted to those who have made medicine their study. I would never advocate a mother treating disease by herself; but a mother should understand symptoms.

If parents were better informed, many children's lives would be spared, much suffering averted, and much sorrow saved. Knowing a little about the seriousness of disease, we should enter more readily into the plans and views of our medical adviser. "Sickness is always a fight between life and death," and in this battle, obedience, promptitude and patience are our best aids. The treatment of ailments in the present day does not consist merely in the dosing with drugs.

We understand now the importance of surrounding the King's daughters with arrangements that help nature in the struggle with disease, and to call art and science to the assistance of nature.

Nursing is essentially a practical matter. There is little theory in it. Experience—one ounce of it—is worth a peck of speculation. There are, of course, a few broad rules that apply to nearly every case of illness. Ventilation, for one thing, is as necessary in measles and bronchitis as in scarlet fever and asthma. Miss Nightingale says, "The very first care of nursing, and the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed; the first essential to the patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which, I had almost said, you may leave all the rest alone, is this: to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air without chilling him." A sick room should have no improper, close smell in it. Air from outside—not from inside—should be admitted freely, though in measles a small fire in the grate is necessary (and it should be a brisk little one with bright jets of flames, not a sluggish cinder and slack bed). The window should be open a "teenty weeny" bit even in winter. About 60° Fahrenheit is the proper temperature to be maintained, and a thermometer in the sick room to insure this is a necessity. Remember that early in the morning—twixt night and dawn—is the time our patient may get a chill and drive in any eruption. Make

up your fire then, rather than close the window. Do it quickly and decidedly, not fidgeting gently and timidly with one bit of coal after another, and so irritating your patient by dawdling; but even at the risk of half a minute's noise rake out the lower bar and pile on fuel.

Light is another necessity. In measles, of course, eyes are often affected and too weak to stand a glare, but in most cases of sickness the bedroom should not be unnecessarily darkened. Under the influence of sunlight nutrition is more active, and that is what we need, is it not? in all cases of illness. At night a small light should be burned, but behind a screen. Nature herself shows us how necessary darkness is to repose and rest. "Discretion" is still a welcome resident in the Ivory Palace, and in the matter of light and darkness should be carefully consulted.

"Prudence" too, will counsel isolation in all cases of eruptive disorders. Measles is so infectious that it sometimes seems useless to try and prevent them. But no guardian of the King's daughters is justified in running any risks. Mistrust and Timorous ran away from the lions. But Discretion, Prudence and Watchful kept guard over them. He that runs may read.

Scarlet fever is a third roaring and raging enemy that may block the path of the King's daughters. I am thankful to say I have never had to nurse it in my own family. It is one of the most fatal diseases to which our girlies are liable. The mortality from it is really terrible. I am told that the present day treatment differs *in toto* from the old-fashioned one. Plenty of iced drinks, daily sponging with vinegar and water, preventing desquamation of cuticle by oiling frequently. Constantly changing linen, instead of heaping on bed-clothes, giving hot beverages, wrapping in flannel, and otherwise aggravating all feverish symptoms. Immense care is necessary to prevent the spread of this most "contagious blastment" as Shakespeare terms this and other youthful disorders. Saucers of carbolic and water should stand about the room. A sheet dipped in Condy's fluid, or a weak solution of permanganate of potash should hang before the bedroom door. Every utensil used should be removed only in a bath of disinfectants. Bed and body linen should be soaked in the same.

But, there is no disinfectant like the pure air of heaven. "This should be allowed to permeate and circulate through the apartment and through the house. Air, air, air, is the best curative and preventative of scarlet fever in the world." Yet air must be admitted scientifically so as not to chill the patient; also all draught must be avoided.

After a case of any such infectious disease, a notification to the sanitary officer of the district will be followed by thorough disinfection at the minimum cost. If this is not done a sulphur candle should be bought. They cost about 1s. 3d. each, and are simply blocks of prepared sulphur with a wick attached. After closing and stopping with rags or paper every window and door, blocking up every chimney, and spreading out everything that has been in the way of infection, place the candle in a tin trough, and set it on fire. After twenty-four hours open the door. You will be convinced that no microcosm could exist in such an atmosphere. Every germ must be killed, and you will be right. Brasses may be dim; down quilts odoriferous; bed-blankets smelling strongly; picture frames spoiled—but, a clean bill of health can be given to that room without fear. If a trained nurse has helped in the care of the King's daughters during the illness, it is her business to then disinfect the chamber. For the sake of others as well as ourselves, we should be very careful about not spreading infection.

"In honour preferring one another," is a good motto for the travelling, bustling, hurrying work-a-day world. No guardian of the King's daughters should allow them to go by bus or tram or rail until a clean bill of health is theirs. Other people's children are somebody's darlings. To expose them to infection is a cruel wrong. We should be scrupulous in all these things. Do we unto others as we would wish they should do unto us.

Nervous disorders, such as St Vitus' dance, are very apt to attack girls between eight and twelve. A sudden fright should always be deprecated. I knew of one child who nearly lost her life from the state of physical nervousness induced by a frog being thrown at her. Another who suffered from St Vitus' for months, and on inquiry, the disease dated from the purchase of a jointed snake held in terrorism over her by a mischievous brother. We must remember that great and sad results often follow from trivial causes. A toy in some cases may become an instrument of torture; a shadow; a sound. We must watch our girlies and shield them from anything which seems to upset them.

Mother's arms should always be open. Her bosom their refuge. We must also realise that a false delicacy often stands in the way of a little girl mentioning ailments. A false delicacy which we ourselves have fostered by strained ideas of maidenliness. It was unauthorised knowledge made Adam and Eve know they were naked. True modesty consists in being pure. Society demands restrictions and coverings and shame. Twixt mother and child such a thing should be unknown. Our sweet, beautiful, women-children, should know no shame. God has made them goodly and fair. Every function of their bodies are part of His great scheme. I can not write more definitely of what I mean—guardians of the King's daughters will understand.

Perhaps I can not do better than close this article by giving a short list of things useful to be kept in medicine chest or drawer. Amongst the things most likely to be useful are, a two ounce bottle of castor oil, a similar one of ipecacuanha wine, well corked and sealed. (Hippo wine soon loses its power on exposure to air. When it looks muddy and deposits a sediment it is useless.) This should often be replaced. A bottle of tincture of arnica. This is for bruises; but in dealing with it one requires to know that arnica should never be rubbed on an open wound. Erysipelas may and frequently will ensue.

In no popular book on domestic medicine have I seen this warning given.

One pint bottle of linseed oil and lime water in equal proportions. This is called green oil and is useful in cases of burns and scalds. Pour on the surface at once and it excludes air from the inflamed tissues.

A pound tin of linseed. Keep this in a tin or the useful ingredients in it will soon dry out. This is for poultices. A quarter pound tin of mustard, for the "plaster" so often called for. A little sticking plaster and gold-beater's skin for cuts. A roll of old linen for bandages, another of flannel for a compress. Scissors. A few bottles of the homœopathic preparations of—(1) aconite, for use in feverishness; (2) camphor, for "backening" a cold; (3) nux vomica, for an attack of indigestion or constipation; (4) belladonna, for a relaxed throat; (5) spongia, for croupy coughs. Also an enema apparatus; a bottle of strong smelling salts; a little old brandy, and a roll of cotton wool.

With this outfit we can meet the few stray lions that may prowl about unchained in the narrow way before the palace of health. Pack each of them in place with prayer. Lock them up with a promise, and you will calmly meet the accidents of life.



were very fond of her. Her husband, although he had not been in love when he married her, grew more attached to her every year, and Beattie, who was not given to analysing people or to weighing their virtues and failings in the balance, looked upon Aunt Ella almost as if she had been her mother, and gave her the affection she could not bestow upon the parent she could scarcely remember.

There were times when the girl realised that the relationship they bore to one another was not exactly that of mother and daughter, and these times were generally when she saw Edith or Margaret in their homes; but she knew that even mothers and daughters are not always in sympathy, and Aunt Ella was never unkind and not often even irritable. Moreover, up to the present Beattie had never had to rely on her for companionship or society; and she herself was undeveloped. Aunt Ella's childishness was not uncongenial to the child.

Up in the nursery Beattie played quite happily with little Eva, quite unaware that her future was the subject of discussion to the ladies in the drawing-room. She was summoned before very long to join them.

"Then I shall see you on Tuesday, Beattie," said Mrs. Gilman. "Come about eight, dear. I am so glad Mrs.

Swannington will spare you to us. I will take great care of her," she said laughing to her aunt. And neither lady had any idea that this casual visit would in any way affect Mrs. Swannington's plans, or Beattie's life.

"Mrs. Gilman," said Aunt Ella, as they walked away from the house, "would be nowhere in society if it were not for her husband. They know nice people and she makes a photographic exhibition of them in her drawing-room that others may see it. But it is Mr. Gilman who attracts them. I noticed her to-day. She is painfully thin; her manners are not distinguished and her colouring is insipid. Your ordinary respectable Englishwoman how she is a bore. Come now, we must hurry, or your uncle will be home before we are back."

Mrs. Swannington always made a point of being at home when her husband returned. She was there to welcome him, uniformly amiable, and full of the gossip of the day or little items of personal interest which would beguile him for the short interval till the dressing-bell rang. She was certainly a model for many cleverer and more attractive women in the way in which she studied her husband in little things. It is true she had abundant leisure and no other claims on her time, but still she did arrange her life by his, and if she spoilt

him at any rate she was not the loser. She made herself necessary to him, kept her best side for him, and made his home-coming cheerful.

The shopping was accomplished somewhat quicker than usual with the desire to get back in Mrs. Swannington's mind, and Beattie found herself the possessor of a very pretty tailor-made costume. She was what is called "stock size" and could wear ready-made garments with very little alteration, an impossibility with Mrs. Swannington, whose figure, as the young ladies in the shops always assured her consolingly was so very uncommon. Some chiffon was also purchased to freshen up one of Beattie's simple evening dresses for Tuesday evening.

"Generally," said Mrs. Swannington by way of comment, "girls of your age look so dowdy on an evening. One realises that no new evening-dresses are bought because they are on the verge of coming out, and so they are put into limp and faded garments which they have out-grown. But you may be thankful, Beattie, to have about you someone who never allows you to look at a disadvantage. I am determined, my child, that whatever faults people find with you in the future, no one shall accuse you of being dressed without taste. It would truly break my heart."

(To be continued.)

## "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

### PART V. HOME INFLUENCE.

"Instruction is given in the school. Education takes place in the home. The masters are the mothers."



T seems strange for the Christian writer, of a Christian paper, treating of a Christian home, to begin the article by a quotation from an Agnostic source. But Renan has hit the nail so straight on the head that I venture to cull the thought. "Home influence" is the one that moulds life for time and eternity. We read a great deal about "heredity" these days. Perhaps if we gave

more thought to environment it might be better.

In order that flowers of faith, and hope, and obedience, may flourish we should surround our children with the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation. The sunshine of affection should permeate every chamber of the hearts entrusted to our guidance. Our muggy, foggy climate is answerable for much of the discontent and peevishness seen in the school-room. If this is true—and Mrs. Fry has left it on record—how much more depressing must be a morally foggy one! As a shining light

should be the path of the King's daughters. The light of reason should be shown them. The light of truth used as a lantern for their feet. "Home influence"—what a vast vista it opens to our view! And what a number of different things it involves. Myrrh, aloes and cassia, as well as wrought gold! Not only an anointing with the oil of gladness, but with a holy unguent made from thorny, ragged-looking myrrh bushes, red, sweet-smelling cedar, and rough outer cinnamon bark.

Our hands, dear fellow-guardians, need to be wise and skilful in order that the garments of the King's daughters may possess the perfume distilled from the bitter drugs. "In the inner part of the palace" (true rendering of Psalms xlv. 9) our daughters are secluded in their youth for us to weave their garments with unwrought gold (Rev. Ver.), and to adorn their vesture with needlework. The laws of the nursery and fireside are omnipotent. "Fatal for weal or woe the atmosphere of the home."

If my remarks upon the subject seem disjointed, it is because there is so much to be said, and so short the space to say it in. Just as the thoughts strike me so I jot them down.

First of all religion should not only be made a Sabbath garment, it should be the work-a-day attire in our homes all the year round. Daily family prayer should be as seldom missed as daily family food. A habit of spending a few minutes alone with God should also be established. "Grace" may be asked by any child in turn and thanks returned. Reverence in these matters is most necessary too. Do not mix up the Bible with *débris* of breakfast and supper. Let it stand

on a lectern of its own and bid the reader stand to read therefrom. Wherever possible conduct a little solemn service. These gatherings, carefully and reverently planned as part of the day's programme, will never be forgotten. Like the blue overshadowing wings of the ibis on the mud banks of the Nile they will carry an ever recurring witness to the presence of God in the home. When our girls go into other homes there will be no slurring of the great functions of prayer and praise. Golden bells and sweet pomegranates will be daily heard and seen in their new abiding places.

On Sundays, going to church should be the happiest part of the happiest day in the week. No criticism should be permitted, only a general feeling that all are glad when we say, Let us go unto the house of the Lord. Home education should be directed to this end. To convince our children that they are capable of good and incapable of evil. In time, with the strong recurring power of habit, this will render them actually so. It is often enough to tell young people, that we assume this or that good quality in them, to induce them to exert themselves to justify that opinion. This is as true as its reverse, "Give a dog a bad name," etc.

A French writer on heredity and environment has said: "The art of managing the young consists, before anything else, in assuming them to be as good as they wish to be." (This is "suggestion" in its primary sense.) Pascal writes, "By dint of frequently asserting that a man is a fool we make him so." To assert a child is wicked, or indifferent, is not the way to make her affectionate or good. Encouragement is so necessary. The



happy child is beautiful, loving, lovable, spontaneous, open and sincere. Of a truly great mother it is recorded by her daughter, "She never expected us to be bad children. She always expected us to do well, and after her long and beautiful life, when she was sitting in sunshine, calm and sweet at eighty-seven years of age, she said to one when asked what she would have done differently as a mother if she had to live her life over again: 'I should blame less and praise more.'" If these words "Blame less, praise more" were illumined on the ivory walls of the palaces in which the King's daughters are reared, how good it would be!

Under them another couplet might run—

"Two men looked out from their prison bars,  
One saw the mud. The other the stars."

Well for the mother who always sees the stars! The kingdom of heaven is brought very near her girls. One successful guardian told me years ago, when I was starting the small nursery full of children God gave me, "Don't them as little as you can."

In the question of housework each teacher must decide for herself. Personally, I think those girls who show no aptitude for it might be excused. We wish our girls to come to their best. Physically, mentally and morally. Housework is surely subordinate to that intention sometimes? But homely duties may be made most interesting to our little girls. Take the ten-year-old girlie into the dairy with you. Let her learn at what temperature cream will "come" to butter. Show her why the handle of a churn is best turned slowly and regularly. Point out the broken air bubbles to her. Let her wash the crumbs of "oleaginous compound," salt them, and make them up into the pats so dear to the little heart.

"Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them," and we must try to train in every way until we find the real bent of our children's mind. From the dairy promote to kitchen and store room. Let the tiny, busy, eager hands make a pastry "bill" or loaf of yeast bread. Tell her why turnips are peeled thickly and potatoes thinly. Explain the *raison d'être* of frying, roasting and boiling. Let raisins speak of sunny vineyards in Italy, rice of Indian paddy fields, lentils of mud banks in ancient Egypt, spices of Eastern lands. Let it all be a part of education, not a something grudgingly taken from play hours. Explain the science of cleansing clothes with a due proportion of soda and soap and alkalis. Then let her keep Alexandrina Ann in clean garments. Put a needle in her hand and tell her of the nine others through which it has to pass before it is ready for her use. Let her make something small and useful for daddy or brothers. Do not weary her with seam and gusset and band. Join in "broom drill" with her or let nurse do so, making a frolic of turning mattresses and hunting the peripatetic spider. Mount her on a chair and bid her examine the beautiful web in which "Mr. Fly" is entangled. Then let her try to make something "just as good." She is sure to be ready to do so. Compare her clumsy "ropes" to the gossamer filaments of the weaver and she will lose all fear of such creepy crawleys. Teach her tenderness toward every little flower and chirping bird by the same means, leading her thoughts from the creation to the grand, wonderful, beautiful scheme of the Creator.

But now we come to a more difficult point in home influence—moral training. In one of the too little used collects in our church service we pray that "we may constantly speak the truth and boldly rebuke vice." Yet how difficult it is to be John Baptist in our own homes. We love our little ones so dearly that we are apt to be blind to their faults. But sulkiness, ill-temper, greed, covetousness, deceit, still hold sway in our households.

The seeds are there, what must we do? Have you ever stood amongst the Cotswold Hills and held the source of the Thames in your palm? All around is spread a beautiful panorama of heather and bedstraw, bog-cotton, ragweed and golden moss. Cloud pictures chase each other over "the terrible crystal" which is "as sapphires in their clearness" above our heads. Rich red brown amber peat lies at our feet, and out of it springs this tiny stream. We can hold the Thames in the hollow of our hands up in the Cotswold Hills! How powerless we are to stem its stream at Westminster or Rotherhithe! So, in the early years of our training of the King's daughters, we must curb and restrain. With their faults it is as with the river. We can do much at their source, but the spring will swell into a flood. The sapling will grow into a tree. The infant will become a giant. In common fairness to our girls, we must help them to overcome. "A little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene. It looks around on every side for 'help,' and we who are grown way wise should make it at all times tenderly welcome."

Just as in physical diseases I only laid down broad rules for our guidance, so now I would do the same in moral sicknesses. When a child has been naughty, we must not, in blaming it, interpret her action in its worst sense. She is, in general, too unconscious to have had a completely perverse intention. If we impress on our little girl a too intense sense of sin, it may lead to moral paralysis and our efforts would be completely frustrated. Appeal to the divine in them. Believe in the divine in them. Cultivate the divine in them. This is the theory of true culture and care. "Our Father which art in heaven" disposes of any other belief.

And it is a wonderful lever in home-life. I would not dare to face the future for my own flock unless I were convinced that they are King's daughters, children of God and heirs of eternal life.

Still even King's daughters may have blemishes. Sulkiness is one of the most disfiguring, worse than small-pox marks, or erysipelas or eczema. The lowering brow, black looks and ugliness of a child in the sulks is appalling. If we wish the King's daughters to be beautiful, with the comeliness He puts upon them, we shall watch for this first manifestation of unsociability and combat it with all our might. "By letting a child acquire the habit of sulkiness we let her acquire the habit of abiding by the fault she has committed without making any effort at reparation."

A sulky child is her own enemy. If we let the unpleasantness grow with her growth, she will develop into a sullen woman. The two adjectives are not quite synonymous. The latter is a far worse disease. A fit and a mood are different. The old version of Psalms xc. 17 says, "Let the pleasantness of the Lord our God be upon us." It is that very pleasantness we want to help on our girlie's faces. In this, the best service we can do our children is to maintain the sweet look of calmness ourselves.

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

If St. Vitus's dance be infectious—and so it is proved to be—how much more "catching" is example in home life?

Truth-telling is one of the brightest jewels we can weave into the borders of the garments of the King's daughters. In God's word, speaking the truth and acting sincerely are almost interchangeable words. Comp. marg. Ephes. iv. 15 with revised version of the same.

In our attitude towards "story-telling" we need to have our eyes anointed with the salve

of wisdom. We must remember that fiction is natural to children. It has been said, with some truth, that a lie is the first exercise of imagination—the first invention, the germ of art. This has some truth in it, as I said before, and it will make us lenient in our view of a "romance." But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that there is a moral lie. In other words, a dissimulation which chiefly arises from fear. Children are not morally untruthful unless driven to be so from fear. Deceit is in direct ratio to ill-judged severity and unscientific education. Far from being inclined naturally to hide an act of disobedience or boldness, children are rather led to tell it as a mark of personal independence. Encourage the little girls to tell you everything, dear fellow-guardians. Allow for the "make-believe" which dignifies mud and water into "pies" and sees a wonderful past and future for Alexandrina Ann. But, by all means check vicious untruth at once. Let confession never mean punishment. Let penitence always bring forgiveness. The child needing severity is the child who lacks affection. Lavish on the King's daughters enough love, and threats and blows will be unnecessary. Love begets love. It is the most powerful weapon in all education, especially in home life.

In my papers on Queen Baby I spoke of obedience. Our girlies should have learned that lesson whilst still autocrats of the nursery. The King's daughters will not need to begin again at A B C.

But the secret of all home influence is—

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.

Nothing succeeds like love. Begin with it, go on with it, you will never finish it.

Take your sweet, obedient, truthful, good-tempered little girls in your arms and love them much for being good.

Take your unruly, sulky, deceitful little girls into your arms and love them into being good.

Before concluding this article I should like to say something about the altruism of parents in respect to the training of the King's daughters. We must not forget that in the sight of God we are as much account as our little girls are. "The best service a mother can do to her children is to maintain the standard of her own life at its highest." We need to read, and travel, and learn, and recreate, in order that we may help our children to do the same. There is something wrong in the home influence which disposes a girl to think she is the pivot of the household. Mother's room is generally the receptacle for delicate furniture, broken-legged chairs, old-fashioned curtains. This is not as it should be. Our girls need to be taught unselfishness, and should begin by thinking their concerns, their rooms, their food, quite of secondary importance. It is really wiser to claim a primary consideration from our bairns, than to take a second seat in the family coach. It is better for our daughters in the long run. It is so good to give them the habit of unselfish regard for their elders. Whether we choose it or not, it is habit which will govern ninety-nine one hundredths of a child's life. How necessary then to form the habit of "in honour preferring" those around. But this paper is exceeding the limits set for it. In the task which is set for parents in the matter of home education, only the words of the Wise One are applicable. "Let the woman beware. All that I commanded her let her observe." We must get ourselves permeated with the wholesome doctrines and instructions of God's Holy Word. Then we must do them. Not only then shall we be praised in the gates of society, but in the more veiled and sacred precincts of the home, and our children will arise and call us blessed.



# "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

## PART VI.

### "UNTO THE KING."



It has been the creed of all God-fearing nations from the beginning, that the promises are unto us and our children. Various are the ways in which we seek to ratify that covenant. Some of us believe that we may bring our little ones to the Lord in baptism, as did Lydia, the purple-seller of Thyatira, and Stephanas of Achaia; others "dedicate" only without the outward form and sign of water. But, some way or other, every Christian parent brings the children to Jesus that He may touch them, and bless them. Households still are enrolled under Christ's banner.

To-day I want to speak a little about further bringing "unto the King." There is a natural reticence shown by every human soul in its direct dealings with others. I think those good folk who encourage a "moral nakedness" are wrong. They go chiefly on the verse "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," forgetting that in each case an evil speaker is being photographed. We do not talk in public of our immense love for husband, child or parents. We show our love by our works. Most people are reticent as to their deepest emotions.

Even in our treatment of the King's daughters we should respect spiritual reserve. All the same, night and morning we must bring our girlies "unto the King." A few words of Bible-reading, a few minutes of united, silent prayer. The daily formula—"Oh, Lord, defend this Thy child with Thy Heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom"—is more than an episcopal benediction. If accompanied by a soft touch of mother's hand on the curly head, a reverent closing of eyes, and a loving kiss, the King's daughters will never forget it.

Mrs. Tait, she who afterwards was called upon to bring all her five daughters in one week, unto the King, through the gate of death, had brought them to Him every morning of their short lives in another way. She has left on record the prayer she used, "Prepare these Thy children for what Thou art preparing for them." Such a short, pregnant formula, one we might well use even on our busiest days.

I am sure every parent feels that the heart of her child may be irrevocably turned against or towards God by the ideas imbibed in play and schoolroom. We realise the necessity of grave and careful thought, and definite resolve, as to what teaching the girl shall receive on this momentous subject, of being brought "unto the King." We shall not delegate to others the task which carries "joy and gladness" with it, yet "the times and seasons" each mother must seize for herself. The moments are few and far between in which mother and child will definitely realise that they stand on holy ground. Those are precious, just on account of their rarity. But the few deeply felt, softly spoken words on such occasions are a very real coming into the presence of the King. Afterwards there will

be a thousand showing forths of the King's care, His love, His tenderness, but they will not be spoken of. "The practice of the presence of God" will have been set, and the idea have become part of the child's life.

We may also bring the King's daughters to Him through every manifestation of life round us. Teach them to find

"Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones,  
And good in everything."

This should be our programme in moral and intellectual culture.

"New thoughts of God,  
New hopes of heaven"

should be woven into the blessings of each day. The flowers come, because our Father has taken care of them through the long winter. This has been a happy day, because our Father has made it so.

The thunder is God's voice speaking to us; the lightning his artillery. "Just as the old Cavaliers brought up their sons and daughters in passionate loyalty and reverence for their not too worthy princes, so by having our hearts full of loyalty to the great King we shall influence our families. Let our daughters see what a grand thing it is to come to "the chief amongst ten thousand" by the style of our clothes, the ring of our voices, the carriage of our heads, by our talking, by our acts.

And if our little ones ask us, "How are you to know we have come to the King, mother?" make answer: "When my girlies are gentle and sweet and happy, we know they are in the outer court of the palace, for,

"When you come, He makes your face so fair,

Your friends are glad, and say, 'The King is there.'"

But there is another and deeper, and fuller, and sadder way (for us) of bringing our little girls unto the King's palace. It is an arrow, though sharpened by love, that the post gives us as a token. Open in the hands, sometimes, comes the letter saying that our sweet precious nurslings are to prepare for a change of life, for the King is not willing that they should be so far from Him any longer. And oh! before the "great cloud" becomes an "exceeding glory" we have to still the trembling lips and nerve the shaking hands. We know—

"Snowy brows, no care shall shade them,  
Bright eyes, tears shall never dim,  
Rosy lips, no time shall fade them,  
Jesus calls them unto Him."

But we cannot help grieving—

"All adown the mighty ages,  
All adown the solemn time,  
They have taken up their homeward  
March to that serener clime.  
Where the watching, waiting angels,  
Lead them from the shadow dim,  
To the brightness of His presence,  
Who hath called them unto Him."

"There is always something pathetic about a soul that stands upon the borderland of a great, new country beyond. There is always something that strikes a tender key about a life that has lately been, or is soon to be, merged into the fuller life of immortality." So writes one who has stood there with the little ones. I think the sentence explains our attitude towards the King's daughters. They have so lately come—fresh, sweet, and beautiful—from the Father's hand. We do not know how close they may be standing to the

many mansions, or how soon they may be called over the border line. Time has not yet obliterated marks of their nationality. Innocence, trust, and simplicity are still fully developed in the little ones who have come from a far country, and have not yet learned the shibboleth of earth. "The silver bells of youth," are not yet jangled out of time. Blue eyes are still blue with the glory of the heavens they lately passed through.

I think only a mother can really realise the awe with which we mothers approach, and touch, those who have come from and are going to the King.

"I appeal to all who bear babes—in the hour,

When the veil of the body we feel  
Pent round us—while torments reveal  
The motherhood's advent in power."

Are we doing all we can to prepare our daughters for the destiny in store for them? Bunyan has placed his land of Beulah at the end of pilgrimage. Rather, I think, it should be put in that part of life when the children are children still. For here alone are the pilgrims' chambers perfumed with camphire and spikenard, saffron, calamus and cinnamon. With all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices. Here we anoint their bodies for that passage over the river which may be so near. For though—

"No rush of the mournful waters  
Breaks on the ear,

To tell us, when Life is strongest,  
That Death draws near."

Yet from statistics we know that nearly half of the world's population go back to the King in childhood. Only a little while may be ours to work the clothing of the King's daughter with wrought gold and fine needlework. Only a little while to act the part of Hegai, and see that all things necessary for their purification are theirs (Esther ii. 8). Only a little while to strike their lives in the key which is set to the songs of immortality.

I wonder if we think enough about this? The white bodies of the King's daughters must, we say, be kept pure and clean and wholesome. Oil of myrrh and sweet odours we metaphorically pour over them. We clothe them in fine linen, tucked and embroidered and frilled and stitched. We feed them on the finest of wheat flour and best of fruits. We make the pillars of the house they live in of the silver of love, paving it with gold and covering it with purple. We tend them carefully in sickness and health, in poverty and wealth. Do we equally, carefully, and systematically make this life only a part of that other life they may any day be called to begin? Not patching this old cloth on to a new garment. Not making it an exchange of old lamps for new ones. But weaving the fabric all of one piece. Letting the same threads twine and intertwine until there shall be nothing to change if the Master's voice came to-day: "Bring her to Me."

We so carefully train our maidens for the lifework we think they have before them. The embryo schoolmarm takes a degree after years of study. The musician spends hours at the piano. The artist learns anatomy and colour and form. So, just as diligently our little girls should be trained for eternity. Other careers may be before them. Eternity *must* be before them.

"The beautiful gate" led from the court of the women into the Holy Place. It was made of strong brass, but overlaid with pure gold. It was carved with almond knobs and grape



vines. It was leaved with lilywork. Over-shadowing it were the everlasting azure wings, and none were afraid as they entered "the upper court" through its lovely portal. So we need to take away all horror at the thought of Death from our young people. It can never be "premature" then. "There is a time given to finish the work, and when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, not one touch more given to the edifice in any of its parts." How eager and anxious we should be, in consequence, to work whilst it is to-day, and in polishing the jewels which are to shine in the walls of the golden city.

"God will take His children to Himself at their full growth." He knows when that is—we do not. We only feel that the fairest, the tenderest, the loveliest of our flock are taken. So it must be—always. The glow from over the river is in their eyes. They are nearing home.

In that solemn hour—when with the King's daughters we stand on the borders of the Kingdom, waiting for the last message from the King, we shall not think of the cleverness, or talents, or beauty of the one going from us. We shall only remember with joy that they are ready. "Death must be good to those that do good—because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth." Lord, we can trust Thee for our Holy Dead.

"With joy and gladness shall they be brought and shall enter into the King's Palace." It is not so here. Jesus Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus. They leave such a blank in the home, those King's daughters early called to Him. Such empty arms, such an aching heart. Our children have walked out into the great mystery. Fearless because they trusted in Him who was their guide even through death. We are left to face bereavement and sorrow. We can

only face it by entering into the fact that the King's daughters are with the King in the Palace of the King. They are gone a step further on the same road they have walked here; they are on one side of the door, we on the other. Jesus, who first set this little child in our midst, now calls her to go a step further to Him. Abiding places are prepared in the many mansions of the King's Palace.

Shall not you and I try to take up the closing verse of the psalm—

"Therefore shall the people give thanks unto Thee, world without end."

The King has loved our Esther, the little girl reared and cultured and cared by us for Him—above all the women—she has obtained grace and favour in His sight more than all the virgins. So that He has set the Royal crown upon her head and given her a long life—even for ever and ever.

## WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO EAT IT.

### HERBACEOUS MEATS AND FRUIT DIETS.

"O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!  
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat."  
*Sydney Smith.*

It is not often in our own immediate times that we find so eminent a person as the Pope of Rome taking the somewhat humble subject of food and diet into serious consideration; his poem, lately published, "In Praise of Frugality," presents to us so fine a picture of true epicureanism and catholic taste, that I crave permission to quote some of its lines here.

"What Diet lends the strength to Life,  
and frees  
The flower of health from each malign  
disease?  
The good Ofellus, pupil from of old  
And follower of Hippocrates, has told,  
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,  
He thus laid down the law of Frugal  
Fare:—

Neatness comes first. Be thy spare table  
bright  
With shining dishes and with napkins  
white,  
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,  
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit's  
weight.  
Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine  
Be sure that you put water to your wine.  
Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-  
made bread,  
Thy meats be delicate, and dairy-fed;  
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food; nor  
tease  
Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.  
Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly  
raw,  
Or deftly poached, or simply served *au  
plat*,  
'There's wit in poaching eggs,' the proverb  
says,  
And you may do them in a hundred ways.  
Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that  
feeds  
The infant, and may serve the senior's  
needs.  
Next on the board be Heaven's gift—  
honey—placed  
And, sparing, of Hyblean nectar taste;  
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—  
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—

And chosen fruits—whate'er the times  
afford;

Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.  
Last comes the beverage of the Orient  
shore,  
Mocca, far-off, the fragrant berries bore.  
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,  
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip."

It is to Mr. Andrew Lang that we owe the translation of the Latin words.

A meal so rare as this puts our tables to shame, but, if we cannot follow this regimen literally, we can bear in mind that "even in suburban gardens salads grow;" we can have "pure home-made bread," "tender" meats, and the bowl of "foaming milk." Above all, we can bear in mind that "neatness comes first," and look to it that our table is faultlessly set, shining, sparkling, and cheering. Rare fruits and wines may be beyond our power or desire; fragrant coffee is accessible to all.

The more substantial articles of a herbaceous dietary we considered in our last study of vegetables, but as the term herbaceous includes also the foliaceous parts, shoots, stems, etc., of plants, we take these separately. On account of their succulent nature they yield but a small proportion of nutritive matter, but they are exceedingly valuable on account of their antiscorbutic properties, for their salts, and for the sake of the variety they give to our bills of fare.

Gardeners are continually adding to our list of edible plants by various methods of cultivation; things that in a wild and uncultivated state would have been coarse and unpalatable are rendered, by rapid growth and partial exclusion from light, delicate, fine-flavoured, and digestible.

One of the most patent instances of what cultivation can effect is illustrated by contrasting the blanched and succulent *dandelion* that is grown for salad, and the rank, dark-green leaves and bitter root of the dandelion of the hedgerow.

To the large and constant sale of *watercress* and small cress with mustard, Londoners owe much of their comparatively good health.

*Celery* is yet another instance of a like kind. The common or wild celery is a native of Britain, and in its original form it grows in marshy places and by the side of ditches. In this form it has a coarse, rank, bitter taste, and rather objectionable smell. The know-

ledge of how to cultivate for table use came to us from India about a hundred and seventy years ago. By excluding the light, allowing only the leaves to remain above ground, the stalks grow white, become mild and sweet in flavour, and tender enough for eating in their raw state.

Under the name of *laver* we have various kinds of seaweed which are all good for food, indeed so good (according to Dr. Letheby) are they, that he urges the advisability of extending the use of a so valuable and abundant stock of food. As they contain about sixty per cent. of starchy matter and sugar they are amongst the most nutritious of vegetable substances. By the peasants of the coasts of Ireland and Scotland they are much used, as after soaking them in cold water for several hours, they are stewed in milk until tender, or they are pickled. The Chinese eat them freely and make a pleasant jelly from them.

Of *lettuce* and *endive* and *cress*—commonly called "small salad"—we have a goodly variety; in this class we should keep in mind what the French call *coquille*, and which we know as "corn salad." As this last is very hardy it stands out all winter, and in very early spring, before lettuce of any kind is available, it is at its best for table use. Lettuces are chiefly valuable for their cooling properties; they are excellent for the skin, easy of digestion, and have a slightly soporific effect on the system generally.

After a meat course, or anything that is rich and highly seasoned, a salad comes most acceptably to the palate, and not only acceptably but necessary from a hygienic point of view. With eggs again, as eggs in a minor degree have much the same constituents as meat, salad is the most appropriate accompaniment we can have.

It is a mistake to let the dressing of a salad overpower the flavour of the herb or extinguish its character. The celebrated recipe of Sydney Smith, from which we quote in our headline, is altogether too elaborate for all but the *gourmet*. The simple mixture of oil and vinegar, pepper, mustard and salt, with or without the hard-boiled yolk of egg, is quite sufficient for every-day needs. It would be well if *salads* replaced pickles on the working man's table much oftener than they do. The preparing and dressing of a salad is not beyond the skill and the capabilities of the most illiterate housewife, but, alas! the trouble that must be taken is a great deterrent.