

# OUR BEAUTIFUL FURS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

## PART I.

FROM many a chat I have had with girls concerning the beautiful furs they were wearing, and from the errors generally exhibited in such matters, I thought of writing these little articles, and I trust they may be of some help.

Many of the young people I have conversed with never appear to have given a thought to the enormous amount of slaughter annually required, and the consequent great privation to the sable hunters, to procure them those handsome and warm coverings our girls enjoy so much.

Now a sable skin is of no value except caught in winter, which means long and exhausting tracks, through many inches of snow and deep snow-drifts. The fur when caught in early spring is valueless; although the animal may still be retaining his winter coat, the skin thus procured, when dressed, would shed all its hair. An ordinary skin is considered to be worth from £1 to £6; but if it should be of the best quality it will fetch from £12 to £15. It takes two skins to make a lady's fashionable tie, and you can have a one skin tie which is very pretty; perhaps a hint or two will be useful in the selection of a sable fur if you buy one. Firstly, see that the skin exhibits a watering appearance, and above all look for whitish hairs sparsely scattered all over the fur; they are not very observable, so you require to examine the fur well, because this is an important matter, as a dyed fur of any other animal could not display these sparse hairs. So if a fur be ever so like in colour, if it does not possess this peculiarity it is not sable.

We have to thank our sable hunters also for our nice water-colour and oil brushes.

Now it takes twelve sables to make one of those beautiful Victoria fur boas with four tails, and a cape three or four times the quantity, and will cost at a furrier's from £25 to £50 15s.; you can get a good boa for £7 7s.; three skins will go to one muff, placing the largest and best in the middle.



THE SABLE.

## THE SKUNK (*white-backed*).



ALTHOUGH this is not so expensive a fur, great dexterity is required in procuring the animal, for it has to be killed at one stroke before it has time to defend itself in its natural way, as, like most of this genera, when irritated it emits an unpleasant odour, so much so that the skin would be destroyed, and everything it comes in contact with. The white-backed skunk, as it is more rare, is consequently more valued. Although a nocturnal animal, according to Darwin, conscious of its powers, it roams by day about the open plains, and fears neither dog nor man. Skunk muffs are much worn at the present day; it takes about four animals to an ordinary muff, and a good collarette three skins, so you see what a quantity of little animals one lady can wear about her.

## THE STOAT OR ERMINE.

It is generally called ermine in its winter dress and is a valued fur. Ladies now wear the skin in the shape of an opera or travelling hood. The animal changes its colour from brown to white in the autumn, the tip of its tail only retaining its colour; but in the more northern parts of its habitat, the stoat invariably assumes the well-known white winter dress which constitutes the valuable ermine of commerce. In the highlands of Scotland these changes take place, but not always so in England; you may find it in Durham and Northumberland, and not in Lincolnshire, while in Cornwall and Hampshire it is almost unknown; this change from dark to white has given rise to much discussion; but, in spite of all that is said, there is little doubt that the change is really due to the

necessity of the colour of the animal being adapted to its natural surroundings. The British fur is not so valued as those obtained from more northerly regions, the importation of ermine into England at one time, I think about 1834-5, was 104,000 skins. It would take about six skins to make a muff, and twelve or more to make an opera hood, so the destruction yearly is enormous.

## THE SEA BEAR OR FUR SEAL.

Now we come to one of the most valued and favoured skins of this and other countries, but it appears that very few people know from which animal this beautiful fur comes. It is generally supposed that the common seal (*Phoca*) furnishes all the furs, but that is not the case. The family *Otariidae*, or eared seals, but not all of those, because some are called hair seals, and do not possess that underclothing of soft fur called seal skin. But the sea bear, really the smallest of the genera, is the seal which furnishes us with that valuable article of commerce, the under fur, from which the long hairs of the outer coat have been removed. The way they do this is very simple, the inner layer of skin being shaved away with a sharp knife, causes the long hairs, which are deeper rooted than the under fur, to fall out. There are nine known species, of which five are hair seals, four fur seals, and they are up to this date included in the single generic title *Otarid*, the sea lions or hair seals being the largest of all. Fur seals when young are black, but they become lighter with age. The best skins are offered by young males and females. The northern sea bear, as shown in the accompanying illustration, is distinguished at first sight by its short and straight face; in profile this animal measures eight feet in length, so it would take four or five skins to a cloak, and cut into two for a cape. The otarid are easily distinguished from the



THE STOAT OR ERMINE IN WINTER DRESS.



common seals by their erect position, their fins being more like limbs and not useless fins by the side of the animal, and only of use to them when in the water.

The otarid therefore are less fish-like, the back fins coming forward like feet when in an erect position.

At the close of the last and during the early part of the present century fur seals existed in countless numbers in many parts of the world, but the greed and stupidity of men have succeeded in reducing their numbers in most regions. Fortunately, both for science and for commerce, the seal rookeries of the Prybeloff

Islands in Behring Sea have been placed under such restrictions as to render the animal slaughter compensated by the number of births.

It appears that of the total number of sea-bears about half are males, and the other half females, but all of these do not mix with the females, as they are kept off by the stronger males, and herd by themselves; it is these bachelor seals which are alone allowed to be killed in the Prybeloff.

(To be continued.)



THE SEA BEAR OR FUR SEAL.

## LIFE IN WOMEN'S CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.

### CHAPTER I.



HERE is no doubt about the growing fascination of the life described in our title, especially for the imaginations of many of our younger lassies whose lines have been lain hitherto in undeniably pleasant places.

As lately as the spring of last year it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to stay for a fortnight with an old school-friend whose eldest daughter had just finished her three years' course at the University, and was generally supposed to have come home now "for good." And assuredly hers was a home in which any gentle, bright-natured woman might have felt it good to be.

An old, sun-warmed Shropshire Hall, with the gables and black, crossing timbers that declare its near kinship to the homes of picturesque Cheshire, far enough in the country to secure the young green of the trees and hedgerows from all contamination of smoke, near enough to the town to admit easily of attendance at lectures or concerts, and for those unemancipated enough to desire it, of shopping, both pleasant and profitable.

The home within walls, moreover, was as attractive as its outward surroundings. Its master and mistress were never more content than when their house was filled with young people, whose number often doubled their own contingent of five; three boys and two girls, if Hetty and Jack, who were twenty-two and nineteen respectively, may be included under that heading.

The dignity too that can only come to a household whose head is deservedly honoured by the community of which it forms a part belonged to it in no scant measure. On all hands it was acknowledged that among the landowners of the country-side few interpreted their public and private duties in as generous a spirit or fulfilled them more conscientiously than Major Bramston. His gentle wife also, my Nita of the old days, aided and abetted his every kindly scheme, and with her children had been wont to throw herself heartily into all the best activities of the villages in the valley.

When Hetty at eighteen had elected to go to College, there had been much pleading against it on the part of her younger friends, and many useful openings for work, of necessity, set on one side at least for the time. But her father and mother had stood by her in her desire for a better equipment for life, and had spared her bright presence in the home as ungrudgingly as they could.

But when I arrived at the Hall to begin my visit in the proud capacity of "Auntie"—elect, if not actual, of all the younger people gathered under its roof, I found Hetty, with the honour of her diploma still fresh upon her, in a flushed and determined mood that allowed little or no room for persuasion. Her father was perplexed and grave, her mother almost tearful, and the rest of the family generally in distracted opposition.

She had been offered work through a College friend under the auspices of one of the many semi-scientific, semi-charitable associations bent on the redemption of the East End of London, and had set her heart on accepting it forthwith, and on "living in chambers."

Half an hour's quiet talk with her, however, easily revealed the fact that, kind-hearted lassie as Hetty was, it was the latter part of her programme that had especially fired her imagination.

"Just think, auntie! Two dear little rooms of my own, four storeys up on the lift, to manage them just as I choose, to be absolutely free to come and go, to live my own life!"

She drew a deep breath and threw out her arms with a swimmer's motion as if she already felt herself instinct with new powers of being.

I could hardly help laughing. Hetty's curly fair hair, dear dimpled little face and radiant blue eyes, seemed so strangely out of place in the solitary surrounding she desired so earnestly. I knew it. She did not. But as the days went by I began to realise, as did her mother, that nothing but that knowledge would ever bring back to her her old content in her home and the much good work that lay ready to her hand there, or even enable her to give herself to it in any way sufficiently to secure her her own self-respect.

So it was decided that Hetty should try her plan for a year; but as I watched the change that came over her mother's face when the decision was made I wondered if ever the younger generation will appreciate the length and breadth and depth and height of the love, faith and self-sacrifice which they are continually demanding and often richly receiving from the elder.

No. 17A, St. Edward's Chambers, W., was to form the direction of Hetty's letters henceforward. Her father provided her with thirty pounds for her furnishing, and smiled a little sadly at her eager petition "to be compelled to live on my own earnings." In the first excitement of her victory she had no thought but of securing it to the last straw.

"Let me go up by myself, mother. Mary," her college friend, "has promised to take me into her den until I have made my own fit to live in; and I want to manage everything for

myself and then to have you come and see me when I'm settled."

"Mary," while the chief instigator of Hetty's new and unwelcome ambitions had, notwithstanding, been a frequent and favourite guest at the Hall. And although her heart was heavy "mother" said "yes" bravely to this request also.

"Why do Mary and Hetty always speak as if a den were the most delightful-sounding place in the world?" asked practical Bessie, who was sixteen and abhorred nonsensical notions.

"I expect Hetty's room will look just about as much like a den as Hetty looks like a wild beast," replied Jack with a grim twist of the corners of his mouth. "Now if she had seen some of our fellow's places at Rugby! Bird's nests and snakes in bottles on the window-sill, live mice and a hedgehog, and perhaps a tame toad or a tortoise crawling about the floor, half a chemical laboratory in one corner and a muddle of geological specimens in another, ink, crumbs, papers, dust over everything and not a clean rag, or a handkerchief even, two days after a fellow's washing had come in—she might talk about a den. But, bless me, a girl couldn't let herself be comfortable if she tried! I can just imagine what Hetty's show will be like. Not a chair strong enough to bear sitting down on, tables that upset the first time you go near them, with a lamp on one and half a hundred tea-cups on another, curtains enough to smother a fellow, pictures that can't or won't stay straight on the walls, cushions to take up all the available space left, and foot-stools kicking about on purpose to trip you up—bah!—"

Jack stayed his enumeration for want of breath, and for once Bessie forbore to take up the cudgels on behalf of her fellow-womenkind.

It must be confessed that Hetty's den when fully equipped would have gone far to justify her brother's sarcasms, although irrational as he would have declared it, its essentially feminine weaknesses afforded her, if not physical comfort, an exquisite mental satisfaction that far out-balanced any other consideration.

St. Edward's Chambers for women loomed large as a red brick pile even in the wide and many-mansioned street of which it formed a part. It probably contained nearly a hundred inhabitants, as eager and self-conscious in their quest of life as ever Hetty had been.





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### PART II. THE COMMON RACCOON.



**O**F all the fur-giving animals, perhaps the raccoon is the most widely known. The raccoon is exclusively an American animal, and as it is one of the most valuable fur-bearing animals, it is much hunted in consequence. Raccoon skins were formerly used as a recognised circulating medium in the States of Mississippi, and fetched about twenty or twenty-one cents apiece; it takes two of these animals to make a muff, and nine or ten to a boa; it is unfortunate in one sense that these valuable fur-giving creatures should be so small; but on the other hand, had they been larger and not so prolific, the chances are they would have long ago been exterminated. Raccoon is a lovely fur for winter, and many people prefer it, as I do, to any other, and it is not so expensive.

*Genus Calobus* (the ursine calob).—Now you all know the long hair muffs still in vogue with black hair trimmings; all these come from the calobus, a thumbless monkey. The fur is also in much request with the natives of Africa,

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who use this particular fur as a skirt, and other decorations. I suppose one monkey would make a good muff, but that, of course, depends upon the size of the monkey. Calob is the generic term of this group comprising three species, calob in Greek meaning maimed or deformed, because they are all three without thumbs.

*The Mink.*—The subject of our valuable furs is of so much interest that we illustrate a few more of those interesting little creatures that go so far to supply us with such comfort and give value to our dress. Such furs, many of them, must of necessity be costly, as I mentioned before, the animals themselves being so small, considerable havoc is made among them to supply the constant demand. One of many interesting little animals,



GUERZA MONKEY.



THE MINK.

the mink, is now as valuable as ever, although at one time it was not considered so, but certainly of late it has been in urgent request, and its numbers considerably reduced. The length of the mink from snout to root of tail is fifteen to eighteen inches. I believe in the early sixties as much as four dollars was given for a skin, and as many as five or six thousand of these skins were annually exported; and from America in about 1888, as many as three hundred and seventy thousand. The Russian mink skin from all accounts is not so valuable as the American by some shillings. The little animal is aquatic, as can be seen; wherever there are webbed feet rest assured the animal, or bird, is a half land and water being.

The mink is much used for muffs, carriage rugs and gentlemen's overcoats, ladies' capes, and Idalia and Stuart collarettes.

*Chinchilla.*—A truly lovely little animal this; it very much resembles a little mouse, only it uses its little hind legs like a kangaroo. I suppose there is not one of my readers who has not



heard of the valuable chinchilla fur. Fancy what a number of these poor little creatures have to be slaughtered to meet the constant demand, and it is in consequence fearfully persecuted; the fur is the softest of all furs. Fortunately the animal is pretty prolific, having six young at a birth, so it will take plenty of hunting before it is quite exterminated. For

fur ties, muffs and ladies' capes the fur is very much in vogue. The little animal only measures fourteen or fifteen inches in length.

It is also particularly cleanly in its habits, like most beautifully furred animals. It is also a vegetable feeder.

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

### MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE LAST STRAW.

WHO was to tell Madge?

This was the question that filled the minds of the three stunned occupants of the breakfast-table a few hours later.

No one had attempted to taste any food or seemed likely to do so, yet they sat on in silence.

Upstairs lay the still form that had been brought to the house nearly three hours before, and the hardest task of all, a task they all shrank from with fearfulness, remained unfulfilled. Every moment they expected to hear a footstep on the stairs which would make the necessity to speak immediate, and yet no one knew how to do it, nor who should bear the burden of it.

At last Mr. Harcourt pushed away his untasted breakfast, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, "No, I can't do it, it will nearly kill her. I couldn't bear to see her face, I must leave it to you;" and with bent head and wavering steps, he went into his library and shut the door after him.

Guy turned anxiously to Mrs. Harcourt and asked in a hoarse voice, "Who shall it be?"

"If you could?" she answered hastily, "It will not be so bad from you as from me."

Just then a door upstairs opened and someone crossed the landing. Instantly Mrs. Harcourt started up, muttering, "Yes, yes, you, not me!" and before Guy could speak she had gone.

As Madge entered the room she commenced an apology for being so late, for she had slept heavily after her restless night and was much beyond her usual hour.

But she broke off suddenly on seeing the unoccupied table and untasted food and raised her eyes with an exclamation of surprise to Guy, who was standing before the hearth with a white, fixed face.

Instantly a presentiment of evil came over her, and grasping a chair-back she asked fearfully, "Where are the others? what is the matter?"

Guy remained silent, with his gaze on the ground, utterly unable to meet her eyes, and in accents of deepening dread she continued, "Why is no one having breakfast? Why do you look so—so—"

She paused, then suddenly stepped close up to him, and leaning forward, gasped in a low, horror-struck voice, "Is it Jack?"

But words would not frame themselves in Guy's tortured mind, and it was only after a tremendous effort he was able to begin nervously. "You must prepare—"

But here Madge interrupted him, and with a quick, frightened movement clutched his arm, exclaiming breathlessly: "Don't keep me in suspense; what is it? Is he—hurt?"

The touch on his arm, and the sight of her straining fearful eyes, seemed suddenly to put a new strength into him, and taking her hand between his in a strong clasp, he said, in a low, pitying voice, "Worse?"

"Dead?" and her voice rang out through the room with a strange, hollow sound, while her lips grew white and drawn, and her eyes dilated with suppressed anguish.

He stroked her hand soothingly, while he answered in a voice as gentle as a woman's, "Yes, he met with an accident last night on his way home, and they brought him here three hours ago."

She drew her hand from his and pressed it to her head, a dazed, stunned look resting on her face, but no sound broke from her parched lips.

Guy tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat; he could only stand and gaze at her helplessly. Then gradually the full extent of the truth seemed to dawn upon her, and with something like a groan she turned and walked unsteadily to the door.

Guy hurried after her and sought to detain her, but without looking up or heeding him, she said, "Tell them I don't want anyone to come near me."

Then she passed slowly upstairs into her own room, and locked the door behind her.

What passed in the girl's heart through that awful day no one ever knew. Alone, in a desert of almost intolerable anguish she went through one of those "temptations in the wilderness, which, in succinct or loose form are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man."

God's voice pleaded, "My child, give



CHINCHILLA.

Me thy heart; only trust Me for a little time, and in the end thou shalt understand."

And the voice of the tempter said, "Be hard, be callous, be indifferent. The light and joy have gone out of your life; the days as they come will bring you neither hope, nor love, nor happiness; therefore drown feeling; stem the tide of anguish by the force of your will; there is no rest for man but in the cold torpor of absolute indifference. If you have a God, He does not care. He has other and weightier matters to attend to than the little affairs of men."

In the evening, as the sun was setting in stormy, blood-red splendour over frowning hills, Madge drew up her blind and looked out.

But the sight did not stir either wonder or admiration in her breast, neither did the garden beneath, with its thousand recollections, soften the set lines of the young face.

For as we administer chloroform to numb the pain of the body, so already had Madge begun to drink deep of the fatal draught of callousness and forced apathy to numb the anguish of her soul.

The voice of God had pleaded in vain, and unconsciously the poor tempted soul had fallen down and worshipped the arch-fiend.

A few minutes later, as Guy was sitting alone in the little smoke-room, with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, striving likewise to master the strange, deep, soul-stirring questions that filled his mind, he heard the door open and someone enter.

He rose hurriedly and turned to meet a pair of dark eyes, whose very calmness sent a chill through his heart.

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, I am so glad



## OUR BEAUTIFUL FURS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

## PART III.

*Opossum.*—The tree opossum is a native of the American continent, and is a large animal, its length from head to root of tail



COMMON OPOSSUM.

is twenty-two inches, and the tail fifteen inches.

The largest and most valued for its skin is the Virginian opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*); it is not altogether a pleasing looking



MUSQUASH OR MUSK-RAT.

animal, about the size of a large cat. The colour of the animal varies a good bit from dirty board colour to a darker tinge; the ears are bare, so is the snout and end of tail which is white. It is also a pouched animal like the kangaroo. The young, directly they are born, are placed by the mother in the pouch, where they remain until old enough to run about for themselves. The teats are in the pouch of the mother. The fur is much valued for muffis, carriage wrappers and ladies' travelling hoods, etc.

*Musquash.*—I suppose all our readers have heard of the beautiful fur of the musquash, but, as far as I have seen, few know what the animal is like or how it lives, so a few words on this useful fur animal may be interesting.

The musquash is really a large water-rat amphibian, measuring about two feet, of which measurement the tail occupies about ten inches; its food mostly is of a vegetable nature, but will eat mussels and oysters when it can get at them; they are also dreadfully destructive in a garden, eating carrots, turnips, parsnips, maize and other vegetables. The animal lives in burrows, the entrance of which is mostly under water. The fur is much used for gentlemen's fur-lined coats. For trimmings of all kinds, and ladies' fur-lined circulars, the fur is much valued. The animal is also called musk-rat on account of the musky odour emanating from a gland in the body.

*Grey Squirrel.*—One of the largest of its kind, and I think the most valued of squirrel kind on account of its skin, comes from the south of Canada and Mexico; its length is about eighteen inches head and body. They vary in colour, some being much darker in colour than others. The destruction of these little animals is also very great, the demand being great, but fortunately they are pretty prolific. Ladies are very fond of the fur for their driving coats, and ordinary fur-lined coats, and for luxurious opera and travelling hoods.

Every one is familiar with the lively little English squirrel, which we have all watched in the woods. I myself have often watched them in the quiet spots of Richmond Park, feeding upon the nuts and acorns to be found in such quantities there, and when winter comes how they lay up a store for themselves.

The grey squirrel is one of the same species, description is unnecessary. They are all hibernating little animals, and lay up a store every winter, and hide their nuts and acorns away in all sorts of odd corners, and even when the snow comes down and covers the ground with a white mantle, his memory is

so good that he does not forget where he has hidden his store away, but scratches away the snow until he comes upon it. A pity some of us human beings can't take a lesson, and lay up a store for a rainy day. I think few then would suffer so much as they do in our hard winter months.



GREY SQUIRREL.

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The last but not the least valued fur is the beautiful little silver fox. The much valued skin comes from the upper reaches of the



GREY FOX.



Mississippi. The general colour is rich brown on head and delicate yellow brown face, the body a beautiful silvery grey, legs brown yellow. Of course, this little fox has all the characteristics of its kind, which are too well known to describe.

Silver fox is much patronised for ladies' round boas and muffs. Before concluding this interesting subject, I may mention there are still some valuable furs we have not now space to deal with, viz., black and brown bear, otter beaver; this skin used to be largely

used if we recollect in gentlemen's hats. Black goat is much used now for coachmen's capes and cuffs, and Persian lamb for ladies' fur ties. All these beautiful things made up are always on view at our large fur stores in the West End. A. T. ELWES.



"MY ROOM": OUR RECENT ESSAY COMPETITION.\*

(ONE GUINEA.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

What a ray of Sunshine "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" seems each Month to bring to me. How eagerly too, do I look forward to receiving it, shut away as I am in one Room, and having so few pleasures from the outside world, that perhaps I love the Paper more than many of your Readers.

I am, and have been for some years, an Invalid. Shut away at the very beginning of womanhood, and when life looked very sweet to me. It seemed so hard to have to lie still day after day, and suffer pain indescribable. Since, many times, how thankful I have been that my eyes were veiled from the future, and that I knew nothing of the long years which were to pass upon my bed. Truly God doeth all things well.

The Room in which I have spent so many years, is a very tiny Room, but yet made as bright and pretty as possible by a Mother's loving hands. Such a bare ugly room it was at first, and seemed impossible to make it look at all comfortable.

My Mother was unable to spend money upon it, but her clever fingers soon made an alteration. My bed is placed down one side of the room, which was necessary owing to want of space. Close to the head of the bed, is a recess, and a shelf covered with oil-cloth, and edged with fringe, was fixed to the wall, upon which I keep my books, and Photographs. Above this is a Text, which is very often so hard for God's Children when in trouble to say, from their hearts; "Thy Will be done." May God help us all to be able truly to say it, whenever He sees fit to give us the trouble which must come to each of us, sooner or later.

Underneath the shelf is a table, (really only a Grocer's empty box,) and although only rough unpainted deal, is not seen from the outer side of the bed, but when covered with a cloth looks quite smart, and is very useful to place my writing desk, and letter rack upon, and being close to the bed, are easily reached.

A little further on, and where my eyes can rest upon it, is a Text Roll. It is such a help to me, especially when unable to read my daily portion.

I can always find something suitable for each day. Sometimes I see written there, chiding words, at other times, words of warning, cheer, or comfort.

Sometimes, friends tell me I escape so much, and am shielded from so many temptations, in the solitude of my Room. They do not know, and only those can know, who like myself, are not able to be out and about in the thick of the fight. We have quite as

much to bear, and quite as many temptations to fight against, as those who are in the very front of the battle. They perhaps, are not the same kind of temptations, but yet, they are just as strong. Then, we are not so able to overcome them, and we cannot run away from them. We are so apt to make so much of any trouble, and to make mountains of mole-hills. Then there is the temptation to ill-temper, to irritability, especially when the pain is so severe, that a heavy foot-step seems too much to bear, and irritable words rise to the lips so quickly, and if allowed to be spoken cannot be recalled. How this must grieve the loving heart of Jesus, who is all love, and who when mocked, and insulted, when upon earth, was never heard to speak an unkind word. But those of us who know Jesus as our very own Personal Saviour, can go to Him at all times, and feel sure of His sympathy and forgiveness.

I think that verse in Deuteronomy 33-27, so suitable, especially for the weak ones. "The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and He shall thrust out the Enemy from before thee; and shall say, destroy them."

It is such a comfort to feel we can fly to Jesus, and know we are safe, for time, and for Eternity.

To go on with my description—The Text-roll partly overhangs the fire-place, and my bed too is in front of these, for the room being so small we cannot have a fire.

Above the fire-place is the mantel-piece, but which is so very narrow, and of no use at all, but my Mother placed a long piece of rather wide wood upon it, and covered it with some cheap mantel bordering, so that it is quite an ornament to the room, and will hold anything, almost, now.

Above the mantel piece, is a Group of "Bible Class Girls," with their Teacher, and at one time, mine also. Well do I remember her kind, loving Teaching, and ready sympathy and help. Occasionally, I have the pleasure of a visit from her, and sweet words of Counsel, and before she leaves, she talks to Jesus, and tells Him all about me, and asks for help in bearing the pain and weakness. I need not say, how she helps me.

There are two texts in white frames at the end of the room, which were given me one Birthday, by a girl friend. During the long wakeful nights, my eyes often rest upon them, and they whisper down into my heart, "Let not your heart be troubled." Again, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They are such a help too, to my poor tired, weary, often heart-sick Mother. Truly she does need strength for the hard battle of weary days, and often nights too. But God is the Strength of her life, and is with her to help her in her

daily work. Jesus knows what it is to work, for was He not a Carpenter? There is nothing we have to do, or bear, but that He can enter into it and understand.

The other side of the room has another Text, bearing these words, "Seed time and harvest shall not cease." Appropriately entwined amongst the words, are poppies, corn, and corn-flowers. Last year, or year before, farmers said, "We shall have no harvest this year." That was afterwards proved utterly wrong. If the Corn had been very bad, all was not bad, and if the farmers had studied the subject in God's Word, they would have seen written the words that the Harvest should never cease. God's Word must be true, for He can never lie. On the same side of the room, is a Card bearing these words.

"Lo, I am with thee alway,  
Over valley plain and hill,  
Through storm, or shade, and sunshine,  
O doubting heart be still.  
What matter earthly darkness, if I thy  
Lord am near,  
What matter earthly tempests, if thou  
My Voice can'st hear?"

The other, and last end of my room, bears another text, which is just over my head. It is also a picture of the Good Shepherd, bearing in His Arms a little lamb, pressed so closely to His bosom, and looks so safe and happy, as if it loves to be there, and never wants to stray again. The good Shepherd has a crook in His free hand, and is looking down upon the little lamb, which no doubt has given Him a lot of pain and trouble, seeking for it. Does the little lamb not remind us of the trouble we often give, and how often we grieve the tender heart of Jesus? How often do we stray from His side, and yet He will seek us, until He finds us, and places our feet again in the Narrow path.

Close by the picture is the window, and I am more fortunate in that respect, than many of your readers in large Towns, who see nothing from their windows, perhaps for weeks and months, (when their work is there), but the roofs, and chimneys, of houses. My window is large, and though we have only a small yard, and a tiny flower border, yet there are gardens and trees to be seen, as far as the eye can reach.

I do thank God for this, and that He has placed me where the pure fresh air can blow upon me, and fill my room too. I often feel so grieved when I think of other Invalids, shut away in stuffy garrets, or damp dirty cellars, where no pure fresh air can possibly enter, and the very air they are breathing is poison. I was thinking of the Contrast today whilst reading a tiny poem, about two rooms, one richly furnished, and the owner

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