

"MY ROOM" COMPETITION—PRIZE WINNERS AND REPORT.

One Guinea Each.

Eileen, Langholme, Dumfriesshire. (*Please send full name and address.*)
 Mary Law, West Street, Hertford.
 Mary Fowell, Wellington Road, Oxtou, Cheshire.
 "Sidney Keith," Wootton Court, Warwick.
 Lina Francati, St. Oswald's Road, West Brompton.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Country Maiden. (*Please send full name and address.*)
 Emily Bennett Bewsey, Old Hall, Warrington.
 Bogmyrtle, Dumbartonshire.
 Bet, The Manse, Portcharlotte, Islay.
 Edith M. Watts, Buckland, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.

Irish Nan, Birmingham.
 Letitia E. May, Tremayne, Hants.
 Ella M. Tennant, Catford.
 Fair Flower, Bodlondet, Newtown, Montgomery.
 Lizzie Donald, Straith Cottage, Cluny, Aberdeen.
 Bess Evans, Park House, Newquay, Cardiganshire.

REPORT.

THE cheerful promptness with which the girl readers of the "G. O. P." have responded to the editor's invitation to describe their own special rooms has pleased him greatly.

It has, as he anticipated, given him an insight into their characters, capabilities and resources beyond that afforded by any former competition.

So attractive have been the majority of the descriptions that he earnestly wishes it were possible for him to accept some of the invitations so pressingly given to come and

see for himself the dainty sanctums, the bright kitchens, the studios and the living rooms of the many competitors, and to note all their clever contrivances to press beauty and comfort into rooms which otherwise would have been bare, empty and characterless.

Before presenting some of their cosy nests to his readers, the editor cannot resist expressing his great pleasure at the thoroughness of the appreciation of his editorial work expressed in almost every paper sent in; he is greatly encouraged by it to persevere in his endeavour to render the "G. O. P." a faithful friend, a comfort and teacher to every reader.

One of the competitors, speaking of the "G. O. P.," says 'tis—

"Enjoyed in mansion, in cabin and cot,
 And read in every available spot."

The editor has reason to hope that this may be true, for the competitors are of every class and send in their papers from the remotest corners of the British Isles.

Out of the large numbers of papers sent in, only a few have been discarded without a second thought as being simple catalogues or inventories; the majority of the competitors understood that the editor wanted to judge of their characters by their surroundings and again to note the effect of their surroundings on their dispositions. They have done their work so well that it has enabled him to picture them in their quiet hours and has made the friendship between him and his readers still closer.

Some of the writers have invested every article in their rooms with interest; either it has been the gift of a friend or obtained by self-denial and economy, or made from instructions found at various times in the "G. O. P."—they have painted the rooms, stained the floors, made the rugs, upholstered couch and chairs, filled the windows with plants, till as

you look you see as in a looking-glass the reflex of the girl herself; her hand has been like that of a fairy, changing dirty old boxes into delicate book-cases, pretty ottomans and all sorts of dainty articles.

The editor has been interested to note that in a very large percentage of rooms described, whether in castle, mansion, farm or ordinary home, they have a few things in common; first, horseshoes over the doors for luck and to keep the witches out; second, a copy of the "Soul's Awakening" on the walls; third, Ruskin's works on the book-shelves, and lastly, a Persian cat before the fire.

In a few cases the tastes of certain girls are strongly marked; for example, one gives a minute description of every plant in her room in a most interesting manner, and having done this she concludes, "and the rest is merely furniture and photographs."

Another describes every book in her room and concludes, "I don't think there is anything else but furniture."

Another is a collector of swords, and her description of them is enthusiastic; all else in the room is as nothing compared to these.

In most of the papers, however, one recognises the effect of the daily surroundings upon the dispositions, how they rest the tired mind and body, how they quell the angry temper and encourage self-control, how they develop talent and foster industry.

The papers are all so really good that it has been difficult to make a selection. Three foreign papers have been sent in with this first set of papers, and will be considered with those yet to come in from abroad; one is from a Portuguese, a second from a German, and a third from a French lady.

The editor thanks the competitors for their good wishes and reciprocates them most heartily. He hopes to print the first five of the prize essays.

"MY ROOM" COMPETITION.

(ONE GUINEA.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,*

I am afraid you will feel inclined to debar me from taking part in the competition when you discover I have no other room to write about than my mother's kitchen. Let me, however, say a word in my own defence. Our house certainly possesses "a but and a ben," and in the latter apartment are stored all our household gods as is customary with the working classes, leaving the kitchen somewhat bare and uninteresting by comparison; but then I seldom enter "the room," as we call it, except to do the usual dusting and sweeping, whereas my days are spent almost wholly in the kitchen doing housework and sewing. Clearly then, the kitchen must be my theme if I am to adhere to the rules of the competition.

There is in it such a curious medley of things ancient and modern, valuable and utterly devoid of value, that I hardly know where to begin. Then again, taken as a whole, it looks so homelike to me, for I have been surrounded by its old-fashioned furniture all my life, but I feel that the analysing of its contents is bound to do away, wholly or in part, with that impression, and so I shall have failed to do it justice. I shall try to do my best however.

Our kitchen is one of the real old-fashioned sort with stone floor, recess for a bed and large open fireplace minus an oven. It has, however, got two important modern improvements, a high ceiling and a big window, so it is both light and airy. The floor is a sore point with me—it needs so much washing to keep it clean. After being thoroughly scrubbed, too, the hard flagstones of which it is composed are rubbed all over with a piece of rather soft sandstone and the borders are decorated with marvellous devices in the form of whorls and lines executed in white chalk. The hearth is treated in a slightly different manner for mother applies whiting and makes it all white. Both look very nice and have a clean wholesome appearance certainly, but in my inmost heart I have a leaning towards the waxcloth so many of our neighbours have adopted to lessen labour, and to deaden the musical clank of their wooden clogs. Mother and I made two big rugs of woollen remnants of all kinds cut in small oblongs and thrust through holes bored in coarse sacking and these are always laid down in the afternoons when the fireside is "redd up" and the kettle put on for tea.

Our walls until recently were destitute of paper—we used to whitewash (!) them annually with a wash of a pale pink tint instead—but the paper certainly gives a cosier appearance to the kitchen and even mother's conservatism is

broken through on that score. From the walls the next step is to the pictures, but how shall I describe them? for they are simply a collection of co-operative-store calendars. A new one makes its appearance at the beginning of each year and the oldest and most fly-marked one disappears for ever, and for a while one misses an old friend. Odd, isn't it? that a mere trifle like that should have rather a saddening effect on one, and should somehow have the power to set one a-thinking strange thoughts on the mysteries of life and death.

"What a motley collection!" you would feel tempted to exclaim if you could take a survey. There in one corner is a girl looking from her casement over the sea and singing, "Abide with me," while in close proximity is a representation of Lord Rosebery and Ladas. Here a crowd of grandes are hanging on Burns' words as he stands in their midst reciting, while right opposite Lord Nelson lies mortally wounded in the midst of his brave sailors. Another one seems very comical to those who know the joke. It represents seven geese slowly waddling past before the admiring eyes of a little child in its mother's arms, and its title among store-goers is "The Store Committee," the reason not being far to seek for the members of the unfortunate committee are seven in number as well as the geese. One or two neatly framed texts hang over the

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

mantelpiece, and my favourite, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," is placed right above my sewing-machine.

Our kitchen is very full of furniture—in fact *too full*—but our house is so small that we have no other place for the superfluous articles. There is, of course, a bed in the recess covered summer and winter with the invariable patch-work quilt, and a valance of cretonne stretched along the top of the recess next the ceiling takes away its otherwise bare appearance. Father's armchair always stands in front of it, and likewise our little round table, folded perpendicular when not in use. The big kitchen table stands where all such tables usually stand, in front of the window, and is kept spotlessly white with soap and water. Like the table, the chairs are all of plain deal, but unlike it they are old and rickety and of antique shape, for they were my grandmother's and it may be, her mother's before her. Our clock is an heirloom too, of considerable value I understand, for it is one of those so much sought after for halls nowadays. It has a very handsome brass face, and notwithstanding its great antiquity it never thinks of playing pranks with old Father Time but can be thoroughly relied on, year in, year out.

The next piece of furniture I am about to describe, a chest of drawers, is not usually considered part of a kitchen's furniture, but, believe me, it is by no means uncommon to find either drawers or a clothes press in the kitchens of homes such as I am describing. Ours stands low and contains many curious little drawers (wb) and recesses whose contents speak of a bygone day, but alas! it has seen its best days and the veneer is chipping off

bit by bit. Piled up on the top is quite a miscellaneous assortment of literature, the religious section represented by mother's favourites, Boston's *Fourfold State*, James' *Anxious Enquirer*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Spurgeon's Sermons and the like, and the secular by one or two of Scott's Novels, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Lorna Doone*, Longfellow's and Burns's Poems, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, a few bound volumes of *The Sunday at Home* and some pamphlets and treatises of a nondescript character. In front of the books stands a looking-glass with the usual elaborate arrangement of white netting round it, just as one would see it in dozens of similar homes, and alongside of it what one does not often see in such homes as ours, a number of priceless old china bowls and plates which are the admiration and envy of every visitor who is anything of a connoisseur in such matters.

Our little corner-cupboard fitted high up in the angle of the wall contains some more exquisite "bits" of old china, which mother treasures solely for the old associations that cling to them. The same corner lower down is occupied by my sewing-machine, the most modern thing in the room, and a "kist" or wooden trunk cushioned on the top to form a comfortable settee and decked round with red hangings.

The description will be complete, I think, when I add one or two characteristic details which I have omitted. First as regards the mantelpiece. At each end there is a quaint old tea-caddy and a handsome old brass candlestick. Two Italian irons ("tallies" we call them) which mother uses for "setting up" match borders, is the next item. A box of

matches, one or two cocoa tins, a pair of big foreign shells, and father's spectacle case, placed so as to be reached from his arm-chair, make up the sum total. Next I must speak of the ceiling which is furnished with half-a-dozen stout hooks, from which hang various articles, a basket, the brass jam-pan wrapped up in brown paper, and, most important of all, also wrapped in paper, a huge piece of ham or bacon which gradually wanes until it disappears and its place is taken by another piece of similar size. The window and its contents I have left to the last, though in its direction a stranger would first turn his eyes on entering our kitchen. My mother is always very successful with her flowers and has a pretty show at all seasons. Even in winter she has often a monthly rose out. Not only is the window-sill filled but one or two hang down from above and twine along a cord stretched across the window. To tell the truth the whole street is enthusiastic on the subject of flowers and there is quite an extensive exchange of slips and cuttings when the proper season comes round, and much friendly jealousy as to whose window looks bonniest. Such then is our kitchen, a very ordinary room with nothing very attractive about it except to its inmates, but to them "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home," and I must say I think with the poetess that

"There's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside."

"EILEEN."

Langholm
Dumfriesshire.

This has been written entirely without help or assistance of any kind.

"EILEEN."

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.



MIST had gathered over Elsie's eyes as she sat silently listening, while Madge told of all that was in her heart, and when she finished, she clasped her hands in silent prayer for strength to help this young struggling heart.

Getting up from her low chair, she knelt down beside Madge, and taking her hands in hers, kissed her white face.

"I am so sorry for you, dear," she murmured, "I can't tell you how sorry, nor how much I long to help you. I know so well what you have gone through and how sometimes it has seemed to crush the very life out of you."

"I think you have helped me already,"

said Madge, in a low voice. "You are so good not to be horrified at me. I felt sure that you would not judge me harshly."

"God forbid that I should judge you at all," she answered fervently. "What are we, the very best of us, that we can judge a fellow-creature. No one can judge except God, because no one else knows the strength of the temptation. And oh, Mrs Fawcett! He is so good and so loving, a God of Infinite compassion. Men's hearts are so hemmed in and weighed down, with ceremonies and vain reasoning, that they cannot grasp the meaning of Infinite Love, and yet it is so simple. They confuse their minds with endless controversies, and get all mixed up because they have not first grasped the meaning of Father and child. They think this thing and that thing is necessary to salvation, but often the poor uneducated man, who has learnt to look up and say 'Father' is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than they. I wish I were clever and eloquent that I could help you. I know so well what I believe, but it is hard to explain and convince. I don't think either that anyone can be convinced by mere words, they must feel things for themselves."

She paused, gently stroking Madge's hand and looking away from her into the night.

Her eyes shone with a steady light of love and worship, one could almost fancy a halo round her sweet pale face.

Madge gazed at her with hungry yearning to know of the content and rest that evidently filled her heart as she said, "Please go on talking to me, I don't want you to reason, I will not interrupt you; only go on talking and let me listen."

Elsie fixed her eyes on the now star-lit heavens and continued in a low soft voice. "Mrs. Fawcett, if you had a little child that you loved very dearly, and it climbed on to your knee and asked you certain questions that you knew it was better for your child not to know, what would you say to it? Suppose your little one wanted to know why you did various things that it could not understand? Suppose it asked reasons and explanations for your treatment towards it and its brothers and sisters?"

"Don't you think you would gently tell the child that it must not ask those questions; that if you answered them its little mind would only be bewildered; that it was not old enough to understand these things yet? You would say

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

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not happy in it, the other a poor, though clean room, and the owner filled with Peace.

A beautiful room with tinted walls,
A bust where the coloured sunlight falls,
A lace-hung bed with a satin fold—
A lovely room all blue and gold—
And weariness.
A quaint old room with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking chair,
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door—and all within
Peace and content,

I must not forget to tell you of another occupant in the room, as well as myself. It is my sweet little canary. He sings beautifully, but we do not notice that so much as his dainty little tricks. He pretends to be angry sometimes, and pecks our fingers. He often comforts me when I feel more downcast than usual, and seems to say, "Cheer up," "Cheer up." He is very fond of my cat, who is often up here from early morning, until quite late at night, when my Mother calls him to go out. Sometimes, he will run at once, and it is so amusing to hear him run up and down stairs. His little feet go, patter, patter. Sometimes he will not go at Mother's call, and she has to come and fetch him. Directly he hears her footstep, he takes hold of me very tight, and often when she pulls with all her might, she cannot get him away.

He often comes up here in the morning, and no one sees him, and if he cannot get in my room, he tries to reach the latch, and shakes the door until someone comes to open it. Then he is in my arms with a spring. I had him almost at the beginning of this long illness, when he was six weeks old. Some children gave me him, who lived about a minutes walk from our house. The kitten's mother used to come every night for him, and wait until he came, when they would run off together to bed, which was made up for them in a shed. Many people laugh about being fond of a cat, but this one has been with me in some of my extra bad attacks, and could not be kept from me. I could not bear the thought of parting from him, if he is, "only a Cat."

I think I have told about everything—except two chairs, and a table under the window, upon which stands a lovely berried plant, given by a school friend, on my Birthday, a few days ago. It seems to quite brighten up the room, and reminds me of the love which still remains in my friend's heart. I appreciate it more, knowing how very frail is human friendship, and how soon ended. But what matters. To the Child of God, One friend is ever near, and remaineth true, that is—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

I, like so many of your Readers, have no work to tell you of. At one time, I was able

to make little things to send out to Missionaries, and it was such a pleasure, but lately, my strength has so declined, that it seems as if, very soon Jesus will call me to that beautiful Home, where none can say "I am sick."

Perhaps, it is a work given me, to strive each day to bear with patience and submission, the pain and weakness God has in His infinite wisdom and love, seen fit to give me to bear. Each one's work is not the same. Some are striving to win their daily bread, and others are striving to win souls, and to give to them, "The Bread of Life."

God only can understand the longing we imprisoned ones often have, to be up and doing, and working for those, who in spite of age and increasing infirmities, are obliged to work for us. Well may we say—

"Help us Lord, to bear in patience, what Thy love sees good for me."

Let my fellow-sufferers bear in mind, that we are not alone in our hours of pain, and weariness. Jesus stoops from His Throne Above, (where His eye is ever upon us,) to soothe and quiet us, and tell us how He loves us, and that in a little while He will take us to dwell with Him in that beautiful Home. Until then, God be with you, and bless you all, is the Prayer of—

MARY R. LAW,
7, West Street,
Hertford,

December 14th, 1897.

Herts.

"MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA.)

My room!—the cosiest, warmest corner of a snug ivy-covered house. How can I describe it? A friend, on first entering it exclaimed "Why, your bedroom is a drawing room!" While a young married sister, proud of her own well-upholstered abode says of my room contemptuously "Quite a *girl's* room!" Well, I can understand both remarks. My room has softly tinted cream and blue walls, on which hang over 40 pictures, the most prized being two lovely opals of my Parents and a quaint old-world painting on ivory, of my Mother when only 5 years old; rows of stiff curls on her head, a white dress with no waist, blue satin shoes and one arm thrown round her favorite dog. Six brackets of various styles, a quaint folding mirror and two pretty bookcases, also hang on the walls. Two inviting easy chairs with down cushions, and an inlaid Davenport—a table covered with a many-hued Indian cloth, together with numberless vases and ornaments that stand on every available ledge. All these things make "My Room" a very pleasant and desirable "Withdrawing" room (as the word originally stood) while, on the other hand, the absence of design, the curious mixture of what is valuable and what is worthless, both in my pictures, books and ornaments, together with a spice of "comfortable untidiness," sufficiently explains the young matron's criticism "Quite a *girl's* room!" I only laughed at her, and rejoined "Well, you wouldn't like it to be 'quite a *boy's* room' would you?" But, to continue this "voyage autour de ma chambre"—of course I have a bed in it, covered at this season, with a cosy Duvet—and all my valances, chair-cushions, mantel border and carpet, have a prevailing hue of gold and brown, which harmonises well with the walls. The daintiest of carved and tiled wash stands—wardrobe, and dressing table with 8 delightful little drawers, complete the fittings. A pleasant, restful "Chamber of Peace" I often think, as I come in tired and draw my easy

chair into the window, and watch the sunset across the belt of trees beyond the garden, or, turning a little to the South, catch the blue outlines of the Welsh hills some 30 miles away. A Room that basks in almost perpetual sunshine, and I *love* the sunshine—though, as I now glance round and see my pretty, corner, medicine cupboard, I am reminded that sometimes the venetians are drawn down, the cupboard is open, and pain and darkness hold sway. Other sunshine, however, is admitted the sunshine of loving, tender deeds—a mother's soothing touch, a sister's kind thoughtfulness, and a friend's loving devotion, make pain a less dreaded visitor. Oh, how much I could tell you about "My room" in the past. Here, on my bed, once lay my snowy confirmation dress and cap, on that "Happy day that fixed my choice" for eternity. Here I retired with flushed face and beating heart, to read my first love-letter. Here, after a time of patient waiting, lay piles of dainty linen, provided by a loving mother for her eldest daughter's departure to a new home—and here were passed long hours of agony, when the happy dream had vanished—the idol fell from its niche, and a lonely, unattached life, stretched out before one in all its dreary unattractiveness—

"Ah well! I would not overstate that woe
"For I have had great blessings—little care—

"But since the falling of that heavy blow
"Gods' earth has never seemed to me so fair."

But the doctrine of Divine Compensation is a very real one. "The Lord is able to give thee much more" as a dear friend whispered to me. I have had many joys in "my room," indeed there is mostly sunshine here. Sometimes it rests on the half finished picture on my easel, and sometimes on the equivalent that reaches me after the Exhibition! Sometimes, as I sit reading, a tiny hand fumbles at my door and a little voice asks "May I tum

in" followed by the pathetic enquiry "Auntie, hab oo anything to amoose me wif?" And then dear little fingers rummage in my drawers for any desirable object. Sometimes the request is "A story, please Auntie," so we pull the easy-chairs close and the sunshine rests on us while I tell once more the old Bible stories so dear to every childish heart; I say sometimes "Hadn't we better go into the Dining room dears?" but the reply is—"Oh no, *do* let us stay here, we like your room far the best."

At intervals, my room is shared by the friend whose love (passing the love of woman) has so amply filled the blank caused by man's unfaithfulness, and then indeed the sunshine is complete. "A friend, you know, should be a second self" and so she is to me. She too, infinitely prefers "my room" to the rest of the house, so it is the scene of our sacred talks and readings and musings.

Indeed everyone seems to like "my room"—the little ones creep in to prepare some wonderful present, which "Mother mustn't know about, but Auntie can help in." If dressmaking is on the tapis, the request is, "Will you fit me in your room, its so light and warm," or when dressing for a concert, "May I do my hair at yr glass?" or again "May I go and write my letter at your Davenport, its so quiet there"—and so you see I often have visitors, and they are all welcome—but most welcome of all is the Heavenly Guest, who, when the door is shut upon all outside worries and distractions, stands in the midst and says, "Peace be unto you!"

I hope He will send me the "Home Call" in my dearly loved room—for it looks "Towards the Sunset" and I know, (for I have His promise) that "At Eventide it shall be Light."

MARY FOWELL
2, Wellington Road
Oxon
Cheshire.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "CONTENTMENT."

SOLUTION.

CONTENTMENT.

With what I have, O let me be content!
 My clothes, my food, are good enough
 for me;
 My home is clean, I always pay my rent,
 With something left for mirth and jollity;
 If false seem grandees from the Court and
 Hall,
 I know a thing or two that beats them all!
 I would not grander be than fits my lot,
 And no-one's lot will stand a cubit more;
 Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome clot
 Which blocks the way to many a heart's
 true core;
 Possessing little 's better than a throne,
 If we contented are no more to own!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Thirteen Shillings Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
 Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.
 Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leices-
 ter.
 Carlina V. M. Leggett, Burgh Hall, Burgh,
 Lincolnshire.
 Robert H. Hamilton, 34, Leadenhall Street,
 E.C.
 Florence Hayward, 286, Kew Road, Kew.
 J. Hunt, 42, Francis Road, Birmingham.
 Miss A. C. Sharp, Lympington, Hampshire.

Most Highly Commended.

Elsie Bayley, M. S. Bourne, E. Burrell,
 Agnes B. Chettle, N. Chute, Agnes Dewhurst,
 Julia A. Hennen, Mrs. H. Keel, Annie C.
 Lewis, Mary A. Olden, Mrs. A. E. Stretton,
 Constance Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Kathleen
 E. Trench, Caroline Lee-Warner.

Very Highly Commended.

B. Bryson, A. J. Foster, Edith L. Howse,
 Mrs. Kemp, Madge L. Kemp, Kate Lambert,
 E. Lord, Mrs. Amy Moraine, W. H. Odlum,
 A. Phillips, A. J. Rogers, Agnes M. C.
 Smith, Stuart Bostock-Smith.

Highly Commended.

Alice J. Chandler, Rosa S. Horne, Alice
 E. Johnson, F. Miller, Ellen M. Price, Ada
 Rickards, Rev. R. J. Simpson, May Tutte,
 Katie Whitmore.

Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, Rev. S. Bell, E. M. Blott,
 Isabel Borrow, Alice W. Browne, N. Camp-
 bell, Rev. J. Chambers, Mary I. Chislett,
 Leila Claxton, Ethel Dickson, Ethel Dobell,
 Marjorie Ferguson, "Gerda" Jennie A. Jen-
 kins, Edith B. Jowett, Elsie B. F. Kirkby,
 Ethel Knight, Bertha E. Lawrence, Marian
 E. Messenger, E. C. Milne, Lizzie E. Nunn,
 Annie B. Olver, Hannah E. Powell, Louise
 Prentice, Ida Rafford, Laura Rose, J. C.
 Scott, Gertrude Smith, Rose Carr Smith,
 Mary J. Taylor, C. E. Thurgar, Ellen Thur-
 tell, Violet C. Todd, W. Fitzjames White,
 Henry Wilkinson, Hubert Wix, Alice Wood-
 head, Elizabeth Yarwood, Edith Mary
 Younge.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Twenty-three solutions were word perfect. Eight of these were also perfect in form and in every other respect as well. Their authors are accordingly entitled to 13s. 1½d. each, but half-pennies do not add to the beauty of a cheque, and we have reserved the whole twenty-four for future contingencies. A single mistake involving a lack of sense has excluded a solution from any mention, so good has been the work sent in. For instance: "Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome blot." That is only one mistake, but it reduces the reading to an absurdity, and its authors are unmentioned. On the other hand: "I would no grander be than fits my lot," there is also a very definite mistake, but the reading is good sense and its authors receive mention though not commenda-
 tion.

In line two of the puzzle there was a superfluous m, and at the beginning of line six an unnecessary i. Several solvers have pointed out the latter blemish, but only one has referred to them both. Happily in both cases the author's intention was sufficiently obvious. Line five was the troublesome one, and we have a suspicion that a large number of would-be solvers gave the puzzle up in despair on coming to it.

One common and not unnatural mistake was the substitution of "greater" for *grander* in line 7. But the T is grand rather than great, and the original word certainly expresses the spirit of the verse better. Any girl who can truly enter into that spirit has learned a lesson which will, almost more than any other, contribute to her happiness in life.

OUR ESSAY COMPETITION: "MY ROOM."

PRIZE ESSAY (ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

"Please to walk forward" as we say in the North. This is my sitting-room—once the schoolroom, but as our baby is now 22 years old, it is a long time since any lessons were 'done' in it. Now it is my special sanctum as I have no sisters, and the Boys do not often favour me with their presence. In shape the room is nearly square; its floor is covered with a nice thick carpet, the design being wrought in harmonious shades of brown red and gold: the ceiling is decorated. Opposite the door is a large window through which I have a pleasant view over the tennis grounds and rose garden to the pond, across which, beyond 3 grass fields, the horizon is bounded by the wood in which Piers Gaveston was beheaded—(2 miles from Warwick.) On the left-hand side of the door as you enter the room, stands a corner book-case chiefly containing the belongings of my youngest brother Ivan, books by Henty, Church, Ballantyne &c: one shelf being allotted to me as being just the right height for the various illustrated Scripture books that we occasionally use in the Sunday School. On the top of the case is a collection of odds and ends in the shape of ornaments, photo frames, big foreign shells, besides a small Japanese cabinet, and 2 wool mats made by an invalid servant.

That, is our old missionary basket, 'aspin-

aled' a light blue colour to hide deficiencies; it is never now used in its lawful capacity, but is the useful recipient of all kinds of things put there 'to get them out of the way'; scrap-books lie on the lower shelves, and there is also a wooden darning-egg belonging to our old Madame, which having lived there for years, seems never likely now to find a more 'proper' home. Over the basket, nailed on the wall, is the "Gag Chart Home Rule Bill 1893 in Committee, an object for British Electors!" The next piece of furniture—made of walnut wood—is still a joy to me: the middle portion consists of shelves protected from the dust a glass door: on these shelves lie a collection of curiosities—a good many I picked up in America the year we went to visit my brother Kenneth's ranche, but there are also articles from many other countries: I only wish they were not so crowded. In a drawer below I keep letters from my old scholars, G. F. S. girls and god-children. Lower still there are 2 big shelves on which stand 16 volumes of our dear G. O. P. some of which are not in as good condition as I should like owing to constant lending out. There are still 4 nice cupboards, the 2 on the left being appropriated by Ivan. In mine I keep my College by Post papers, account books, G. F. S. papers, also those referring to the Mothers Meeting, the School Library, the Village Nurse and the Scripture Union.

Here is the 'comfy' big sofa "Sophia," placed a little across the corner of the room,

to make space for the dolls house behind it; this mansion is usually kept in the attics, but was brought down for the edification of a small cousin Enid, under whose direction it has been refurnished: she was much delighted at the pranks of a mouse who paid frequent visits to the kitchen entering the edifice by a paneless window!

Below the window of the room stands "Charity" a most useful box-seat, a huge commodious article—a friend indeed: usually it is full of wool, flannel, print, or other materials in the process of turning into garments for poorer neighbours or sales.

Between "Charity" and "Sophia" is now the little table which supports the bird-cage in which ought to live my canary 'John Bull,' so-called to counteract foreign influence Johnnie having been "made in Germany;" but the little rascal usually tempts me to let him out and not content with this room he flies off through the hall to the dining-room, or to visit my mother in the drawing-room—where he is most at home on the silver table!

On the other side of the window is the 'cosy corner,' on the narrow shelf above which is a row of big photos—groups of relations—the most remarkable being the family of an aunt and uncle and their 15 children. Then comes the fireplace—with a white marble chimney-piece, and a low overmantle of white wood. Arranged along the top, is my special hobby, a collection of tiny jugs; there are over 50 now the tallest being under 4 inches high; they also have come

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

from all parts of the world, but are chiefly European; the tiniest about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch high, came from Manire in the Rocky Mountains where I was told they are used as the badges of different political parties! On the mantelpiece itself are some china ornaments, and the photos—mostly unflattering—of 10 girl cousins and friends. Above the old school-room clock, which never goes—is fastened a fox's brush, not the appendage of a native of these parts, but shot by my brother Arthur on a Scotch moor, where they are usually looked upon as vermin, and got rid of when possible.

Filling up the space between the fireplace and the North wall, is another useful piece of furniture; this is painted white, and consists of writing table, cupboards, shelves, and a drawer. On the very top is a case of stuffed birds—old aviary friends—and a row of rather curious pots and jugs. In the shelves I keep my history, biographical, and instructive books; while the cupboards are crowded with big books, some containing English, Scotch or foreign photos, and the others an odd jumble of notices of sales, theatrical performances, ball cards, writing games, adjective letters, Kodak photos, dried flowers, cricket scores, bits of wedding gowns, and a host of things more or less interesting to ourselves, but of

no value to anyone else. In the upper cupboard is a store of exercise paper, big envelopes, pen nibs, shop advertisements &c. mostly of a useful nature.

Between the door and this useful 'moveable,' stands "the walnut cabinet," chiefly used by my father for storing catalogues of garden or farm goods; and by its side is our dear old 6-tuned musical box, given to Dick when a restless baby of a year old; it is not in good order after its 26 years of work, and when wound up, rattles off 2 or 3 tunes in an impatient manner, suddenly subsiding into a slow drawl which is slightly exasperating—poor old box!

This brings our circular tour to an end: but before you take your leave may I ask you to look at the pictures, chiefly oilpaintings, given to me by my Father—my favourites are that peaceful snowy scene by Anderson, and that lonely little ship on a moonlit sea. You will notice there are other objects nailed on the walls—near the writing table a card of postal arrangements, another giving the time for lighting cycle lamps during 1898; several old almanacks too pretty to be hidden away; a bunch of sham carrots with a christmas inscription on it, "as times were never harder, I send a contribution to your larder"; a

"Tableau synchronique des souverains de France D'Angleterre et D'Allemagne;" and a large brass soup ladle given me by our old weeding woman—that I cannot help thinking must once have come from Warwick Castle. Then on each side of the window is a bookshelf, one my Poets Corner, the other quickly filling with lighter literature. Pinned in a tiny panel of a wee cupboard, is a paper Daily Graphic Lord Salisbury a little ahead of a ditto Lord Roseberry, a remembrance of the last General Election. I must not forget to mention this solid sturdy table in the middle of the room, nor the convenient small 4-legged one, given to me on my 4th birthday by a godmother aunt, that can be popped down wherever it is needed: nor the comfortable little chairs scattered about.

But my paper is coming to an end, so I must finish up, hoping that I have not bored you very much in this description of my dear little Sitting-room.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Warwickshire.

"SIDNEY KEITH."

Dec. 31. 1897.

ADELINA FRANCESCA WRIGHT.
Wootton Court, Warwick.

"MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have a sitting-room of my own, and I love it so, that I could not resist such a fine opportunity of telling you all about it. It is the dearest little room in the world to me, where I keep all my things and where I reign supreme.

You see Mamma is the very soul of tidiness but my things have such a bad habit of lying about that her peace of mind is often threatened, and so when about a year ago I conceived the idea of turning the lumber room to account by keeping myself together in it, she gladly consented and even gave me the magnificent permission of making whatever use I liked of the lumber in it. Such is the humble origin of my room together with a little begging and perhaps a little stealing from downstairs.

It is situated on the second floor front and measures ft. 16 x 12. The wall paper is of a yellowish-pink not pretty but still light and bright. The poor carpet is wearing out its ninth life but it bravely shows a bit of pattern here and there so I am not going to disparage it. The door is opposite one window and along the wall beside it, nearly facing the other stand my "pièce de résistance," a carved open cabinet. It came from Venice and was supposed to be of oak but a chip has discovered it to be a fraud—merely white wood painted—nevertheless it is a good fraud and has a graceful appearance especially the curved supports of the upper shelves. The bottom shelves are large and serve as a bookcase, one holding newspapers magazines albums etc, the other all my bound G.O.P.'s and Lloyd's Encyclopaedia, quite an imposing array. The middle shelf rests on a drawer that has a lock a key, a perfect "treasure drawer"! Of course it contains lots of precious keepsakes and letters and souvenirs, in little boxes all shapes and sizes, my money boxes among them, although the latter rather deserve the name of empty boxes long before pay-day. The upper shelves are devoted to ornaments. A little vase, amphor shaped, occupies the place of honour, its colouring is rather peculiar being dashes and streaks of red and white on a green ground, I heard someone say it was made in Hungary but I do not know if it is

glass or china. Then there is a polished green-ear shell and on the next shelf a mother of pearl shell with a carved landscape. This I value more for its lovely iridescence than for the carving, in certain lights it shows such exquisite pearly-greens and pinky violets! The mantelpiece comes next at right angles with the cabinet. Two bronze jugs with elaborate handles and cupids playing flutes in bas-relief occupy either end and in the centre there is a piece of Venetian glass tall and slender in white and blue. I have yet two more glass ornaments on the mantelpiece, one green and the other, my especial favourite, of a pale amethyst; it is very simple in form, only a twisted stem upholding a fluted chalice, but so graceful and the colour is fairly charming in its soft mysteriousness. Beside the mantelpiece I wanted a sofa but could not get one, so I make-believe with three chairs, the two end ones turned sideways, and covered with pillows and Turkish antimacassars.

In the corner there is a black pedestal surmounted with a globe that gives the room a solemn and scholastic appearance.

Next come the windows and they are the best of all, for they disclose an ever-varying picture, not any lovely view at all, oh no, there are houses in front, but in a break between them lower down there is a patch of grass and a tree and above them there is the sky; and even in smoky, much abused old London rosy hues herald the morning sun and golden glory lingers after it.

Between the windows stands my writing table; happily it is of a good size for before tidying up time comes it is burdened with what Mamma would call: "piles and piles of rubbish." I have a pretty paper weight of glass with a Venetian view by moonlight, but for an inkstand I am obliged to contrive with a glass match-holder until some charitable friend obliges me with a better.

In the corner by the first window no less an object than a horsehair armchair displays itself. Some people would think it an eyesore, but I see nothing dreadful in it, I have had many a slide down its slippery old back and many a comfortable read in it, and it is so conveniently near my books that it is quite a

matter of course to slip into it and forget one's self in dreamland or bookland.

My books come last of all, arranged in one of those three shelved book stands to be seen in all second hand furniture shops. I have stood it on a small oblong table and made the most of it and yet the whole concern looks shabby, outwardly that is, inwardly what a store of wisdom, grandeur, sweetness and light is there! I cannot tell you how much I love my books or how much pleasure I derive from them, life would be a wilderness without them. I have not very many, as a greater part are school books, and these are not so interesting as "Trilby" or "Pickwick Papers" for example. But you must not think that my little few are all novels either, I have Macaulay's History and Essays, Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," which is an education in itself, Tennyson's works, Silvio Pellico's Prisons, Lamb's Essays and many others. The sad part of it is that I have not much time to spend with them. I wonder who loves her books the more: the girl who has a grand library full of them or the one who has only a spare pinch?

My room is not rich in pictures, good ones are too costly a luxury and I do not care for bad ones. Above my books there hangs an engraving of a sweet-faced Madonna after Carlo Dolci and at each side a little oil painting of a girl's head; I love these very much because they were painted and given to me by a dear old friend of ours. Then there are some very minute views of Switzerland with very large black frames, some certificates and a landscape in oils, which judging from its battered frame has endured many hardships.

I think now I have told you about fairly all the material objects of my room, as for its spiritual influences—they are indescribable—perchance guardian angels—I only know I never leave it without feeling more rested, happier, and more inspired to prove myself worthy of the dignity of a child of God.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

LINA FRANCATI.

35 St. Oswald's Road,
West Brompton. S.W.

KATE DOUGLAS.

Few monarchs have left behind them a fairer fame than James I. of Scotland. Generous, high-souled, magnanimous, a scholar and a poet of no mean order, he sought to govern in accordance with the principles of justice—principles which hitherto had met with scant recognition from his subjects. For up to the date of his accession, might had been right in Scotland. The strong plundered the weak; the weak robbed the helpless; the nobles fell to fighting whenever the spirit moved them, and at a whim plunged the country in the horrors of civil war.

To a man of the king's character this lawlessness and barbarity was intolerable. The cruelty of the tyrants fired his indignation, while the sufferings of their victims cut him to the heart. He resolved to put an end to this chaos and savagery, to curb the turbulence of his unruly chiefs, and to give equal laws to all.

During the whole of his all too brief career (for, unhappily for Scotland, he was king for only fourteen years) he laboured incessantly to this high end; but in so doing he could not escape the penalty of all great reformers, for if, on the one hand, he gained the loving regard of the more thoughtful of his people, on the other hand, he incurred the undying hate of those who had profited by the old order of things. The freebooting chieftains realised that they were being gradually shorn of their ancient privileges. The right of levying war was theirs no longer. Instead of being a law unto themselves, they found, to their unspeakable disgust, that they were to be bound by the same statutes as the common people! This last was an indignity that no self-respecting chief could endure, and therefore it came about that a number of the nobles grew bitterly hostile to the king and set themselves more or less secretly to compass his death.

Foremost amongst his enemies was a certain Sir Robert Graham, whom James had once mortally offended by committing him to prison for a breach of the law. So deeply had the pride of the Graham been wounded by this indignity that he openly renounced his allegiance, and, flying to the highlands, vowed

that he would kill the king with his own hand. Thus forewarned, James should, of course, have been forearmed; but, like many another honest man, so confident was he in the integrity of his own motive, that he scorned the precautions which one less innocent would have taken.

It was the winter of 1437, and the royal court had travelled north to celebrate the Christmas festival in Perth. There being no palace nor castle in the city, the King and Queen and their immediate attendants had taken up their residence in the Abbey of Black Friars, while the guard were quartered in the neighbouring town. The King and Queen were thus left almost unprotected, and seeing that Perth lies within sight of the Grampians, where it was known that the Graham lay, biding his time, it must be admitted that the prudence of the King was no match for his magnanimity.

The 20th of February was a gala day in Perth, and the Court had spent it in hunting and feasting. During their absence the conspirators had gained access to the abbey, where they broke the locks and removed the bars from the doors of the royal chambers. This was unhappily unnoticed by the hunting-party, who, on their return from the chase, sat down to a sumptuous banquet and passed the evening in mirth and gaiety.

It was just midnight. The last of the guests had departed, and the King was chatting gaily with the Queen and her women before retiring to rest. Suddenly the chamber was lit up by a lurid red glare from without. The women fell silent and looked at each other terrified. The King sprang to the window. The garden below was ablaze with torches and full of armed men. James knew his danger in an instant. "The Graham!" he cried, and he called to the women to keep the door while he sought means of escape. He tried the windows, but they were barred; the doors—they only led him to the enemy. Escape there was none. He was caught like a rat in a pit, with never so much as a dagger to defend him.

As he stood thus baffled, looking on all

sides for a chance of safety, one of the women remembered that there was an old, disused vault under the chamber. James seized the fire-tongs, and by dint of superhuman exertions succeeded in wrenching up some planks in the flooring. He disappeared just as the clang of armed men was heard hurrying down the passage. Keep them out! At any cost, keep them out till the planks were in their place again! The Queen smote at them with all her strength, but they would not sink level with the floor, and every instant those dreadful feet were hurrying nearer and nearer. "Bar the door!" she cried, and the women sprang to obey her, but—treachery! the bars had been removed, and the locks were all broken. What was to be done? Time was everything. A King's life hung on a second.

The assassins were at the door. Was there nothing to stop them? Yes, there was this. Kate Douglas, the Queen's favourite maid, had thrust her arm through the staples—a bar of flesh and blood. The conspirators were checked. They tried the door, but Kate, with clenched teeth, clung to her post. The Queen toiled on with the frenzy of love and despair, and the planks were at last driven back to their place as the assassins burst into the chamber, and Kate with her arm broken fell fainting to the floor.

* * * *

It is a thousand pities that this is not the end of the story. But alas, Kate's heroism was only temporarily successful. At first indeed, the murderers were baffled, and they searched the Abbey in vain; but the secret vault was known to some of them, and they, returning to the chamber, wrenched up the floor, discovered the King and barbarously butchered him before the eyes of his Queen.

These were dark days in Scotland, but even at their blackest they were from time to time illuminated by bright deeds of love and loyalty. Kate's devotion has been the theme of poets and historians, and such was the people's pride in their heroine that they gave her a name of honour, and knew her henceforth as Kate Barlass.

G. K. M.

"MY ROOM": OUR ESSAY COMPETITION (FOREIGN).

PRIZE WINNERS AND REPORT.

One Guinea Each.

Helen Jackson, Mozzuttarpore, Tirhoot, Bengal, India.

Muriel F. Carrall, Chefoo, China.

"Armenian Sweet Seventeen," c/o British Post-Office, Smyrna, Asia Minor.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Margarida, Pinewood Villa, Portugal.

Cécile Rahier, Rampe 5, Brest, France.

Baroness Rosa Teschenberg IV. Gusshausstrasse No. 12, Vienna.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. A. Tooth, Ingleside, P.O. Manitoba, Canada.

"Arrow," Ottawa, Canada.

"Wattleblossom," Elonera, Wheatland Road, Malvern, Victoria, Australia.

"Trinidad Heliotrope," Duke Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

Lucie Nathan, Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris.

Agnes Young Gemmill, c/o Freifrau von Masschall, Neisse, Schlesien, Germany.

REPORT.

The Foreign Competition Papers, describing "My Room," which have just arrived, have afforded the Editor unusual pleasure and encouragement; for not only have English girls dwelling in all parts of the world competed, but foreigners, including Armenians, Germans, French, Spanish and Portuguese, have done the same, and have sent in papers graphically described and exceedingly well-written in English, which to them is a foreign tongue; and to add to his pleasure one and all speak of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as a friend who has elevated their tastes and helped them to live higher and nobler lives.

A Portuguese married woman, twenty-nine years of age, says: "I am a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from its very beginning, and it has taught me many a useful lesson both as a single and as a married woman. I do not know any other publication so complete and so thoroughly good as this one; and one of my objects in teaching my children English is that they may read it and learn by it the many lessons of usefulness, kindness and helpfulness that I have myself learnt of it."

A reader from New Zealand says: "I look upon THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as having been a very valuable friend to myself and family, and I thank you with all my heart for the way in which it has helped me. I trust the Paper may long live to be a comfort and help to many more busy mothers and make the young folk of sterling worth, and pure and beautiful minds."

This is exactly what the Editor has aimed at from its very commencement, and he is deeply thankful that up to this time it should have fulfilled its mission, and with God's blessing he hopes to increase its usefulness and comfort to the girls all over the world.

If, as has been said, there is an atmosphere about houses, there certainly is about the rooms of individuals, and the Editor feels it possible, from the descriptions given, to picture the owners of the rooms as they sit reading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, whether in the log houses of Canada or Australia, or in the sunny rooms of India, China or Armenia, and it is a special satisfaction to him to hear that in all the rooms THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER holds an honoured place.

places. She was glad when she reached the stretch of smooth sand, yellow under foot, but darkening further out where it lay wet from the out-gone tide.

"I hope the sea will come back before I go home," Génie thought to herself. "Ah, there is Battiste."

In the distance she saw the bent figure of the little old fisherman stooping as he went slowly along with a long stick marking the little heaps of sand which betrayed the presence of the sand-eels.

Génie went in pursuit of him; a wild, soft wind met her, blowing back the soft strands of her yellow hair and leaving the fresh taste of the salt sea on her lips.

"Battiste! Maître Battiste!" she

exclaimed as she came up to him. "Have you any sand-eels to sell to-day? The lady at Maison Féraudy likes them."

"It is a good day," said the old man. "By another hour I shall have a pretty dishful for you, mademoiselle. What do you say, fifty centimes?"

"Yes," said Génie, "fifty centimes, but I cannot wait here for my dish, Maître Battiste. I am going to walk along the shore and round that point of rock."

"That is called St. Anne's Bay, mademoiselle, round that point. If you go there you will see the little breakwater to which my grandson Pierre fastens his boat; it will be high and dry, for the tide is only now on the turn.

Will you, mademoiselle, if you see Pierre anywhere about give him a word from me?"

"Willingly," said Génie, "if he is there; but will he be there?"

"Who knows?" said the old man. "He talked of catching crabs for the *pasteur's* wife up at Poinville. She is potting crabs to take back to Paris, it seems, but he may be out at sea, my pretty demoiselle. If he is there, tell him that there is a job to be had at Féraudy's to-morrow."

"And if he is not there, Père Battiste?"

"Then he is not there, *va*," said the old man crossly, and Génie laughing and singing, went on her way.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN COMPETITION ESSAYS: "MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

I AM an invalid; and because I cannot get out as strong people do; I have gradually gathered together, a number of pretty and curious things. The room I like best is my parlor and here, I sit, working, or reading. I love to do needle work and some of my friends send me fancy work, with materials to finish, and I paint in oils, so that my room is much more furnished than many Indian rooms.

Let me begin with the overmantel, which is of polished bamboo, five feet high, and six feet wide, containing shelves and nooks, for china. On this, stand two lovely dessert dishes of Royal Worcester ware, hand painted, nearly a century old. They were given me by a native Mahomedan gentleman, whose property they were. Just above them is a wooden figure over a foot high, from Burmah, carved from a single piece of wood, and representing a good genius, such as is seen over the temple doors, in Rangoon. There are then some Majolica jugs, a bronze urn, a sandal wood figure of Budha, cups, and vases, and a curious candle stick upheld by storks, of Spanish make, and a parian marble figure of a girl weeping over her dead dove, crowns all. On the mantel piece itself, stands first, an ebony elephant from Ceylon, and an agate model of a cannon, from Gibraltar, a lovely bronze inkstand, some fossil stones, and a piece of flexible sandstone which can be bent and shaken with perfect ease. A lovely rose colored glass jug and a marble statuette of Morning, a canary colored teapot, and some vases, complete the mantle shelf, beneath which glows a wood fire this cold morning. The shelf itself is covered with an Indian red drapery embroidered all over, with yellow silk. In the first corner next the fire place, is a carved wood Koran stand from the Hymaliya mountains, next an arched doorway, then a whatnot holding china bowls—jars—vases, with wild grasses from the hills, and a basket made in Malacca. Next, is an old blue, Pekin china jar over two feet high, and one hundred years old. There is a draped door leading to inner rooms, and then a splendid inlaid davenport with all sorts of shelves and drawers and niches, with little sliding doors carved like lace. This is also old, and contains thousands of pieces of wood of different shapes and colors, and comes from Japan. On the top is a broad flat shelf and on this is a beautiful set of carved ivory chess men red and white with soldiers for pawns and castles on elephants. The kings and queens are four

inches tall and represent long dead sovereigns of China. There is also a curious joint of bamboo, carved to represent a grove of trees, with people walking about. It is beautifully polished and very handsome. On a table near, stands a large frame three feet high carved from a single block of wood, containing over forty figures of people and animals and birds. It was made in Burmah and cost forty shillings. Next this is a tall three fold screen. One panel is a great branch of scarlet rhododendron, the next is a large sun flower plant, with blossoms and buds, and leaves, and the third is scarlet poinsettia. The panels were painted after I had met with a severe carriage accident and had broken my right arm, in three places, and I did all the work of drawing and painting with my left hand. I can now use both hands in painting if I wish. Then there is the upright piano, against which stands a carved Turkish table holding a cut glass vase, and some cashmere papier mache ware, a gold and silver box from North India, some pretty wrought silver dishes and two china plates. Next comes a lovely inlaid cabinet like the davenport, from Japan, and this holds treasures from China, Japan, France, Italy, Burmah Persia and Jerusalem, in the shape of cups, bowls, jars, boxes—also some very curious groups in soapstone, of hermits and animals all carved by Burmese people. In the corner stands a cane table from Singapore, with a marble top holding a tall carved screen with many places for photos, and a tete a tete tea set, in blue china. Coming along the side of the wall beyond the long French window that open on a long verandah, is a bamboo table in three tiers on which stands a wooden ox cart from Ceylon; and a porcupine quill box made by the Singhalese, then in the centre of the wall stands an American organ, over which is a pretty bracket of coloured enamel, holding more china and a pair of fairy native shoes embroidered with pearls and gold. Beyond the organ stands an old spinning wheel, the treadle of which is nearly worn away with long use. It is very old, and over ninety years ago—it turned and span and murmured its low song of peace and thrift beside the open fire place of an American farm house, while without on winter nights, the storm howled and wolves ventured forth in quest of food, while belated travelers toiling up the mountain side noted the light from the small uncurtained windows, and knew that rest and refreshment were near. The daughter of the original owner, gave it to me, and told me about it. Next comes a double whatnot holding carved whitewood elephants, a Chinese

work box full of carved ivory implements, an ebony casket full of curious sea shells from the Isle of France, then a Chinese pillow of varnished leather six inches high and thick and a foot long, and which is placed when in use, under the neck of the sleeper, so as not to disarrange the beautifully arranged hair which is only made up once a week, and is made stiff with quince seed gum, so that it will keep the much admired tea pot handle shape in vogue among Chinese women. There are some quaint plates of colored enamel on brass, of red and blue and green, a soapstone bowl for flowers, an inlaid marble plate from Agra, on the shelves, and above hang some old swords and knives an old matchlock and a Rhinoceros hide shield from Central Africa, then comes another arched doorway against one side of which hangs a Chinese tablet of wood painted red and bearing a sentence from Confucius in large gold letters. This is seven feet long, and ten inches wide. In the last corner against the fire place stands a case with some favourite books, and a tray of Delft ware. The floor is covered with matting and a square of carpet in shades of sage green and cream. In the centre of the room is a low carved screen and standing near it is a Burmese begging bowl and stand such as the priests carry when collecting their daily food. There is a little table prettily painted in red and white in an oriental design, holding an old Chinese chess board. A smoked bamboo stool holds an album of views. Various easy chairs, and my rocking chair fill up the room. Lace curtains fall over the windows. The walls are tinted a pretty soft Eau de Nil, green, with a terra cotta stencilled design along the cornice and over the doors, while the dado is of the darkest red. The pictures are too many to describe in full, but principal among them are two, one showing a Russian chateau with giant oak trees in the fore ground towering over the lodge, in front of which stands the master of the estate, with a slain deer, on a sledge drawn by a stout horse. He has his rifle slung over his shoulder and has stopped for a drink. The ground is covered with snow and ice while through the trees come orange rays of the setting sun. The next, is a sunset scene in Egypt with a ruined tomb, water palm trees vines, aloes lotus leaves on the river, and through an opening in the trees comes an Arab with a camel bearing a tent and the wife and child of the traveller. There are many panels of flowers—roses, pansies lilies orchids holly hocks, etc and some quiet English, and Dutch landscapes of glen and

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

wood and river, refreshing to mind and eye alike. These are all the work of my hands, but there is, one, a gem, on an oval section of an elephants tusk four inches high and eight long showing the great Hall of Audience, in the Fort at Delhi, when the famous Akbar once sat on his peacock throne. This painting shows the long rows of pillars and the many hued mosaic floor, in lovely perspective

with a glimpse of blue sky and trees at the far end. I look at my treasures, and feel thankful that God has given me so delightful a home, and raised me up so many friends who have contributed many curious and pretty things to my collection. I nearly forgot a stone which is nearly two thousand years old, which was found in excavations about the ruins of an old Buddhist temple. When I

think of the changes that have come and gone, since that stone left the sculptors hands, I feel most grateful that I was born under the present dispensation.

I declare that this is a true and unaided account of My Room.

HELEN JACKSON.
Bengal,
India.

"MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room where much of my time is spent is a quaint yet comfortable one of a large and rambling bungalow in North China. It is general sitting-room, and we often spend a long day in it most comfortably.

It is full of souvenirs, and odds and ends, collected from many places in "The Far East."

The pattern of the wall paper is soft and beautiful. It has a gold base, on which are large peonies in harmonious shades of pink and green. There are two French windows opening on to a broad veranda, full of flowers, both in summer and winter. The room faces the west, and the outlook on to the garden is very pleasant. Below two grass terraces laid out in flower-beds are the tennis lawns, and behind them lies the shrubbery. Looking over it, and the top of a small white summer-house, the eye falls on the harbour, dotted over with countless junks, and never-resting 'sampans.' On the opposite coast there are the near hills, on the top of the largest of which is a Chinese mud fort; and to the right is a large pine-forest, and a long stretch of sea and sand. Still further away are more water and more hills, till those most distant are mingled into a purple whole, gorgeous in the evening sun-set.

The ceiling is a low one of a deep shade of blue, bordered with a white cornice. In the centre, above the chandelier, are two large dragons, carved and coloured, and made to look as life-like as possible. Their bodies are curled round a white and gilt circle about four feet in diameter. Open-mouthed, their long teeth and tongues showing, and claws outstretched, they reach across to each other, fighting for a large imitation pearl that lies between them. The dragon is the emblem of China; his figure adorns the national flag; and the annual feast and procession held in his honour, is one of the most striking and interesting spectacles to be seen in the East.

On the floor, over the carpet, numerous soft rugs are laid before the lounges, door, windows, and fire-place.

The walls are hung with many oil-paintings, hanging brackets, (of old gold plush and gilt with a candelabra attached to each), plates, and jars fixed on to carved stands.

The room is full of small tables bearing jars of antique jars, some of rare china, others of the celebrated Foochow lacquer, clasonné, or of inlaid Japanese ware; books of photographs of places visited, of poems, and of arts; easy chairs; pots of small bamboos and palms; and tall vases.

On entering the room from the hall by the only door, one's eye immediately falls on the

well-known engraving of the meeting between Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo. The original wall-painting by Daniel Maclise R.A. is in the Palace of Westminster.

A heavy black-wood table with a marble top, and inlaid with mother of pearl, stands under the picture. On it among other things is the figure of a man made from the root of a tree.

The Chinese are wonderfully clever in making different articles and ornaments from roots of trees. For this purpose the roots of the Banyan, which are very knarled and knotted, are principally used. Quick to see what the grotesque shapes the roots naturally assume most resemble, they model and prune them, so that with but slight alteration they take various ornamental forms.

A table made in the same quaint manner stands to one side, and on it a handsome bronze ornament is placed. It is shaped like a monstrous lotus, with a small bird perched on the top of a large pod, out of which it is pecking seeds. This ornament is in reality one of the many varieties of incense-burners, which are used by Chinese priests in the native temples. On the mantle-piece of white-marble—over which is a large mirror, and which is inlaid with a brass fire-place—there is among other photographs of well-known characters, a photo of General Gordon, ("Chinese Gordon" as we always call him). My parents met him in Tienstin some years ago, and for him my father prepared a house in which he spent a few days.

In that very house not long after I was born.

Behind a sofa, and a tall standing lamp of brass, is that part of the room known as 'the Corean corner.' A collection of things made during a visit to Corea is arrayed here. There is an embroidered screen which was given to the friend who gave it to us by the late queen of that country. It is a folding one, about four feet in height, but it is of great length when stretched out to its fullest extent. It is embellished with wonderful temples, and trees, and men, depicted in gorgeous silks, and brightest colours.

A native dinner-service of brass for one person, consisting of eighteen pieces, on a characteristic table also attracts much attention. Quaint wine-cups, bowls, pipes, fans, boxes, hats, figures, shoes, and many other articles of like description are arranged on a Corean cabinet. The Coreans are rapidly losing the art of making the ornaments, and delicate nick-nacks, which are so much valued by travellers.

Of all our collection, the most valuable thing we have is a red lacquer box of royal ware. The surface is divided into little squares, on each of which is a grotesque painting of an animal or plant. It was stolen from the palace in the scramble that ensued after the murder of the late queen. Coreans if not of royal blood are prohibited, under severest penalties, from having such a box in their possession. The bracket in this corner is draped with yellow, and native gods in china, marble and soap-stone stand on it.

Opposite to this corner, and behind a large and handsome screen of carved black-wood, with china panels on which are depicted scenes of Chinese life, is that in which the piano, violins, and other musical instruments are placed. To one side is a stand full of music books, and a tall lamp with a pink shade throws in the evening a softened light over the whole.

Between a lacquer table on which are chess-boards, draught boards, cards, and other games, and another blackwood and mother-of-pearl table bearing jars and boxes, is a corner devoted to art.

Here is an easel, draped with native silk embroidery, on which is a large painting, and another stand containing numerous books of art, both ancient and modern.

The bracket here holds small pagodas of fine soap-stone and fans.

In the fourth and last corner there is a large and comfortable lounge, over which is spread a satin cover, embroidered by the Chinese in which art they excel.

On the bracket above it, draped with red plush, stand an ostrich egg, and small ornaments of mother-of-pearl.

Before one of the windows is a black writing-table with silver-fittings and a Japanese blotter.

Between the door and the Corean cabinet, along with pipes four feet in length, is a short sword which is interesting as a trophy from the late war in Formosa. It is broad and thick, and the handle is red and octagonal in shape.

Many of the curios have an interesting history attached to them, and others from their rarity and quaintness merit attention, but space forbids each being separately mentioned; most bring back to the writer old faces, and scenes, and so varied and sweet is the association of the ideas that they bring, that I can never feel in this room the need of either book or companion.

MURIEL F. CARRAL.
Chefoo,
China.

"MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room in which we usually sit, is the library; it is a large oblong room with two windows over-looking the street. The wall-paper is of a soft, dark-green shade which matched with the carpet, the two cosy corner-sofas, and the two low easy-chairs on both

sides of the fireplace, as well as with the covering of the table which is placed under the gaz-lamp in the middle of the room. The window-curtains are cream and pale-pink; the heavier ones over them are of the same dark-green stuff than the sofas and the easy-chairs.

Opposite the chimney is the piano on which there is a metronome; beside it, is a whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed a group; it represents a shepherd sitting on the ground and dressed like the peasants of this country; he has a white shirt on, with sleeves

a little upturned; over that a kind of dark-blue zouave, without sleeves; a pair of very wide brown trousers, which are attached just over the knee, and bear a strong likeness to the ones worn by lady-cyclists; he has also dark-blue leggings and a pair of coarse shoes. A broad red belt with pistols complete his accoutrement. On his both sides are two lambs stretched in the green grass; before him is placed his bag and he is playing on a shepherd's pipe. The whole is of earthenware and made in this country; it looks very true and picturesque. On the other shelves are my notes: exercises, easy sonatas, Salon-Albums, a few dances and a great many songs.

On one side of the chimney is my writing-table, in the drawers of which are the letters of my numerous correspondents; there are from England, United States, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Cape of Good Hope, Peru, Paraguay, &c. I have never seen them, but made their acquaintance in the following manner. My German paper, the *Kränzchen* prints offers of international correspondence, like *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* has begun to do now; it is thus that I have known them all. Each one's letters are neatly tied up together with a narrow silk ribbon. My writing-table has the shape of a desk, and a shelf on each side; it is a venerable piece of furniture which Father used when he was young and which he has given me last year. On one of the shelves are placed my letter-book (for I copy all the letters I write), a bottle of Stephens copying-blue-black ink, the brush and other &c.s. necessary. On the other shelf is my portfolio, and my ink-stand which is carved out of a piece of olive-wood; there is also the pen to match; on the inkstand is

carved the coupola of the Holy Sepulchre; both were brought from Jerusalem, when I was a little girl, by a Bishop who is a great friend of Father and who came from there. On the wall just above my writing-table is hung up a Japanese cabinet which Mother gave me on my last birthday, and in which I put the letters I have to answer.

On the other side of the chimney is another whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed my album with illustrated cards which my correspondents have sent me from England, France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Italy, Constantinople and Egypt. There are also a small ink-stand in the shape of a *genericshoe* drawn by a Chinese, and the photo of one of my correspondents which is in a frame she painted herself very prettily. On the other shelf is my stamp-album which contains now more than 1500 stamps. Below is my album for photos; it is of embossed brown leather with ornaments of steel and was given to me on Christmas three years ago. The fourth wall is occupied by the Book-shelves which contain Armenian, English, French and German books. And what else is there in the room? A large terrestrial globe, my little working-table near the window, which I received at Christmas when I was twelve years old. On the wall above it, is hung up a pretty pincushion which I worked last Summer; it has the shape of a crescent; one side is covered with dark-green silk on which is embroidered a branch of forget-me-nots. The other side is covered with pale-blue silk, and it is hung up with pale-blue ribbon. On the working-table is placed a work-basket which I received on my 9th birthday.

On the walls are hung up four pictures

representing the story of Genevieve of Brabant. I remember how, when quite a little girl, I stood before them, looking at them admiringly and asking always Mamma to tell me that wonderful story again. I never grew tired of listening at it and looking at those pictures. Above the piano is hung up the portrait of an old friend of Father's who died long ago and whom I have never known. Above the chimney is a mirror, and on the mantel piece is an old-fashioned clock representing Flora with a basket full of flowers and fruit; on both sides are the photos of Father and Mother in steel frames and two vases which look like old Egyptian urns.

On each sofa is a cushion made of brown cloth; on one of them wild poppies are embroidered and the other side is covered with red satin. On the other one is a branch of daisies and the other side is covered with yellow satin.

I believe there is nothing left undescribed in our sitting-room. In short, though there is nothing precious or brand-new in it, and many pieces of the furniture are old-fashioned enough, I think it is the most agreeable and cosy room one can imagine; at least it is so for me who love it dearly, as everything in it is full of remembrances from the days of my childhood.

I am sure I did many mistakes, but excuse them please, as I have studied English for 2½ years only.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"ARMENIAN SWEET SEVENTEEN."

Smyrna,
Asia Minor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

JENNIE WILLIAMS.—Is it a bad thing to take quinine every day when it has not been ordered by a physician? Most decidedly it is a very pernicious habit! What do you take quinine for? You say "to keep away influenza." We tell you that for that purpose it is useless. Quinine is not a specific for influenza, and even if it were, it would be useless to take it before the occurrence of the disease. To take a drug—because it is used in an affection—as a preventive against that affection, is about as logical as to wear a crutch as a preventive against breaking your leg. Give up this silly and dangerous habit of taking quinine, which is a most powerful drug and one that produces symptoms of an alarming character, quite as bad, if not worse than over-indulgence in alcohol. We have seen cases of deafness and a kind of catalepsy develop from taking quinine. Noises in the ears and headache, following the use of this drug, are of every-day occurrence.

MARTHA.—Of all fishes, the whiting is the most easily digested; then follows sole, turbot, plaice, haddock, cod, in the order mentioned. Salmon, eels, mackerel and herrings are indigestible. All shell-fish except oysters are indigestible. Oysters (except the hard "gristle" in the middle, which is indigestible) are perhaps the most digestible of all foods, as they digest themselves. When giving oysters to invalids the "gristle" should be removed; there is no need to waste it for it will help to make excellent soup.

"**PANSY**" asks us for something to relieve a stiff knee, which she has been told is due to "rheumatic gout" (a bad name, for it has nothing to do with either rheumatism or gout). You should keep the knee warm, wearing a flannel knee-cap. At times when the knee is painful, a small blister applied, either above or below the joint, will often remove the pain. Massage is sometimes of great value (see answer to "Phillipa" in No. 959). Residence in a warm climate; sulphur or vapour baths; treatment at a hydropathic establishment, or a sea-voyage may be tried by a very rich sufferer; but, for a poor, or even fairly well-to-do person, none of these measures are worth the expense. As you know, there is no specific for rheumatic gout, and but few drugs have any effect upon it. It occurs in elderly people and is chiefly due to senility. It is one of the diseases included under the name of "Anno Domini."

STUDY AND STUDIO.

JANE W. BARR.—The quotation you give is from a poem entitled "The Bridge of Sighs," by Thomas Hood. We insert your request for international correspondence.

HERBO.—The letter "h" is now usually sounded in humble. Uriah Heep in Dickens' *David Copperfield* gave the death-blow to its omission, and in the General Thanksgiving in the English Prayer Book the expression "umble and hearty thanks" is inconsistent with euphony. "H" is not sounded in honour, heir, hour, honest and their derivatives, but is frequently sounded in herb. Consult any good up-to-date little grammar, as usage has changed on this point.

ONE OF OUR GIRL READERS.—We presume you mean Invergarry Castle in Glengarry, Inverness-shire. It was the ancient seat of the MacDonnells of Glengarry, and the interior was burnt by the Duke of Cumberland in 1748. Colonel MacDonnell, who died in 1828, is supposed to have been the original of Fergus McIvor in *Waverley*. The castle stands on a rock called Craig-an-Fhithich (rock of the raven), which became the war-cry of the clan. We think a good local guide-book would be the best source if you wish for further information.

NINETTE (Budapesth).—We think the book you mean must be *The Prince of the House of David*, a well-known work. You can get it from any English bookseller, such as Messrs. Sotheran, Strand, London. Your letter does you great credit, and is very well written and expressed.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Russian girl of 15½, who wants to go to Oxford, wishes to correspond with an English girl of the same age, who is also going to Oxford.

Many thanks, MISS MAY CLARK, for telling us that you have found two foreign correspondents. We have often wondered if any result followed the requests we so often print.

ERICA of Budapesth, Hungary. "would love to exchange correspondence in English or German with refined young ladies from 20 years upwards, who live in India, Japan, Africa or Australia."

MISS JANE W. BARR, Fortune Villa, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland, who is sixteen years old, would like to correspond with a French girl.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A WELSH GIRL'S question is rather vague for she gives no information. What is to be included in the 36s. per week? Rent she says is 3s. 4d., but she does not mention coals, nor whether they have a garden, poultry, or a pig, which, being in the country, they may have. Nor does she say anything about light nor clothes. So we answer her question merely as to housekeeping with three men in the house. Her meat bill will be heavy of course, but if she can use rabbits and fish they will reduce it. Butcher, 10s.; grocer, 5s. 6d.; baker, 3s. 6d.; vegetables, 1s. 6d.; coals and wood, 2s. 6d.; milk, 1s.—2½s. a week. This was taken from the accounts of a family of two grown people and five children. Of course you should be saving a little, and you must allow for the wear and tear of the household things. You will find a daily diary of money spent a great help to you, and the weekly accounts will always be a guide to every housekeeper. Cash should always be paid for all you buy, and this habit will be a great bar to careless expenditure.

READER.—You appear to require to complete your drawing-room, besides pictures and ornaments, a large Chesterfield sofa, as many pretty easy chairs as you can afford room for, and two or three pretty little tables. Stain the edges all round to a distance of about two feet, and get a carpet for the centre space. You do not tell us anything about colour, so we cannot suggest those suitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS SISTER.—Your father and mother are the best people to tell about your brother, and they if wise will keep your information to themselves while acting upon it, so as to save him from an undesirable marriage.

A. H.—The only method of finding a sale for large quantities of fancy work of all kinds would be by advertising it in the various papers for ladies. Many people would be glad to know of it, as it is sometimes very difficult to get enough for bazaars and fancy fairs.

CONSTANT READER had better write direct to the Y.W.C.A., 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W., for their list of Homes, published yearly, we think.

CATHERINE.—There is a Diocesan Deaconess Institution at Chester to which you might apply for training and information respecting it. Address, Sister Violet Hyde, Head Deaconess.