

TWILIGHT CIRCLE.

GLAD.—I will pass on the first part of your letter for consideration and reply to the "Medical" correspondence column. I have no knowledge which would enable me to advise you in such an important matter. I rejoice that answers in our Twilight Circle Column have been of so much use to you, and I gladly pass on some words of yours to other dear girl members. "I have found out by experience that, next to our Lord Jesus Christ, a girl's good mother is her best friend. I do not know what I should do without my dear little mother. She is always ready to listen, however busy she may be. I do hope more of the girls may find out what such a mother really is." GLAD has more to say in regard to the difficulty of keeping her thoughts from wandering during the time set apart for morning and evening prayer, but adds, "I never find it hard to pray earnestly and reverently during my 'drawing-room hour,' as I call it. I have certain daily household duties, one of which is to dust the drawing-room. I know not how it began, but I got into the way of spending the time 'talking to Jesus,' and I sometimes have such a sense of His presence that I almost wonder I do not see Him. It is so beautiful to tell one's wants straight to Him." Dear GLAD, you are a happy girl. What can be sweeter than to be able to turn one's thoughts and to tell out one's requests to our Divine Lord, whilst our bodies are engaged in mere mechanical work? So many girls write bemoaning their inability to realise the existence of God and the impossibility of fixing their thoughts on holy things, even with everything to favour communion with Him. You realise the glorious truth of a divine omnipresence, and think of your Saviour as always near, ready to hear and answer and to fill our hearts with joy as we say, "Ours is not a 'God far off,' but a 'God at hand.'" I rejoice that the answers in our column have helped you so much. It does not seem strange to me now to have letters from girls unknown even by name. I want to be the friend of all girls, and I cannot tell you how dear many of my correspondents are to me, or how I love to dwell on their letters, and how anxious I feel to comfort, cheer and help them each and all.

A KING'S DAUGHTER (Australia) writes, "I am one of the happy girls who have sat 'In the Twilight' with you, and I want to thank you for the blessing you have been to so many, myself included. I do so love the Talks, but I love equally well to read the answers to girls who go to you for sympathy and help. I have been serving my Saviour a good while now, and the older I grow the more I realise His goodness to me and all I owe to Him." I pass on these words to cheer those who are starting in the same sweet service; for I know that the honest testimony of one girl goes home to the hearts of many and helps them

on their way. Your words, "My life, with the exception of its one sorrow, is a very happy one. Every day there is some new thing to praise God for. Sometimes my heart simply overflows with thanksgiving." You have learned two grand lessons, dear—"To serve the Lord with gladness," and to be constantly on the look-out for new mercies, so that you may not forget to praise Him for them with joyful lips and heartfelt thanksgivings. In accordance with your wish I refrain from quoting details of what may be called the skeleton in the home circle. Were you to see one month's letters from my girls, you would find that the brightness of many homes is spoiled by the same thing. That any parent should not merely fail to desire but actually repel the confidences of her girls seems past comprehension. I do hope I may be enabled to turn a Talk to account in order to bridge over the difficulty shortly. You will remember I touched upon it in three of our old Talks—"Friendship in the Family," "Confidences," and "Invisible Wall-Building." The misfortune is, that I can only give one-sided help, since my answers and advice are usually asked for by the children, though sometimes queries come from parents also. The correspondent alluded to is now very much happier in her home relations, and her filial ministrations are really valued. I will try to bring her into touch with you. I am so glad you found our Talk about the "Little Ones in the Family" so fully in accord with your own feelings. I must reply to your other query in a future column.

HOPE.—Many thanks for sending me your new address. I have not forgotten, dear, and I hope to find for you and other kind volunteers the right correspondents in due time. I have many offers, but there is a certain responsibility in bringing girls in touch with each other, of which I am profoundly sensible. Both thought and prayer are needed, and thus far the results of, and the comfort given by, correspondence between the pairs allotted for the purpose have been most encouraging. "We are both 'G. O. P.' girls," wrote one from her home in the Midlands to another dear unseen lassie in a remote district in South Africa, and the latter, she tells me, replied, "On account of your being one of Ruth Lamb's girls, I feel I could tell you everything." What a thrill went through me as I received this message, and I prayed, first, "May God bless them both," then, "May He bless and comfort *all my girls* everywhere." But this petition was too narrow, and another went up to God for *all* girls, and for "young and old, high and low, rich and poor, one with another." I want each girl who begins a correspondence to realise that she is going to influence another mind and life, and to pray that this influence may be wholly for good. A correspondent; whose letter I have unfortunately mislaid, asks for the name of a book of morning and evening prayers suitable for daily use in a girls' school. I regret that I do not know such a volume.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.



ETHEL TURNER.

the only young author to whom, in recent years, at least, Mr. George Meredith has written in appreciation of a first book. From Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Miss Turner received a like honour, and that when she was little more than a girl.

"Though born in England, Ethel Turner's life has been passed in Australia. Her home is at Sydney. She had no sooner left the High School than in collaboration with her

THE Editor is happy to introduce to his readers a new story-writer, who has for the first time supplied THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER with a story, the plot of which is laid in Australia.

Miss Ethel Turner, now Mrs. Curlew, as she has just married a rising young barrister, is only just twenty-eight years of age, and, as *The Literary World* says, "is probably

sister, Lilian Turner, she started a literary journal called *The Parthenon*, which ceased to exist in 1892, or thereabouts. Miss Turner then began contributing to *The Illustrated Sydney News* and other Colonial newspapers. Finding a ready acceptance for her contributions, she determined to try her hand at a book, and so settled down to the writing of *Seven Little Australians*. This she sent, when finished, to the manager of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s Melbourne branch, by whom it was sent on to the London house, where its merits were immediately recognised. It achieved an instantaneous success, both here and in Australia, and was followed by a sequel, *The Family at Misrule*, which, unlike most sequels, was pronounced by the critics to be even better than the original tale.

"Miss Ethel Turner," said *The Westminster Gazette*, "is fast becoming to the world at large what the authoress of *Little Women* was for generations past to America"; and *The Bookman* pronounced her to be 'Miss Alcott's true successor.'

"*The Family at Misrule* was followed by *The Story of a Baby*, which, though shorter, was no less successful than its predecessors. In these three books Miss Turner dealt principally with child-life, but in *The Little Larrikin* she attempted a larger canvas, and satisfactorily demonstrated that she was as competent to draw men and women as she was to draw children. In *The Little Duchess* she gathered together the best of her short stories. It is a volume which contains some of her finest work. Her latest books are: *Miss Bobbie*, *The Camp at Wandinang*, and *Three Little Maids*, all equally successful."

Mrs. Curlew's New Serial Story, which we begin to print in our next weekly number, is entitled

"THE MOTHER AND THE WONDER-CHILD."