

second mother, and two good friends, if not two sisters, in her girls. You are too young, perhaps, to judge quite fairly of my actions, and I don't forget that you may find it difficult to share my satisfaction until you have proved your dad is no lying prophet, but have patience, Betty, and believe, at least, that he loves you and means you no ill."

That was what Uncle John said too—"Have patience; be fair," but Beth's blind trust had been shaken, and fairness was almost impossible. She could not think of her journey to London now as anything but going into exile, and perhaps the bitterest part of her suffering lay in the thought that she could count on no support in rebellion from her uncle and aunt. They were too honourable to use their own pain as a protest. Her father wished Beth to join him in London immediately after the marriage, which was to take place at once, and go she must. There was no escape that she could perceive.

She put away in the little drawer of the looking-glass the letter that had wrought such havoc in her life, and hurried downstairs that her tired and hungry uncle might not be kept longer waiting. Some patient, calling for medicine, detained him momentarily in the surgery, and Beth found her aunt alone in the pleasant, cheerful living-room, where Uncle John was allowed to smoke and keep his botanical specimens, and be as untidy as he pleased—a piece of self-sacrifice on Aunt Anneys's part Beth could scarcely appreciate.

Aunt Anneys put her hands on the girl's shoulders and looked at her with dark eyes full of questioning love and sympathy. She had been a lovely girl, and was a lovely woman still.

"Thee feels better in thy mind, Bethia?" she asked gently.

"Yes, Aunt Anneys"—Beth tried bravely to smile—"I'm beginning to forgive father, by quarters of inches, for being happy in his own way. If he would only not expect me to be happy too, I think I could get on faster."

"Thee is taking the right road to make thyself happy," said Aunt Anneys softly. Her Quaker speech was like her husband's broad Scotch—an outlet for stirred emotion.

They were both so good to the forlorn Beth that night, putting their own dismay at losing her entirely out of sight the better to comfort her that, for very shame's sake, she could not but try to respond.

Plying about among his memories, Dr. John fished up so many quaint and laughable reminiscences of his one visit, in his student days, to the world's great capital, that small stirrings of curiosity and wonder awoke under Beth's little calico bodice, and the thought of exile began to press less persistently. Yet when they blessed her and kissed her good night there came back with a rush of surging bitterness the thought that her evenings by that tranquil hearth were numbered.

In what seemed to be the middle of the night, so long she had kept watch, she half awoke, and turning upon her pillow had a dim perception of a still, grey-clad figure kneeling by her bed, but her brain scarcely received the blurred impression before her eyelids again fell over her tired eyes.

None the less the love that pitifully watched and waited seemed to bring her healing even in her sleep.

*(To be continued.)*

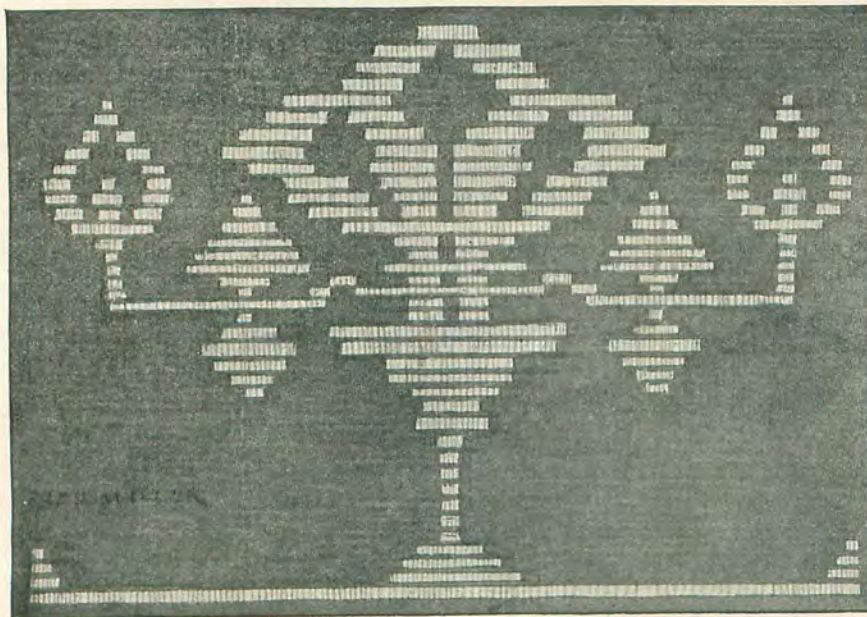
## SWEDISH EMBROIDERY.

THE style of needlework figured in the sketch was suggested by a chair-back I saw at the Paris Exhibition. The material was a dark bluish cloth, and the design was

wrought in a straw-coloured silk. It was singularly effective, for the stitches, being taken all one way, caught the light and gave the work a beautiful glistening appearance.

In the sketch all this vanishes, and only the bare facts are recorded, so that a reader who has not seen the work itself would form a very poor idea of its appearance from the drawing. There was a certain barbaric simplicity about the design which charmed me. Sweet things soon cloy the palate, and it is so with art-work. One can easily be over-refined, and the work that most appealed to me at the Paris Exhibition was that shown by the nations we look upon as primitive: at any rate, it was not among the exhibits from France, Germany, America or ourselves that one was most likely to pick up new ideas.

The novelty of the work before us (if novelty there be) is in carrying the design in long bands of stitches with narrow spaces or lines of the material showing between. In working such a pattern it is very important therefore that the stitches shall all be of the same length, and to that end it would be well to draw upon the material parallel lines in thin Chinese white, so that in taking

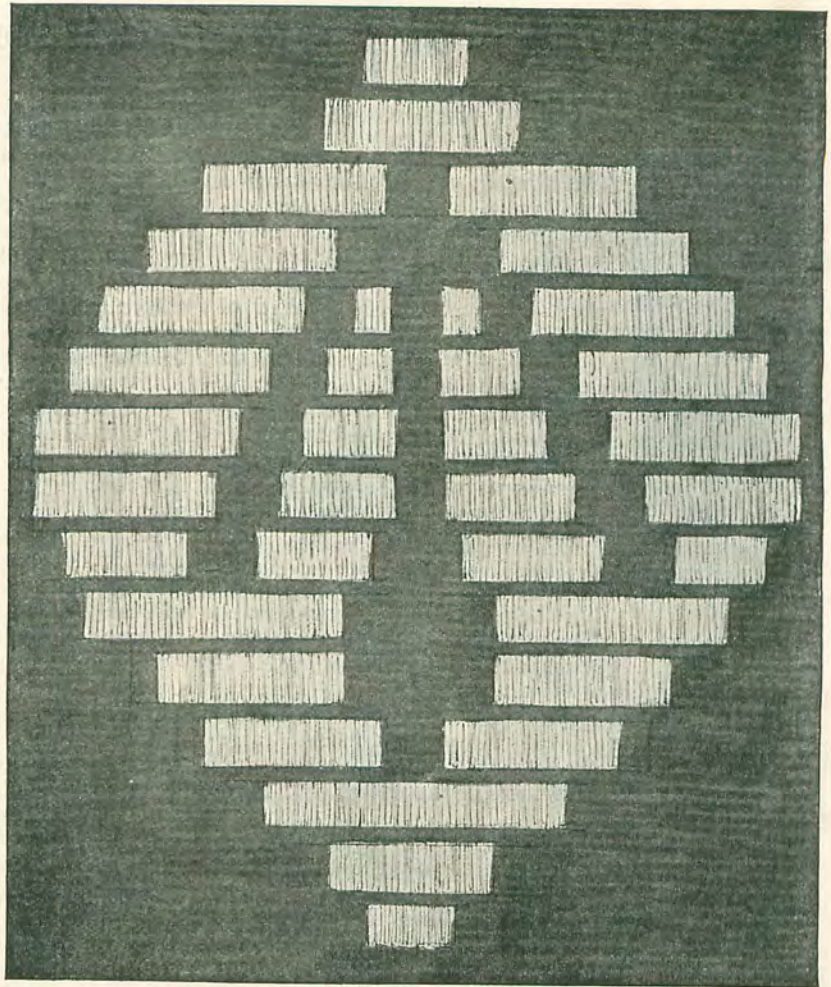




each stitch the worker has a gauge for the needle. Work of this nature has this advantage: it displays the skill of the needle more than the ingenuity of the designer, for it is obvious that one is very limited in the sort of design one carries out. But this is a great advantage, as in needlework the ability of the worker is the very thing we want to display, more than the ingenuity of the designer. The skill of the needle and not the pencil is what we wish to develop. There must be many workers who, while very skilful with the needle, are not able to undertake elaborate schemes requiring the introduction of many colours, and such work as that sketched would therefore just suit them.

It is little more difficult than Berlin wool-work or crochet, save that the spaces to be covered are not formed for one as they are in the former case; but there ought not to be any difficulty in ruling a number of lines across the fabric the requisite distances apart. Those who have the command of a T-square and drawing-board could rule the lines on the material with a bow pen, using thin Chinese white for the purpose. That pre-supposes the design will be wrought on a dark material, for I do not think such work would look well on a light one.

As regards the designs to be worked, it does not seem to me that it would be difficult to adapt crochet or Berlin work for the purpose; nor would it be difficult to do something original or adapted from some other work, say for Berlin wool-work or crochet, as in all three cases the pattern is produced by squares. The designs on some of the straw-woven boxes of savage races would adapt themselves easily to this treatment. I have given another class of design, a simple treatment of flowers and foliage, which could be wrought in stitches taken across the various forms and in just two colours, the leaves in one and the flowers in another. The Japanese frequently produce their embroidery in this way, taking the stitches across each form, using only two colours. Embroidery of this nature is much more satisfactory than



more elaborate work in which more is attempted than can be accomplished, where failure of the hand is seen instead of the hand-cunning which should distinguish good embroidery. As a leading axiom in needlework, be bold and simple, rather than elaborate and over-ambitious.

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