THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot.

This little frighten away our fears, and the page is closed for fear of its exceeding dryness. I promise to do my best to make the subject as interesting as possible. Everyone nowadays must often hear much talking of political elections and governments coming in or going out, and surely they might, as well as we ourselves, wish to understand what it all means. As far back as the days of Alfred the Great we read of the Great Council of the king being held at least twice a year to assist the king in making wise laws, and from this we may look for the origin of our Parliaments. For a lengthened period the council was only formed by the King's barons, holding Crown estates, but after Magna Charta archbishops, bishops, and earls were included, and thus we have our House of Lords. To these were afterwards added knights of the county, citizens, and burgesses, and these were incorporated in the council, and held their consultations together, but eventually were divided into six or more such bodies, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, who hold their consultations and "debates" in separate chambers under the same roof.

The Sovereign governs the nation through the Ministry, and these are chosen from the leaders in politics in Lords and Commons. A leader in politics I would understand their wishes to be, for the nation, consisting, as it does, of more than a thousand members of the two Houses, of course there is a difference of opinion on some political points, but for consultation, and for many, many years have always at least two distinct parties, at one time known as Whigs and Tories; later we have had Liberals and Conservatives; and even others, whom I will not discuss. Before any new law can be passed the consent of both Houses of Parliament must be obtained, and then it has the Sovereign's assent, but though it is his or her prerogative to refuse assent, but such a thing has never occurred since the reign of Queen Anne. Indeed, as I once see that one or more of these parties must have a majority and from this majority we find the Ministry in office. The Sovereign sends for one of the leading statesmen and asks him to form a Ministry, command him making the Prime Minister, or Premier, for the time being. Thus charged with his Sovereign's order, the Premier seeks for the ablest of his supporters in Parliament, to form his Cabinet Council, which will sit apart and discuss affairs in private, making any propositions to the Houses of Parliament. The discussions which take place are never made public but the Sovereign is informed of their result. I must add that the member of the Cabinet is appointed to one of the great offices of national importance, which is then under his management, with subordinates chosen to assist him who are not in the Cabinet, but whose political opinions agree with those of the Premier. These great offices are:—First Lord of the Treasury, which is always held by the Premier; the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Privy Seal, three Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, First Lord of the Admiralty, Postmaster-General, and Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Now we have the Ministry; and in their hands the management of foreign affairs is carried on. But of course there is another body of men in Lords and Commons who do not agree with what is done, and these are called the Opposition. When a new law or scheme comes to be discussed there is a great deal said for and against, and then comes the division to see if there is a majority in favour of the Government or on the Opposition side, and by this division the matter is either passed or thrown out. If the Government repeatedly fail to carry what they believe to be in the interest of the nation, they must do one of two things, namely, resign office or "go out," as the saying is, or else they may apply to the King to dissolve Parliament, and apply to the country to elect a new one, which brings me to another point which will need explanation.

A seat in the Ministry is a very important position; that is to say, a son succeeds his father as a peer, and therefore has his place in the House, excepting, of course, spiritual peers (archbishops), whose office is hereditary, but who sit in the House of Lords by right of their bishopric. Thus, two years after, and Parliament after Parliament, the roll of peers remains the same.

The second House, that of the Commons, is differently constituted, every county in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, sends returners to the House as well as the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. These are men who come forward and offer themselves as sitting persons to go up to Parliament and represent the opinions and wishes of a certain number of men in the place who have the right of choosing their candidate. This would, however, lead me to give a long digression on electoral laws, which I should be left for another time. I must confine myself to how the business of the nation is carried on. When all the members are elected in Parliament it is actually a fact we are always reminded of in the Church Service, when the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament is read—we might as well call it the great court of summer evening, and watch the busy, anxious looks of some whom we pass with, and the privilege of an unseen listener we enter the solemn chamber of the House. We see one person sitting in a large chair of state, and know that this is the Speaker. My readers will be amused to hear that he is not a person, but a black, blank, and empty chair. On the right hand is the Table, on the left the Clerk of the House and, as I have before said, we shall see the principal statesmen who form the present Ministry, excepting those who are peers, are to be found in the House of Lords; and as these are always changed those who, disagreeing with the existing Ministry, are called the Opposition. One member is standing and making a speech; it is perhaps the only speech on the opposite side of the House will rise and argue on the other line, and so it goes on until a call is heard to divide, and then voting is taken from their places, all the House and, passing into different lobbies, the numbers for and against are taken, and then declared, but every question has that above a double majority, three discussions, being necessary on every Bill, and to become law must be twice carried by numerical superiority. Having passed through the Lower House the Bill is sent to the Lords, who, as a rule generally ratify the decisions of the Commons. Sometimes they make objections to some details, and it then has to go back to the Commons again. Both Houses being agreed, the Sovereign's assent makes it law. Thus we see that whatever political party be in power, they cannot conduct the business of the nation without the majority in the House of Commons is on their side. A new Parliament must be summoned every seven years, though it can be dissolved very much sooner by the sovereign. This enables the voters throughout the kingdom to choose fresh representatives, and, according to the results of such election, the feeling of the nation is obtained. Upon the death of the Sovereign a new Parliament must be summoned within six months.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837 Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and remained so until succeeded by Sir Robert Peel in 1841. His tenure of office and that of Lord Lyndhurst were the last of that reign. After the year 1857, when Lord Liverpool retired after fourteen years.

It is illegal to hold any monster meetings on a petition within a certain distance of the Houses of Parliament; neither may a large body of persons go together with any petition to Parliament. It has happened, though, as the result of the reform of 1832, a great attempt was made to break this law and to get up a serious disturbance known as the Chartist demonstration. The utter and entire failure of the affair makes one look back on it as simply ridiculous, but one who remembers all the events of that week gives an amusing account of it from the other side. "Rumours of a determined Chartist meeting had been heard on all sides, and, with violent leaders urging them on and fiercely-demonstrated intentions of walking down to the House in thousands with their petition, with threats of fighting any body of police or troops that attempted to stop them, made most people rather nervous. A body of Marines marched up to London and were billeted in the Admiralty for two days. The Household Troops from Windsor were brought into the neighbourhood and everything was prepared. Before daylight the troops from various barracks were silently marching to different places where it was thought necessary to station them, and they were kept unseen throughout the day. The Royal Horse Guards were in the riding-school at Stamford House, one regiment of Guards and the 1st December all in readiness in case it were needed. Meantime shops were all shut; no one ventured out in a carriage, and the streets were silently guarded by the police. In one or two churches a service was held at early morn to implore the preservation of peace and to avert all the horrors of disturbance. The day advanced.

At Vauxhall Bridge artillery were stationed, as it was the an-
A LETTER FROM A KITCHEN.

[To the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper.]

ON Thứed Sir,—I take the liberty of writing you these few lines to tell you how much my fellow-servant, Sarah, and me like your paper. I was always fond of reading, from a child, and mother used to make rare fun of me, and say she believed I would sit with a book written in French in my hands sooner than not be reading at all; but I don’t know that I ever read anything I liked so much as THE GIRL’S OWN PAPER, for there’s a bit of all sorts in it—something to make you laugh, as well as something to teach you; but there’s some of the writings in it I thought I’d like to say a word about, in case there was any readers might be placed like myself.

You must know that I am a general servant, only there’s a girl of sixteen kept too, being rather more work than one can do properly, as it is a large house, and master and mistress very particular, but what they are good people, and kind to us girls in many ways that some would never think of.

Well, as I was saying about THE GIRL’S OWN PAPER, there’s nothing from them I think nice to read, and useful, no doubt, to the ladies as have not got to work all day, but that poor folks might pass by, with—Oh, that will do, thank you for the lines of us; however could we do all that’s written down here?" That’s what I thought when mistress made me a present of the first few numbers, and asked me to take it in regular.

There are some pieces written, I should say, by a medical gentleman, to tell you how to improve your appearance, and all by fair means; not any of those nasty messes for the complexion as you see advertised. I could not help smiling when I saw those rules for making you look healthy and bright; and I thought to myself, "Ah, Sarah, haven’t we time to be thinking of our complexes, have we?" But then I thought to myself, why shouldn’t we try to look neat and fresh? I’ve been known to be a young lad; so said I to Sarah, "I’ll just see what the gentleman has to say about it.

With that I took the book up again and read all about taking care of your hair. Certainly it would not be right nor yet reasonable for such as me to take new lines to be taken with the best yellow soap, or else the soft soap, which is better to my thinking, and I don’t know but what that was just as good as the eggs when all’s said and done. At any rate, since I began to wash my hair thoroughly with it once a fortnight, and give it a good brush every night, no one would believe the difference. Even mistress said once, "Why, Jane, how nice and bright your hair do look now; quite different from the dusty-looking wig you used to have.

I felt pleased at this; I can tell you, for mistress don’t often pass a remark about our appearance, unless she thinks we are getting too fine, and then it isn’t praise she gives us.

Then it seems can’t be held on without having a bath every morning, last week it says so times upon times in these papers I’m speaking about. If anybody has a need to be strong and well, certainly if it is servants, for if they fall ill, whatever is to become of them? But I never was in a place yet where the servants could have a bath, neither night nor morning, and what is more, in such a desperate hurry in the morning, and too tired to do anything at nights, most girls aren’t so particular as they might be about washing themselves regular.

But though we can’t have a regular bath like the paper says we ought to, there’s not much difficulty about having a thorough good wash all over, say once or twice a week. Sarah and me share the same bedroom, and how we manage is this. On bath night, as we call it, I get a can of hot water and go to bed half an hour earlier than usual, with which Sarah, mistrees has objections to, as, if anything is wanted, there is Sarah to attend to it; and on her bath nights she does the same, and I attend to her needs, have persuaded her further into following the same way. And certainly it’s time well spent, for I feel a different girl since I began, and Sarah’s mother says she shall be about keeping her children a bit tidier, for Sarah puts them all to shame when she goes home on a visit.

Then there are all the papers about cooking, and I may say a word or two from them. I can call to mind feeling rather angry when I read about us English cooks being wasteful when compared with foreigners, which I’ve always been inclined to be certain of, by using up the scraps and bones, and even saving the water meat has been boiled in, must say it has brought down the butcher’s box above a bit, and many’s the tasty little dish I’ve sent to table, made, as you may say, out of nothing, and mistress soon noticed them, and likewise the change in the milk. She asked me once I told her the reason she didn’t seem pleased. "If that’s the case, Jane," says she, "I shall have to mind what I order;" I will be wary of serving us and take a grand cook’s place you’re getting such a first-rate one, and so economical too.

It says once that your meat ought never to be laid down on a dish, but always hung up. But suppose your landlord hasn’t any books in it, and the larder not over good nor over large, which is the case with ours. That stopped me at the first; but then I thought to myself, “Mistress won’t begrudge a shilling or two if it keeps the meat better,” and I have a good strong wrist, I’ve learned to make meat in a way, and a few stout iron hooks, and hammered them in the larder walls, and sure enough there were my meat hooks, as good as the first carpenter in the land had made them.

I must not forget the papers about needlework, which those on cutting out and makingarpquake have been taken with, and others too, no doubt, for it is a shame to pay three shillings or more for making a plain print, when anyone can make it themselves by following the advice of the papers. Well, most has an hour or two of themselves one evening. I saved up the old newspapers that came downstairs, and gummed them together, and though I did not get on so very well at first, I managed at last to cut out a pretty fair pattern, taking the measures from an old dress, and kept it by me, so I can always cut out a dress now without any trouble about the pattern.

There are some beautiful pictures of what might be termed fancy darning, and very well suited to that. I’ve got a box for mending the table linen; and also one, more proper for needleworked things, that I use when I have time for mistress’s stockings, and very well suits the purpose. I’m going to take the hole was; but in general it is the table linen I use the directions for, for you can even copy the pattern of the damask if you go by what the papers say.

If you will please excuse me being so long-winded, as the saying is, there is one more thing I should wish to tell you about. There was a niece in the papers about making your bedroom look nice, though some might say the writer did not mean them for such as us. Perhaps not; but I daresay she will be all the better pleased when the rooms are followed out by one, at the least. Most girls in service don’t care what their rooms are like, so long as there’s a bed and a washstand, and just room to turn round; but after I had read that piece up to Sarah one evening, we thought we should like to make ours more comfortable than at present. Of course I asked mistrees first, and she said it would be all right, and afterwards when I showed her how neatly it was all done, she said she would very much like to have it done. I’m afraid it will give you a shilling or two to pay for them.

With that Sarah and I talked it over, and decided to have a bracket covered with American cloth by the washstand, which is terrible crowded, what with a water-bottle and soap dish, and one thing and another; and in, in a corner we shall have a shelf with a cup-hanging from it for a cupboard to keep our other dresses in, just like the young ladies in the story did. Then under the bed we shall have a wooden box, which is the best thing to make it look quite handsome, and keep it out in the room instead of under the bed, and be able to make one more seat, which at present we have only one chair; and we are going to stuff the top with paper torn up small and make it like a cushion.

So what with one thing and another the paper has been very useful to me, though a poor girl, and may go on as interesting as you have been in the stories you have read.

I remain, your obedient servant,

JANE COOPER.

[The Editor has, with Jane Cooper’s permission, inserted the above interesting letter, and he hopes that the perusal of it will prove of benefit to many of his readers.]
THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY

By the Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot.

The first article on this subject I briefly glanced at the general constitution of England - King (or Queen) Lords, and Commons, and this month, taking them in the order of precedence, I must begin with the head of all - "Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria." It may be interesting to note the succession in which the royal titles have swelled since the time of Henry IV, "Grace" and "My Liege" then being conferred on him, "Excellent Grace" added in 1422, etc. Henry IV was styled "Most High and Mighty Prince," Henry VII, and VIII, were variously styled "Highness" and "Grace"; but on the memorable Field of Cloth of Gold, the French King addressed his Royal brother as "Majesty," ever since retained, with the present addition made by James I. of "Sovereign," or "Most Excellent Majesty," but it was reserved for the later years of Queen Victoria's reign to add yet one title more, and in the year 1877 Her Majesty was proclaimed "Empress of India." The present line of succession to the Crown was regulated by an Act in the reign of William III, by which the Roman Catholic branch of the Stuart family was for ever excluded from reigning; neither can a marriage be contracted between any member of the Royal Family and a Romanist. At the time of our Queen's engagement to the late Prince Consort the subject was under discussion, and Lord Lyndhurst, in a speech in the House, reminded the nation that there could never be a question as to the legality or not of an alliance with a Romanist, as such a marriage necessarily involved forfeiture of the Crown, and if the Heir Apparent were to contract the same the crown would at that moment forfeit his position.

"The King never dies" is a very old saying, the explanation of which may be found in the late and present Acts of Succession. When an official announcement is made of the death of the Sovereign, the successor is at once publicly proclaimed. Some of us can remember when the aged Queen Victoria, while a vast crowd assembled in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, and there watched for the moment when a young fair girl, dressed in deep mourning, appeared at the open window, and the heralds proclaimed aloud the royal titles of Victoria, Queen of England. In the following year she was solemnly anointed and crowned in Westminster Abbey, according to the Divine institution, and her person is for ever sacred. The maxim of the law is that the sovereign can do no wrong; that is, he cannot commit a crime; as of course there is no human tribunal competent to call him to account, and no admission upon his part can be taken advantage of. Certain rights, belonging exclusively to the Sovereign, are often spoken of as the prerogative of the Crown, and these include pardon to convicted offenders, the creation of all titles of nobility, the gifts of knighthoods. Besides the multiplicity of other State documents, every commission in the army bears the royal signature, by which my readers will see that the duties of our Crown are not a mere sinecure, but that many, many years of her life must be devoted to real business often of a very uninteresting description.

The taxes levied upon the revenue of the kingdom and the rental of certain estates throughout the country, which are called Crown lands, are collected into the funds out of which large sums are paid in support of the Royal household and the dignity of the Royal state, and from this source the expenses of keeping up the army, navy, &c., are supplied. The Queen has another title, that of Duchess of Lancaster, and as such she receives the rents of the Duchy of Lancaster, and they are not paid into the national funds.

The State ceremonies and the many old customs attendant theron would provide material for an article to itself. The Lordsoverlay the ground, and the roll over peers is now over 500, in which are included the five Royal Princes (the Prince of Wales and his three brothers and the Duke of Cambridge). Since their union with England, both Ireland and Scotland have representative peers in the National Assembly; 16 Scotch, who are elected at each new parliament, and 25 Scotch, 23 Irish, and 25 Irish, the Sovereign can add to the number of English peers, ad lib., and such elevation is often the reward of illustrious generals in our army or distinguished statesmen, who have no longer a seat created, and only one Irish peer when there have been three jockey peerages through the failure of any heir. Twenty-four bishops have a seat in the House of Lords, besides the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Primate of Ireland.

On the creation of a new peer there is a quaint ceremony connected with his first entry into the House which may amuse my readers.

At the appointed time the Lord Chancellor, who is the President of the Upper House, as the Speaker is in the Commons, takes his seat on the woolsock (of which more hereafter) in the House of Lords, under the Speaker's benefit side; a few peers in ordinary morning dress are on the benches, when through the doors at the lower end of the House a small procession advances. First a herald in qusit dress precedes the Duke of Norfolk, Marshal of England, following the Usker of the Black Rod, and the newly-created peer comes next beside two supporters, a herald being in the rear, all wearing their scarlet robes. Passing round the House, all make low obeisance to the Chancellor, and to the empty throne; then, advancing to the tail gate of the House, he putts on a small cocked hat, and three times removing it as they bow low to the throne, the ceremony is over and the procession goes the House to the Queen's set aside, and they appear in their places in usual attire. The peers never wear their robes in the House except on formal occasions, and when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign in person. The distinctive marks of a peer's rank are the bands of fur on his robes, and the bright new shawl of the cloth which adorns new creations, as of course they are hereditary, and their antiques is their special value.

I have no doubt my readers will feel curious about the Lord Chancellor's seat being called the woolsock. It is best described as an ottoman, having neither back nor arms, to luxurious change in its shape, and when made up, one of its chief attractions, which dates from the time of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth, some difference of opinion among genealogists existing upon the point. From the "Lives of Lords Chancellors" we read that in an Act respecting the precedence of the Lord Chancellor it is stated that he should take his seat upon the sopelward side in the Parliament Chamber, called the Chancellor's woolsock." Others state that when an Act of Parliament was passed in Queen Elizabeth's reign again, the Lord Chancellor took a seat upon the woolsock to be called the woolsock. It is also known that in the earlier days of history sacker were placed for the members to sit upon, and no doubt, wool being the staple commodity in England, it was chosen as the seat of honour for the President of the Council, but this title was withdrawn, and establishment may be reconciled from the reigns of the Tudor Sovereigns. Upon one memorable occasion during the present century, giving the greatest excitement, Bill Lord Brougham in an ecstasy of enthusiasm threw himself upon his knees on the woolsock at the close of his own speech. Curiously enough, when the Lord Chancellor would make a speech he cannot do so from the woolsock, but has to move to the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne, and take precedence of all temporal peers, save Princes of the blood royal. History explains this by saying that in older times the Lord Chancellor was not of necessity a peer, therefore he had no seat in the Lords' Chamber, so the woolsock was brought in, but is still according to law no part of the House, and therefore a speech cannot be made from it.

The peers have some privileges which do not extend to other persons. They have the right of audience with the Sovereign upon any official occasion. A peer, or his servant, and by his brother peers alone could one of their order be tried for felony or treason. In the House of Lords a vote may be given by voice as well as by ballot, and is not accorded to the Commons; and in the details of any debate in their chamber a slight difference is perceptible. As I have said, all law of creation of any new bill, must originate with Parliament and receive the assent of the Sovereign; there is, however, one exception to this rule. Should it be the
Mark well that when I said invalids I did not specify ladies, for I think the frame will be quite as much a boon to the infirm or rheumatic man, and not less so to the boys during the long winter evenings or for wet half-holidays, when, for want of something to do, they drive the whole household nearly out of their wits. I really wonder that in these days, when so much is said for the distraction and improvement of our boys, nothing as yet seems to have been done to give a love for some quiet feminine pastime, which, keeping at home a little more, will preserve them from the society of bad companions, and later in life from the infirmities of the publichouse. I have well studied the subject, and have been struck by the difference between the homes of idleness and those where father and sons take to some little hobby, such as fretwork, knitting, or the kind of even system which has this very end in view; unfortunately it is not sufficiently followed, specially in the lower classes. Anyhow I strongly advise mothers and sisters now and then to induce their sons and brothers to share their occupations, were it only for peace’s sake. I have generally found boys very much delighted with the framework, particularly if they had no money to buy for it, and with a little coaxing they will manage a very fair piece to help you on. Therefore to the invalid, the blind, and the young of both sexes the work may prove useful.

Like everything else, this knitting has a drawback; no attempts seem to have been made in England to extend its application beyond mufflers, nor to greatly diversify the stitch. Yet, as shown by the illustrations, there are many innovations to be brought in, and doubtless when once the class of work for whom it specially benefits will have taken it in hand, they will soon discover fresh and pretty modes of turning it to account. I have never tried it, but it occurs to me that the braid for bath towels might readily be made on the spiked frames in any width, for although from twelve to thirty pegs are current in the trade, any size could be ordered of a turner.

As I told you, the work is very old, and in all our grandmothers’ workboxes might be found a small ivory tube fitted with pegs. This little instrument is the origin of the frame-knitting, and by substitution it is replaced by a more primitive tool—the reel.

The reel represents a cork, another thing always ready at hand, but I far prefer the machinery reel as being so much firmer; besides, the hole is already bored, needing only widening to the required size. The cork or reel prepared, you have but to fix in the four or six pins or needles, which serve as the posts on which to twine the stitches. Now, with a bit of wool, silk, narrow braid, or whatever you have at disposal, lay the foundation round, then—Pass the wool from left to right at the back and inside of the poles, twist it round one peg, pass to the next, twist again, and repeat for the remaining two or four. You have now fastened your reel on. In the second circle, do not coil the wool round the pegs, but merely hold it in front, with the left hand, and make it secure at each post by lifting over it, with a large pin, the loop of the first circle.

Work thus, round and round, always keeping but one set of loops on the pins; little by little you will see your work tube-chain emerging down through the hole of the reel, continue till you have the length desired. Fig. 1 shows the work mounted on the reel, with a little pin to secure the loops of the reel."

**Fig. 1.** - Commencement of Chain.  
**Fig. 2.** - Chain Frame Large.  

**ROUND OR CROWN FRAME.**  

Now, to pass to a more important undertaking, I will tell you how to make a scarf on the round or circular frame. Composite or Single Wood. A lot of Scotch fingering yarns are too thin, but double Berlin, or, for less expense, three or four thread decky, will all do very nicely. These round frames are not notorious. Ordinary twenty-eight pegs costs about two shillings, and with it you will produce a seamless tube, 15 inches in circumference—the double Berlin eight, a little more than an inch high and half an inch apart. Put your wooden crown in the left hand, seizing the inside of the rim with the fingers and resting the frame on the outside. Under this thumb secure, for a little while, one end of the wood, and going from left to right, twist it round every peg, gradually twirling the frame as you.
THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot.

The Government of our country is not sufficiently understood by the great mass of the people. But there are others who, in spite of their being good and genteel, and striving to grow better every day, remain solitary and unappreciated, and not at all unlike the girl in the story who says: "I am a poor maid deserted by all but God alone." Their surroundings are not favourable, and those with whom they meet the lot is now east are not kindred spirits. What should they do? Let them have courage and patience, for things will take a turn, and their good qualities will perhaps one day secure as widespread affection as fell to the lot of the woman of whom Nanette spoke at the Witness Stone. James Mason.

The Government of our Country.—III.

By the Hon. Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Over and above the subject of the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and other elections, by which means the members are returned to Parliament, there is a great deal more to be said about the members who are returned. In the first place, it is to be remembered that the elections are not always fair. There is much corruption and bribery, and the result is not always a fair one. The members who are returned are not always the best men for the job.

There is a great deal of discussion about the government of the country. The government is not always popular, and there are many who think that it is not doing enough for the people. There are also many who think that the government is too powerful, and that it is not doing enough to protect the rights of the people.

The government of the country is a complicated and difficult matter, and it is not easy to say what is the best way to govern the country. There are many different opinions about this matter, and it is not easy to find a solution that is satisfactory to everyone.

The government of the country is a matter that is of great importance, and it is important that it should be well governed.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SOWING AND REAPING.

One day the master of Lokman, the Eastern farmer, who was a slave, said to him, "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lokman sowed oats instead. When harvest came his master went to the place, and, seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why then have you sowed oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What an absurd idea! Did you ever hear of such a thing happening?" Lokman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of this world, without regard to the results to be expected in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue. Therefore I thought also I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was astonished at the reply, and set Lokman free.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.

"FAREWELL, ALL WISHES, ALL DELETES."

While the church-bells of Bridleton were ringing for Sunday morning service the townfolk were discussing the sudden death of Dr. Andrew Garnett. It was heart disease, they said; he had dropped down as he was leaving a patient's house on Saturday evening. Death had been instantaneous; there were no parting words, no signs of leave-taking. He had been lifted up and carried back to his own home, dead.

So the thing that Cecily Woodburn had greatly feared had actually come to pass.

Dr. Philip Garnett did not go to Bridleton to attend his brother's funeral. When the news of Andrew's death reached him he was lying sick on his bed and the shock retarded his recovery. He remembered that, in old days, he had loved Andrew well; and perhaps his conscience was not altogether silent. He might have been kinder to the brother who had not succeeded in life; he might have felt that success is, after all, something that ought to make us softer, not harder to others. And it was probable that poor Andrew had had drawbacks and burdens that he, Philip, had known nothing about; it might not have been the opportunity that had hindered him in running the race. All me, it is strange how leniently we can regard a failure when it ends in death!

The great doctor's elder daughter wrote to Daisy in her father's name. In that letter Dr. Garnett offered to take his niece into his house, and treat her as if she were his own child. It was a kind letter, stiffly written; but the stiffness was due to Rhoda Garnett, who was secretly unwilling to write it at all.

"All I say to my uncle, Aunt Cecily?" Daisy asked, in a weary tone.

The funeral was over, and she was lying on the bed in her own room, utterly languid and spent. Cecily sat by her side, sometimes gazing anxiously at the pale, shrinking face, and sometimes covering her glance stray towards the window.

It was a true autumn day, golden and still. Even the smoke of Bridleton could not quite obscure the mellow light that came stealing over house-roofs and chimneys. It was that kind of light that gives a touch of poetry to the most prosaic scenes, and even brick walls and attick windows were beautified by the soft glow.

The Michaelmas daisies were still blooming in their corner, and Cecily remembered how often her sister's eyes had sought comfort in their beauty. And then she recalled the words that she had spoken to Daisy only a few days ago, telling her to be like the daisy, flourishing bravely in their dietary nook when all their companions had passed away. Once upon a time there had been jessamine sprays feathering out over that old wall and late roses, and there had been sweetness among the yellowing leaves of the vine. There had been rich velvet dahlias and gay asters to keep the daisies company, and hardly evergreens had rustled their leaves in cheerful minitory of summer foliage. In those days the daisies must have lived with a pleasant group of friends, always ready to talk to them in flower- and leaf-language. And now the daisies were the only blue-grey cluster of blossoms looking up, golden-eyed, to the autumn skies.

"What shall I say to my uncle?" Daisy repeated in her tired voice.

"You must thank him for his kind offer," Cecily replied. "And you must tell him, Daisy, that you will go to him when you leave Bridleton. You have not long to stay here, my child."

"But I really don't want to go? Must I leave you? Oh, Aunt Cecily, this is too cruel, too hard!"

It was very difficult to speak firmly at that moment, but Cecily Woodburn put her own pain resolutely out of sight. Gladly would she have kept the girl with her, and toiled for her day and night. But could she, if she did uttermost, provide such a home for Daisy as Philip Garnett could give? No; it would be a hard matter to make a home at all. Cecily, albeit there was a good deal of romance in her nature, was a practical woman who knew the cost of clothes and meat, and the cost of clothes. And she knew, too, that Daisy was a delicate girl, who required a full share of all the comforts of life.

"Daisy," she said earnestly, "don't you think that something thing I have in the world? Do you think I would let you leave me if I could keep you?"

"If you will let me stay with you, Aunt, I will teach, or scrub floors," cried Daisy, in desperation.

"There are already too many teachers and sempstresses, dear; and I doubt your ability for floor-scrubbing."
of the day and the novelty of all about her. She was, therefore, somewhat surprised, on happening to glance up at the sky, to find it was sinking in the west. She had no watch, so she could not tell exactly what time it was, but she was certain it must be getting late, so she turned back, and for a little while believed herself to be going straight towards Ston Eck; but before long she began to doubt whether she was taking the right way. She had followed no path, or even track; she had been going completely at random across the heath. She was beginning to wonder whether she knew on which side Ston Eck lay. She paused for a few minutes, but, gazing around as she would, she could discern nothing which would at all serve her as a guide. She did not know the country well enough to be guided by distant objects, such as the shape of far-off hills, or glimpses of white upland farms that gleamed in the sunshine, but were not close enough at hand for her to make them answer her needs. She wished she could meet someone, but no living creature passes except the sheep, and the ponies, and a bee hurrying home with a store of aromatic, honey-flowing honey. She therefore, do nothing but go on in what she had before deemed the right direction.

And now something else began to increase her perplexity, until it grew into what was very like fear. A grey mist had been rolling for some little time around the neighbouring hills, now concealing their summits, now showing them as a veil that made the whole landscape vague and unreal, now capriciously lifting in one place, and showing, through the rift, the red Devon cattle feeding in some green upland meadow, or a half-cut cornfield, or the glitter of a stream leaping over some ravine, or the snug rick-yard belonging to a near homestead. But, suddenly, almost before Ruby could tell what had brought about the unexpected change around her, a kind of grey mist came sweeping in vast wave down upon the moor, making, in a few moments, the sunny heath one great grey sea, turning the clear air into a thick wall that shut her in pitilessly on every side, hiding from her view even objects close at hand.

Ruby waited for a while, hoping that the mist would go as quickly as it had come; but there came no such change. Turn which way she might, nothing met her eyes but grey imperceptible curtain. Then she went on again, for it seemed that moving forward was her only chance of reaching some cottage where she might find a guide, or, at least, of making some way instead of a road that would lead her to the haunts of men. The wind had fallen as the mist came on, and the deepest stillness—a stillness that filled her with an indistinct dread, designed around. She felt as if she would now be lost to the world, to be the prey of a bird. It seemed to her as if the horror of a great desolation was gathering closer and closer about her. It was a feeling of utter loneliness such as she had never known before—a feeling that pressed upon her, and made her heart beat and her breath come short and quick.

The shadows of evening now began to add to the alarm and difficulty of her situation. Everything grew darker; but still her little weary feet went plodding on, though often they stumbled over a wortle-berry bush, or a tuft of heather. She had a great fear of walking into one of the bogs, and sometimes she started back, thinking if she felt the ground soft beneath her feet; then she would pause and tremble, and try to think what she had best do. But she thought to herself that this could give her any light or hold. Unless she should meet someone, or find some house, she did not see that there was a reasonable hope of her getting home to-night. Her brain began to grow half dizzy; she was getting very tired, for she had been walking incessantly for several hours. Her position was different from anything that had ever happened to her in her whole life. Yet, still she struggled on, and that gathering gloom, hoping for she knew not what; and still the deep, heavy silence brooded round; and still she saw nothing but that endless wall of mist; and still there seemed no boundary to the moorland.

(The to be continued.)

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Arnhayde.

Our diplomatic relations with foreign Powers are a most interesting topic, and embrace so much that is curious and strange, both of past and present times, that one article will not suffice to say all that there is to be said upon the matter. Though not essentially a part of the Government of England, the welfare, well-being and security of the nation is involved in the relations we hold with the other great Powers of the civilized world, and from some very slight misunderstanding in past years a long series of wars arose. The fact of a foreign minister has often availed a serious breach between nations, and when we think of what any war effects upon our country, we cannot fail to feel deep interest in the subject now before us. The very thought of ambassadors coming as back to the messengers sent by the King of Babylom to Hezekiah, which were an occasion, of sin to him, and their title is of very ancient date, though envelopes, plenipotentiaries, chargés d'affaires, and ministers are equally applied to representatives of foreign nations when sent on missions to other countries, and each has some standing, owing to their rank, the ambassador being the first and highest. In olden times ambassadors were only sent on special occasions, and to the residents at the Court when they visited, but now England has twenty-nine resident foreign ministers in London, or, as it is officially written, "at the Court of St. James," that being the formal heading of any royal documents of the English Sovereign. When an ambassador is appointed by his own sovereign to go to any other Court, he is there treated as the representative of that foreign, an individual holding the honor. The precedence of the ambassadors is settled by the one who has been longest in the country ranking first, so that when it becomes necessary to form any ceremonial the exact rule of precedence, It is very easily decided, so that at one time the French, another year the Austrian or the German would be the first, according to the position had been longer here than the others. Such a rule is the only way to prevent any national discussion, as it would be an invidious choice to determine which of the many nations of the world should be placed first.

The ambassador resides in his "ambassadors'" house from his country and departs to England. We will first present these at the Foreign Office, and it then becomes the duty of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to present the ambassador to the Queen, and we often read that the ambassador from such and such a country presented his credentials to Her Majesty, and had the honour of being received. This done, he is the accredited minister of the foreign State, and diplomatic relations with that nation must be carried on. No foreigner would be received at the Court, save through the introduction of the representative of that foreign State. These introductions are generally made before the general company are received at the Queen's Drawing Room. An ambassador enjoys many special privileges, that at any time if he wishes to see the Sovereign at whose Court he is residing, he can drive up to the palace and request an audience, which would at once be accorded him. Whether the ambassador or any of the servants in his employ can be arrested for debt. The distinction between an ambassador and a minister is no doubt a difficult matter to explain, as the diplomatic minutcio is numerous; but it may be understood that the nations recognized among the world as the Great Powers are represented by ambassadors, while those who rank less highly are represented by ministers and some by consuls. Our France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Italy have ambassadors in London, and England is in return represented by the highest in diplomatic rank at their respective capitals. Ambassadors extraordinary are often sent on special missions, and it was not customary to have resident ambassadors in other countries until the reign of George I., when the intercourse between one nation and another became more sound and lasting unions, and the constant relations between the countries rendered it advisable.

It was long before the American Republic were represented in London, but in the year 1785 the first American Minister came over. The great Empire having the special representative in London, and great was the amusement of seeing so many of these quaint denizens of the Celestial Empire walking the streets. The visit of the Chinese Minister, on first arriving in England, very strictly adhered to her national rigorous etiquette, and for some time was never seen by any other foreigner but by the English Ambassador, and now the Chinese lady may be seen at the Queen's Drawing Room, and has entertained in her own house.

The coming and departure of a resident ambassador is now a matter of no ceremony. Receiving letters of recall to his own country for appointments which he must simply proceed to the Queen of England, and at an audience take his leave. But when we refer to old folios and see the state and ceremony of former times, one is surprised at all the details which had to be observed, and learn
that the most thrilling derivation from some customary rule was made, an occasion of offence. All who bear the rank of ambassador are styled "Your Excellency," in honour of his representing the person and dignity of his Sovereign. Of Vienna, it is laid down the regulations which nations have since been bound by, respecting the different classes of diplomatic agents. Looking back to the Pharaoh's kings of Egypt, we remember that legates from Rome were attached to the Court of Westminster, and these preceded by many years their lay successors. Of the countries where the Pope sends his ambassador (a nuncio), he ranks before all others in right of the supreme authority allowed to the Pope.

In addition to the ministers or ambassadors who may be residing at any foreign Court, it is customary on any great occasion to send an embassy extraordinaire, and in our own times we can recall many such—the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Germany, etc. The marriage of a crowned head would also demand a special embassy if it were one of the Hapsburgs, and for the British sovereign acceded to them would be as representatives of their Sovereign.

The residence of foreign ambassadors are generally bought for them by the nation they represent, and are therefore inhabited by each successive ambassador. The French, Turkish, German, and Austrian have held the houses they now occupy for many years. No distinctive mark distinguishes them from any other mansion in this country, but in foreign towns the national arms are often seen over the door in the passage. One curious fact in connection with diplomatic relations is that the marriage of any English subject abroad must be solemnised under the British flag; and therefore at any Consulate the flag is often seen flying while the civil contract is there made.

When a rupture occurs between our nation and one with whom we have been on friendly terms, and have interchanged ambassadors or ministers, the first intimation of a breach is known by the recall of the respective agents at the Courts. The ambassador is hastily summoned to his own country, no courteous leave-taking occurs, and the embassy remains empty until such time as peace may again be restored. We will remember, occurred during the war between England and Russia some twenty-five years ago. Since then there has been no rupture with any foreign power.

The various changes and changes in the political and diplomatic circles often bring about curious episodes, and it was much noticed that at Queen Victoria's coronation, where the late Duke of Wellington was a very prominent figure in the group surrounding the throne on that auspicious day, the ambassador sent by France to represent the king on the occasion was no less than Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon I.'s famous generals, who then met his great military antagonist with every expression of friendship.

ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls." "Selma's Story," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"You're eating no breakfast," said Eleanor pittingly. "Do you think you could listen to a story?"

His mamma asked him if he would like sugar and milk. "And bread and milk," said Eleanor. "I'll try to read the earache away. Perhaps, I shall read you to sleep, but the bread and milk must be my ally."

"Eleanor, have you time?"

"I'll make it.

"And you won't have to work harder for it?"

"Oh no!"

"What will you read to me?"

"Another story from the same author."

"The Two Captains," or "Smitram."

"And in the kitchen? And in the breakfast-room all to yourselves," said Catharine. "How good all the world is to a fellow that has earache," said Harry in a drowsy tone.

"Blah, bliss, my dear boy, there's nothing like it," exclaimed Frederic. "It's only such small aches as finger-ache and heartache the world does not compassionate."

"Cynical!" exclaimed Catharine, "you haven't had enough to suffer from a want of sympathy. All your aches have been duly bemoaned so far."

"I anticipate the inevitable."

"But why cry out before you are hurt!"

"Because it's no use to cry out after. If bread and milk, and Eleanor's story don't cure that ailing ear, Catharine, James Lovell must come and apply his stethoscope to it."

So they chatted lightly for Harry's benefit, and then in more subdued tones wondered how the poor Fittons were feeling this morning.

"There'll be no fun at their breakfast-table," said Catharine.

"I could not help thinking last night," remarked Catharine, "that one petition in Keble's evening hymn seems almost extravagantly extravagant:

'Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infants' slumbers, pure and light."

We knew that while we sleep, so many must be found tossing in pain with others weeping beside them. Is it heartless when one we know and love as well as we do Anna is dangerously ill to act and speak as if we had forgotten her? I am sure she is never long out of my thoughts."

"Not out of mind," said Mrs. Townsley.

Mr. Townsley put down his paper. He was a man of few words, but when he spoke he commanded instant attention.

"When one half of the world is in sunshine the other must be in shadow. Now would it be wise for folks on the part visited with sunshine to put up their blinds out of sympathy with those in the dark. Never a night but lives dear to some of us go out of the world, and lives welcome or unwelcome come in. If we are only to be glad when the whole circle of our acquaintance can be glad too, then our term here must be all fast and no festival. It is possible to rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep without an Eastern display of satchelots and ashes, or an ostentatious piping and dancing."

"I added Frederic, "our funning is to consist of anointing the head and washing the face that it appear not unto men."

"Thank you," said Catharine, "for having cleared a difficulty. Who will go this morning to inquire if there has been news of Anna?"

Frederic volunteered, as Harry was poorly and Eleanor engaged.

"Shall I ask Mrs. Townsley," for some of the children to come up here, or for some one to go down and sit an hour with the older girls. Of course, the Misses Oldfield will look after them, but we should show kindness too. But as Eleanor is giving up her morning to Harry, and Catharine has to go in the town, I suppose it can't be managed."

"I'll go down for the afternoon if you wish," said Mrs. Townsley, was Eleanor's reply.

Her readiness took every one by surprise. Catharine asked her if it was not at too great a sacrifice of time.

"If it is I will go," she said.

"And don't you bother to read to me," she added."

"I shall read to you," and shall go to the Fittons, so we may consider that arranged," said Harry.

All that morning she read to Harry, and chatted with him on the wonderful feats of the "Two Captains," and the way Fabrique astonished Heimbert when he told him Dona Clara was his sister. And he didn't seem to approve of him for a brother-in-law, though he had rescued her from a bull. Harry thought that grand. By the time there had been the meeting in the desert, and the duel. Fanarae had afterwards surprised the combatants to their brides, he declared that his earache was gone, and James Lovell need not do anything to it with his stethoscope.

As to Eleanor, she lighted up, and was like a new creature, entering the world of imagination just to please her little brother.

It was quite like old times, while between the pauses of the story Harry hummed the most comical little air at her, to signify that his mouth was all ready for kissing. "After all," he observed confidentially to his mother, when she came in towards noon to see him, "after all, when Eleanor takes it into her head to be silly she isn't so easily beastly."

And his mother said, "I believe, Harry, you are right."

The afternoon found Eleanor at the Fittons, listening to the sad story they had to tell her. He had not told her sister Elizabeth, who, at fourteen years of age, had her work set to keep order while her mother was away.

This piece of generosity cost Eleanor a little struggle, for she knew she ought to charge the little visitor as much as possible on herself. She was all the stronger for having conquered her disinclination.