THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Dr. Garnett was never heard to speak a harsh word to his young wife. She was delicate; the baby was always ailing; the whole state of things was depressing; he shrugged his shoulders and accepted his condition. And yet, although he said nothing unkind, the very servants knew that he felt his marriage to be a mistake, and regretted it from the bottom of his heart.

The future against him, he would say, with a cynical disbelief in anything higher than fate. And somehow his cool, hard way of bearing crosses pained Rose more than any real misfortune. She knew that he considered his burdens with the determination to carry them alone. He did not believe in such a thing as spiritual aid, or, indeed, in anything spiritual at all.

Two years after the birth of her Michaela and Daisy, Rose said a long farewell to husband and child; and Andrew Garnett was left a widower.

The young doctor had loved his wife, not very warmly, perhaps, but still well enough to grieve for all sincerity. He, too, had his share of disappointment in married life.

He had believed when he gathered his Rose that it would keep its bloom for many a year; but it was far too fragile a flower to retain its freshness long.

Rose Garnett was an over-sensitive woman, easily worried, soon depressed; and such women always grow prematurely faded.

She was beauty lay in the perfect pink and white of her complexion, and the luxuriant golden hair which had been the envy of all her girlish friends. Who does not know how perishable such beauty is, even when its possessor is blessed with a calm temperament? But Rose's nature was not calm, and her restless heart quickly made an end of her good looks.

A year after her wedding day she looked like the ghost of the bright girl who had stood before the altar of the village church; and it was not unnatural, perhaps, that Dr. Garnett should have been bitterly vexed at the change.

When the time came to go into a life so on very quietly in the doctor's small house in Holly-street. Cecily Woodburn still kept her situation in the school, although people said she was clever enough to have filled a far higher post. But there were two strong ties that held Cecily fast bound to the crowded old town of Bredington.

In the first place she was engaged to be married to a curate who was one of the hardest workers in that town itself. It was known that Dr. Garnett, and even Rose, had spoken of the poor prospects of the young clergyman; Cecily had made up her mind to cling to Edgar Wyon for better or worse, and she was not a girl who easily turned from her purpose. Edgar was good and true, she loved him, and if they could not afford to marry for years, what of that? It was in this determined fashion that she spoke to the nurse about St. Michael and all angels. Well, you may call the little one anything that you like, Rose—only get well and strong as fast as you can.

But Rose never got well and strong again.

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it is expensive, and in order to make it good pounds upon pounds of meat must be obtained for it. If these are dispensed with the soup will not be good with drinking. Therefore, soup is an economy. It is a mistake to make it very rich and very strong. When, as in generally the case, it is succeeded by other dishes it should be light and pleasant, flavoured, but not strong or nourishing enough to furnish a dinner in itself. People usually sit down to dinner tired, hungry, and weary, and it is not good, or pleasant, to give them a plate of roast beef or boiled mutton before they straight away. It is giving their digestive organs too much to do; they need to be set free. To have them thus occupied is not employment given them at first, and to be allowed to go on gradually to the heavy business of eating. Henry Thompson, I think it was, pointed out a little while ago, in some papers he published on food, that light liquid food was most valuable as a restorative. Those who have been accustomed to take soup, and have noticed how quickly it takes away the feeling of exhaustion, and prepares the way for the enjoyment of dinner, would be very sorry to do without it. At the same time, they would be equally sorry to make more of its strong rich, unless they intended the family to dine upon it entirely.

We make soup an economy. I mean it, that it might be boiled and the bones of the animal be thrown away; also that when usually it serves the joint, and partially satisfies the appetite, and then the expensive part of the dinner is touched. I do not like to see the bones of the housekeeper who said to her friend, "We have never soup; we cannot afford it;" to think of the other replied, "No, indeed, we always have soup; we cannot afford to do without it." I certainly think the second housekeeper was the more economical of the two.

Doing the same sort of business now to sing the praises of soup. But I may say that I believe it would be seen on our tables more frequently than it is if the girls in a house were able and willing to make it. The secret of our not having soup is that it takes time and trouble, which servants do not always care to give. But in the good time coming, when all the comforts in our homes under stand and practice cookery, there would be a more willing spirit of, that we should all shall enter upon a delightful period, and we shall all live twice as well as we do now, at half the present cost.

There are three varieties of soup—clear soup, thick soup, and purees. For all these stock is required, and therefore the first thing we have to do is to learn how to make stock. For very nourishing, superior, and for clear soup, fresh meat is required; although it is quite true that clear soup may be made of weak bones, it is not worth while to do so unless there was plenty of fresh meat left on the bones, and to buy bones roughly trimmed would cost as much as to buy fresh meat. Ordinarily, however, we must make excellent soup for daily use may be made of the trimmings of joints, the liquor in which meat and vegetables and fish have been boiled, and, when bones have been drained of all the trimmings left after a joint has been served. For nothing of this kind should be thrown away until it has been stewed until every particle of nourishment is extracted from it.

I am quite prepared to hear that girls who tried to prevent waste in this way, and to make the most of their bones, stewing bones and trimmings for stock, would be laughed at by certain people. Let them never mind this. When we are doing right we can hear to be laughed at, and certainly who try to be economical are in the right. It is wasted to waste good food while so many thousands are needing it. If we have more than we require let us give to those who want, not throw away. It is a great disgrace to English cooks that they act as if all were mean intellectual cleverness, and their quality of meanness, and that we have an opportunity of handing down the fat for frying and will stew the rest for stock.

Sometimes economical cooks advise that a stockpot should be kept by the side of the fire, and that trimmings, pieces, and scraps should be thrown into it from time to time as they come to hand; that water should be added when necessary, and thus a constant supply of stock is always ready. I think this plan I do not recommend. In the first place it is an ingredient being unequally cooked. Water is thrown into a pot when the cooking is half through are not so thoroughly stewed as those which were in at the beginning. In the second place long simmering takes the flavour of our stock and makes it taste insufficiently of the pan. Whatever we have to stew should be put on freshly into a clean pan every morning; when the simmering has been continued five hours the contents of the pan should be turned into an earthen vessel and carried into a cool larder and left uncovered till wanted. We will make a quantity of bones and trimmings, say, for instance, the bones left from a cooked joint which weighed eight or ten pounds before it was cut. Perhaps also we should have a piece of poultry or game, and two or three bacon bones; if so, we should of course make use of them, although we should do very well without them. How should we proceed in making stock?

We should look carefully over our ingredients, and trim away anything that is undesirable. It is a natural tendency that if there was nothing quite pure and sweet we should put that aside at once. Cleanliness is the soul of cookery," and it is particularly so in broth and stock cookery. We wish to avoid waste, but we are not willing to use everything. Having satisfied ourselves on this point, however, we put the bones into a perfectly clean saucepan and pour over them cold water, in the proportion of a quart of water to a pound of bones. I dare say it will be remembered that when we were speaking of boiling meat we said that when we wanted to keep the goodness in the meat we placed it in boiling water; when we wished to draw the goodness out we put it in cold water. One and the same. We weave the goodness out, we therefore use cold water.

We now put the saucepan on the fire, and bring the liquid slowly to a boil. In a little while it will be boiling, and when it is, we must not allow it to boil for more than a quarter of an hour. We put there may be a little scum to rise. If it is well to leave the simmering until the stock is made, because we intend to boil the liquid down to about half its quantity, and if we add as much water as is necessary to make the stock sour, we will find that our stock is too salt by the time the boiling is over, for salt will not fly away in steam, though water may. But salt will help to make the stock. We will probably wise to remove the scum as soon as it appears, before it has time to boil down into the stock again. Therefore we throw a little salt in, and let the same purpose we add a cupful of cold water at two or three times after simmering, and after each addition heat again and skin once more.

When we have cleared away as much scum as possible, we draw the saucepan back on the lid, and let the liquid simmer gently for five hours. If we wish to use it quickly, or if the weather is cold we may at the end of three hours put in the flavouring ingredients, a carrot, a leek or an onion, a clove, a bay leaf, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, saffron, pepper, and a half of a blade of mace for each quart of stock. We must remember, however, that if the weather is warm stock will keep better if vegetables have not been boiled in it, and that even if they are so boiled additional vegetables will have to be added when the stock is used in order to" revive the flavour," otherwise our soup will not taste fresh.

Bone stock boiled without either vegetables or seasoning will not taste at all good when the five hours are over, and it is poured out, and carried into the larder. Nevertheless, it has that something, and we can make excellent soup of it when the time arrives for us to do so.

Perhaps the bones do not appear to be sufficiently valuable to make us take them and use them, and in such a condition that when dry we should have no objection to put them in our pockets. If this be so, we may save them again next day with a small quantity of fresh cold water, but we must on no account be persuaded to leave them in the saucepan all night.

I want to make superior stock we take fresh meat. If we want three pounds of stock we should need three pounds of meat—three pounds of meat for brown stock, knock of veal for white stock, and peafowl. Fish stock should be very carefully skinned and simmered exactly as recommended for bone soup. The vegetables, a carrot, half a turnip, a leek, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, three or four sticks of celery, and twenty peppercorns, will be sufficient for three pounds of stock.

In both these instances the liquor in which meat has been boiled has been colored in which "rabbit" or "chicken" or even rabbit bones or chicken bones had been stewed, would be much to be preferred to water, and we must allow a pint of water to a pound of meat and one pint of stock over. The meat is to be cut into small pieces, the smaller the better, and covered with the cold water, then salted, boiled up, skinned and simmered exactly as recommended for bone soup. The vegetables, a carrot, half a turnip, a leek, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, three or four sticks of celery, and twenty peppercorns, will be sufficient for three pounds of stock.

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HOW TO MAKE CLEAR SOUP.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE.

AVING prepared our stock, strained it over-night, and left it in an uncovered vessel in a cool larder, the next question we have to ask ourselves in "What shall we do with it?"

There is no room for doubt here, no matter how we may proceed afterwards. The first thing to be done is to clear away the fat, which will have settled in a cake on the top of the stock. If the stock is a jelly, we may take this off more easily if we use a metal spoon which has first been dipped into hot water, and after we have taken off as much fat as we can in this way, we must wipe the jelly and the basin with the corner of a napkin which has been wrung out of hot water.

It is said that people learned in cookery know of five hundred different kinds of soup. If this be true, it is probable that a large proportion of these soups are so much like other soups that ordinary people could not discover the points of difference between them. It is also probable that a goodly number are made of clear soup. Besides, cooks who can make good clear soup can make all kinds of soup; and therefore we will begin our lesson now by describing a clear soup for clarification.

Soup is sometimes made clear with white of egg, and sometimes with raw lean meat, beef, or veal, the medium in each case being the same—alum.

I daresay you remember that when we were talking about boiling meat we said that we put meat which was to be eaten into boiling water for two or three minutes, in order that the albumen might harden on the outside and form a sort of shield to keep in the goodness of the meat. When we boil the raw meat in the stock the albumen hardens as before, but being mixed with the liquid it takes the impurities contained there with it, and all are collected in a mass together, and can be strained away.

We must not suppose, however, that it makes no difference whether we use white of egg or lean meat in clarifying soup. Lean meat enriches soup, while egg impervishes it; and it is more profitable to clarify weak stock with lean meat than it is to clarify strong stock with white of egg.

As to the quantity of meat to be used for clarification, that must depend on the weight of meat employed in making the stock, not upon the measure of liquid we have at our disposal. The proportion of meat needed for clarification is half a pound of lean meat for every two and a half pounds of meat used in making the stock, and the quantity of lean meat needed would be no less if in making stock we had used half a pint only of water to the pound of meat. Indeed, if the liquid were very strong we should find it advisable to mix a little to a teaspooneful of white of egg with the raw meat, because strong liquids are more difficult to clarify than thin ones.

We will, therefore, suppose that we have stock made with two pounds and a half of meat, and that we are going to clarify it with half a pound of lean meat fried entirely from fat and skin. How is this to be done?

We must first cut the meat into very small pieces (if we have such a thing we may pass it through the sausage machine instead), and put with it a carrot, a turnip, and the white of an egg. We then begin to simmer this, an onion, but a leek is much the more delicate in flavour of the two. Of course, we must wash the vegetables, scrape the carrot, and cut the turnip and leek small. We may add also a stick of celery, half a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and parsley, and half a dozen peppercorns.

We now pour the stock, already freed from fat, very steadily into a perfectly clean saucepan, being careful always not to disturb and also to leave behind any sediment there may be at the bottom of the vessel. We put the saucepan on a quick fire, stir the chopped meat and the flavourings into it, and keep stirring until a froth begins to form on the liquid. We then stop stirring at once, wait until the liquid rises high, draw the pan back instantly, and let it stand at the side of the fire for a quarter of an hour or so.

If we now take a little of the liquid in a silver spoon we shall find that part of it is bright and clear, and we can see the silver through it; the other is a sort of curd, mixed with vegetables and meat. This curd is the albumen which has hardened and gathered the impurities which were in the soup with it, and this it is which must be removed by straining.

While the liquid is standing by the side of the fire we may prepare the strain. A jelly bag is not the best thing we can take, because we want to pour the liquid in gently, and it is awkward to do this with a deep jelly bag. Better to take the thin flannel of which the jelly bag would have been made, wring it out of bolting water, and tie it to the four legs of a chair which has been turned upside down on a table. The vessel for the soup can be placed underneath the flannel, and the liquid can be poured on slowly and gently so as not to disturb the curd, which will serve as a filter for the soup. Now, if my directions and I have been quite clear, we must be sure that a beautifully bright clear soup will be obtained, and one that will taste pleasantly also when it has been boiled up again with salt and a little of the liquid if sugar.

Perhaps girls feel inclined to ask, Must the flavouring ingredients be put into stock which has already been flavoured when it was made? Yes, they must. The quantities here given are for flavoured stock. If the stock were not flavoured at all, a larger proportion of vegetables would be needed. One secret of having well-flavoured soup is to be freshly flavoured. The vegetables are put in here to revive the flavour, and the flavour needs reviving after the stock has been all night in the larder. Otherwise the stock is almost tasteless, which will be anything but agreeable.

I may say in passing that it is this necessity for reviving the flavours which makes the difficulty with flavoured soups. People often say that tinned soups taste of the tin, or, in other words, the flavour is stale. If they would take the trouble to boil a few fresh flavourings with a small quantity of water, add this liquid to either strained, or in the case of parsley mixed through a sieve, to the soup in which it is to be used, they would find that the tinned taste was scarcely perceptible.

One point must be carefully noted in clearring soup, and that is—that the cook must stop straining before it begins to rise; also, the pan must be drawn back as soon as the liquor bubbles. If the liquor is whitened too long, or boiled too long, the scum may sink down again, and the soup will be spoiled.

Another point to be noted is that the soup must not be clarified the day before it is wanted, or it will become cloudy with standing.

It is astonishing how many of soups may be made of this clear soup. Sago, rice, macaroni, vermicelli mince, pearl barley, tapioca, and semolina may all be boiled separately, then dropped into it, and the soup will then be called after the name of the distinctive ingredient. When spring vegetables are soft and succulent, turnips, carrots, or leaks are put into clear soup it becomes printanière, or spring soup. When these same vegetables are softly stewed in butter and cut into slices it is jardinière. When savoury custard (cut into diamonds or stars) is put into it, it is soup royale. If Brussels sprouts are introduced it is called Pâques soup; if crusts of bread, it is croute à pois; if honey vegetables, it is soup à la pâisienne; if poached eggs, it is Colbert’s soup. And so we might go on.

jardinière, brussel, chignonade, macaroni, vermicelli mince, pearl barley, tapioca, and semolina are all clear soup, with very slight differences.

If there are any girls belonging to this class who try to follow my instructions and make some clear soup in the way I have described, I know quite well what the result will be. The soup will be excellent, bright, clear, and good, but they will feel that it has been a great trouble to make, I should not be surprised if their state of mind were similar to that of the charity-boy mentioned in "Pickwick," when, after having learned the alphabet, said, "Whether it is worth while going through so much to learn so little is a matter of taste. I think it isn’t." After all, important as cookery may be, there are other things to be done in the world, and though we might be willing to make the best clear soup for high days and holidays, it is not likely that we shall be able to give the time to it very often. Therefore, it will be an advantage to learn an easier and cheaper way of preparing it, so as to achieve the same results, though not quite, as satisfactory a result.

The easier method is to use stock made of Liebig’s Extract of Meat, instead of stock from fresh meat. A small quantity of this extract dissolved in a little boiling water will supply a clear straw-coloured liquor, which tastes quite sufficiently of meat, and which may easily be converted into excellent soup. Of course the difficulty here is the flavoured. We must so flavour this extract of meat stock that no one shall know what it was, but we must be able to say that we think anything at all about the matter, regard it as a matter of course that the stock for the soup was made in the usual way, "with trouble and charges," to use an expression of Frank Walton’s.

Whatever vegetables are used in flavouring this soup must be cleansed thoroughly and boiled separately. A little sautéed gelatine is added to the liquid, which may be skimmed thoroughly; and as soon as it tastes pleasantly, and before the vegetables are soft, the soup begins to rise. As to what flavourers we are to use in making the stock, the question must be answered by another—What flavourers can we get at the moment? We need not go into the question of how to make our soup exactly alike. When once get the idea we can vary the flavour according to the ingredients at our command. Supposing we
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MY TREASURES.

A BALLAD STORY.

Words by NELLA. Music by Henry Parker.

If yes, I have quite enough now. We shall have to find something suitable among these," exclaimed a gay young woman, whose cosmetics had been for the last hour busily turning over the engravings and sketches in my portfolio; "and now, she continues, "having served my own purpose, I must run away. I will take great care of those you have lent me, and I think I have arranged the others just as I found them—but, dear me, where did this old book come from, anyway? and what is it? Oh! some collection of the children's, I suppose, this after a hasty glance. "Well, that will do here," and so placing the well-worn volume among the books, says a light-hearted visitor departs, leaving me to spend the rest of the evening with my silent companions, my books and my work.

But, some way, I do not feel quite in the mood to settle down to any regular occupation. The sketches we have been turning over, copies of pictures seen, or places visited in days gone by, the endless questions and girthless comments of my visitor, have brought back to my memory so vividly the pains and pleasures of the time of which she spoke, that I find it impossible to argue myself into the same calm, self-indulgent mood in which my girl-friend had found me.

There lies my book, a new work by a favourite author, to whose pen I have looked forward as a pleasant ending to a busy day. There stands my desk and my work, and I really ought to answer, but, I feel ready for neither one or the other, and yet an hour ago I was so interested in both.

As it is very difficult always to let the "deadly book," and the sight of the old books, for which in the opinion of others, any odd corner will do, has banished the present, and my memory and I have gone back to old scenes and old faces.

But not quite willingly, for life is too rapid nowadays to lose much time for retrospection. I yield to temptation; and, taking up the little volume with the worn binding and frayed edges, I begin softly turning over its pages. Yet there is little need to look, for I know its contents so thoroughly the open letters, I often find myself, in the winter evenings, half unconsciously repeating some lines, or smiling at the remembrance of some quaint drawing in my book; but sometimes we may spare an hour for what has been, or (saddest of all words that human lips can utter) "what might have been."

Slowly I turn over a few pages, each one bringing back in vivid colours the recollection of some pleasure or some sorrow that Time has long effaced or, Time has power to do when hearts are agitated, and then for a few moments I pause, for the book falls open as it has often done before, and my eyes rest on a beautiful outline drawing of a wild-looking landscape, with a stunted tree and an old tumble-down hut in the foreground. That is a memento of one of my childhood's idylls, full of romance, and with a firm belief in each other's knowledge of the locality, the young artist and myself started off to "make a picture" of that solitary hut, concerning which we had many wild schemes. As our elders would not hear of it, the expedition was curtailed to some frieze, some hours of hunger, and (though we never confessed to these) a good many tears; but, some days later, a half-starved "new boy," I was brought home. I kept the little sketch, with the gift of which my companion had tried to console me. The boy artist has done good work since then, and now I see his pictures "on the line" at the Academy, but never had pencil or brush of his produced anything that is more valuable than is his little old book. Now, while I was busy with a card on which are written a few words in imitation of print, whilst in the middle is something that no one could guess to be what it really is, a scrap of hair; real golden hair, such as the old master loved to paint. It was cut off and gummed on that card by the daintiest fingers belonging to the rosiest, roundest little maiden that ever gladdened mortal sight. Well, that was many years ago, and now the same fingers, chubbily no longer, write fierce discoveries concerning most things and most people, and the rose lips are drawn into a frown, but the golden hair will be golden, and will curl in spite of the system of repression to which it is subjected, or perhaps out of which it will rise again, and the voice and the slight of the slender figure, the gaiety and the gaiety of the face, the speech may be softened in time; at least, those who like myself know something of the things that lie between childhood and womanhood, find it hard to be discourteous to her. Then covering the whole of the next page is a sheet of paper with an edge gilt once, almost black now, on which are written some verses in which years ago I read the dear ones who formed the "we" of my childish days, saw rare promises of great things to be done in the future. Well that future has come, the young poet is grown up, a man of business, and responsibilities like other men, but his great poem is unwritten, his fame unwon. Sometimes I wonder if the old ambition has quite died out, but I never ask. I am content to know that the poet's simple faith, the poet's untriumphant love for all things good and true, still exist, though the rest be but a dream.

So with gentle fingers I turn over, by one, the leaves of my old book, sometimes smiling a little as its pictured or written pages bring back to my mind the days when even jest, though the next moment the smile may die out, as I look with dim eyes on some word or sketch on the tears have long ago marked. The book is on until I have turned five or six pages, covered with cards, remarkable for the profusion of forget-me-nots and true lovers' knots with which they are adorned, and the extravagant verses written upon them—verses which even now I should not like anyone else to read; they are so wild in their futility, so faulty in their construction, so dishonourable in rhyme and metre, that there was a time when I regarded them with respect akin to admiration.

Poor Charlie! and to think that all this beauty is still left unembellished. I wonder if that we have been parted so long, we might pass each other as strangers, though I know wherever you are you will have a kindly thought for me, as I have always for you.

Then there is a very different card. With a delicate border, over which an artist might love to linger, written a) 'nepful friendship.

That can never be mine again," and I look upon it some of the old pain comes back. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; I think there were. Perhaps had the one possessed more faith, the other more love to match it, and we might, perhaps, have succeeded; but it is too late to alter here. Elsewhere the wrong may one day be made right; I hope—I know it will.