CHAPTER I.

HOME-LIFE AND THE PUNGE.

The Forties! Let us try and remember how the world wagged at that time when our two little art-students were being prepared by more than common study to plunge into a sea of difficulties, and to ride over the storm to harbour.

Everything was so different. The old city no more which they lived in was a large quarter of the town, but there was quiet even there. Merchants used to go home to dine (they usually lived then over their ware-houses or banks, or near them), and the whole families met at the middle-day dinner. And then tea was such a pleasant informal gathering, when friends dropped in, in small house or flat houses like the one mentioned, often in numbers. A few more cups and soucers, and the homely supper of cold meat or ham with eggs was an entertainment involving, so little trouble, so little expense and so much pleasure that life grew very sociable, and there was an infinite deal of society in a quiet way, perhaps the pleasantest for its impromptu character.

In this old place, where, in the avenue of trees behind the house the sun setting through the branches seemed to fire them with a golden glow, the children used to watch the evening beauty. People still told of the old days, when at six o'clock in the morning the drums and fifes rattled along the street, and the men, enrolled amongst the volunteers to defend their homes in the expected French invasion, streamed out from door and alley to join their fellows. Rather interesting, by the way, to know by recent discoveries how extremely near that dreaded danger was, how everything was ready in Ireland to help the French, and God's mercy then, as at the Armada, alone protected and saved us.

Those were the olden times; but when these children lived, French nurses had to be ready with their little party in the great hall by six o'clock in the morning, for their father used to take them for the only time he could spare to mount and play in those pretty circus gardens with their neighbours and playfellows in the summer mornings. The habit of early rising was a gain for life; but it did not feel so early when, for their father was a great student, and often was up at four o'clock to work at the higher studies for which the city duties left no other time.

The children's studies were very delightful, with ample time for relaxation, reading, and needlework, so that study-time was a treasure; besides, their pocket-money, spent in buying every work they did, and from work alone. And there were so many things one could do (as Lady Townley remarked, so many delightful things that could be done with money), and the minutes which could earn pence for

plain household needlework were counted and made the most of; even domestic crises not usually considered blessings came under this spell of usefulness. One child remembered well, after a toothache which culminated in a visit to the greatest dentist of the time, a tragic comedy or comic tragedy which began when she was sitting in that very ominous dentist's chair. Her little savings had been reckoned up, and the exact half crown which was to be her proud portion after the offending teeth were out was almost spent in her mind's eye, when the kind old man looked and felt, and pitting the little cheek, said, to comfort her, as he thought.

"Well, my child, we shall not take to that troublesome little tooth out to-day." "Oh, no," said the tone of voice.

"Why, you don't want to lose your teeth?" said he laughing.

"But, sir, my pocket-money!"

"Ah," he said, "well, I am afraid even for the sake of your pocket-money you must wait a little longer."

And then came other preparations for independence! Their father said, "My girls shall never go to school," and to that resolution they have vowed a long life of gratitude when they see others studying a multitude of subjects, all through long days and long evenings, chained to their desks like galley-slaves of old, so that the real education of art, literature, and society of a high class, are to them tabooed till they have lost the young life which learns the love of fine art and has the strength and time to study it.

These children had first-rate masters for all subjects which they wished to learn, and for these they worked with a will, and ultimately owed much to the unshaken friendship and fidelity of their instructors who helped them when they were sometimes forgotten by their friends. But they had a finer master in the society of first-rate men and cultured, high-bred women who formed their parents' society. The little ones used to sit under the tent-like table-cover in the drawing-room with their work, and hear the exquisite music—their parents being excellent and old-fashioned musicians who adored Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven—amidst friends who sympathised and helped in conversation or in their interesting conversa-
tion; the latter perhaps even more so sometimes, for between charming singers and delightful talkers mutual admiration and sympathy are so exciting and inspiring that all take their share and give their delight. It was a rare and choice circle. First-rate intellects of so many kinds—musicians, men of science, mathematicians, politicians, the best novelists (there were few papers), the last music, Weber and his gloristes; and they enjoyed Beethoven at a time little has the extraordinary rehearsal at which his ninth symphony was sung down from the conductor's desk with the exclamation, "Call that music!" as was told the writer by one who was present.

At that time such evenings and entertainments were fresh and common as violets in May. The father belonged to the Royal Mathematical Society, now extinct, and both parents to a very excellent literary institution, where lectures by the first men on each subject, concerts and evening parties took up many evenings, to say nothing of a capital library. How often in after years did these same sisters, when they saw the dull, lonely study, and the long evenings and entertainments of the loneliness of men's lives now, except the unmarried men, who may almost live at their clubs. He said, "What possible use or pleasure are afternoon teas to me? I can see no men there whom I should care to meet—and going out to dinner, one may truly say is 'dragging at each remove a lengthening chain."

For I am victimised with infinite toil and trouble and fatigue to help Smith to pay his dinner obligations, only to put an extra tax on my own—and after all, a thousand to one, I don't meet the people I want to see." I know people will say, "Is not London like an exploded bomb?"—the little world of men of position and education who then naturally sought each other, and enjoyed each other's society is now whirled into space, and they are ten, twenty, thirty miles away, and apart from each other; and to resume, the rest and leisure and freedom of these children's education were necessary to the vital energy which grew to strength amidst obstacles and storms which would have swamped natures tired and enfeebled by dull and ceaseless study. Farmers will not sow wheat for ever, and physicians tell us what the effect has been of the present system on the health, strength, and constitutions of the young womanhood of England—but as Scrooge observed, "it will decrease the surplus population." Even so. Changed the mind of those children learnt a passionate love for what is noble in art, and of the work which was to be devoted to it.

One of the tender pretty child began early with her sister to attend the studio of a late President of the British Artists, who had taught their father (sometimes alone, as her sisters would not always be sworn through under his kind and earnest care improved rapidly—some days also at the British Museum, drawing from the antique—where her sister used the press and their art, and bring her home to

"The sunny bird of home," as she was called, she was naturally so humble, so pure and self-devoted, she was apparently little fitted for the struggle with a rough world, when the "ruugged
nurse came to teach them how to fight the battle of life, and for life. But such work as hers, so thorough and conscientious, could not but succeed. Her sister observed that the higher the judges were, to whom her work was shown, the more instant and earnest came their sympathy and appreciation.

She was exquisitely pretty, and had a lovely voice, and there were friends who did not see what her artistic powers were, but could not help being struck by her grace and her singing, and were anxious that she, as well as her sister, should go on the stage. They were, in this, as in everything all their lives, perfectly united in their honor of a life so unlike what they had been taught to love.

Did not even the Greek Pericles give a higher aim for women's character, saying, "She is the best of women who is most truly a woman, and her reputation is the highest whose name is never in the months of men, for good or evil?" But yet her sister was anxious to receive guidance from those who knew what high art was, and whose authority would shield her and her sister from the insistence of interfering friends. Heaven helped her to an introduction to one of the Royal Academicians, whose name would be a sufficient guarantee to both sisters, for the wisdom of letting the youngest follow the path she loved.

Heaven helped those who help themselves; or, as the mother used often to say to her girls, "Still as you can provide for your defence, Use means, and leave the rest to Providence."

The means were certainly blessed, for they made a friend of one powerful enough, and enthusiastic enough to bear down the opposition to the sisters so feared. He invited them to his home dinner, and it might not be out of place to give the impressions of the time from a paper written for the absent mother.

"I was very dull and tired, and sorry besides, that E—— had on her morning dress, but they were so kind and cheerful that we soon felt at home; and after dinner we went up into Mr. ——'s studio, and, after admiring his pictures, he asked to see her outlines and sketches. So, gathering round the small table, we so anxiously waited while he looked and thought, and then came such warm heartfelt encouragement! He said he should also gather advice for us from the leaders of the profession, whom we must meet. From that time till we left (I wish you could have seen our darling's face!) his whole attention was given to us, both in the studio and in the pretty drawing-room, taking coffee, where we made a small circle on one side of the fire, while another noisier one chatted on the other, while Mr. —— sat on an ottoman, and made out the plan of what was to be done. He will get (oh, mother,) Madame, the Landseers, UAVias, Prescott-Knight, and others, to give their opinion, and meantime advises her by all means to go on studying at the marbles; and when I mentioned what had been said by the relation who wished us to go on the stage, about her having studied so long and done so little, he said, 'She has done more at sixteen than many young men who have afterwards risen to eminence have done at twenty.'"

Was not that a reward for the years of hard work in which the delicate lady-child had studied the ancient marbles——anatomy and perspective thrown in—with sufficient society in home-life to give her the love of learning and the power of intense work? Well might a great modern writer, writing of her to a friend, say, "I frequently had the pleasure of meeting her, and was struck by her extreme amiability and most remarkable knowledge of art, which, instead of paralyzing the public, as most women do, she kept so thoroughly under reserve that it was not until one became upon terms of friendship with her that one discovered how thoroughly she had mastered her subject. I shall long remember her——her charming and throughly womanly charm (a quality with which, I regret to say, is fast disappearing from society nowadays)—in fact, I have always regarded her as the pattern of a Christian gentlewoman."

Another writer said of her, "I remember so well having always the same impression of something apart in her, unsayable, unwordly, unique, like the expression in those wonderful eyes that seem to shine still in the picture around us." Another says, "I shall never forget till I die the sight of all the avenues of feeling and memory, the intense tenderness of her voice and of her style of singing." Such was our little gracious lady, who waited the verdict of that circle of famous men to set her fate in art.

"We were so anxious, as may be easily believed, when the real day came at last, as everything, we are told, 'comes to him who waits.' We drove up to that most hospitable of homes, and met that areopagus of our judges. It is possible to contemplate young under such circumstances? It was not only possible, but wonderfully easy, in that brilliant room with those around us—all people with movable heaps of laurels on their heads, yet so apparently unconscious of them. There was an atmosphere of kindness and a glow of happiness that would have inspired the most timid and the most humble. After that brilliant dinner, and we had left the gentlemen, Mr. —— came for the sketches, etc., and took them to the circle of judges. Imagine our happiness, our anxiety, our fate in the balance; and yet with such a certainty that it would be decided wisely and most kindly for us! We were not very long watching the drawing-room door before the judges dropped in one by one, coming to my sister, praising her with such warm encouragement, giving her every advice as to her future career. Our evening was all sunshine; after this no indecision was possible."

The little lady plunged into further hard work under this guidance, became a pupil in the studio of an eminent water-colour artist, a late President of the New Watercolour Society, enjoying at last the freedom and loneliness of the pure Italian colour she had been used to restrain till she had the knowledge of form and the other foundations of all good art, and enjoying the privilege of sympathy and advice from the masters of her art.

"So far had Heaven blessed her." (To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A CHILD'S PINAFORE OUT OF TWO POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

First cut both handkerchiefs into three pieces, A B C (Fig. 1). Then reverse the gores A and B of each, taking care that they are in their right position according to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Now put seams; you now have Fig. 2; place back and front together and sew up the sides from D to E; the spaces left form the armholes; gather along the dotted line, and draw it up to about an inch, a double row of gathering is required to make it set well; back and front must be gathered separately. Now take some narrow tape and fix it at the back of the gathers, nearly hemming it at both edges to give firmness. Leave a small loop, sufficiently large to admit your little finger, at each end of the tapes; through these loops you must pass some ribbon to the bow on each shoulder which unites back and front, and can so easily be removed for washing, besides giving a charming finish to the little pinafore.

This pattern looks especially pretty if made of handkerchiefs with what are known as tape borders, particularly those with fine lines, and then if armholes and frills are edged with lace or embroidery, you have quite a dainty garment.

"Cousin Lilly."
SPIRATIONS.

BY ETHEL MORGAN.

Oh, that my life might be
A beautiful melody
Borne on the wings of all breezes that blow,
Far above time and place,
Thrilling with love and grace,
Into the glorious vastness of heaven,
Into the highest, which no man may know.

Banish all worthlessness!
Teach me all nobleness,
Lord and Creator of all things that be;
Make my life true and brave,
Free as the ocean wave,
Pure as the snowflakes from heaven above,
Strong, loving, merciful, hidden in Thee.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM AND THE STRUGGLE.

Meantime there was sorrow and anxiety in the old home. The head of the house had been suffering more and more of late, and the news of his death brought on by a terrible voyage in the East. He was sent by his father long years ago to transact some difficult business, and the skip on which he travelled was promptly stored by his father with provisions for the son, who was then as ever a comfort and blessing to him. But he did not know the character of the vessel. The captain was a drunkard, and the provisions for the crew utterly unfit for human food; the water was foul, and the sailors sickened one after another. Of course he shared all he had; but what were the stores provided for this one passenger to the needs of a large crew. He saved the sailors, but destroyed his own life. And as a great physician he consulted said, the wonder was not that he should suffer as he did, but that he should live at all. The foul provisions and bad spirits were all that was left after the generous gift was gone, and were simply destined to one who had denied himself every luxury, and lived abstemiously and was a water-drinker only. He had been accustomed to avoid all such expenses, to provide himself with eminent masters, and form a fine library without being a burden to his father.

After that terrible journey his life was one long sorrow but for the love and devotion of his home. Rain in a home where there is perfect love and trust in each other is sorrow, but it is not the bitterest or the hardest to bear. There is a quaint epigraph in Paris—

"D'une main, ô ma mère; ton fils t'obéit toujours," and there was the same spirit in this sorely-stricken house. Son and daughters with one hope devoted themselves to their home, the son to work hard and alone far away, the youngest daughter, the "sunny bird of home" as she was called, to her art as we have already related. And the eldest daughter, what of her? She began as a very tiny child to find the joy of expression in music. When her little fingers could scarcely grasp the keys, the overture to the Trosschitsch used to puzzle her extremely. There seemed so little power in the old square piano to express all she wanted; the piano could say so little of what the fingers told her. She had a wonderful memory, and could repeat in her fashion all the music she had heard of a long opera, and delighted in extemporising, an art apparently hereditary in her family, as a great uncle was detained by his affectionate parents in prison for fear his beautiful extemporisations should lead him to devote himself to music, a "blot on the scutcheon" they could not forgive.

Of her music lessons under the tender and delicate mother, only such bright memories remain as fragments of sunny mornings beside her, whose kisses and delight when the little child did well were all after the best recompence, though they were supplemented by a pretty dish of ripe fruit to be earned by careful playing. But she was also free to attend the masters she wished, drawing with her little sister in the studio, and German with that best of German masters, Dr. Bernays, who became an attached friend of the family, but who, alas, was so terribly punctual that he seemed like Mephistopheles, to appear as the clock struck, and the German exercises were not always ready.

They also enjoyed the care of a most charming French gourmand, whose marriage separated her from her papa, but whose memory is still dear for his gracious tenderness and capital teaching to them both. There were also concerts, elevation classes and lectures by the most eminent people on almost every subject under heaven at the Literary and Scientific Institution to which their parents belonged, where the children learnt that invaluable lesson, how much there was of wonderful to know, how little they knew, and how very small and insignificant they were.

But as time went on, the older sister succeeded to the post of honour and usefulness in trying to save the home so dear to them all. She was, as they say in war, called to the front. Now student life in the Forties was a very different thing from what it is in these days, and it needed some resolution in her parents to send her alone, where there were all the dangers of mixed society much magnified by the social ideas then current. But the mother quietly said, "I can trust my daughter," and the young girl determined to deserve the trust. She was not ill-prepared for such a struggle for life.

There were no old home customs which were a very good preparation for professional work. The children never had any pocket-money that they did not earn and work hard for. Also their old habits of early hours, and of making the most of stray minutes and, above all, the love of learning and of steady hard work stood them in good stead; and all told when the battle of life began, in earnest and our young student was taken to the Royal Academy of Music by her mother. In the dim light of a winter's afternoon she saw the large concert-room in which the Principal, Mr. Cipriani Potter, was giving a lesson. The large green board over the central mantelpiece attracted her attention at once with its list of names with honours, and the Principal's verdict on the last examination. There were a few others in the room, masters probably, but after a little delay the young girl was called up for examination. The keen bright expression which met her as she looked up was a warrant for hope, and it was not an untrue one. After playing the first movement of a sonata of Beethoven and answering a few questions, and proving a humble petition to be taken into Mr. Potter's class, which was for the time impossible, she had then first-rate masters given her, piano, singing, and harmony, besides sight-singing and other classes.

The expenses were not slight, especially to them, thirty guineas a year besides all subsidary expenses, music, books, etc., was something for a ruined family to find; but they were cheerfully met, and as return, what joy to hope to repay all that love and anxiety by future success and power to help the home.

Meantime the student-life was a very happy one. She used to try to get her class-lesson fixed very early, for that which was a trouble to others was, thanks to the home-training, a
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

554.

Delight to her. Others were sometimes late, and when the master would turn to her and give her precious minutes of extra time, while the early long walks in the sunshine, learning her poetry, were so pleasant in the quiet and still, and the birds, speaking in a blessing it is one always remembers the sunny hours most! Then one had peculiar advantages in the Royal Academy. They were scarce then. There were few students, but more social feeling; fewer opportunities of display, but more of making real friends. Besides, the members were very friendly, and occasionally, according to the lady-superintendent's room, to hear any pupils of whom the masters had spoken, and those days were very pleasant. The council of the school was usually very deeply interested in the pupils, and helped them further in their career. Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westminster, to whose introduction this young girl was indebted for her nomination, often came to hear her and others, and took so much interest in her progress that many important interlocutions were held in his kindle room, and to her this interest was the more precious because she thought he resembled her father, as she remembered him in earlier years. She used to be befriended and so a form so eminently handsome and noble. On one occasion his lordship's good opinion was almost an inconvenience for after the last performance Miss Taylor sang to him, he said (almost like Shakespeare's Henry VIII.), "Ha! you must have an Italian class!"

"My lord," the poor child gasped, "I never taught Italian in my life!"

"Never mind," his lordship continued, "I teach them to pronounce as you do, and I shall not forgive you!"

Even Miss Taylor, the lady-superintendent, pleased for her, urging the time it would cost a pupil who was working so hard, but in the end she relented. It is the lay of the Royal Academy that the pupils shall teach when required."

It did not turn out so badly as it promised, for, when it was known, there were so many kind voices saying, "Take me, dear, let me be with you," that there was a very pleasant outcome of kindness and goodwill; but it was very much a voluntary enterprise. The first class, and a second was ultimately formed for the overflow. The comedy did not end without a spot of mischief. The last, waiting for the lesson in the music-room, one of the elder pupils, Miss O., spoke of the new Italian class, and the chapel, coming in, our student asked, "Is it true? Does it, if it is true, how do you get her excused?" He advised her to write, or speak, and plead her cause; but he said he doubted the result, as he thought Lord Burghersh wished her to take it, even Miss D., perhaps to moderate the young girl's possible vanity, said, "Oh, Miss O.— and several others had had it offered them, and she had no idea that they would not take the class." and sundry other amusing little hints, which our young friend passed over without remark. But when Miss Taylor, the lady-superintendent, came in, and Mr. Lucas was giving his harmony lessons, her chance came, and she most clearly observed to Miss Taylor, Knowing the roles of the Royal Academy, madam, I should scarcely have thought of trying to escape; but since Miss O.— and others have refused— Oh! it must sound of a round, and, having asked her authority, asked Miss D.— on what authority she had said so; adding that Lord Burghersh had wished this pupil to come. He had objected because it would take so much of her time; but my lord had appealed to the law, and said there was no other who could take it so well. But she said, as soon as it was anyone who could take an Italian class, the class should be transferred or divided; whereupon, great joy among the Pacific, and a crushed and flattened appearance in the war party.

Taken altogether, the life was a very bright and happy one, with the little group of pupils and friends which arise in every society where interests jostle one another. The routine was pleasant—exhausting sometimes—when, with careful selection of after-dinner music, and the rehearsal, and evening orchestral practices, one might have been a fat ariel for all the possibilities of supporting existence on the usual means of the time.

Once, when an examination was going on, two friends, waiting for their class to be called in, had installed themselves in a corner, with refreshments, and a printed menu, and a prudent provision of lunch, and looked so exquisitely comfortable and happy that Miss Birch, the eminent singer, passing, looked in, and observing they had their home-made veal-pie, which was departing rapidly, said, she "never fancied any real pies but her mother's;" and she wished them every success, and added a little reminiscent sense of home had touched her.

The examinations were troubled crises, so full of happiness before, but the pleasure of others very happy in the kindness and respect with which they were treated, in the delightful feeling of having the sympathy and approval of the friend, and the friendly corner, and also in that keen delight which generous natures feel in the success of their friends.

Each class went in separately at the appointed time with their master, unless the masters were among the few examiners, and each pupil was called up to the piano and the table, round which the examiners sat, and where the pupils were called, which so much depended. One examination was remembered with peculiar interest, for it was the last one in which a very favourite pupil was appearing. Everyone, as we all know, to Sterndale Bennett, and he on the council of examiners, it flattered the young girls who loved her and sympathised intensely with her, to go in with her to this, her last appearance amongst them all, until they should see her as a bride. So the girls streamed in the doorway through which they saw the awe-inspiring figures seated at their desk in the music-room. He smiled a welcome to her as she was called up to their table of green cloth. She looked so modestly timid and sweet, but the pupil had proved that one might meet a master who alone took no part in the proceedings at that interesting moment.

All the compositions and instructive; they reminded one of what the mother had said when her children were speculating on the various turn of fate—"You will find that the girls who give you most trouble by their bold unmanly assumption will not pass that ordeal," and it was so. One, the proud possessor of an amount of pretension of assurance of ability, was unable to answer a simple question or to play a single bar. Another, the haughtiest among her fellow-pupils, retired in a passion of disgrace to the corner of the room, of those whom she had treated most uncivilly, while one most timid and gentle girl, inheritor of a great name, who had frettcd and night for fear of disturbing her masters and displeasing her mother, came out to her friend who loved her so, smiling through her tears and telling her her friend, while she could not speak, the encouraging and praising comments on her work.

The daily routine was full of variety. The class were taken to examination and the adjacent ones. The lady-superintendent's room was the cosiest and warmest one, and also the quietest, as it lay far behind over what might by a strong effort of imagination be called a garden, and here was the grand piano on which pupils nervously played when summoned by Lord Burghersh (soon afterwards Earl of Westminster), or any of the committee, and the table on which lay the scores for the next day. The master was often by each professor recording the number of pupils, the time of his attendance and, if any, the absentees. But the harmony master, Mr. Lucas, hardly ever had the memory of his absence noticed. His pupils were too nervously anxious and also too thoroughly kept in hand, to the silent admiration of one of his pupils, the young girl of fifteen, who we have previously mentioned, with his stern control over those who would have been only too willing to have enlarged their lessons with a little feminine amusement. She knew and bred the tender delicate wife and mother and who, with her children, watched for his coming home, and was proud of her master who autoctonously governed those unruly and mischievous girls who would have been too glad to have their own way.

The piano and singing classes were quieter, as each pupil had her own time, and there was no possibility of the mixed class of numbers. In that cosy room of the lady-superintendent lay those vocal books also, in which the accompaniments were performed by the organist. Each professor had to sign his verdict up to that work of the whole term. Luckily each sub-professor also had the same duty, so she, our pupil, was able to watch the printed reports to remember the asgouged entreaties of her fellow-pupils, and to cast a discriminating eye of friendly inquity on their master's reports and tell them their fate.

In the afternoon came the sight-singing classes, in which great works were gone through under one of the kindest and most respected of masters, Mr. Elhol, and sometimes the orchestral rehearsals in which concerted music with solos, duets, trios, etc., were gone through with the orchestra. These were most exciting, and filled the air, the rooms more crowded. The best pupils floated to the top as leaders of their respective divisions, and each and all were liable to be called up to the piano by a look from our conductor for solos in concerted movements. Sometimes, alas, to the woe of a pupil, if she or he happened not to have nerves equal to the occasion, there were artists, who the next moment, someone else was called up and the movement repeated. Sometimes, but very rarely, a low "very well" would escape our leader and make our precious master very angry who rejoiced in the difficulties and the hope of conquering them, and fired by his approbation the music went as if inspired. Sometimes it was a piano playing with the orchestra.

How little do people know, who only hear music, what the delight of is of playing those wonderful conversations with the orchestra. "Higher still, and higher," speaking and being answered in a language more expressive and powerful than that of words, and better still to sing with the orchestra.

The sound Of music that is born of human breath Comes straighter from the soul than any strain The tone and line can gain.

The flute is sweet To gods and men, but sweeter far the lyre And voice of a true singer.

Not everyone knows what an inspiration it is to take part in a noble work. The glow of its fertilising beauty is contagion and more possession of you, till amidst the intricacies of its choruses solos come, and a sign bids you rise and sing, and you feel, as if the life and soul that glorious music has, in you realise what he did who said and sung—

* From the " Epic of Hades."
“I knew my life
Rise up within me and expand, and all
The human which so nearly is divine
Was glorified.”

Then there were the evening concert
concerts for selected pupils, very bright and
people in Outland, dimly-lighted and
filled with young people, with a sort of House
of Lords of professors and masters, and a

* From the “Epic of Hades”

ELLE as I knew the
quaintness of the
“slang.” It is, in
indeed, of the Ameri-
can colloquial lan-
guage altogether
(which perhaps
should hardly be
called “slang”), I
never was so much
struck by the
words as by the
personality. Before
last year, when I traversed the United States and
Canada on my journey to the “Great Show,”
the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Senses
so fine, so acute, that it is almost a
thousand times by the fact that no one
looks at it in that light; and the words or
expressions are so common that they have
come to be accepted.

Beginning with the old lady who travelled
with me up to Niagara, and told me she had
lost so much money, as well as her farm,
and “she felt it considerable to have to climb
down and take a back seat at her time of life.”

“I’m going to visit round for a spell,” she
continued. “My daughter lives out west in
Nebraska, I should admire to see you out there;
she’s got her own good home, and she’s
a real smart woman, though she ain’t much
look to at. She favours her part, I’m sure, and
she’s as honest as a brushwood fence.”

We had great talks together, mine ancient
chum and I, and she “took quite a shine” to me, as
she kindly said. One of her many confidences was,
that “she had gotten religion, and in all
her troubles had been a waiter on Prov-
ience!”

The last I heard of her was,
her advice to me to “hustle” or I’d never
catch the train. “You have to hustle,”
she said, “and don’t you forget it at the Bridge.”
And I did “hustle” indeed! But I thus
tought my train successfully.

When you land in Canada, the word
“hustle” is the most constant sound you hear,
and everyone impresses on you that “you’ll
have to hustle,” whatever you are about.
You “hustle” to the tram-cars, and the train,
and if ever, by any chance, you have to meet
anyone, you “hustle” more than ever. As
to the telephone, it is the most dreadful
“hustle” in the world.

“I’m just death on cake,” exclaims a young
lady, who also says “everything is all
swell,” and she has “seen such a lovely
man,” while she also talks about a “brainy
woman,” this word being much applied in
Canada to people and to things. A “brainy”
newspaper means clever and able, in the
sense of imaginative. “You have a brick in
your hat,” if you get tipsy; and if this be
not your back, so you reply, “It’s not my
funeral” (which it certainly is not, in the
sense that you are not yet dead).

“Takes the cake” and “had hatt,” or, as
the Californians say, “a bad egg,” have both
made their bows before an English audience;
and we also know the ugly and everlasting-
ly-used word “bogus.” This is really a Dutch word,
mixing up in its proper
sense, “property left by relation,” a “testator.”
Always money in its present sense;
and not most of the words are
in contradistinction to “boguding.”; the
man will assure you that the money is “straight money,”
I.e. honestly come by.

Judging by the charge
made in various newspapers, political money
is always “bogued.”

“Je t’es tiers past me like a streak of
greased lightning.” I guess that buggy won’t be
worth clocks when he stops,” is a vivid des-
cRIPTION of a runaway of double-distilled
swiftness. “Shucks!” are the outer skins of
the corn-cob; they are quite value-
less. If you have got on your “store clothes,”
you are what we should call a “swell,” but
if you are “going it to an even greater
extent, you are a genuine article,” a term
derived from the wailing of the scythe in
hay-time.

“An air line” means the most direct route.
If you were in the backwoods you would say,
you “went across lots,” i.e. across the fields.

“Slantendicularily” means to go crookedly,
or on one side. “I can’t see with her,” is the
method of saying that a person does not
understand another person; and if some plan or attempt
has been a failure, if you said, in the west, that
it did not “pan out right,” everyone would
understand that there has been a failure.

The job had made a failure in some way, and
matters had not turned out as was anticipated.

“Mad as mad,” and “as savage as a
meat axe,” are being the open expressions.
Acted real mean” is another; and if you
were abused you probably would be exorted to
“dry up and not pile up the agony like that.”
It is a very funny habit also when you ask someone: “Is this yours?” you hear
them say, “Well, it’s not anyone else’s;” and
“don’t you forget it,” is the commonest
addition to every piece of proffered
information. “You didn’t think I belonged to that
crowd, did you?” was the scathing answer
to an inquiry as to the invited guests at a
picnic.

In Canada you hear much of the “Chore
boy,” and in the backwoods in May, when
the black flies are bad, he weeds the garden
“enveloped in the smoke of a snudge;”
the latter word meaning a smoke made by
kindling a fire in an old tin pan with damp wood.
A snudge is used to keep off mosquitoes; and
I have seen half-a-dozen burning round a
house on a summer evening, in the hope of
affording shelter to the springs, and a seat in
the centre—a dreadful ramshackle affair.

But when you go over the country roads and
find that your horse picks his way through
rooms of wildly excited young people (all the
few dozen were students), the hum of those young sweet
voices, the (not unwelcome) chatter of tea
and coffee cups, and the moving crowds with their
very suitable and tactful opinions (young people
are so decided in their invariable judgments)
form a bright pageant of the past which is very
real still. The little girl who was so happy
then and met with such generous kindness.

(To be continued.)
HE BRIDE'S GOOD-BYE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Mother, mother, the days were fair
When I had no joy that you could not share.
But what of the years no eye can see,
The path that another walks with me?
And what of the cord that binds me fast,
And draws my heart from the happy past?
For some of the joys of girlhood fled
When they wreathed the myrtle around my head;
And the old glad times looked dim and pale
Seen through the mist of the bridal veil.
I lay my cheek on your breast once more,
Ere I tread the path outside your door;
And I weep, in the dear old room, I pray
God's love to follow me night and day,
Till the pilgrims come to His world of light,
Where child and mother at last unite,
And the earth-dream ends in a glad surprise
When we find old homes in Paradise.

CHAPTER III.
THE SUNSHINE AND SHADY.

After the hard work and the examination in those days came the great ball at the end of the summer term, when students, present and past, masters young and old, friends, countrymen, grave and reverend signors, our very noble and approved good masters, danced the old term out and the long vacation in.

And at the supper, after the ladies had left, a few speeches were made, sometimes very clever and exhilarating ones, always kindly and generous, and a few healths cheered, that of our harmony master, Mr. Lucas, especially, of whom Heany Leslie said to this little pupil, "He was my master too, and the best master in the world." On the last ball supper, before our young student left the R.A., her health was drunk with all honours, her master replying for her, and then the farewells and good wishes, the crowd of departing guests streaming down the broad staircase, and the drive home through the dawn and lovely light of the summer morning.

Happy those who could get back to the first class morning of the next term and hear the news of the coming term and meet dear friends with good news and fresh strength.

To our young students the term began sadly. The head of the house had been ordered by his physicians to go into the country, and in that quiet and rest and fresh air to try to regain some portion of the health he had lost. So the two sisters had to go on with their studies without the anxious love and care which had doubled every pleasure and softened every pain. Of course the mother went with him. The son was away, still the sisters were together; and while they remained to each other, and their duties were clear, life was full of interests, and the home letters were a source of sympathy and strength.

The young painter found the friends she had made a constant resource for advice and help in her art, also for unflagging kindness and for the inspiration of highly intellectual society, while she took increasing interest in the studios of eminent artists who were hospitably inclined to one they found so capable and so modest as to her own powers. Every studio was a lesson and an encouragement, and her standard was so high that no praise could alter the deep humbleness of her own estimate of those talents which others appreciated so highly. Then her master, the president of one of the great societies, urged her trying for membership. But an extraordinary succession of obstacles made her attempts fruitless.

Before her first trial, a lady had been admitted at the previous election, who had so dispointed her electors that they made a resolution no female artist should ever again be nominated. A second trial, and the tremendous fog all over London, still remembered as the worst we ever suffered, made the attendance of many members impossible, a third, and an epidemic of illness prostrated some of her best friends. With all these misfortunes, she was each time within one or two of the winning majority. It was a great blow to her and a greater sorrow to her sister, who knew how hard she had worked against all difficulties, and how the highest members in the society were all for her.

But she had brighter times than those. Her pictures were hung year after year in the Royal Academy and other great exhibitions in London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., even once on the line at the R.A.; and they were asked for by the secretaries of other exhibitions, so that her income became what she had so prided for, a great contribution to the home bank. One can never forget the one bright May morning when her sister dashed home in an ecstasy of joy artists will understand and sympathise with. "Why, dearest, you are on the line!

Indescribable emotion, letters to father and mother, a whirl of excitement those only know who have sent a picture to the R.A., in trembling hope, and whose days and nights have been spent in visions of bliss, or the much more likely woe and disappointment.

The conversations also at the Royal Academy to which they looked forward, and which they enjoyed together so many years, were very bright and pleasant. Many friends surrounded them there in the brilliant rooms, where the soft red carpets hushed the tread of the passing crowds and threw a glow on the walls covered with pictures. Many celebrities came with names bright as their stars and diamonds. Besides the comfort of seeing the pictures so leisurely and in such state, the quiet chatting with friends in the tea-room and listening to the music was very delightful.

Even the approach to the R.A. on a fine evening was picturesque. The portico and stairs were covered with tenting and lighted with rows of lamps. The carpeted staircases attended by servants in royal livery, looked very gorgeous, while the said attendants flung up the names of visitors from one flight of steps to another. And what these names became when more unusual than Smith or Brown was indeed an unknown quantity, and it was an interesting question under what unforeseen denomination they were to be announced to the President. After this, and leaving one's wraps in the cloak-room, one's wide coat and coat, one's name, the largest looking very formidable with that brilliant coat surrounding the President and his lady, to whom one had to curtsey in the old fashion after one's name had been announced.

It was all very pretty, very enjoyable, and yet once in the little carriage driving home, and they were alone together, there was a happiness and a peace no brilliant crowds could give and no honours could equal.

Then a great pleasure to artist were the private views, to which the sisters went; but it was, after all, much pleasanter to talk over the pictures in the studios, where no extravagances of fashion disturbed your attention, and you could lose all consciousness of the present in the absorbing interest of the pictures. Meantime, work as they would, and did, there were many difficulties in the expenses of paying these pictures, which those
alone who have gone through what these sisters did, will understand.

The next day, however, fell—illness, dangerous consequences—and her sister remembers, always with a sharp pain that never fades, how the little, with her three sisters, was passed off in a drawer of bank-notes, from the proceeds of a picture, into her hands. The good physician, who had attended her father, was not well, and the mother was unable to see for himself, bringing a valuable restoration—the bank-notes, with which he bought one of his favourite pictures and cheered the beds of the three girls, for us so radiant in the better country.

But before that, they travelled in Brittany and Belgium, Italy and France, and from their hands brought back drawings—sketched, with her sister beside her, and of which, long after, an Exhibition was arranged of nearly 300 drawings, so various, so characteristic and beautiful, that only a few were left to keep up her banner at home. The eldest only drew a little, but it was something to sit by her, and to watch the grandees, in children's director's box. The clashing choirs ended, and the summons (always welcome) to the tea-room came. The Court circle received the crowd in the room beyond all stood up, opera-glasses were pointed to the spot where Royalties, Court dignitaries, and the Duke were to file off into the tea-room. I came, with its change of air and refreshment, when the tired and excited musicians also, in their less stately but exceedingly pleasant way, were to enjoy their fair rest. All waited and peered here and there, wondering why no one moved.

Singers and orchestra were like charming statues, but they could see what others could not (in deference to the line of direction). The Duke, early riser and hard worker as he was, was fairly last asleep. The Princess stood and looked helpless, but rather pleased at the sleeper, whose duty alone it was to lead her into the tea-room, where tea and ices, etc., were awaiting the party.

The young singers, too, looked at each other; their tea also was waiting, and they had been singing, and to them, tea, with the fresh air and rest (after an early dinner), was a second dinner. TheBefore the concert, the high members of the orchestra, the conductor, and the chief singers and the semi-chorus, also had a charminous concert, with a large portion of the orchestra coming to see how the refreshings change and rest were thoroughly enjoyed by those fortunate young people.

The concerts varied very much in their attractiveness; the choir, the selection was naturally grave and ecclesiastical, the others more or less perfect as the directors chose more or less expensive singers, but of all the concerts Prince Albert's was the pearl. He could alone command the attendance of the singers from both opera houses, and his professional reputation and musical knowledge, command the exhumation of forgotten gems, and be careless of the great expenditure involved in the orchestral parts. The Prince's concerts were always looked forward to as the revelation of hitherto unknown treasures, translated into living beauty, and he always met his audience with the same affable and charming manner, with which it is remembered alone is an unfading pleasure.

Some curious memories remain of those bright evenings, as, for instance: "On one of the Duke of Wellington's nights, Princess Mary Adelaide, then young and unmarried, was sitting next to, or rather in front of, of the Countess of Granee, in the conductor's box. The clashing choirs ended, and the summons (always welcome) to the tea-room came. The Court circle received the crowd in the room beyond, all stood up, opera-glasses were pointed to the spot where Royalties, Court dignitaries, and the Duke were to file off into the tea-room, I came with its change of air and refreshment, when the tired and excited musicians also, in their less stately but exceedingly pleasant way, were to enjoy their fair rest. All waited and peered here and there, wondering why no one moved.

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—whom as long as I could see I watched—smiling at the piano—grew more and more indistinct, and I caught hold of her hand, for I trembled so that I could scarcely sit, and drew back to avoid the multitude of eyes that watched me, and the crowded room seemed more brilliant than ever I had seen it. The excitement seemed very great; I felt taken so completely unprepared for such a scene as mine was a scene); and then, when Mr. Hamilton mentioned my name and came forward with the book, applause burst forth from every corner of the room. He came round the room and up to me. I believe I bowed low as I took the book which he gave me, saying that nothing then remained for him but to present it to me as a mark of the high regard of the committee, and he begged to add his own warm congratulations. I had been unable to restrain myself quite from tears before, for I felt completely overpowered by the suddenness, kindness, and public notice of the offering; but when he came up, amid the applause and watching of the whole room, to give it into my hand, I could not help bursting into fits of tears. My hand dropped with the book, with which I still held my part of the Mass, while I laid my face on her shoulder. There was a pause for some time, with great excitement in the room. Miss L.—was excessively kind and kept me up, and without her I don't know what I should have done. She held both my hands in hers, and when at last I moved, and we went slowly out, I was going to press my master, as he might think it fishing to go up to him; but he held out his hand to me, and said he congratulated me, so warmly and kindly, and I gave him such a shake of the hand and thanks amid tears. Then I got into the red room, and if I had had fifty sisters I could not have met a more excited, sympathetic, and affectionate crowd, which opened for me only to embrace and congratulate me on every side. Even the strange new pupils came with the rest, begging to join with them, though unknown to me and such warm, living affection from everyone, J—- C— seemed just with joy. I escaped from the throng as soon as I could, leaving them my book to look at, into the dark schoolroom, where I soon heard the hiccups of the superior and the bell for me, who seemed afraid I should be ill, and sent me into her warm, dark room, to lie down and wait for her.

"It was not very long before she came to me, and after speaking very affectionately and congratulating me, she asked me whether I should like a cup of coffee with Mr. Hamilton, chaplain and superintendent, in the committee room, and I, very loth to leave a place which still was to me of such exquisite pleasure, accepted; but even then I did not know all the pleasures in store for me, not all the reiterated congratulations when I left her room and reentered the red room, where, though I had been away half an hour, the crowd and excitement still went on, or the happy joining them at prayers in the dark schoolroom, only to be kissed and caressed again.

On rising from my knees, dear Kate L.—with a smile, holding down in a sad misery at not having known of this and not being there; then came the pleasant toilet with Miss Barrow, who was invited to join, and then the exquisite pleasure of going into Mr. Hamilton's room, looking more bright from the dark stone passage, and seeing the tea-table laid and the room glowing with light and comfort, and my master himself in the large armchair by the fire which he resigned to Mrs. Wisco. After tea we were asked to sing (with such ease in the room), and I tried two of Haydn's Passions to Mr. Lucas's accompaniment; and we went home at last, too late for Betty to be much of a protection, but tired and weak with so much love and gratitude to home, nearest home.

Before closing this chapter we must not omit some mention of the R.A. concerts in which our young student with her fellow-pupils was bound to appear. They were very bright and pleasant concerts, stately with a certain touch of royal and courtly sympathy and good breeding. The director's box was generally filled with the council and their friends who were interested in the pupils, and in watching for the promise of success in new students likely to do honour to the reputation of the Institution.

The crowded orchestra looked well, for beneath the less picturesque costume of the weary performers came a dense army of young girls, each with her own face of royal colour in sash or ribbon, and all alike in Beat on appearing; according to precedent, in Lent in black dress, and after Easter in floating white muslins.

The room was crowded by subscribers and friends and relations of the pupils, and it is easy to imagine the interest and anxiety with which the mother and sister watched the one pupil so dear to them when she took her place in the front row of chairs reserved for the chief executives. On one occasion she played the Emperor Concerto of Beethoven, her master, Mr. Lucas, conducting the orchestra with the kindest and most anxious care. She also frequently in the other R.A. concerts sung solos and concerted pieces, and at the last concert before she left, an anthem of her composition, "Let God Arise," for full chorus and organ and orchestra, was performed, also under that masterly guidance. She had indeed just reason for her grateful and life-long remembrance of her bright days at the Royal Academy of Music.

(To be concluded.)

"LIKE A WORM I THE BUD.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN OF THE MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALTHOUGH Edwin spoke little of his plans, he had never relinquished his intention of resuming his mission while, Mr. Vaughan wished him to remain at home and continue what the "Revi- val" had begun, but he quietly declared his intention of going to Africa. Mariana could only submit, and help him by deeds and prayers.

Mr. Glyn and Angharad were married in the early summer, during the period of Edwin's illness. Mr. Glyn had called more than once to inquire for him, but had not been allowed to see him. He told Mariana that he had placed a hundred pounds in his banker's hands, at Edwin's disposal, and wished him to employ it as he thought best.

When Edwin heard of this he thankfully devoted the gift to his African mission, and wrote a letter to Mr. Glyn, which reached him and his bride in Switzerland.

The time came at last when he considered himself strong enough for his departure. He had preached his farewell sermons, he had prayed his farewell prayers, he had made all arrangements for his voyage; there remained only the pain of parting from Mariana, and the last evening was come.

It was of her that he now thought with tender longing; of her who had been more than his life, and to whom, under God, he owed his life. Perhaps he scarcely knew, himself, how very dear she had become to him, and her sweet face had grown in his eyes than ever Mara's had been. But that last evening was a very sad one to both.

They sat alone in the parlour, Mariana was putting the final stitches into a case she was making for him, and he was looking at her.

"Dear Nanno, I can never thank you as I ought for all you have been to me," said Edwin.

"Do not thank me at all," she answered, with quivering lips.

"It is too hard to part. Oh, Nanno! if I had not been brought into this life, perhaps it might have been different. But now it is too late! too late!"

The little word "Why" was on her lips, but she did not speak it.

"May I write to you, and will you write to me?" said Edwin; "it will help me on to feel that I have a sister at home who thinks of me, and pray for me. Oh, Nanno! I know how you have prayed for me, and that your prayers have been heard; I have been raised up from the grave to fight again the good fight, but still earthy yearnings cleave to me on the very eve of battle. I long to return home, with pain, because I leave you behind me."

While Edwin spoke, he leaned his elbows on the table and shrugged his face with his hands. Thus he could not see Mariana. As no word came from her, he continued:

"I would tell you one thing before I go, so that there may be no misunderstanding between us. My love for Mara is subordinated. I can now think of her as
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIENDS.

When E——, the young artist, recovered from the illness mentioned in the last chapter, he was to receive a further recognition of his powers from his Sovereign, to whom, by desire, her pictures were sent, and a letter from Miss Skirrett, conveying a gracious message from the Queen, was a great joy to her and to the home. But another happiness was on the way; he had become acquainted with Mendelssohn, and his society and the wonderful life and animation he inspired (especially to E——), when his kindness and encouragement to his young friend the thought that he—a home delight) was a great stimulus. He was at home in all art matters, and praised and toiled over his art, and to hear her sister's music, and tell her to go to Leipzig to teach at his great music conservatory.

From that time until he left England (also for the last time the air was full of his inspiration of his coming or of his letters, she sent the letters special admissions to the "Eliah," and next day, when he found they had lost their seats through the delay of some friends and had stood in the densely-crowded room, his face, as rapid in its changing expression, showed; "What," he said, "was there not one gentleman there?"

Meschesel took the elder sister to the first rehearsal of the famous Handel Square Rooms in London, for the "Eliah," which was to be done at the coming Birmingham Festival. There were few people in the room, and the orchestra were as for parts Mendelssohn was reading, with enthusiastic delight, some home letters—they must have been intensely funny, apparently—but then, like other great habits, he could store a joke so thoroughly. He told them he had been kept laughing for three days at the exquisitely quaint of the "Antigone" rehearsal, in fact, it came over him as he spoke, with a fresh burst of enjoyment. They sent him some beautiful flowers before one of his concerts, and received a few lines, which made them pause at the concert, and then it was such a mass of people as to a ship in a storm, and they waited patiently for the welcome he always gave, and the appreciation he put into the programme and the precious little pocket-book. As a conductor, he was most delightful. Indeed, he told them he found English orchestras more easy to rule and more symphonic—that he was not such a comfort to be ruled by, and he kept the orchestra all alive. If there was a false note, he would call out "Cue!" and "Cue!" he would call out "Cue! So-and-So." (giving the full name, to the amusement of the rest, "A flat, if you please," or else he would fly up to the top of the orchestra, two or three seats at a time, be lost in the transit, and come up rubbing his head and see heads bobbing up over the desks till the thing was cleared; and he would come flying down and at his desk again before we could breathe. Once, when he was writing him and forgetting his parts, he leant with folded arms, over his desk, and shook his head at them, said smilingly (he had a slight lip), "Why do you let me alone in that way?"

His playing was not like this person's or that, but the effect it made on us was to make the violins sound or he, still young, the greatest in the world of composition, the finest living player on the organ, after having done all this and much more, be the piano in his spare moments, and not only showers difficulty upon difficulty, but does it without either effect or apparent thought and impromptu. There was no two years' study, as with Tchaikovsky's "Nightingale," to prepare these tremendous effusions for the public ear; but the cadences he played—smiling most blandly, Mr. Lucas, the Conductor, all the while—were four or five times brought almost, but not quite, to a close, bewildering the orchestra, all prepared to come to a rapid climax, he dashed up, the violins-bows all spring to life, and Mendelssohn went off upon another track; the orchestra subsided, the poor Conductor struggled between bewilderment and his keen sense of the humour of the thing; while at every passage those beautiful new harmonies struck him as ever richer and better. We could not help it. This Miss Skirrett went on as sweetly as ever, half-smiling and half-laughing, as he shook his head at Mr. Lucas's perplexed face. Then he came and sat down before us; once or twice, the conductor looked to some ladies in front, till he began reading his letters, and we wondered what there could be in his (which thought must be his wife's) which could bring such bright sunshine into his face. There was such keen enjoyment and affection in it, and his attitude of carelessness and expression of immense evident capacity for intense emotion.

So also, when he played the G Concerto of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, he launched into the variations, taking up the various motifs, transmuting them into gold of his own, and coming at last to the expected close, up went the Conductor'sillon, up went the orchestra, all ready, but he gently shook his head, and, smiling, went off into another key; subsidence of the orchestra, the Conductor's theme returned, not the same, another half-close—excitement of the orchestra, all ready. Again another departure, by richer harmonies, into another key. Perplexed orchestra, and Conductor ran a quizzed face; a wonder and delight. At last the close came, and a storm of applause burst out from the whole room, orchestra and auditorium, and the happy listeners, wild with the beauty of a feat the Philharmonic audience could appreciate. As our young student said, "It was glorious! His finger so firm and so steady, so unlike most pianists. His hands work in the sheer creation of this most wonderful of music, and there is no show on the surface of any executed piece which indicated us of Landseer's touch, which is neither a thing to be concealed, nor, as it were, to exist, but which, when it comes, creates Art; or, still more, like the half-close, is well, while the Divine music was written, and the hand invisible. What we noticed most was the extraordinary amount of musical enthusiasm and musician-like control over both his enthusiasm and his instrument, and the wonderful ease and dignity with which it was done. There was no hovering or crouching over an unhealthy note, but the complete mastery and striking the keys as if with hammers, but in a manner that made him as easy and unconscious as breathing—almost a breathing of music—unconnected with any technical or mechanical mechanism, but an inspiration shared the music into life, instead of executing it."

We must give another extract from the same reminiscences, of a day when Mendelssohn was expected in London, as he was, but as the young musician was hurrying home a sharp shower made her take and keep shelter, for she had, unluckily, no umbrella, and was dressed so closely told him he could not afford to get wet through, then came rushing home in what she knew was good time. "Oh, so cool, E——, home, and now I must write it for you; for, while I was proceeding quietly enough at quarter to twelve, rat-tat-tat—— Doctor Mendelssohn was expected, Miss Skirrett ushered; down she rushed, and in a state of dire necessity paraded in Grecian history, I rushed through twenty stages of dressing all at once, and found E—— home, and mother quiet and intimate. His manner was very polite, you know my feelings! No lunch laid! He apologised for coming before his time! but he came as soon as he could, and that was such a pleasant sign.

"After chatting a little he asked me to play, and was so stupid and nervous, and spoil my first Impromptu!" Then he told me of a fault in it which I must see to, but so very kindly; and then I played my second Improvisation, and then sang my "Nimmer alter," which he did not seem to take to, and then my "Brum, blim," which he liked better; and then I sang the "Lebewohl," which he really took quite fancy to, and asked, quite as a favour, if I would dedicate it to him, and seemed so very, very pleased. I showed him my attempt at sourcing the "Nimmer alter," and he came to the table, and we got so terribly talking over the music. I told him what I had been doing, and asked him if it was right, and he spoke so warmly and kindly, and gave so many suggestions I had, I gave him, I must say, I don't think I could have available—but with all or any I should get on. Oh, he spoke so kindly and earnestly, and he showed me all the holidays I longed to go to Leipzig and study under him at the Conservatorium, and he laughed out of consternation, and told me if I went there it must be to teach, not to learn. He said I did not want a regular master—I know what they would have to tell me—I wanted a friend, once and for all, and I ought to score for an hour every day to get acc to it, and then take what I did to someone—Iacoc, Potter (both my past masters), Benedict, etc., who thoroughly understood what they were about, and get their advice. They would sometimes tell me what I should disagree with, but mostly right. But it would not do to really love with my own plan, that he said that if I ever came to Leipzig he would do what he could for me with the greatest pleasure, and said it so heartily! He was so very young, so very intimate, so very kind, and encouraged me so earnestly, and told me Henry Chorley had just played his trio. "Wunder eschön, Vortrefflich," he said, and turned to me: "How did you know Chopin, the most difficult of critics, although so kind and generous? Why, my two friends have mortally surrounded
him, or rather our best friend, Herr Pischeck, has written a charming letter in which he says that the famous English students in Berlin are taking an interest in the English students in Stuttgart (he and Madame Pischeck, who call us their English children), and this is the first consequence. I told him about Herr Pischeck's letter, and he quite agreed with it; he said I wanted perhaps a few months' study. First, he had not said it was quite right, and I should be quite right, and was so pleased when I told him Herr Frickel- ruth was thinking of the two of us. 'Ah!' he said, 'then if he did it it would be done in the very best way,' and seemed so pleased that he burst out laughing.

'... Then he made a desperate attempt to go, and we persuaded him, and in a few minutes I was sitting at the piano again, and we sang the song again. Once more he said he was very pleased, quite taken with it, and asked for it, if he might be so favoured, for he said he should wish to show it to some friends of his in Germany; and then—no, it was some time after, while lunch was coming up—I sang 'Come again,' and he liked that too, but were enjoyed—really enjoyed, by the society so much. He is so very quiet and clever, so lively and yet so very indolent. When I told him about my concert difficulties, he seemed to feel very sorry about it, and when I said that he was being wanted at Stuttgart for the Czar's visit, which is expected shortly, for he said the Czar would most likely go there when he was there, and he was so ready to stay a little longer, that it would not be worth while for the King of Wurtzburg to send for Herr Pischeck. He seemed sorry to go, and begged us not to be so indolent, and we were quite in sympathy. After some time he really went, and we went down to Covent Garden for some flowers for him, and to the House of Lords, where we saw the Duke of Wellington, and thought him very well and quite kind, and promised us tickets for the 'Eljia' to-morrow with Staaddin.

'... He said he was going to mend Mendelssohn good-by, for he was to go on the 8th; and as I mentioned at the Ancients that I might see him I had a couple of messages for him, and the Thursday morning E— and I went, and he was not at home, but we waited, and while she and I were reading, to beguile the time, in that room strewed with papers, papers, and the children's toys, my scores, expecting his knock, as he came. He had been with people on business, but brightened up in no time, and grew quite pleased when at last I said I could not bear it if he went without saying good-by, and gave him the copies of the two songs he had asked for. He was very, very kind, and gave me the envelope, which I wanted for his R. K. and said he trusted he would be six months in England next year, and would bring Madame Mendelssohn to us. So he saw us out to the door, and we went off so joyfully.'

'... Friends!—what friends! Heaven gave those two young students! Through Mr. Moscheles and Madame Moscheles, another introduction, Herr and Madame Pischeck. He was the greatest and most charming of German singers; and she, so feminine and tender, so devoted to her husband's friends, that where he was loved and appreciated she took an equal share, and gave, as he did, the name of liebe Kinder, die children, to these two. It was he who insisted on the young musician giving a concert and singing her songs; and it was she who said so tenderly one day, when the young girl had rushed down to the station with a letter, 'She excused herself from a lovely country excursion there on a Sunday, saying, 'indeed, she could not come.' 'Ah, my dear child,' she said kindly, 'Sie haben recht: vergessen Sie das nie!' ('Ah, dear child, you are right; never forget that').

... Herr Pischeck—someone will ask—what of him? So fleeting is the memory of a great singer when he has passed away from the life and bright, bright eyes of the other Bresc or may live, as long as the world stands, in his works; but the genius which kindled the dead music into living fire, and enriched all it touched, was extinguished by those, who, by their pure judgment, could by hearsay judge of its perfection. A few words from the great critic of the Athenaeum of May, 1846, may help to show what he was whose energy and goodness was the help of these children. This gentle- man, 'Königlicher Hof- und Kammer Sänger' to the King of Wurtzburg, appeared, un- heralded, before the audience, at a morning concert in May, 1846, and the Athenaeum of May 10th says—:

'... The first and most taking thing of the morning was a song ('Ophelia's song') by Herr Pischeck, the newly arrived bituone, whose superb voice, enthusiasm, and excellent musical feeling may make Herr Staaddin look to his laurels. A more glowing, genial strain, full of the poetry of one of the most poetical districts of Europe, is not in our recollection; and the pleasure of having commanded an encore from even a colder audience than usually assembles at a morning concert.'

'Athenaeum, May 15th.—Though we are little disposed in general towards German singing, owing to some experience of its roughness, want of melody, and indolence to the delicate and refined, we have been excited by the new-comer to the old thrill and the old glory, so rarely experienced in this our latest age, that we sometimes fear the heavy- heartedness of the national; but which is not really chargeable on the mediocrities, who assail instead of enchanting the public. But there is no mistaking the effect produced by Herr Pischeck. He is one of the best of the finest quality, capp'd by a facett of some three or four notes, but so strong and pure, that the best of our voices is to-day felt far less than is customary. Then both seem to be under much closer discipline than the Germans think generally needful to apply. Herr Pischeck's sostenuto is perfect in every gradation of tone. But the attribute which distinguishes him from recent arrivals, is separate from either voice or execution, or that which is so much too common, which either, the one nor the other can claim an instant's attention. He has genius, a feeling for what is passionate and picturesque, such as has not before been heard in Germany. It may be difficult to define, but impossible to dispute. 'A rather dull song from the Faust of Spohr, 'Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe,' is given by him with a charm and with passion, such as to sound sweet, fresh and natural. A slightly lighter love-song of Lindpainter, 'Die Fahnenwacht,' is delivered with so much triumphous animation as to call up images of the tent and the lovelier and the castle hall, and to make the triste and weary sounds and sights of a concert-room vanish like so many show and echoes of Fata Morgana.

'We cannot close this without doing honour to Herr Pischeck's singing of Agammennon's Lament in the Singspiel, the second of the noblest pieces of declamation and pathos within the compass of our recollections. The other rarity at this ancient concert was the encore commanded by the 'Adelhīde' of Herr Pischeck—such a delivery of the most im- passioned love-song in the world is not within our recollection. This great artist is alone among the sopranos in every way. He speaks so well and with such a swelling grace and delicacy to which he can subdue his voice when the occasion requires it, and, here is the fifty, Helft mich, de meine Liebe! and it means for the deep and fervent poetical feeling he throws into his recitation and conception of whatever music is entrusted to him. It was a bold thing in Herr Pischeck to venture on Eber's setting of Uhland's beautiful ballad,' De Sänger's Flucht, 'sixteen verses of recitatives, and fifteen of song, and the two most rich and varied meaning of the word hardly fits the word. But such musical colouring as would bring it within the sphere of regular and attractive composi- tion, and musical and technical skill, is nowhere to be found in the hearts of his hearers, most highly treasured throughout Germany and beyond its boun- daries, he had made for himself a name of honour and affection. He retired in the per- fection and greatness of his powers to devote himself to his home, to the education and sublimation of his fellow countrymen, to be his most inestimable asset. Two of the strongest traits in him indicate the whole nature of the man—a singer and a Christian. Only a few hours before his last illness, he sent to his servant to tell him that he was dying, and that his Saviour was upon his heart. The service of his art and the service of his God was to him one and the same; and that he was the holiest and most devout. They say the heart makes the theologian; I might say the heart made Pischeck the artist which he became.'

'It may be easier to imagine than to exaggerate the influence which such a character and such a man should, and might, have on young students. The enthusiasm and the glory of his singing his songs, was an inspira- tion to the young musician, and the sister shared equally the affection and esteem, which made their quiet home one to the great singer and his wife who would come to enjoy the quiet and rest of that little cozy room, where they lived, and amid which their souls were only loved, for like the sisters, they disliked the whirl and restlessness of much society, and subsided into perfect happiness in the quiet and kindness of life. He would take a ride to Stuttgart doing things with mother and sisters, and the one friend who could always be trusted to report their safe arrival after they had trav- eled far afield, and sometimes their doings abroad.

One time he told them how when an ex- acted visit from the Czar at Stuttgart made it impossible for him to promise his presence and assistance at the Bonn festival, Herr Pischeck unexpectedly arrived at Bonn, and during his visit he was full of beauty and filled, cheerfully said: 'Well, let me help the busses,' and he quietly took a part, and sang at the back of the chorus singers. Another time, when he had sung before the king one of our youngest musician's sacred songs, 'Benedicite,' the king said with surprise, 'You say that this is the composition of a young girl?'

'Mit respect, Ihre Durchlaucht, ja!' ('With respect, your Highness, yes!') was his answer, and it was the king. The Kings of Wurtzburg and Bavaria in their private chapels, as well as at home with her other songs. Herr Pischeck had been given an opera of which he would take the chief part, and see to it being brought out at the Stuttgart Theatre; the poet Frileigh would have rendered the beautiful and poetic declamation, but the genius of the home duties made the plan impossible, though...
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QUESTIONS.

101. Which was the second nomad tribe descended from Abraham? Where do you find it first mentioned? Name some great event in which this Midian tribe appeared, and what influence did they exercise over the Israelites? What is the meaning of the “curtains of Midian” and where are they mentioned?

102. Give the meaning of the word “Mizpah.” What places of this name are mentioned in the Old Testament, and for what were they respectively remarkable?

103. What miracles are mentioned in the 1st Book of Samuel?

104. Name four neighbouring sovereigns contemporary with Saul.

105. Under what circumstances was Saul elected king, and why was he afterwards rejected? What do you gather from the Scripture narrative of the manner of his life as king?

106. Give the finest instance of friendship recorded in the Old Testament.

107. Relate the military exploits of Jonathan? And the manner of his death. Give a sketch of his character.

108. What instance have we in Scripture of a rash and headstrong child of Saul, that cost a human life? Relate them both.

109. What was the house and lineage of David? Where was he born? Of what place was he first the king, and for how long?

110. Relate what is mentioned of the Wilderness of Ziph and of Penam in the 1st Book of Samuel: what is the difference between the Wilderness of Sin and that of Zin? and for what events were they respectively celebrated?