FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

Lucy Stanton.

Who shall tell the mingled feelings
That were in the girl's mind as she read:
What words can paint the flood of joy,
And tear, and unutterable wonder
That rushed over her whole being:
It seemed to her a most incredible thing
And happened to her:
As if the curves
Between this world and the next had
Been drawn aside by a friendly angel's hand;
And a voice from beyond it had reached her.

She stood there in the morning sunshine,
Feeling like one who has been surrounded
By a radiant cloud, and who had
Exulted in the brightness, and half
Dreaded its excess of splendour;
And then thought and thought again
Through her brain.
From whence did this letter come:
In what strange, incomprehensible way had it reached her,
To-day,
This message, this legacy from the dead?
Was she completely unable to find any reply,
Though she sought after one until her head was giddy,
And the trees in the garden seemed to be spinning round and round.

After that she returned again to the letter,
And read it hastily into her pocket;
And dwelt upon each single word until,
Length, her over-full heart and mind
Found relief in a shower of tears.

"Ruby! Ruby! Where are you?" cried Ella,
A very imperious voice at the window.

It was Miss Nancy calling her to breakfast.
The bathroom made her start,
But it also recalled her to the actual,
Everyday life around her.
She dined her eyes,
And thrust the letter hastily into her pocket,
For she had an instinctive feeling against saying a word about it
At the breakfast table, and hurried in.

"Why, Ruby, how pale you look!" cried Ella.
"I think your morning walk must have disagreed with you.
I always thought it would.
It is such a foolish habit,
Getting up so early and going out.
You have not half the appetite that I have."

And the young lady helped herself most complacently to a slice of ham.

"Oh, it's just like all the rest of her ridiculous whims," grumbled Miss Nancy,
Behind the tea urn.

Ruby took all those and like remarks,
Many of which were bestowed upon her
That morning, with the meekest patience.
Her whole mind was far too entirely wrapped up in the subject which had occupied her all day,
Before she came in to heed
What was going on about her.
She did her best,
To eat her breakfast much as usual,
And so escaped further notice.
When she left the table she crept quietly into Mr. Lindhurst's study,
And with a very agitated feeling
Coming back into her face, said, showing him the letter.

"Guardian, look at this. Can you

The least imagine who could have sent it me?
It came by this morning's post."

Surprised by the emotion and earnestness of her manner,
He fixed his eyes curiously upon the letter, and his face
First was a face of wonder, then a face of deep thought as he read it.
Then he folded it up very gently and slowly,
And turned to the window, while he said,
With nothing of the astonishment in his tone which Ruby had, of course, expected.

"My child, I would not trouble myself if I were you with trying to guess or discover who sent you this letter.
There is not the faintest clue by which you can
Hunt out anything about it.
I would think of it, Ruby, only as a precious treasure
Which God has sent you to cheer and light you throughout your whole life's journey, to show you the way into the highest paths."

"Yes, it is indeed all that to me," cried the girl, clasping her hands.
"But, guardian, I should like to know how it could have come to me in this strange way.
I cannot bother myself, Ruby, with making all sorts of fruitless inquiries for you about the matter," he answered,
With a sudden severity in his tone.

"Guardian," cried Ruby, as a thought suddenly flashed across her,
"can this letter have anything to do with the mystery which you said a little while ago, very likely now and then approach me in different ways?"

"Perhaps it has," said Ruby, as he replied with a half smile.
"Now run away and read the book or your music, and wear the words of that letter always upon your heart, as a sacred talisman to guard you from all evil."

Ruby did not ask any more, for she saw it would be useless to do so;
But she put on her hat and went for a long walk along the fields and woods,
And came back looking very calm and bright.

(to be continued)

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH SIMPLE HERBS.

By Mederic.

In the merchant service at all events, the cook is usually addressed by the mark "doctor." This, however, is no reason why a medical man, should permit my advice to interfere with the provost of cookery. Not that I have any so-called pot herbs which possess medicinal properties of no mean value, I cannot, I think, be greatly esteeming my duty if I say a word or two about gathering and storing them. The old-fashioned plan was to tie the dried leaves in bunches, and hang them on the walls, or to the roof of the kitchen. This is neither a good nor a tidy plan. From the month of May to the end of
August is the best time for collecting these herbs. Most of them can be gathered in July, but at all events they must be gathered at the earliest possible moment. In olden times they tell us that witches used to wander over moor and mountain, seeking herbs for love-potions, at the dead of night, and full moon. It is a custom to risk catching cold by being abroad at such unholy seasons, gathering pot herbs. You do not require the aid of the moon, but it is important that you should avoid the midday sun; at the same time there should be no moisture on the herbs when collected. Next, you must dry them as speedily as possible, and store them in a cool dry place.

The fresh flowers of the elder are simply boiled in the parent lard until crisp, thewhole is then strained through a linen cloth, and the ointment thus obtained is poured into stone jars. It has to be kept in a cool place.

Elder flower vinegar is a nice cooling adjunct to the toilet, and of this and of elder flower water I hope to have the opportunity of writing more fully another day. The following are two charming luxuries for the dressing-room. I might tell you how to make elderberry wine, but would sooner you should apply to the other "doctor"—the cook.

Parsley cannot always be got fresh. It possesses medicinal qualities of great value, for it not only stimulates digestion but cools and purifies the blood. It is best gathered in July for powdering.

Sage.—This is a well-known garden herb, and one of great utility. Like the domestic cat, it is too pugnacious and too strong-scented for the house. Again I refer to you the other "doctor" to describe its Table use; be it mine to inform you of its curative properties. The tea is made as in ordinary tea, and it is used as a stimulant or aid to digestion, and also as an astringent tonic. The smaller leaves only should be used. A large handful of sage leaves may be boiled in a pint of water until it is reduced to half-a-pint. This makes a nice cooling gargle in sore throats, and surely so simple a remedy should be more often used, for you are always at hand, which a physician is not.

Peppermint.—Three kinds are usually employed. The vinegar of mint is thus made: Any large apartment filled with leaves, covered up with vinegar, and left for three weeks is said to be strained off. Peppermint is a valuable stimulating stomachic. Chewing the young green leaves, while in the kitchen garden, is often sufficient in itself to restore an absent appetite.

The herb called wormwood is a much more valuable tonic, and it may be used in the same way, than many imagine. I will tell you how to make a tincture of it. Weigh half an ounce of the dried herbs—get it from a chemist's—say I want 12 ounces kept for a week in a bottle containing six ounces of what druggists call proof spirit; it is then squeezed through muslin or fine linen, and afterwards filtered. It is a matter of some difficulty to filter such preparations as these. The plan is very simple. A common funnel used in filtering bottles is placed in a wide-mouthed glass beaker, say a piccalilli bottle. You must next prepare a piece of blotting paper, so that it will just fit the inside of the top part of the funnel. Fold the paper in the centre twice on its own length, then you can easily form a filter to fit the funnel, which will have three thicknesses of paper at one side and one on the other. You do not tear a hole in the bottom, the liquid flows through the blotting paper and drops slowly into the receiver. The dose of the tincture of wormwood is a small teaspoonful or less in a little water twice or three daily.

Dandelion is usually looked upon as a mere weed, but it is a very valuable one indeed, for not only are the young and tender leaves delicious to eat, and if you use them in a salad, or even as a salad with cheese, but it has a mild yet efficient action on the liver; and even young people's liver are apt to be cut out of order at times. It is most useful medicinally. You may prepare the juice, or wine, in the following way:—First dig your roots clean, and well wash them, cut them in pieces, and put them in a mortar, then well bruise them, extract the juice, and having strained it off, and having measured it, add a third of its bulk of rectified spirits of wine. (Do not make a mistake and put methylated spirits.) It must stand for a week before it is filtered. The dose is about thirty drops three times a day.

The decoction of dandelion may thus be prepared:—Boil an ounce of fresh sliced dandelion root in a pint of water until it is reduced to half a pint; having strained it, add thereto an ounce of the compound tincture of horseradish, and the same quantity of the compound tincture of oranges, and your decoction is complete. The dose is two or three spoonfuls three a day. Memo.—I only order safe doses, and rather under than over the quantity needed for a girl of from twelve to fifteen. Girls under age should not physic themselves, nor anyone else. A good remedy for anyone who is troubled with biliousness is dandelion tea. You make it thus:—Take of dandelion root, boiled, one ounce. This is to be boiled for ten minutes in a pint of water; pour it off, and add boiling water to make up to a pint. A small wineglassful may be taken three times a day.

Cannamilla.—This is one of the most useful herbs that ever grew. I have hardly space to tell of all its virtues, whether it be applied externally as a penetrant or disinfecting, or taken internally. It is best used internally in the form of tea. Give it its recipe as under:—Take of the flowers one ounce, of bruised ginger one ounce, of boiling water one pint, and a few cloves. Infuse this in an earthenware teapot for half an hour, and when cold your tea is ready. The dose is one or two tablespoonfuls three or four times a day. If a decoction is wanted for an inflamed surface omit the ginger and cloves, and boil for an hour. I can earnestly recommend cannamilla tea to young weakly girls with little appetite, and if they take it from five to fifteen drops of tincture of iron three times a day at the same time, much good is sure to accrue.

ON METHOD IN TEACHING THE PIANOFORTE.

By EDWIN M. LOTT.

I may perhaps appear hardly necessary to preface these few remarks on method in teaching with that trite old-fashioned saying that "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," yet so convinced am I of the truth and enormous value of the old saw—which, being generally accepted maxims, is frequently accorded but scant attention—that my friends, and especially my younger ones, must pardon me for not choosing a starting point of a more novel character.