HOW TO FORM A SMALL LIBRARY.

"Books, we know, are a substantial world, both pleasant and good."—Wordsworth.

It would be easy to fill a whole number of this magazine with the good things that we have never time to time about books and reading. Some of these have been far-fetched, no doubt, and we find man's expressions inclined to extravagance when he speaks of her he loves. But there are many who are no more enthusiastic than the subject deserves.

In books, be remembered, we have the best products of the best minds, and in such a form, too, that they can conveniently appropriate them for our own use. Through books we enjoy the companionship of the most noble and the best of the present half of the past. Think of this, and you will be inclined to re-echo the words of Sir John Herschel, "If I were to pray for a taste which should enable me to ascend without any risk, my first wish is that you are in company to be proud of. There is certainly one class of book-worm which I hope you will never be like; to it belong all the little books, and are so absorbed in them that they forget their duties in real life. This sort of book-worm in our busy age is fast becoming an extinct animal."

A well-chosen library, growing larger year by year, is an honourable part of a girl's history. No one whose opinion is worth having, but will love and esteem her the more for it.

To all girls I say, never marry a husband who has not a collection of books of more general interest, than his cash-book and ledger. The reading young man makes a stay-at-home fire-side-loving husband. Like to like. Unhappily, it is not always so. The book-lover marries, and is linked for life to one who thinks books an encumbrance, and the money spent on them a waste. When he comes home with a newly-bought treasure he has no everseen picture—to stroke through the shrunken, and drop his book in at the library window, before he goes round to his own front door to ring the bell.

Ah! It is a difficult thing to convince some people to buy books, for buying and owning books. They point out how many circulating libraries there are in the country, and how there are public libraries and free libraries everywhere for the express benefit of earnest students and those of voracious literary appetite.

The study of books, to mention another advantage, enables us to take our place with credit in society. When people meet together it should be with book-tales and the trifling conversation one hears of in the company of otherwise very charming women, arises in a great measure from the fact that they have never the time to stop for reading.

But one of the greatest charms connected with books is that by their aid we can support loneliness with tranquility. Take the case of a girl away from home, and working every day for her living amongst strangers. How invaluable books are to her, supplying her with the most friendly counsel, the most wholesome instruction, the most rational amusement, and the best of companionship. There are thousands of young women in London and other large towns, who, if they could only be induced to form a small library, would find in it the surest safeguard against the peril which surround their solitary condition.

We might show, also, how reading puts us in the best possible position for doing good in the world, and how the formation of a taste for it is one of the best preparations for the old age that is coming all too soon. But the subject is one which you girls can work out for yourselves; so think it over, and you are all so sensible, that I anticipate your coming to the conclusion that every one who can afford anything beyond the necessities of life should set apart a definite sum at regular intervals for books, and form the habit of always looking out for new ones.

You may have it cast in your teeth that you are nothing but a book-worm. Never mind; have the answer ready, that a book-worm is one of the best companions, and that you are in company to be proud of. There is certainly one class of book-worm which I hope you will never be like; to it belong all the little books, and are so absorbed in them that they forget their duties in real life. This sort of book-worm in our busy age is fast becoming an extinct animal.

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Now what will be the cost of a small library of fifty? The purse of the fairy tales that was always full of gold and silver has either been lost, or the present possessor keeps it all to herself; otherwise, we might speak of cost with perfect indifference. But as it is, we must look the question in the face, and in times when people are reluctant to spend because money is hard to obtain, we shall do our best to be economical.
TRUST.

Do you remember? Yesterday was bright, And fresh and fair.

The sea was sunny blue—and rippled o'er By soft sweet air.

"But look how those wild waves, foam-tipped and Roll in to-day; [dark,
Listen how sadly those great restless winds Howl round the bay.

"Their mean and roar wild strike upon my heart With sudden pain; Oh! will my boy—my bonny sailor boy Come back again?"

-o-o-o-o-o-

"O faithless heart! be still. For God is God As much to-day As when the world and sea and sky were fair And bright and gay.

"Are not the winds His messengers of Love, Doing His will? His path is in the sea, and His dear voice Has said, 'Be still.'"

"And He can say it now. Trust then, O heart! Your sailor boy is in His Father's hands, And must be blest."

L. A. M.

at a figure which it is no exaggeration to say is no cost at all. The fifty books will cost, on an average, two shillings apiece; thus five pounds will cover the whole library. It might even be done for less, but in giving a quotation it is better to err on the safe side. Should it cost quite five pounds, it will, I hope and believe, prove the best investment of that sum you ever made or can make.

The five pounds need not be paid out all at once; indeed, ought not. The accumulation of your library should be spread over a long time, or it is not likely to do you much good. Besides, what is the pleasure of going into a bookseller’s shop and ordering fifty books to be sent home in a box, compared with the delight of paying the bookseller visit after visit, looking over his shelves, picking out treasure after treasure, and carrying them home in your hand?

You might begin by laying aside for the purposes of your library, say a shilling a week. What would be the result? A shilling a week makes fifty-two shillings in a year, and amounts up to a hundred and four shillings—more than the five pounds you require by four shillings—in two years. If a shilling a week is too much, say sixpence; and if a girl cannot spare sixpence, there is no reason in the world why she should not set aside threepence. True, she will not have

pleated her fifty books for eight years, but she will know them in the end quite as thoroughly as if she had bought them in two, and that is the great matter.

It is impossible to gather together a library, however small, without making some sacrifice for it. And the books are all the dearer if to purchase them we have denied ourselves something. Reduce the amount you spend in dress, if that can be done without ceasing to be tidy and respectable, and your library is already gained and an inalienable addition made to your chances of happiness and usefulness.

There is no reason why we should not buy all our books second-hand; it makes a great difference in the expense, and the books are often none the worse for having previously formed part of another’s library. Avoid, however, forming a ragged regiment. There is a joy in thumbing one’s own books out of existence for oneself, but some in using books half thumb-screwed out of existence by other people.

The best plan in buying second-hand books is to make the acquaintance of some large dealer who has a general stock which he is frequently turning over, not one who deals in any particular class of books. Tell him the books you wish to buy, and if you have any skill in the art of management, you will not be long in making his experience of material service to your inexperience.

You cannot buy expensive editions; that is understood. But, after all, we want books to read, not to look at, and they will serve our turn if they are so clearly printed as not to try the eyes. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that there is a real enjoyment in reading a fine edition, and it would be affectation to say that we would not invariably buy the best copies if money were always at command.

Neither can you indulge in extravagant bindings. Dictionaries and books that are frequently handled should have strong leather bindings, for all others the ordinary cloth is good enough. Some people who have only a half-hearted interest in paper and print, recommend that we should never bind up our magazines. On the contrary, bind up everything, say 1, magazines, pamphlets, prospectuses, and pamphlets. You have no idea of what interest a few old volumes will become in the course of a few years.

While on the subject of magazine literature, we might mention that every girl should by this time have had the numbers or parts of the first volume of the GIRLS’ OWN PAPER bound up, or that they may not become dirty and untidy-looking. Every girl who is not extravagant, and who wishes to make the best use of her paper, should have the “Annual” already on her bookshelf, so that, with the aid of the Index, she might be able to refer to any information that has already been printed relating to matters requiring immediate attention. This is the more important to a wise girl, as it is in the editor’s intention to decline to repeat any assistance or instruction that has already been imparted in the first volume.

Now we can speak about the bookcase—the house in which our family of books is to be lodged. About it there is no great difficulty, for fifty books do not require much space. Between sixty and seventy inches of shelf-room will be quite enough for that number. We must, however, provide extra accommodation for library books, and for books borrowed from friends, as well as for magazines and other periodicals, so I think we would not make quite a satisfactory start unless we had at least nine feet of shelving. This would not be too tight it.

But beware of having too much space. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does every well-regulated mind. Detest a bookshelf with nothing on it. Many a one has been selected by all the symptoms of bibliomania just from possessing a bookcase a few feet larger than he absolutely required.

The material of which the bookcase is made should, according to the laws of artistic furnishing, be the same as the principal furniture of the room in which it is placed. Consideration of this is important, and as I am always in favour of economy, especially in starting a new pursuit, my advice is in favour of a bookcase at first of the cheapest wood that looks respectable.

There is not much choice in the matter of form. The hanging bookshelves and the dwarf bookcases shown in the illustrations on the previous page are very neat, and will be found to answer admirably, whilst they are so simple in construction that a girl’s brother, if accustomed to the use of tools, might put them together in a few spare hours.

We have now discussed the incidental decoration for our books. Next, about the books themselves. What are the fifty to be? JAMES MASON.
HOW TO FORM A SMALL LIBRARY.—II.

again," says an old writer, "for everything is in it." The Bible should form the keynote of every collection, and all the rest should be in harmony with it. Get a good edition with notes, and strongly bound, so that it may stand constant handling. Whenever sets a high value on the Bible will welcome every aid in the understanding of its sacred pages. The best of all helps in this way is "Cruden's Concordance," of which there are several cheap and satisfactory editions. Of other religious books to be placed beside the Bible and the Concordance, we shall choose five. The first is the "Chapman" version of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Homer; the "prince of dreamers." No other book in the English language, the Bible alone excepted, has, as everyone knows, obtained so constant and so wide a vogue. Besides prayer-book and hymn-book, you should have a good manual of daily devotional reading, Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury" is an old favourite, and one of the best of those recently published is "The Daily Round." The "Book of Princes," edited by Lord Selborne, is one of the best collections of English poetry. With the concordance, I ought to have mentioned the new Companion to the Bible, published at 56, Paternoster-row, a little book, with important information on scriptural subjects. The Bible Handbook of Dr. Angus is also of great value. We have now decided on seven books, but perhaps we have gone too fast. We should, maybe, have begun by speaking of what are strictly utility books, books not for reading but for reference. These form a solid foundation in the study of the Bible.

There must be a Dictionnary of your own language, of course, and let it be the best you can afford to buy. When you get it, too, use it, and never go to the lazy habit of making a guess at a word whose meaning you do not know. As a supplement to the dictionary, you must have a good work on English Grammar; including, if possible, a sketch of the history of the language. When on the lookout for this at your second-hand book-seller's, do not buy the first book that comes near your price; because you will have to wait till another turns up. The best and most satisfactory purchases are often only to be made by waiting. Next comes a Dictionary of Dates, which will give you in a disjointed fashion the history of the world. To this should be added the "Elements of History," from which you will gain a correct idea of the orderly progress of events. A Dictionary of Biography cannot be done without; neither can a Gazetteer, and we can get a little dispense with an Atlas. Let these books be of recent date; give the cold shoulder indeed on every occasion to antiquated books of reference. They are little better than waste paper.

You must now narrow your views, and having what will represent in a general way the philosophy and the notable events of the whole world, invest in a History of your own country; it must be the best your purse can afford. But stay, we said that the second-hand bookseller always has a rule applicable to every book bought for your library.

Whose history should it be? Why, my friend, if you have not a name an author for this, or for many another of these books, it would be of small use. If we had started with the understanding that none were going to buy them all, it would have been different. As it is, you must take the best that present themselves, and may fortuitously send you a happy choice. A Handbook of English Literature will come in nicely now, giving short notices and specimens of all the famous authors who have adorned the past. This is a most interesting branch of study, one rich in meaning that can charge the mind with ideas and inspiration. There is none better than the Handbook of Dr. Angus, and its companion volume, "Specimens of Specimens." An Atlas and Geography you must possess; Milner's Geographia, new edition, by Keith Johnston, is the best. Add next a Guide to Italy, and then you really have a good library. But you may take an intelligent interest in your own immediate neighbourhood.

In Biography there is an immense number of names which would be better known to us all if we were more so because in biography we have one of the most valuable aids in the formation of character; but we must be satisfied with three. "Rutard's "Lives" to start with, a readable, medicinally, titillating book, which is not to be spared from the smallest library. When I name it I always remember how Atker, the great tragic poet of Italy, read it with such enthusiasm that he said the Poe I read so much was the "Great Spectator," by Dugald Stewart, "from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom finds to remark that the story is something overbooked before." Then there is the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele, an inexhaustible mine of humour, invention, and good sense. Another book, perhaps, is "The Essays of Lord Macaulay." What about Poetry? Now we feel pinched, indeed, for room, and filled with alarm lest we should not be compelled to make another shelf. Let us begin by getting a good general Collection of English Poetry. There are several good ones to be had, books which will familiarize you with the masterpieces of the chief writers of verse of our land.

We must next make the acquaintance of the ancient heroic world by purchasing and reading some of the translations. The facts of this translation have often been pointed out, but its merits, too, are great. The only objection which you who are so industrious are likely to have is that it belongs to the subject, and not to either the poet or his translator; the Iliad, at any rate, has rather much lighting in it. The next whose works you must buy is Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic poet of the world. Then comes Dante, in whom the Middle Ages found a voice, and of Dante the most readable translation is that of Taylor, so do not forget the gentle Spenser either, or Milton, and these are all the poets I shall insist upon. They are five of the greatest of our modern poets, and the study of their works will do much to brighten, elevate, and purify the lives of men. But you may wish to add other poets, for one of the most charming in love with lesser lights. Choose, therefore, three others, whom you please. Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Scott, is a choice list, and I hope you don't forget the "holy George Herbert." How are we getting on now? We have named thirty-five books in all, and after enumerating fifteen more shall be at the end of our tether.

To fiction we shall devote five books. One will be "The Vicar of Wakefield," and this, by the way, you may meet with bound up in the same volume with Goldsmith's Poems, and
some of his dramatic and miscellaneous works. Thus you will increase your collection with- out infringing the rule as to the fifty. The margin, however, should be one tenth of an inch, one by Dickens, and one by Thackeray, say: "Pendennis," "David Copperfield," and "Vanity Fair," and one favourite song or poem. What's more, I can see the door! What! no? You ask me to choose, do you? Then, I say, a good translation of Grimm’s "Fairy Tales," for the enjoyment of which all the family can use your library on a plan suggested by somebody else without regard to your own inclinations. If a library is worth anything, it should faithfully represent the tastes and aspirations of its owner. It should be such that a stranger coming in and looking at it might say with confidence: "I reckon there’s a great deal of contact between that girl’s mind and mine!" or, "I’m sure that girl and I will never get on, for she cares for nothing that I like and nothing that I hate"

You may say that we have made our library hold more books than we can ever hope to read, I do not think so; but what matter if we have? To own more books than we can read, is one of the conditions of intellectual growth. Our minds expand even by the contemplation of the subjects we cannot master and the people with whom we can never hope to grow familiar.

Having started your collection, keep it in good order. Keep everything in order, but especially your books. They should be arranged according to size, placing the biggest on the bottom shelf as ballast. Were your library larger, I would recommend placing the books in subject groups; but you will be able to run over the whole fifty in a minute, so it is not necessary, and I expect you to handle them so often that you will be able to pick them out blindfolded or in the dark.

Keep a catalogue, and whenever you bring home a book enter it; and whenever you lend one enter it also, with the date and the name of the friend to whom it is given.

On the subject of lending, do not cease from indulging in this kindly practice because of some unhappy experiences. Sometimes think there is a great deal of false delicacy shown in not asking the borrower to return a book when one thinks she has had it long enough. It has been suggested that at Christmas one should devote a great deal of looking for borrowed books and returning them to the owners. This would certainly add another charm to the holiday.

Enter all the books you borrow in an appendix to your catalogue. This is a useful practice, and in the course of time you thus secure an interesting record of all the books which have passed through your hands.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

JOHNNY AND PEACOCK.—These were a pretty little pair of horses, that ran together in a cartage. They were merry little things, full of trickery, and without care, and free from as much. Very often, when out together, it was noticed that Johnny would give Peacock a sly look, not enough to hurt him, but enough to start him forward and more rapid trot. This was observed again and again; and last at the coachman was asked what Johnny meant by thus assailing his companion; and he answered, "Little bit lazy, sometimes," said the man, "and does not toss his honest share of work; but Johnny is a cute little creature, I fancy; not so much as to just give him a slight kick whenever he catches him lagging. Peacock knows what he means quite well, and starts off at a proper pace to keep alongside his mate, or he would soon get another and harder kick."

POLLY, THE BUNE MAKE. When returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little master, who was called into use; but now and then he cheered himself with a little shake of the reins, or a "Come up, Polly," which she responded to by a brisk toss of the head, but no more.

There seemed to be a positive friendship, as well as a certain understanding, between the mare and her master; and, as I took out my purse to pay the fare, I said: "You help expressing my pleasure at seeing the humane manner in which he treated her.

"No need of a whip for Polly, ma’am," said the face quite gently, and there’s a little nod of her slick side. "She’s as gentle and loving as a little dog, and I should be sorry for her to have a smart of my causing. Have you noticed, ma’am, that Polly is stone blind?"

I certainly had not; and when I thought of the manner in which the mare had threaded her way, in and out, amongst all the horses and vehicles in the busiest part of the city, I was astonished to find that Polly had never been able to see.

"She’s the little thing that ever was," said the cabman, "and sometimes slips. Many of my lady customers would rather have Polly in the shafts than any horse going, as she asked for them to take to the road! She’s quite a hand at it, and has a piece of bread from the ladies. If we go to a house where she has once had it, she knows as well as I do, and she turns her head to the doors where the ladies often come, and brings her a bit again. Polly’s very fond of bread."

I took the hint, and brought out some bread, with this pretty creature took from my hand as gently as a child. Polly would not go. While she was munching it she kept turning her sightless eyes towards her master, who talked to her voice, moved near enough to let her nose and then placed her head over his shoulder with a caressing touch, to which he always responded with a "Poor old Polly," or a pat.

I observed this scene with great pleasure, and my sympathy encouraged the man to tell me still more about Polly.

"You know, a dog by the children," he said; "and when we are at dinner, in the kitchen, which opens right into the yard, she will come and pop her head in and look towards the table to be fed from their hands.

"I’ve a little thing, only a twelvemonth old, and she always will give Polly some broth or milk out of her spoon, and it looks so funny to see Polly taking it. Then baby gives her such small pieces of bread out of her little hand, that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child; but she never does. She would rather drop the nicest bit than hurt the baby. We are never afraid, and the mare goes about the place like a gentle nurse."

"Polly will never forget this place, ma’am. You have talked to her and given her bread, and you will know your voice as well as possible wherever we go.

The mare had by this time finished her lunch, and the master, with a "Good morning, ma’am, and thank you for Polly," started on his way. Not on the box, then told me, "Come on, old girl," and the pretty mare, guided by his voice alone, walked after her master, keeping a straight path or stepping on the edge of the law, with her head passed the entrance gates and was lost to sight.

I always remember Polly and her kind master with peculiar pleasure, and wish that every one who has to do with horses displayed so much humanity towards them as did the kind-hearted cabman towards his little mare.
THE OBSERVER.

The old rhyme about the cuckoo tells us that:

"In April, come he will,
In May, he sings all day,
In June, he changes his tune,
In July, he's not so sure, in August, go he must."

The same rhyme is sometimes quoted of the nightingale, but it is especially true of the cuckoo, which generally begins its song about the middle of April. Never a pedestrian, this graceful and delicate songbird seems less able to endure cold than other birds, and the first sign of warming summer drives it back to the warmer southern regions. It is not the most easily imitated by voice or instrument, Mistford says that it first begins with an interval of a minor 3rd in its song, and goes on "changing its tune," through a major 3rd, 4th, and 5th, but that its voice breaks before it can reach a minor 6th. Its usual note is a minor 3rd, sung downwards, though sometimes late in the season it seems to be reversed, and is a 3rd or greater interval, sung upwards. Its voice is loudest in the spring, but becomes mellow again after summer showers have cleared the air. Despite its delicacy, and its note becomes irregular, as another old rhyme says:

"At first koo—koo, sing still can she do;

At last koo—koo—koo, six kooes in all."

The cuckoo feeds upon insects, and its eggs are always laid in the nest of some insectivorous bird, in order that the young ones when hatched may be provided with the kind of food they prefer. The nest chosen is generally that of a small bird, such as the hedge-sparrow, or wagtail. The young bird's ungrateful habit of turning out its foster-brothers by its nestlings, and attempting to drive away its parent, may be quite a curious fact, which should be pointed out to young observers, that although the full-grown cuckoo is a large bird, its eggs are quite small, very much smaller than those of the bird in whose nest they are laid, and are marked very likely like those of the hedge-sparrow, so that they are at first not easily distinguishable from the eggs of the parents. Nearly all the birds are singing by this time, larks, thrushes, blackbirds, and the other members of the "feathered quire," are all in full song. I have just seen a great exception, our song birds are all small; none of our large birds sing, though many of them, such as the cock, crow, and magpie, as well as the seagull and other sea-birds, make various noises. April is a good month for the study of sky and cloud effects; and one may become to a certain extent weather-wise by careful observation of their changes. Small cumulus clouds floating about the sky towards evening predict calm, fine weather; but if they increase much in size and number about sunset, it is generally considered a sign of rain. If they are dark and shaggy, and rolling over each other, cold and stormy weather will probably follow. The approach of a thunder-storm is also often heralded by masses of clouds coming up against the wind, or at all events against the wind blowing on the surface of the earth. Other signs of rain are the sun going down into a bank of cloud; or dark clouds about the sky with white flecks passing across, with distant lightning visible by a gale of wind; but not, as a rule, by rain. "Mare's tail" clouds, with long thin tails, and varying a good deal in shape, betoken windy, unsettled weather; though when they are seen during light winds, after stormy weather, they may be taken as a sign of a quiet, fine day. If currents of clouds are seen going in two opposite directions, they will surely follow, probably accompanied, in the summer, by thunder.

These rules will serve as a basis from which girls can understand and accept rules, and learn to use them. Our next article will be on the effects of the position of the planets, and how they influence our moods, and the effects of music on the human character.


HOW I FORMED A SMALL LIBRARY.

One of our readers (Felicia Clinton) has sent us the following for publication:

It will be a year this August since I first read in The Girls' Own Paper an article on "How to Form a Small Library," and I am now reading, and will probably soon finish, one of my own. I immediately wrote round to all the booksellers I could think of, and asked them to send me the first book printed on the subject of being as useful as possible, as it would be too getting books to let them have about to good. I was not able to purchase a single enough for my purpose at any shop, so I ordered one with three shelves, and folding doors; I had it made deal wood, and then stained to imitate mahogany. This only cost me eighteen shillings, which I thought cheap, for it is really a very nice-looking piece of furniture. I then collected books, buying one now and then when they were cheap, and richer sets when I could. My first book to add was The Great Own Paper for a guide as to what sort of books to get, I have now twenty volumes, and I am still increasing when able. Amongst them I have books of poetry, standard novels, and a sprinkling of history and biography. One side of my bookcase is devoted to The Girls' Own Paper, which I read continually, and have from the very beginning, and which now forms three nice volumes; in a little over two months I shall be able to add four more. My books also stand in my bedroom, and form a very pleasant spectacle, for which I have to thank The Girls' Own Paper.

I advise any girl who may be anxious to form a small library for herself to read the piece I refer to, which was published in vol. ii, page 7, and to take as its guide, and I am sure that in time she too will have a little library."

NEW MUSIC.

"Milemaid's Song," from Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Music by W. H. Jube.—A lively, tuneful, and musician-like composition for pianoforte and voice. We recommend it to those of our young friends who have a fairly good and flexible soprano voice.


J. B. CRAMER and Co.

Parting. Words (translated from the German of Heine) by J. Snodgrass. Music by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon.—A refined, graceful, and sympathetic song; words and music in good taste.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Heyday. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by Edwin St. Lenara.—A charmingly conceived and well-written song. We recom- mend it to our young friends, and think it will become popular in the drawing-room, Answered. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Walter A. Slaughter.—A simple, but most interesting little song; presenting no difficulties.

Class Copies of Vocal Duets for Ladies. Vol. No. 12 contains three well-known favorites: "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Twilight Dreams," and "Beautiful Dreams." The type is good, and they are especially adapted for the young. The price, one shilling, each will attract purchasers.

J. C. WILKINSON and SONS.


We are very pleased to recommend these compositions to our young friends, as being well worthy their attention at all festive seasons.

J. W. CHESTER.

"Album Leaves." Three short pieces for the pianoforte. By John Gledhill, No. 1. "In the Forest." No. 2, "Nocturne." No. 3, "Romance." We can with every confidence recommend "Album Leaves" to our young friends; the pieces are short, and are sure to become popular in the drawing-room.

Boosey and Co.

The Promise of Love (a Seville love song). Words by Hamilton Aide. Music by William Fullerton.—A composition of very distinct merit, and one in a most happy manner; it is full of feeling, and the accompaniment is bright and characteristic. It will, we think, be received as a grateful addition to the repertoire of the salon.