

## BUTTERCUPS.

By MARY ROWLES.

HAVE *the sunbeams*, all unknowing,  
Taken root on earth, and, growing,  
Flowered in yellow buttercups for the children's praises?  
Do the moonbeams, resting lightly  
On the quiet meadows, nightly  
Blossom into daisies?

Bonny buttercups, beguiling  
Human sorrow with the smiling  
Of their round and winsome faces in the saddest daytime;  
Offering to each new-comer  
Golden salvers full of summer,  
All the sunny May-time!

Oh! to live through life's brief daytime,  
Like the buttercups in May-time,  
Loving earth, yet growing sunward still through joy and sorrow,  
And like them, with trust unshaken,  
Fall asleep at night, to waken  
In a glad to-morrow!

How they nod and smile and glisten,  
As they turn their heads to listen  
To the whispers of the breezes lingering above them;  
Giving their long-hoarded treasure  
In such free, unstinted measure,  
Who could choose but love them?

To no chance of birth beholden,  
They will blossom, fresh and golden,  
By the wayside—cheery welcomes for the traveller keeping;  
And uplift their sunny faces  
On the quiet resting-places  
Where the dead are sleeping.

## "I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

By MEDICUS.



**B**EFORE a person sits down to give advice to others on any given subject, he ought to know something about the topic himself. This is doubtless

true enough—albeit, I have known many good teachers—musical, for example—who were but indifferent performers. And, as a further instance of this fact, I may mention briefly an affair that occurred once in my own career.

You must know, then, that medical students in the far northern universities are not supplied with any very large amount of pocket-money. This is by no means a proof that their parents cannot afford it or are stingy, but rather that they think it beneficial to bring their sons up with almost Spartan rigour. But young men want pocket-money all the same, and one plan many adopt in order to obtain it is that of taking a pupil for an hour or two of an evening. I used to do so, and got on famously until I got tired of the asinine stubbornness of one or two backward boys, and gave it up.

But an innocent, good old lady once said she would like her boy to learn Spanish, and asked me if I could teach that language. Now, at that time I had no more idea of Spanish than I have at present of the tongue they talk in the planet Mars. That, however, I determined should be no drawback, so with what might have been termed "cool effrontery," I accepted the situation of Spanish evening

tutor to the boy, and neither he nor I had any cause to regret it. I had just a week's start of the lad, a greater share of brains, and a good Ollendorff grammar.

Nevertheless, I now confess to you that I know little more than the rudiments of any system of mnemonics, and have no intention to-day of writing a dissertation thereon. But for all that, in my plain, matter-of-fact way I may say in this paper things that shall be worth reading and worth remembering.

We sometimes hear it remarked by would-be sages that a good memory is a great gift; but memory in this case simply means a naturally large development of that portion of the brain—the frontal lobes—which presides over perception and thought.

Memory is a gift which mankind possesses in common with other animals, though his is an instrument of a far wider range—an organ of innumerable octaves. It is memory which teaches the birds to know their own nests and mates and offspring in summer; it is memory that guides the swallow or martin back to our shores, over desert plains and rolling seas, back to the very cottage under whose eaves he built his nest the spring before; and it is memory that, when days of warm sunshine are gone from us, and bleak, cold winds begin to blow, re-guides him back to lands where skies are still blue, and insect food abounds. But, wonderful though this so-called instinct be, it is nothing to be compared to the powerful memory we possess, which can compass almost anything.

The cleverer the human being is, the greater is his memory, and *vice versa*, of course. No matter in what station of life one may be placed, memory, and memory only, can secure comfort, aptitude in performing acts of duty, and consequent success in the position occupied in life; and, following these, freedom from care and worry, with happiness and health.

I talked just now about memory being a gift—the gift of brains. Yes, but it is also a gift that should not be allowed to lie barren and fallow—it must be cultivated, else it will produce nothing of any value. What would

you think of a man who possessed, say, twenty acres of the finest land and soil in England, and who went about boasting of it, but still never sowed anything therein, so that it was covered only with weeds of all sorts, jostling and choking each other? Would you not think him a fool? "Medicus" is far too polite and sensible to insinuate that any of his girl readers are foolish, let him rather use the adjectives "thoughtless" and "unwise." Many of you are gifted enough with memory, mind, or brains; many of you are talented, but for want of careful cultivation you waste your mind, fritter your brains away; and the deep, grand soil of your broad intellect is permitted to remain barren and unprofitable.

You may see men and women of talent and intellect around you, towering high above their fellows, honoured and respected by all, envied by some, and you call them clever; you credit them with the possession of great mental capacity and brain power, and you are right. But think you that the mere possession of intellectual power as a primary gift alone could have led them to success? Nay, for it did not, and the greatest geniuses in this bright land of ours are the busiest bees in the flowery meads in which they labour.

There is even a duty in cultivating our memories and brain power. Be they ever so poor or meagre, not an atom should be wasted—not an atom can be so without committing sin. You doubtless remember the New Testament parable of the rich man about to travel into a far country, who apportioned his goods among his servants, giving to each a certain number of talents. On his return, did he exonerate from blame the worthless man who, because he had received but one talent, was so faint-hearted that he feared to trade therewith? Verily, he did not.

And I want to say that it is in the power of all, however mean we may think ourselves, to cultivate the powers of memory or intellect. By so doing we not only benefit ourselves, but we do good to others; and, like the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, dying we leave the world a little better than we found it.



I shall speak presently of memory and its relation to health; but here I must take the liberty of saying a word to two classes of individuals, who make up together one of the largest sections of society—maid and mistress. Each has a duty to perform one to the other, and if this duty were anything like well performed, there would be far fewer complaints about bad servants. Undoubtedly, the maid should remember that during the time she is actually at work her mind belongs to her mistress, and it should be wholly bent upon the duties she has to perform, and she ought to struggle to do so conscientiously, with regularity and care, to the best of her ability. The times of the day which are at her own disposal she can and ought to devote to healthful, innocent recreation, and to the reading of books calculated to better her memory or cultivate her intellect.

On the other hand, it is just as much the duty of the mistress to behave towards her maid as if she really were a sentient and sensitive human being, and to be most careful while showing her how to do things well, not to snub or confuse the girl. The habit of nagging at servants, which is far too prevalent, cannot be severely enough condemned. By so doing, the mistress makes herself a bugbear in the eyes of the maid, and positively demoralises her mind. A cheerful, kindly word works wonders, where a snarling one does nothing but mischief. And the reason for this is not far to seek: the mind of the maid is not very often of such large compass as that of her mistress, the maid's one talent can hardly be expected to go so far as the mistress's five, and, however well she means to and tries to act, anything in the shape of scolding or worrying instantly paralyses her powers of mental action, and renders quite abortive her attempts to do things well.

This talk of mine may seem simple, but it is really in accordance with the deepest known truths of physiology, and I repeat: whatever tends to paralyse memory or render the possessor thereof nervous and confused, throws everything out of joint, and renders the faithful performance of duty a moral and physical impossibility for the time being.

To young ladies I would say that the possession of a good memory tends to very great happiness. If you can always say in company, "I remember," how much more you shine!

I remember a friend of mine—a man I greatly honoured and respected, and one who, though untimely death called him away, still occupies a niche in the temple of fame—who used to say, "I never burden my mind with any species of knowledge I can find in books."

There was a good deal of truth in the remark. No man, not even an author, can be, or ought to be considered a walking encyclopædia, and no author would pretend to be anything of the sort, though many fools do. The cleverest men in company are nearly always the most modest.

Overburdening the mind is really prejudicial to the intellect, and this is only a proof of how careful we ought to be in the choice of our reading. Trashy novels and tales do great mischief; not only do they cause waste of time, which might have been far better spent, but, by giving the readers false impressions of life, they make them dissatisfied with their honest lot, and ultimately may lead them to poverty. But, heigho! so long as silly girls exist who read such nonsensical and distempered tales, so long will there be found gutterbacks to write them.

On the choice of literature for girls very much might be written. Lack of space forbids my giving other than a very few hints on this topic.

You will be ready enough to admit then that one ought to read for recreation's sake, and that to lose yourself for a time in a good book, forgetting your troubles, your trials, even the labours of the day itself, gives the mind a pleasant rest, and therefore must be good for the health. So long as too many hours of the day are not wasted in such reading, so long as duties are not thereby neglected, I do not object to this matter, but I would remind you that such a course of reading may be made beneficial to you without detracting from its pleasantness, but, in the end, rather adding thereto. I am not going to advise you to read classics or history, if you have no liking for such literature, but I do say in all seriousness that you should only choose such books as you may not be ashamed to say in society—if you have any ambition to enter it—you have read. There are novelists now living, there are others long dead, and others who have but recently left us, whom not to know is to be ignorant of the history of the world in which we live. These are the reverse of dry reading. There are also books of travel that open the mind and paint to us, sitting at our own firesides, nature in other lands with both breadth and truthfulness. These must not be forgotten.

The magazines, too, should be studied if you wish to enlarge your understanding, and whenever a girl can afford it, she should not neglect to take in, for quiet, calm Sabbath reading, such beautiful magazines as the *Sunday at Home*.

Well, there are the poets, but do not choose the goody-goody over sentimental ones. I would far rather see honest bold Martin

Tupper's poems in a young lady's hands than Byron's.

There is no harm in committing verses to memory. Should you never have to recite them they may serve to put you to sleep some time when sick and restless. In committing to memory you must think well on the sense of each verse, get a good hold of that first, then clothe it in the actual words of the writer.

Choose your own time for study of the kind I recommend, and note down the heads of the story you read. This will assist you in a material way, but if you do master the contents of books of a kind I recommend, you will never forget them; and how delightful it is to talk or rather to converse about them when you meet a congenial spirit. I know two girls, both living in the same village, both moving in the same circles; let me call one Sally Smith and the other Mary Jones, though their real names are far nicer and more euphonic than these. Well, the former is much the prettier, but she reads only arrant trash. Not so the latter. Poor silly Sally Smith, with all her beauty, how sorry you would be for her in society! And how completely Mary throws her into the silent shade, for Mary reads, and can converse intelligently on the masterpieces of even Dickens and George Eliot, while Sally has sense enough not to attempt to get in even a word edge-ways about her "*Skeleton of the Moated Grange*."

You may greatly improve your memory by studying to be regular in all your minor habits of life. "A place for everything and everything in its place," should be one of your mottoes. "A time for everything and everything at the time," should be another. I can tell you I have but little respect for a girl who frequently during the day has to jump up exclaiming, "Oh, I remember now I didn't do this," or, "Oh, I forgot to do that."

It may be she has merely forgotten to wind the clock, to feed the parrot, to give the canary some seed, or Tiny his dinner, or put a drop of fresh water in poor Towser's pan. No matter what it is, she is a young lady of no regularity of habit, of no mind, no mental perception, no memory. Believe me, if a girl cannot be faithful over a few things she need never hope to be ruler over many.

Just a word in conclusion about the effects of health on memory. If your body is in a low state, the mind will accord, and study will be impossible. One must be cool to remember well. One cannot be cool if nervous, and a low state of the nervous system is inseparable from bodily health below par.

## COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

### CHAPTER XVIII. UNITED AND PARTED.



Mr. Leste had said grace, hop-pickers, both native and foreign, were seated, and the feast

HAD is Patrick, Miss Heath; you wanted to speak to him," whispered George, when Mr. Prettyman's numerous guests were assembled.

had begun. All Courtleroy, gentle and simple, was there; so was Summerlands; so were the junior Carews, and so were several neighbouring clergymen. Shops far and near had been ransacked for provisions, Summerlands emptied, and altogether it was a good time for the poor.

"You really knew George Hope's father?" ventured Miss Heath, standing behind Patrick, and glancing furtively around.

"I'll niver be atin' agin, ma'am," replied Patrick, arrested just as he was putting a large piece of meat into his mouth, "if I didn't know him; an' a foine man he was. Sorry's the day when he went to Africa."

She slipped something into his hand, and hurried off.

"Och, an' I'll be a rich man if this goes on," thought Patrick, as he transferred Miss

Heath's gift to his pocket. "I'll be afther Biddy at cock-crow to-morrow, Masther George, my boy," he whispered, as George came up.

Mr. Carew was near, and George perceived that he looked much disgusted. As he was always bent on doing people good turns in his capacity of major-domo, he asked that fickle swain to cut up a pie at one of the tables near which Barbara was standing. He piloted him thither unperceived by her, and left them side by side. He thought he had made a wonderful hit, but was mistaken.

"May I help you, Barbara?" asked Mr. Carew.

"Thank you," she replied, cold and stately: took up an empty plate, allowed him to fill it, and went to the other end of the barn.