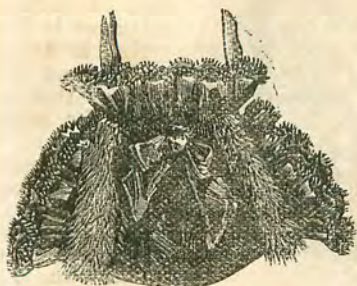


outside woman that my neighbour can judge of me at first, I am reconciled to do my very best to make myself agreeable to the sight." Yes, girls, this matter of dressing suitably, in good taste, and according to your means, is a very important duty, which applies particularly to girls who wish first to prepossess others in their favour that they then might cheer and



A NEW AND PRETTY MUFF.

help them in their path through life. And, depend upon it, a person untidy in her appearance or neglectful of the art of adorning the body, is frequently denied the opportunity "to charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

NOVELLO & Co., Berners-street, W.

FIVE pieces for the pianoforte. By A. C. Mackenzie. No. 1 commences with an impromptu in the key of C. A soft, smooth, and pleasing little bit for the display of a light and graceful touch.

No. 2. A bright *staccato* fugue movement.

No. 3. The author has taken Longfellow's words—

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean rhyme,"

Cried King Olaf; "it will cheer me"—

as the subject; beginning in a slow and stately style, followed by a double-forte *presto agitato*, and then dying off in alternate pianissimo and forte passages.

The 4th motif is in the valse time, and No. 5, "Evening in the Fields," is a pretty descriptive piece, in which the enjoyment and tranquillising influences of a summer night may be brought to the ear by means of the finger.

PATEY AND WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough-street:—

Nocturne. By Ernst J. Reiter.—A pleasing theme with a quiet accompaniment played by both hands, by which means the sustained notes are well marked, good practice for smooth and even playing.

La Balançoire. By Paul de Cernay.—A characteristic piece with singing melody, and swinging movement, easy to catch and perform.

J. H. BARNETT, 67, High-street, St. John's Wood:—

Sunbeams on the Spray. By Theo. H. Barnett.—A nice, light little piece, suitable for committal to memory. Will be sure to please.

J. AND W. CHESTER, Brighton, and REID BROTHERS, 436, Oxford-street, W:—

Song of the Stream. An impromptu for the pianoforte. By Arthur H. Jackson.—A flowing,

smooth movement, soft and sparkling, in the key of F.

Waking Dreams. By Emily Hughes.—Very light and gracefully written.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Duet from Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict*. Adapted by Joseph Bennett. Accompaniment by Francesco Berger.—A rather elaborate duet; the accompaniment requires good execution and the singing needing care, but well repaying the attention necessary for its proper rendering.

Hard to Please. Words by Alice Evégar, music by Francesco Berger.—A sprightly little ballad, and telling if correctly interpreted.

A Parting Gift. Words by H. J. C., music by Charles J. Hargitt. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Written in two keys, No. 1 in D flat, No. 2 in B flat.—The style and character good and rather uncommon.

The Radiant Lady. Words by Hugh Conway, music by A. H. Behrend.—A plaintive little song describing a poor lonely child placing a bunch of humble daisies on the grave of the gentle lady who alone was kind to him. The idea is pretty and the music easy.

HOWARD AND CO.

The Watermill. Music by W. Irving Bishop, words by Sarah Doudney.—The subject of the song is the recalling of the proverb, "The mill will never grind again with the water that is past," suggesting a wholesome lesson. The music is in character with the words.

HOWARD AND SONS.

Nuts and May. Music by A. G. Gits, words by James T. Browne.—Fanciful but pretty words to simple music.

Putney Bridge. Words by Juba Kennerley, music by Henry Pontet.—Like "Twickenham Ferry," the story refers to crossing the river, with similar consequences. The music and words are well-matched, and if properly sung will be accepted as a pleasant change to a more solid style.

WEEKES AND CO.

What Shall I Wish Thee? Words by Frances Ridley Havergal, music by C. H. Purday. Wishes for "A Happy New Year."—Mr. Purday's music is graceful and very interesting. The words, by the late Miss Havergal, are, of course, most loving and



"TWO LITTLE DRESSES AND A CLOAK."

beautiful. We specially recommend this song.

Lead, Kindly Light. (Sacred song.) Words by J. H. Newman, music by C. H. Purday.—An easy and simple arrangement to well-known words.

GODDARD AND CO., 4, Argyll Place.

The Children of our Native Land. Written

and composed by Mrs. Edmund Campbell.—An easily-taught song, with a hue of chorus.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Wheel of Fortune. Words by Edward Oxenford, music by Milton Wellings. No. 1 in G, No. 2 in F.—The songs of this popular writer are well known, and the "Wheel of



A NEW HAT.

Fortune" is by no means inferior to "At the Ferry."

A. COX, 29, King-street, Regent-street, W.

Jessie of the Lea. (Ballad.) Written by J. H. Jewell. Composed by Burnett Gilbert. A quaint little ballad, simple and sweet; written in three flats, and of moderate compass.

My Sailor Love. (Ballad.) By Gordon Campbell. Composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby. The composer's name is sufficient to recommend this song to our musical friends. It is written in two sharps, and the accompaniment is easy.

The Falling Star. Poetry by Fanny R. L. Lablache, music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pensive little song suggested by the legend of a "star of destiny," and pleasingly set.

Separation. (Duet.) Music by Ciro Pinsuti, words by Lewis Novra.—Commencing with solos for two voices and ending in a well-arranged duet.

A duet for equal voices on the words *In quietness and confidence shall be your strength*. Music by Louis W. Parker.—

A quiet and effective rendering of Isaiah xxx. 15—18, ending in six bars without accompaniment, after a soft rolling passage in the bass.

Our Rest Remaineth. Music by Henry Smart, words by Helen Marion Burnside.—Another sacred duettino. Both words and music sweet and wholesome.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Only to Love Thee. Music by Franz Abt, words by Edward Oxenford.—A pleasing song with nicely-arranged accompaniment.

LAMBORN COCK.

At Sunrise. By Francesco Berger.—A cheerful little duet for two soprano voices of moderate compass. The words and music in harmony.

Three two-part songs. By Ciro Pinsuti. Words by L. A. Johnstone.

Heather Breezes. Soft and graceful. The accompaniment harp-like and trilling.

Boating. Another descriptive duet in two flats, enhanced by a telling accompaniment.

Not Even a Sparrow.—Thoughtful words clothed by excellent music. No difficulties either for voice or piano, but smooth and pleasing.

last instance, when the horse, carrying his head well, walks away with a firm and regular step, all you have to do is to keep the hands steady and pliant, so that they feel every beat of his action, yield to his movements, and enjoy the result. When wishing to stop, slightly throw back the shoulders, at the moment of increased bearing upon the reins; this, with an instant's pressure of foot and whip, keeps him together, and prevents him from making the stop on his shoulders.

The trot is the most difficult pace to learn, and some years ago was very rarely attempted by ladies. Now, however, it is invariably practised as much as the canter. The rein belonging to the snaffle is sometimes called the trotting rein, being the one generally used in this pace. At the commencement, therefore, it should be rather shortened. The alternate action of the horse in trotting makes it necessary for the rider to rise and fall in the saddle in regular time with his step. If this time be not perfectly kept, a jar ensues which is fatal to all elegance, to say nothing of comfort. At a certain point the movement gives an impetus to the body; and when once this can be felt and taken advantage of, the first difficulty is overcome—you have learnt to rise.

What you have now to avoid is the awkward habit of twisting yourself to the left, and rising too high or so quickly that you fall twice when once would be better. Let me assure you that no hard work is needed. The instant the impetus is given—a light pressure of the foot in the stirrup, induced by a momentary straightening of the knee, the latter being all the time kept close to the saddle, will cause the rise to be made squarely and without a bend at the waist. But if you persist in pointing the left foot, and consequently the knee, outward, or neglect to keep the heel lower than the toe, you will never trot comfortably, but always with uneasiness and fatigue.

Do not fancy the faster the trot the greater the skill displayed, but regulate the pace that your horse may not break into a canter, which he is likely to do if trotting at full speed. Should it so happen, bear strongly on the right or left rein (snaffle); if the right, using the first and second fingers and the thumb of the right hand. This will throw him out of his stride, and bring him back to the trot.

The canter, so delightfully easy to the rider, is an artificial pace, and one that constantly adopted causes a strain upon the horse. Hence, if you are wise, you will, as a rule, reserve your canters for the downs, or any nice stretch of turf you may be fortunate enough to meet with, and trot on the harder road.

In the canter the great thing is to have the figure pliant and easy. Sit well in the centre of the saddle and keep as close to it as possible, consistently with accommodating yourself to the movement. Few people find any difficulty in the pace, and it is therefore a tempting one for the learner, who is apt, however, to lean too far back, and to be somewhat unsteady in her seat—an evil remedied by a proper use of the near pommel, the support of the right knee.

The horse leads principally with the right foot when cantering, but can generally be made to do so with either if, in starting, the bearing on the opposite rein be slightly increased. Directly the action is established, maintain an equal feeling on both reins; you will be sensible of the cadence of every step if you have him well in hand. Should he change to the trot of his own accord, employ hands, heel, and whip to collect him, and make him resume the original pace. When stopped he will almost invariably trot a few paces before halting; be in readiness for this, or you will, by jolting helplessly in the saddle, make a bad finale to your canter.

From the canter to the "hand gallop" is

an easy transition; too easy, some unlucky individuals have found it, who, not having their horses well in hand in the former pace, have made acquaintance with the latter, and even perhaps with the full gallop, earlier than was desirable. The first inclination of a horse to gain upon the hand must be checked, lest he by degrees break away and defy control, and what would have been easy if taken in time prove a task beyond you. As soon, then, as the inclination is perceived, at every beat of his forefeet on the ground draw the reins gradually and firmly upward to the waist. So you pull him together by an alternate easing and feeling of his mouth at every stride. But it is possible he may still resist the hand, and a gallop threaten to end in his running away. In such a case, avoid above all things a dull, heavy pull at the bridle, which will have no effect on his speed, and only take from you all power of guidance. While you retain presence of mind and can guide him, you are still comparatively safe. The voice will often soothe an excited animal, and he is greatly influenced by the calmness or terror of his rider. Speak to him; and if you are inwardly quaking, do not let him know it. Remember that any display of fright will make matters worse, so you may as well be brave.

Besides, you are not yet at the end of your resources. Sitting well back, bear heavily on each rein alternately. This kind of sawing motion on the mouth will probably soon stop him. If not, slacken the reins an instant, and then draw them suddenly up with all your strength, the body inclining backwards, and care being taken that the shock of the halt does not throw you on the pommel.

So much for runaways. Let us hope that your experience in this way may be limited. We will, however, imagine another predicament or two, for although a lady ought never to ride a vicious horse, the quietest animal may some time or other take a freak into his head, and it is only right, therefore, to be prepared for emergencies and armed at all points.

When a horse rears, it is of the utmost consequence to cease bearing on the reins. The hand must be eased immediately, and the body incline forward, to throw the weight on his shoulders and force him down. The least touch of the whip, or tightening of the bridle, or pressure of the heel, while he is in the act of rearing, will cause him to rise higher, and possibly to fall backwards; but as his forefeet near the ground give a smart stroke behind the saddle, being prepared meanwhile to keep your balance in case of a plunge forward. It will not do to bear on his mouth too suddenly, for fear of inducing him to rise again: and one can afford to allow a little more law this way, as horses which rear much do not often kick. If the intention to rear be perceived in time, prevent it by slackening one rein and bending him with the other, keeping the hand low. He is thus compelled to move a hind leg, and his attempt frustrated. To divert him from making another, turn him round two or three times.

A horse that is given to kicking must be kept thoroughly in hand, for while his head is up you may be sure he cannot do much harm with his heels. The first symptom of kicking should be met by a sharp reminder from the bit, chiding at the same time with the voice. If continued, sit back, raise the hands—not to pull at him, but to give you the power of snatching his head up at every effort he makes to get it down. It is worth while to remember that kicking may occasionally proceed from an ill-fitting saddle, and to ascertain as soon as possible whether anything is causing pain.

When riding a horse that is apt to shy, do not forget his weakness; and on meeting with anything likely to alarm him, slightly turn away his head. Your aim is to prevent him from noticing it; and by touching him lightly with

heel and whip on the side to which you are bearing, and speaking kindly, this will perhaps be accomplished. But if, seeing the object, he suddenly turn half round, do not try to force him back. Turn him completely round, and then endeavour to soothe and coax him until he approach and pass what has occasioned his fright. Ease the hand; yet be prepared to hold him steady, for he may swerve and fly hastily past the obstacle. He will learn from your self-possession that his fears are groundless.

In conclusion, two or three simple rules should ever be borne in mind.

The rider's proper side of the road is the near side, and the paradox, "Keep to the left and you are sure to be right!" holds good in all cases except when you wish to pass anything going in your own direction. That must be done on the off side.

If about to ride with several others, when mounted move forward a few paces; and then keep your horse perfectly quiet, or he may make his companions impatient and restive while your friends are mounting.

Always start gently. It is unwise to excite a horse directly he leaves the stable, and equally so to bring him home heated with a hard trot or a long canter. Let him walk a short distance at least before you dismount.

In going up hill, give him his head freely, and on a bad road do the same—so far as is consistent with keeping a watchful hand upon him—that he may pick his way safely. On a newly repaired road ride where the stones are thick rather than where they lie loosely scattered about the hard ground.

And here these papers must close. I have purposely said nothing about leaping, preferring, in an article merely devoted to ordinary riding, to utilise the space at command by remarks of a more general character. They have attained their object if they benefit any of our girls who would include the art of equitation, as it is sometimes grandly called, among their accomplishments. And I can offer these no better wish than that to everyone, after the rides it is her good fortune to enjoy, the words of Scott may be applicable:—

"The steed obeyed,
With arching neck, and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved her voice to hear."

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Sweet Hay. Music by Frederic H. Cowen. Words by Hugh Conway.—A simple little ballad, the melody, which is original and taking, accompanied by a few well-chosen chords. Our readers will remember the name of the composer as being that of the author of "The Children's Home."

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Great City. Music by F. H. Cowen. Words by F. E. Weatherly.—Another of F. H. Cowen's interesting songs, pathetic and pleasing.

Proverbs in Song. Music by Joseph Roeckell. Words by Frederick E. Weatherly.

5. *Birds of a Feather.*
6. *All that Glitters.*
7. *'Tis Darkest Ere the Dawn.*
8. *Between Two Stools.*

Four very graphic and clever songs.

To-morrow. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Written in G and B $\flat$.—We can do nothing but praise all the songs of this inexhaustible composer, who

never becomes tiring, although writing so much. "To-morrow" will be a favourite.

I'm Afraid. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Milton Wellings. No. 1 in E $\flat$, No. 2 in F.—Milton Wellings' characteristic songs are always received with favour; and this will not be found less taking than his "At the Ferry," "The Wheel of Fortune," &c.

Thoughts. By the same composer. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.—This is another of Wellings' productions, in a quieter style.

The Motley King. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Alice Upton. For baritone.—A satire on the frivolity often practised, but to be condemned, of setting up "folly in the place of wisdom." This song requires to be sung in a somewhat pompous style.

W. MORLEY, JUNIOR, AND CO.

The Old Cathedral. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. In two keys, C. and D.—Slow and impressive. The accompaniment is organ-like, and a soft vocal passage at the close, "Not far from home," is most effectively introduced. This will probably be the most popular song of the season.

The Land of Rest. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.—The subject of the words—a weary child yearning to know "what is beyond our farthest sight?" and the mother telling of the "home of peace," in answer to faith and prayer. The music is very sweet, and of moderate compass and difficulty.

The Snowclad City. Poetry by Clover. Music by Arthur Carnall. In two keys, D and E $\flat$. With harmonium accompaniment.—The story of a poor little crossing-sweeper perishing in the cold street, whilst listening to the message of a "better land" hymned in the old church, is both pleasantly and easily arranged for voice and piano.

Courtship Lane. By Cotsford Dick.—This is a song of quite a different character—lively, easy, and sure to please. It is written in two keys—F, c to e, and G, d to f, with the option of finishing on the upper octave key-note.

METZLER AND CO.

Love, We Shall Meet Again. Words by Gertrude Harraden. Music by Ethel Harraden.—These sisters have written and published music and words which illustrate each other in a masterly manner. The transition from common to three-quarter time, with the words, "Love, we shall meet again," is telling, and the *pp* finale very effective.

The Golden City. Music by Suchet Champion. Words by Dora Gillespie.—The idea in the poem is very originally treated, and the well-known hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," is happily introduced in the accompaniment, which is made still more effective if played on the harmonium. The accompaniment is easy and the compass moderate.

Dost Thou Love Me, My Beloved? Words by Elizabeth B. Browning. Music by Maria E. H. Stisted.—This song requires some attention as to time and expression, but when carefully read will not be found difficult or unpleasing.

A. COX.

He and She. Music by Humphrey J. Stark. Words by F. E. Weatherly.—A capital song, the work of an able and earnest musician. We unreservedly commend this song to the notice of our readers.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Tenderness. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by E. G. Lovell.—An exceedingly simple and

touching song. Beginners and accomplished vocalists will be pleased with it.

Three pieces by Henry Parker. *Clarissa*, a minuet in D; *Dorothea*, a sarabande; and *Pamela*, Gavotte in G, are suitable for young performers, and easily learnt. Printed in large clear type.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners:

DORA DE BLAQUIERE and THE EDITOR.



THE number of housewife's cases sent in for the use of missionaries was not so large as might have been expected, but the work and ingenuity expended on them were worthy of much praise. The prizes were somewhat difficult to

award, as the merits of the specimens were very equal, though in many cases the contributors had not paid sufficient attention to the terms of the competition. This especially was the case in the matter of the best-made specimens. The number of cases sent in by girls from 20 to 25 was twenty-three. These were the best, of course, and the full number of prizes was awarded, with six certificates of the First Class. The number of cases made by girls from 16 to 20 was thirteen. Only the Second Prize was awarded in this class, as none of the specimens were sufficiently good for a first prize. The equal merit of the several specimens obliged the judges to award six First-class Certificates.

No prizes or certificates were awarded in the Third Class, as only one housewife was sent in for that division, and that was not sufficiently good, either as regards needlework or manufacture, to call for notice.

Many faults were visible in this competition. Bad work, improper admixture of colours in the embroidery, and lack of taste in the selection of materials. Many of the bindings were carelessly sewn on, and the embroidery stitches improperly done. A lack of care in following the rules of the competition was also universally evident.

The First Prize of Three Guineas is awarded to

Mary Anne Robb, Aberdeen (21).

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Annie Hart, Vevey, Switzerland (21).

FIRST DIVISION.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 20 to 25.)

Evaline Florence Miller, Bedford (20).

Florence Mary Gibbs, Datchet, near Windsor (20).

Emily Palmer, Alesbury, Bucks (20½).

Alice Mary Fawcus, Tynemouth, Northumberland (20).

Lizzie Humes, Fitzjohn's-avenue, N.W. (23).

Sophia Leonora Buller, Kensington, W. (21).

SECOND DIVISION.

First Prize (not awarded).

Second Prize (One Guinea).

Ella Shipman, Sarony-square, Scarborough (19).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 16 to 20.)

Mira Lucy Barker, New Wandsworth, Surrey (18).

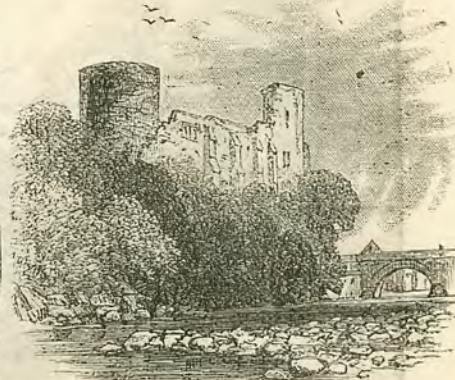
Edith Elizabeth Scott Moncrieff, Gilmore-place, Edinburgh (19).

Theodora Browning, St. Leonard's Hall, St. Andrews, N.B. (19).

Harriet Jane Duke, Salisbury (19).

Florence Emily Pointer, Highfield, Winchester (16).

Jessie Franck, care of Messrs. H. S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill (20).



THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

THE subject of the next prize competition in fancy needlework is the Blotting Case, described and illustrated on pages 11 and 12 of this volume. The articles after examination will be presented, on behalf of the workers, to various foreign missionary societies for the use of missionaries. Each girl should work her own initials in the centre, and should add at the back of the Blotting Case a text of her own choosing, such, for instance, as "Comfort ye My people, saith your God," or "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and Two GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two prizes of Two GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The last day for receiving the Blotting Case for examination is Tuesday, February 14, 1882.

Each Blotting Case must have firmly sewn upon it the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this Blotting Case is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

NEW MUSIC.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272A, Regent Circus, W.

Gavotte in the modern style, by Heinrich Mueller.—A well-written and musicianly composition, and one that we would confidently recommend to our young friends, more especially as a thorough mastery of some of its difficulties will entail a wholesome amount of practice. On line 2 of page 1 the sequence would have been more complete if it had been written as follows:—



Also in the first bar of the last line on page 3 the insertion of a flat before the note D would have averted the now very apparent effect of false relation. These are evidently oversights, as the composer elsewhere shows a thorough knowledge of harmony.

METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO., Dundee.

The Emigrant's Reply. An answer to the favourite Scottish ballad, "O sing to me the auld Scotch songs." Words and music by the Rev. J. McGinness.—Here we have a song of the genuine Scotch type. The words are pretty, and set to a simple and plaintive melody. Compass from D to G. An obvious misprint occurs in the bass, bar 3 of the first line, where E is printed instead of F.

I'm Glad My Heart's My Ain. Scotch ballad. Arranged by W. T. Watson.—A simple and pleasing melody, easily arranged for a mezzo-soprano voice, compass from C to F, rather lacking originality, though, perhaps, partly for that reason sure of popularity wherever heard. Here, also, we see an awkward misprint in the bass of the third bar on page 1, where B sharp is written instead of B natural.

Eleven Part-songs for first and second Trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—Certainly, as a collection, the best set of part-songs for two voices we have ever seen. They are all, without exception, charming, and breathe in every line the poet and the musician. Being within the reach of any ordinarily competent classes, they have only to become known to be admired. On page 5 there is a misprint, where the last note in the 9th bar of the 1st voice part should be G instead of D. Although the pianoforte accompaniment of all three songs is *obligato*, and printed smaller than the voice parts, we must give a word of praise to the exceptional clearness of the engraving; in fact, the way in which the entire work is brought out reflects the greatest credit on the publishers.

METZLER AND CO.

Doubting and Dreaming. Music by A. Goring Thomas. Words by Theo. Marzials.—A rather romantic song, with English and French words, with a goodly number of accidentals, but not difficult.

The Cuckoo. Music by Maria E. H. Sisted. Words by Wordsworth.—A pretty song with nicely written symphony, and accompaniments birdlike and uncommon.

J. B. CRAMER.

May-Day Queen Marie. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by F. E. Weatherly.—A little romance of the month of May; music and words joyous and graceful.

When My Ship Comes Home.—Another good arrangement by the same composer, to words by Nella Parker; quite dramatic and pathetic in sentiment and music.

Chain of Memory. Music by A. H. Behrend. Poetry by Hugh Conway.—The thoughts and memories of two hearts, who, after long years of separation, meet again, are recorded in an unpretentious and quiet style. The song is in three flats and easy compass.

My Darling's Shoes. By Stephen Massett.—A pathetic song, with a domestic ring that may well bring forth tears. A slight oversight has occurred by using the word "she" instead of "he" for the lost darling.

On the Day Sylvian Spoke to Me. Romance by A. Cœdès. Sung by Madame Adelina Patti.—A soft and joyous little song, with a light, beating accompaniment. Although sang by so accomplished a vocalist, is not beyond the capacity of a moderately-proficient amateur.

Another romance by A. Cœdès, with words by H. B. Farnie, entitled *Yes! you are Free.*—It is written in valse time, with a very easy accompaniment.

HOW GIRLS MAY ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT DRESS AND INVITATIONS.



PROMISED some time ago to write a paper on the above subject; but in transcribing the title I felt inclined to substitute the word "guests" or "visitors" for that of friends, because I can hardly imagine *real* friends being at a loss to entertain one another.

Sympathy of tastes and feeling, similarity of pursuits—in short, the very word "friendship," must suggest delight in each other's society, and an inner circle of pleasures into which an outsider cannot enter, and with whose joys none can intermeddle.

What I really have to do is to give a few hints by which a little social gathering of young people may so spend an evening together that, as a girl correspondent expresses it, "they may wish to come again."

Before suggesting materials, either for the bodily refreshment of the guests or their amusement whilst together, I should like to say something about parties in general, dress, and invitations.

As I look back upon my own young days, and think how honestly happy we were, despite the absence of anything costly or elaborate, either in food or dress, I cannot help a genuine feeling of regret at the changes which have taken place. As parents have advanced in the path of luxury, they have carried the young people along with them. It has become almost as serious a matter to give a children's party as to give one for adults. Both have become vehicles for display in dress and table extravagance, rather than for innocent, social enjoyment.

I think our American cousins have set us a bad example in this respect, and we have shown ourselves only too ready to follow it. I have read of Transatlantic entertainments, given by parents for the pleasure of some child-idol, for which invitations have been sent out weeks beforehand. The children have assembled at an hour when they ought to have been preparing for bed, and the little hostess has received her guests with all the formalities observable amongst ultra-fashionable grown-up people

I am afraid to say how many thousand dollars were in one case expended on the dress and miniature jewellery of a quite little girl, who thus entertained *her* friends; but I know the very perusal of the printed particulars made my motherly heart ache for the little one who was thus prematurely robbed of the priceless blessing of childhood, and turned at a stroke into a tiny woman of fashion.

How the young breast must have swelled with pride as the little creature boasted of the cost of her jewelled bracelets! How many amongst her young guests must have been filled with envy and longings for luxuries as unattainable to most as they would be injurious if they could be acquired! And, what a *blasé* little woman would that hostess-child feel herself, as she dropped her weary head on its welcome pillow after the sad display was over!

When I was a girl—perhaps some young reader, a girl of to-day, may here exclaim—"That is always the way of mothers. They croak and tell us of the days when they were young, as if they had then absorbed the best of everything."

Not so, dear girls. Many of you possess advantages far beyond those of which your mothers ever dreamed. But I cannot help thinking you have also lost many which we possessed in our young days, and, perhaps, hardly valued as they deserved.

It is a very sweet thing to be able to look back on a *real childhood*, which has rippled almost imperceptibly into girlhood, and onward to the graver seasons of wife and motherhood, each blessed period having its own joys and memories, quite distinct from the rest.

Now, alas! we hurry on too fast, as if impatient to reach the summit of life's hill at a single bound, instead of plodding onward and upward by patient steps. Pausing, too, by the way to observe, drink in—aye, and to thank God for—the beauties and blessings which are spread around us with such lavish kindness by the good hand of our Father in heaven.

But I am running away from the time when I was a girl. Then, our summer party-dress was just a clean white one, with its simple frilling round throat and sleeves of *real* lace or fine embroidery, the only relief being ribbon bows and sash. Fashions did not change very rapidly, especially amongst the young. Our dresses varied little in style; the fineness of the muslin, the *goodness* of the lace—which lasted year after year—and the number and arrangement of the tucks on the skirt constituting the difference between our every-day and best frocks—we did not call them dresses then.

When we were invited out we went and returned early for, though we had far less school work to do, late hours were never suffered to interfere with its due preparation. We sent no invitation cards or notes. We called and asked each other to tea, even when Christmas came, and our gathering took the form of a party. We took care in summer that our best white dress was spotless and its ribbons uncreased; in winter that the frock suitable for the season, and mostly of beautifully fine French merino, had its simple garniture of snowy frills.

And this was all we had to think about for company dress whilst we were girls.

As to jewellery, we had none until we were quite young women, when a little brooch was usually our first possession. No sham, like the greater part of the trinkets worn now, and which are really the most expensive things that can well be bought, but a genuine article that was all its looks professed to be.

Often enough it would be one that had been worn by mother and grandmother when they were girls, without losing either in value or beauty by passing through the hands of two or three generations of wearers. I wonder

imprisoned in his, his eyes watching the sweet girl face beside him, half shy as it awakens to a new-found happiness.

Alice had been successful in solving the enigma.

But a third is in the room who thinks no family compact complete without his sanction. Lifting up a great brown paw, he lays it on Alice's lap, looking up with serious questioning eyes. Whereupon his young mistress assures him—as she rests her cheek between his two long silky ears—that “he is the dearest fellow in the world,” and he—poor innocent dog—he *thoroughly believes it!*

NEW MUSIC.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Six vocal duets, with English words by George Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—No. 1. *The Mermaids*. For soprano and contralto.—The voices are harmonised and blended in a pleasing manner, the words and accompaniment corresponding throughout. Both vocal and pianoforte performers need care as to time and expression.

No. 3. *Under the Stars*. For contralto and tenor, or soprano and contralto.—A very pretty duet, with a graceful accompaniment, rather difficult, perhaps, but quite worthy of a little trouble to master the necessary smooth rendering and exactness in time.

No. 4. *Bygone Days*. For soprano and tenor.—The old craving for change so common to us all from youth upwards, and the cry, “Why is it so?” is well portrayed by words and music. The duet is in two flats and of easy compass.

A. COX.

A Match. “If love were what the rose is.” Words by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Music by Louis N. Parker.—The accompaniment to this song is good, with a degree of freshness that needs a little practice with the vocalist, in order that time and expression be well understood. We can recommend this song.

Over the Heather. (Vocal duet.) By H. Van Landeghem. Words by Mrs. H. Van Landeghem. For soprano and contralto.—A lively duet, with a joyous ring, easy both for piano and voices.

By-and-By. Words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A most pleasing song for soprano and tenor voices; in three flats, ranging from D to F. The air is soothing and expressive, and the accompaniment graceful and light.

WEEKES AND CO.

Willow Pattern. (A legend.) Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Arthur Carnall.—This well-known legend is put into words by a writer whose name carries success whenever he undertakes to publish “musical words,” and the composer of the music has arranged his part with simplicity and in good taste. This is an easy little song in three sharps.

METZLER AND CO.

The Curfew Bell. Words by Longfellow. Music by Allis Gower.—The tolling of the curfew bell is well marked throughout, and the idea altogether easily carried out.

REED, BROTHERS.

The Zephyr and the Flowers. Words by Catherine Ray. Music by George Lomas.—A simple song, requiring but little effort on the part of either vocalist or instrumentalist.

GODDARD AND CO.

Pity the Poor. Poetry by Wallace King. Music by Jacob J. Sawyer. Song with chorus.—A good song for “penny readings” or “winter gatherings.” The words speak to the heart, and the melody is easily caught. The chorus is well and simply harmonised.

J. AND W. CHESTER, Brighton.

Christmas Song. Words (by permission) from the *Sunday Magazine*. Music by M. L. Bladon.—A well-written and suitable duet for this festive season. It is on small music paper, at the low price of 4d. net.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

The Fishermidens. Cantata for female voices. The words by FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY. The music by HENRY SMART.

No. 1, Introduction and Chorus, “O gaily sings the grating keel.” A pleasing opening, quite in keeping with the following chorus, which is written in four parts, and has the somewhat unusual merit of presenting melody in each voice part.

No. 2, Duetto, “With bending masts.” Evidently intended to continue without any break from No. 1, the nine opening bars containing a modulation from the original key of G to the initial key of this number, E flat. We must class this amongst Smart's happiest specimens of vocal writing, the music being really charming in the extreme.

No. 3, Recit. and Chorus, “Sing to us, Elsie,” leading well into No. 4, Ballad in A minor and major, “It was the little Lilian”—an elegant piece of descriptive music, plaintively telling its own tale.

No. 5, Choral Scene, “Hark! hark!” beginning with a double chorus of fisher and sea-maidens, necessitating seven-part chorus work in the commencing allegro movement. This is followed on pp. 32, 33, and part of p. 34 by what we cannot help calling some rather uninteresting writing, evidently caused by the numerous changes of key and un-harmonic treatment. Fortunately, this portion of the number can easily be omitted in performance by at once proceeding to the allegretto moderato on p. 34, which is a pretty soprano solo, accompanied by chorus.

No. 6, Trio, “Sister, lend no willing ears.” A trio of considerable beauty, unfortunately all too short.

No. 7, Chorus of Fishermidens, “Hark! softly blown,” and Chorus of Nuns in the distance, “Ave, Mother, Queen of Heav'n.” For this an eight-part choir will be required. In the Chorus of Nuns, the devotional character is beautifully sustained, and appears to have in a great measure influenced the strains of the Fishermidens. The happy introduction of the convent bells in the accompaniment should also not be overlooked.

No. 8, Finale, “O joy! O joy!” A few bars of instrumental writing founded on the music of the convent bells, lead into one of the brightest numbers of the work, containing also a charmingly tuneful fragment for the soprano. The last three pages bring to a brilliant close one of the most interesting works of the kind that we have seen for some time, and one that we would strongly recommend to all who wish to cultivate an acquaintance with good part-writing for female voices. As regards the words, although the idea they portray can hardly be called original, none more adaptable could have been chosen for musical purposes. In fact, it has often been our pleasure to note how Mr. Weatherly's words invariably suggest and aid musical treatment, and in the “Fishermidens” he has been particularly fortunate in having secured for an exponent such an eminent and poetical musician as the late Henry Smart.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER, Regent-street.

J. B. Cramer has published a collection of well-known airs from various composers, entitled “Les Petits Concerts,” suitable for young performers. All are well fingered, and the expressions plainly marked, so as to accustom the ear to a right rendering of the different styles. Beethoven, Chopin, Weber, Gounod, Handel, Rossini, Offenbach, Donizetti, Grétry, Boccherini, Choudens, Vilbac, and Varney have been selected as studies of pleasing character.

There are twenty-five short pieces brought out in one book at the very moderate price of 2s. 6d. The frontispiece will also please our young musicians.

GODDARD AND CO., 4, Argyll-place.

Valse Caractéristique. By Ch. Gounod.—The movement is very brisk, and by no means difficult. The detached and marked notes are effective, coming to a climax in a rush of crisp chords.

La Gondolella. By Giulio Gardini.—Written in a good swinging style. The beat of the bars with the bass hand is felt as it accompanies the *legato* singing in the treble. It is in the key of one flat, and quite within the powers of a medium player.

WEEKES AND CO., Hanover-street.

Two Minuets. By J. Matthews.—No. 1, in C minor, is something like a minuet in character, as well as in name, although the harmonies are not always faultless. No. 2, in B major, is not written in minuet form at all; a better name for it would be a digital exercise, any defined melody being strikingly conspicuous by its absence. On pp. 3 and 7 a very disagreeable effect is produced by the consecution of two-sevenths, as follows:—



A. COX, 29, King-street, Regent-street.

An Impromptu in B $\flat$ for Pianoforte. By Charles Bennett.—The air is well sustained, and the accompaniment smooth and flowing, gradually dying off into *ppp*. An easily-acquired piece, and sure to please.

Six Classical Ballads for Pianoforte. By Charles Bennett.—No. 1. *Molto Agitato* is a short and bright drawing-room piece. The upper notes, or air, require smooth playing, whilst the accompaniment in double notes should be carefully detached, and touched lightly. The bass also requires attention, but no difficulty will be in the way of a careful performer.

No. 2. *Allegretto Cantabile*, in two sharps.—A little catchy, and dependent on right rendering.

No. 3. *Andante Con Moto*.—A soft “song without words,” with some rather long stretches here and there for the left hand, which the practisers of Aug. Buhl's “Wrist and finger exercises” will find no difficulty in accomplishing with ease and smoothness.

No. 4. *Allegretto Moderato*.—In the same flowing style, the theme is taken up alternately in treble and bass. The air and accompaniment must be kept very distinct, with careful attention to all the marks of expression and use of pedal.

No. 5. *Allegro Vivace*.—A light and graceful movement, without any difficulties.

No. 6. *Andantino*.—A short finish to the series, being only three pages in length, but these pages are by no means without merit or interest. The “Six Classical Ballads” are published separately, and we recommend either, or all, to our young friends.

SMOKE PICTURES.

By EDWARD BAKER.

THE question which very frequently arises in the minds of young ladies when requested to

with the needle-point, and then removing the smoke by the aid of a sharp-pointed knife, being careful to keep the edge of the moon clean. Take care you do not cut the card. We have now a complete outline of the proposed picture (see fig. 1); we now want to work up the "effect."

With the very small camel's hair brush (dry, of course), and with the slightest possible touch, remove some of the smoke from the sides of the mountains which would naturally receive the light from the moon; this should, of course, be done with some artistic feeling, care being taken to express the natural inequalities on the mountain's

surface. Now it will be advisable, perhaps, to put in a few clouds round or near the moon. These can be done also with the small brush. Experience will quickly teach you that the touch must be of the lightest possible kind. It is a good plan sometimes to take the small brush by the quill, and gently twist round the hair. This, you will find, will make the hairs stick out as if the brush were spoilt for painting purposes, but for smoke pictures it is exactly the thing that is wanted, as with it you can get the finest and softest touches possible for small clouds, &c. The brush can be restored to its original condition by twisting the hairs back again. It will now be necessary to imitate the light of the

moon reflected in the water. This is done by the longer-haired brush (still with a very light touch). It may now, perhaps, be necessary to heighten the effect of the moon's reflection by the use of the sharp-pointed knife. Then a few lines drawn horizontally with the long-haired brush on the water should finish the picture (see fig. 2). If you find now that the picture is not satisfactory, or that a good effect is not produced, the reason may be found in the fact that the smoking has been done too uniformly. It may then be necessary to smoke some parts of the picture a little more, so as to concentrate the effect.

Of course, these pictures, when completed, should be protected by being framed with a rather deeply-cut mount and glass over them. These pictures are quite permanent.

I have now endeavoured to explain a simple smoke picture. In the next picture, "A Scene on the Thames" (fig. 3), a slightly different process will be necessary. Before "smoking," the tree to the right of the picture must be painted in Indian ink, as also the reeds, &c., in the foreground, with their reflections in the water; then with a very faint tint of Indian ink the little bit of distance with church, &c., must be delineated; now smoke as before, putting in the clouds and the moon's reflection in the same manner as the last picture. Then, with the fine needle-point, draw a broken, trembling line over the tops of the trees, &c., in the distance, so as to imitate the moon's light, and with the larger



FIG. 1.

contribute articles for a bazaar is, "What can I make?" I propose to give an answer to this query by suggesting an art which is but little known, though very useful and interesting to those possessing ordinary artistic talent.

The materials required are of a very simple and inexpensive character, viz., cards, two "Needle-points" (say needles No. 10 and 7)—these are made by pushing a needle eye-foremost into the end of the wooden part of a pen holder by the aid of a pair of tweezers—two camel's hair brushes, one size known as crow quill, and one with longer hair, size large duck.

In the following instructions I have taken it for granted that very few of the readers of this magazine are unable to draw, or copy, or who cannot appreciate an "effect" of light and shade. In drawing in Indian ink it is often extremely difficult to obtain a lasting effect quickly in consequence of the Indian ink drying of a lighter tint than it appeared to be when wet. I venture to think that Sketching in Smoke will meet a want which is constantly being felt by those wishing to commit to paper an "effect" which they have just witnessed. A very realistic sketch may be made, by smoke, of a sunset, the moon breaking through the clouds, waves meeting or breaking on the rocks or shore, &c.; but, of course, various subjects will naturally occur to those of my readers who attempt this most interesting art.

I will begin by explaining the *modus operandi* of a smoke picture. Take a card—say, 6 inches by 3½—then, holding it in a horizontal position over the flame of a composite candle, quickly moving it longitudinally backwards and forwards, endeavour to obtain a smooth brown surface of smoke on the card. Be very careful not to hold it too near the flame, so as to scorch the card, nor so as to make it black; it should be slightly smoked, and then, if properly done, you will have a nice dark brown surface to work upon. I will presume that we select to have a mountainous scene. Commence by sketching the outline of the design on the smoked card with the fine needle-point. As we wish to produce a strong and full effect, we place a moon slightly to the left of the centre of the proposed picture; this is best done by drawing the outline of the moon

surface.

Now it will be advisable, perhaps, to put in a few clouds round or near the moon. These can be done also with the small brush. Experience will quickly teach you that the touch must be of the lightest possible kind. It is a good plan sometimes to take the small brush by the quill, and gently twist round the hair. This, you will find, will make the hairs stick out as if the brush were spoilt for painting purposes, but for smoke pictures it is exactly the thing that is wanted, as with it you can get the finest and softest touches possible for small clouds, &c. The brush can be restored to its original condition by twisting the hairs back again. It will now be necessary to imitate the light of the



FIG. 2.

needle-point do the same to the tree and reeds in the foreground.



FIG. 3.

NEW MUSIC.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS,
Academy House, Oxford-street.
The Song of Hope. Words by R. Henry. Music by Algernon H. Lindo.—A good song, with harp-like accompaniment, ending in a bold, declamatory fashion.

J. B. CRAMER.

'Tis so Good to have a Sweet-heart! From *La Boulangerie*. Written by H. B. Farnie. Composed by Offenbach.—Words and music light and airy; very easily played and sung.

Night of Stars and Night of Love. By Offenbach.—A barcarolle for the voices. No. 1 for soprano and contralto; No. 2, for tenor and baritone; No. 3, solo for mezzo-soprano or baritone. Sung at Her Majesty's State

Concert by Mesdames Patti and Trebelli; also by Mesdames Christine Nilsson and Patey.—The light *appoggiatura* chords remind one of the guitar or harp. The theme is very pleasing, and terminates in the gentlest of sighs.

In the Orchard. Music by Henry Parker. Words by Nella. No. 1 in D, compass E to F; No. 2 in F, compass F to G.—A quiet little love story, very prettily written and well arranged.

What Time Shall Bring. By the same authors. No. 1 in D, compass from A to D; No. 2 in E₂, compass B₂ to E₂; No. 3 in F, compass C to F.—Written in common time and ending in 3-4. This is another pleasing song.

J. BROWN, The Library, 336, Kingsland-road:—

The Oriental March. By Conrad Herman.—The time and character of the music are quite military and inspiring.

One Love Alone. Words by Samuel K. Cowan. Music by Berthold Tours. In two keys, B and D.—A fine song, full of feeling and character. The compass is very moderate, and the accompaniment well harmonised and decided.

I'll Crown Thee Queen. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Berthold Tours.—A friendly rival to Blumenthal's "My Queen." The words show more light-heartedness and, perhaps, less dignity, but the music is uncommon, in good taste, and exceedingly effective.

I Bring no Gems. Words by E. S. G. Bagnold. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—The air is graceful and smooth, whilst the marked bass of the accompaniment is contrasted by the light *staccato* notes in the treble. The style is pure and superior. It is written in two keys: No. 1 in D compass from B to C; No. 2 in F compass, from F to G.

Beneath the Cypress. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Ladislao Zavertal.—A sad wail, called forth by the death of President Garfield, expressive of selfish sorrow rather than the submissive, hopeful feeling that should be entertained at the removal of a good man gone to the "promised rest." The music, in keeping with the sorrow, is in the minor, and funereal in style. The imitation of the rolling waves in the accompaniment has a good effect, and the finale is bold and martial.

Across the Sea. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Ladislao Zavertal.—Another song by the same writer and composer, breathing of tender melancholy. Full of variety and pathos. The music as well as words require feeling and passionate rendering by an appreciating performer.

In the Dusk of the Twilight. Tyrolienne duet for soprano and contralto. By Offenbach. Words by Nella.—The symphony commences with the well-known refrain of the "Alpine Horn," with its echo. A light, waltz-style duet in the key of G.

ROBERT COCKS.

The Scent of the Limes. Written by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—An easily written and smooth song in the key of F, of moderate compass, and not difficult for either voice or pianoforte.

Both words and music will be heard with real pleasure.

The Lifeboat. Words by J. S. Gabriel. Music by Humphrey J. Stark. Dedicated to Charles Arkcoll, Esq., donor of the lifeboat *Charles Arkcoll*, Hastings, 1881. This song is also written in two keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in E₂.—A bold and characteristic song, graphically descriptive of the scene at a time of shipwreck, with the introduction of "Melita," by Dr. Dykes, from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," in good keeping and impressive. The whole is wound up by "Gloria in Excelsis," rending the air as the boat returns with its saved crew.

EVANS AND CO.

The Children's Queen. Written by Cotford Dick.—The fashion of writing in a sentimental strain about little dying children is not a healthy sign. The words of songs should tend to elevate the mind and educate



the taste, instead of pandering to morbid feeling and unrefined ears. "The Children's Queen," however, is an interesting and fairly pleasing specimen of the style so prevalent. The song is in two sharps, of moderate compass, and easily acquired.

W. MORLEY, JUN., AND CO.

"Morley's Pianoforte Tutor," constructed on an entirely new and simplified principle. By G. B. Allen.

In this Tutor part of the new principle seems to consist in placing the fingers upon the key-board at an earlier stage than usual, although it appears to us doubtful wisdom to introduce the practical part before a little more knowledge of mere ordinary terms is acquired.

For instance, on p. 2 the student is told that C stands for common time, which is four crotchets in a bar, the explanation of the term crotchet not occurring until p. 3, while the word bar is not really defined at all, and the treatment of "various times" is only dealt with on p. 29.

There is one decided improvement that we are glad to notice—viz., that of placing the music for both hands on one stave, as on pp. 3 and 4, thus obviating the often inevitable confusion occasioned by commencing with two distinct staves.

The word Rosseau on p. 5 must be a misprint for Rousseau. Again, the terms applied to the notes headed ledger lines on p. 9 are surely somewhat confusing. Would it not be better to call the spaces by their right names, instead of making such a puzzling use of the word above? as



Above 1st ledger line.

The same remark applies to the spaces below the stave.

On p. 22, "Suona la tromba," from *I Puritani* appears under the title of "March from *Norma*," evidently an oversight.

Again, on p. 26, a verbal misprint occurs, where a second "t" has found its way into the word "literally."

Touching the scales, which should be considered of paramount importance in pianoforte music, we think the major scales of C, G, D, and F hardly sufficient for a Tutor, no examples of the minor being given at all, and though promised in a later work, they might with advantage have been included in this one.

Speaking generally, the Tutor is clearly printed and capitally brought out; the examples are well chosen, though a little more liberality with them, as well as with the introductory explanations, would, we think, materially facilitate the work for the young student.

W. MORLEY, JUN.

Powder Monkey Joe. Words by Hugh Cumeriord. Music by Odoardo Barri. Written in three keys: D, compass A to D; E₂, compass B to E; F, compass C to F.—A regular "sailor's yarn," adding another to our popular seafaring songs. The character of words and music ensure success to the publishers of "Powder Monkey Joe." A small error has occurred in the printing by the omission of a natural before the "A" in the third bar of the accompaniment, which mistake will be found in every corresponding passage throughout. We merely mention this for the benefit of our young, inexperienced accompanists.

Valse Légère. By Ben Tayoux.—An introduction, valse, trio, and coda, short and easily learned, and played from memory, adding to the many pleasing pieces so useful at evening gatherings.

Three pieces for the pianoforte. By Franz Schubert. No. 1, commencing with a bright *allegro assai* movement followed by a well-marked *andante* military march, not only a good practice piece, but well repaying study. No. 2 is easier, but equally pleasing. No. 3 is a brilliant *allegro*, not at all difficult, although the tune is a little catchy. All three pieces will be found both useful as studies and pleasing to the ear.

Gavotte, in G. By Charles Gardner. Cheerful and well-marked.

Une Fleur d'Amour Valse. By George Neville. Good practice both for time and expression.

hogany-faced old dame, lean and brown and wiry, came up to the *château* to see the old Marquise.

"They had a double purpose in seeking the interview. They wished gratefully to acknowledge the seigneur's exertions on their behalf, and to ask permission to *fête* him on his return. Did Madame la Marquise know on what day that was likely to occur?"

"Were I an artist, Lilian, I would sketch the little scene for you. Nothing prettier can be imagined. It occurred upon the terrace, amongst the evening lights and shadows.

"Upon the delicate, aristocratic features of the old Marquise the soft light filtered through green leaves, just touching her white hair with radiance. It played amongst the sheeny folds of her pearl-grey satin dress, upon the soft lace on her bosom, and about her blue-veined hands. Behind her chair, in shadow, was Angelique's erect figure, in starchiest gown and cap. By her side, bending eagerly forwards, was Monsieur le Marquis's handsome face.

"Just without the shelter of green leaves, with the full red glow of the sunlight upon them, bringing out the strong lines and hues of their workaday figures and garments, stood the little group of women. Foremost of the group was Marthe Coton, their self-constituted spokeswoman. What she said was, of course, uttered in the patois of the valley, but it was well expressed, and delivered with a dignity which, if more rugged, was certainly as innate as the Marquise's own. One was the dignity of nature, and of that inflexible moral principle whose exercise engenders self-respect; the other that of generations of culture and refinement, of the *haute noblesse* of the old French régime.

"But here two women of such extremely opposite types met on one common ground—the seigneur. What Marthe Coton said of him touched the old Marquise at once; and what the Marquise uttered in reply appealed to the motherly instinct in Marthe's strong breast. The Marquise entered into their scheme with child-like abandonment, and Monsieur Jerome pledged himself to forward it in every possible way. The idea of it seemed to be an agreeable outlet to everybody's feelings. La Marquise assented to all their propositions, and just when I thought everything had been satisfactorily arranged, Marthe's dark eyes wandered in my direction.

"And the *demoiselle anglaise*," said she, 'who has been so good to us, who made known our difficulties to the seigneur; we would not have her forgotten, Madame, on the *fête* day.'

"I had been hoping that Marthe and the rest would forget my existence for the present, and shrank greatly from having my name brought into notice on this occasion. La Marquise drew me forwards, and Monsieur le Marquis insisted upon my receiving the full share of thanks to which he declared me to be entitled. So I was obliged to play a part in the little spectacle, and to receive and reply to Marthe's second address."

Such, with a few trivial additions, was

Damaris's letter. Hardly was it despatched, when an important one arrived for La Marquise from the Duchess de la Roche. The proposed visit to St. Aubin could not be conveniently postponed any longer; she hoped that circumstances would now prove more felicitous, and that everything promised well for the attainment of the desired end. La Marquise was in despair for awhile, having so fully persuaded herself that Etienne's prospects would be null if Jerome were the first to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Leonie. But for once fortune favoured the intrigues of La Marquise. Just as she was about to answer her old friend's letter, Jerome came to announce his brother's intended return on the very day fixed by the Duchess for the coming of herself and her god-daughter.

"I have promised to meet Etienne at the junction for Chambuisson; so, *chère maman*, I leave you on Tuesday to return with him on the following evening."

The equanimity of La Marquise was at once restored. She reviewed the circumstances rapidly in her own mind, and as rapidly appropriated all that she could in them for the advancement of her pet scheme. If she were to tell Jerome that her expected guests would arrive on that very day, he would be sure to insist upon remaining to receive them. So she said nothing, but resolved to send André to meet the brothers on their return in Chambuisson, making him the bearer of a note that should announce the presence of La Duchesse and Mademoiselle St. Cyr at the *château*. They would then have due and necessary warning, without the chance of things falling out otherwise than she deemed it best that they should. So, for a wonder, she kept her own counsel, and said nothing to Jerome, nor even to Damaris, until the former had departed on the Tuesday evening.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC. A. COX.

March. By Fred. A. Dunster.—An excellent march in the minor key. The plaintive and pleasing music is as though heard from a distance, with the measured tread of the regiment gradually increasing in fulness as it draws near. The trio, in four flats, is a smooth movement, still retaining the style of the military band. Great care has been taken to make the piece easy for the learner to understand. A good clear touch and attention to time is all that is required to make this a very acceptable piece of pianoforte music.

Emmeline. By J. C. Dunster. A Meditation for the Pianoforte.—A well-arranged and very pretty theme, smoothly and gracefully written, and the more thoroughly it is understood and mastered by the performer, the more it will be admired. It is suitable for moderately-advanced pupils.

Valse de Salon (Seconde). By G. Bachmann.—A very pleasing valse, well adapted to display the taste and execution of the performer. It is written in the key of F, and, whilst decidedly brilliant, is easy, and is sure to be listened to with pleasure.

Chanson Favorite de la Reine Marie Stuart. By G. Bachmann.—A light and graceful "chanson," requiring only careful attention to the character, which is very clearly defined by the writer, and thus greatly aiding the learner to a proper reading and playing of what all will be pleased to hear.

Polacca Brillante. By Bennett Gilbert.—A showy and brilliant movement, with well-marked accents and fingering, which greatly facilitate the mastering the moderate difficulties found in this pianoforte piece.

Scherzo for the Pianoforte. By Bennett Gilbert.—An exceedingly pretty drawing-room piece, the light *staccato* portions, in conjunction with the smooth *legato* passages, alternating most pleasingly. The soft echo with which the piece terminates is uncommon and very telling.

Four Characteristic Pieces. By Bennett Gilbert.—Bennett Gilbert has written four pretty little pieces, contained in two books, and dedicated them to his "dear little Beatrice." Nos. 1 and 2, "Minuet" and "A Fairy Tale"; Nos. 3 and 4, "March" and "Mazurka." The author has been considerate of small hands, and carefully avoided octaves and all difficulties.

Three Musical Sketches. By Bennett Gilbert.—This painstaking writer has added to his many useful compositions these three Musical Sketches, tuneful and varied:—No. 1, *Spring's Greeting*, a little "song without words," nicely arranged, with air and accompaniment, for the right hand, and the whole well marked.—No. 2 is a Hunting Song, brisk and characteristic; the refrain of the horn, both far off and near, is plainly discerned.—No. 3, *A Winter's Tale*, is a smooth and flowing melody, equally pleasing.—These Musical Sketches are published separately, and will give perfect satisfaction to their possessors. We can recommend them very highly.

L'Addio. Notturmo for the Pianoforte. By Giulio Gordon. —A beautiful slow movement, well-written and expressive, suitable for a more advanced player, who has musical feeling as well as execution. "L'Addio," when committed to memory, will be a most elegant addition to the "favourites" selected for musical evenings.

Bouquet de Roses. Polka. By G. Jervis Rubim.—An easy, well-marked polka, cheerful and pretty. The trio, with its marked theme in the left hand, is a good introduction before the brisk "finale." The title-page is very gay, with its bouquet of roses and elegant floral letters to attract the eye, and is by no means a deceiving indicator of the pleasure to be found in the music itself.



NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

T. H. BARNETT.

The Song of the Brook. From the cantata, "The Song of Summer." Written and composed by T. H. Barnett.—A joyous graceful little song, within easy compass, and lightly accompanied. Written in the key of C.

The Song of the Birds. By T. H. Barnett.—Another song from the same cantata, very pleasing and easy. It is written in three flats.

J. B. CRAMER.

The Valley Lily. Words by Samuel Ward. Music by Stephen Massett.—An unpretentious little ballad, with very easy vocalisation and accompaniment.

METZLER AND CO.

To Daffodils. A canon for three voices. Words by Herrick. Music by Maria E. H. Stisted.—For soprano, alto, and tenor voices, in the key of F. It is so seldom that a canon for three voices is published that we are glad to attract particular attention to this, which is really a superior composition.

LAMBORN COCK.

Consolation. Song. Words by Alice Meynell. Music by Walter Maynard.—A very good song, with much pathos and feeling.

Why does Azure Deck the Sky? Words by Thomas Moore. Music by C. Hubert H. Parry.—The air is smooth and pretty, the accompaniment above the average without presenting any difficulties. It is in common time, and in the key of C.

ROBERT GARVATT, II, King-street.

A Message from the Sea. A ballad. By Charles J. Lockwood.—The subject of the song is touching, and will appeal to many hearts, breathing, as it does, such sadness and hope for the time when partings shall be no more. The music is simple, with a slow, soft chorus to each verse.

Could it be I was Dreaming? Words by Charles J. Lockwood. Music by W. Mason.—A short song in 3-4 time; easy to read and sing, of moderate compass, in the key of D.

Wandering by the Waves. Words by Charles J. Lockwood. Music by W. Mason.—The music of this song has not been carefully revised, but the mistakes are not likely to greatly mislead the performer. It is an easy, agreeable song, and of moderate compass.

DAVID WILLIAMS, 73, Abbotsford-place, Glasgow.

The Artisan. Words by J. Caulfield. Music by Jesse Williams.—A well-written and telling song, reminding one of the "Village Blacksmith," without at all suggesting plagiarism. It will be sure to be a welcome contribution to an evening's musical entertainment.

The Lass That's Dear to Me. Scotch song. Words by William Brown. Music by David Williams.—A nice and agreeable Scotch song; the crisp accompaniment greatly adding to the effect.

WOOD AND CO., 49, George-street.

Are the Children at Home? Music by R. L.—The writer of this song need not hide himself or herself behind "initials," as the production is far from being without merit. A home scene is simply depicted both by words and music. It is written in four flats, and the compass ranges from C below the line to E in the fourth space.

HOWARD AND CO.

Come, Sing my Lads; or, A Life on the Raging Foam. Words by M. Sinclair Dunn.

Music by W. G. Wood.—A regular seaman's song, in good taste, and pleasingly written. The compass is very moderate, and the accompaniment quite easy.

METHVEN, SIMPSON & CO.

Lullaby. Words by Sir Walter Scott. Music by Greg Lonasil.—The well-known words, "Oh, hush thee, my darling," of Sir Walter Scott have again been most suitably set to music. The rocking, soothing accompaniment is exceedingly nice.

A. HAMMOND.

The Baby Angel. Song. Written and composed by Winifred Grey.—A graceful tribute of love for a departed "little one," inculcating a spirit of hopeful submission.

EWALD & CO.

The Golden Gift. Words by H. Knight. Music by Ferris Tozer.—A pretty little song of plighted troth, separation, and rapturous meeting again after many years of wandering. The music is simple, and the song altogether is sure to please.

HUTCHINS & CO.

Come unto Him. Sacred song. Words and music by Agnes Braby.—The sweet invitation given to the weary has been selected by Agnes Braby as inspiration for both words and music. The simple and soothing style of both productions will be welcomed by many a singer.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER.

Three short duets, of moderate difficulty. By Henry Parker.—These three duets—No. 1, Allegretto; No. 2, Tempo di Valse; No. 3, Allegro moderato—are comprised in one book of fourteen pages, and will be welcomed by our young musical friends whose timidity often prevents them from venturing on a solo performance. The first movement is very bright and well marked, without any difficulty beyond attention to proper variation in touch and time. The bass is simple, easy, and helpful in tune. No. 2. The bass hand takes the air whilst the treble is a smooth soft accompaniment. No. 3 is a spirited movement requiring a little more facility of fingering and decision in time by both performers, but as before said of "moderate difficulty."

Duet for pianoforte. *La Fille du Tambour-Major.* Fantasia on Offenbach's Opera. By Henry Parker.—The airs treated in this fantasia are "Forbidden Fruit," "Italian Land of Song," and "Gay as a Cantinere." The arrangement is easy and varied, presenting no difficulty either in time or reading.

Madame Favart. A duet on favourite airs. By Henry Parker.—This duet is suitable for young beginners, and will be welcomed by their teachers.

Fête des Papillons. Caprice Etude. By Ch. Neustedt.—A good and helpful study for both hands; carefully marked for pedals and style.

Ballade de Page. By Ch. Neustedt.—This is a *morceau pour piano* by the same writer, also carefully marked for young pupils, with the advantage of being pleasant to the ear as well as good for practice.

Gavotte in F. For the pianoforte. By H. Ponti.—A very bright little gavotte, quite easy and sure to please.

Sylvia. Minuet for pianoforte. By Cotford Dick.—A nice and quickly learnt minuet by a well-known composer.

Marche des Palmes. By Edmund Rogers.—A short march of five pages in the key of C. There is no difficulty in this piece; it is well suited for young beginners who have got beyond the lesson-book.

Dernier Souvenir. Valse de Zimmer. By Jacques Offenbach.—Written very easily, and rendered interesting by the loose cover, on which the history of the Zimmer Waltz is given.

HOWARD AND CO.

Prelude and Fugue. In G minor. By David Williams.—No. 3—recreative studies—is excellent practice for the smooth performance of the Fugue, which is well and very clearly carried out. We recommend this to our young friends to be studied carefully.

VARIETIES.

VERY CONTENTED.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had nothing to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

FIXING A DAY.

"Turn to God," said a great teacher, "one day before your death." "But how," asked those who heard him, "can a man know the day of his death?" "You cannot, and for that reason you should turn to God to-day."

PEACEFUL, TEMPTED, FALLEN, DISCOURAGED.

Are you full of peace? *Pray.* Prayer will preserve it to you.
Are you tempted? *Pray.* Prayer will sustain you.
Have you fallen? *Pray.* Prayer will raise you.
Are you discouraged? *Pray.* Prayer will reassure and comfort you.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Gather roses while they blossom; to-morrow is not to-day. Allow no moment to escape; to-morrow is not to-day. To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be to-morrow? Time flies swiftly away. Procrastination of a good deed has often brought repentance; to work while it is called to-day is my advice; time flies swiftly away—*Gleim.*

A GREAT BLESSING, AND A GREATER BLESSING.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said someone to an ancient philosopher. "It is a greater blessing," replied the philosopher, "not to desire what one does not possess."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A Portuguese poem, three hundred years old. The goddess or morn in mythology called, Reformer and warrior, satirist, rake, The prince who oft fought for the first Charles's sake.
A bishop supposed to have written the hymn, (Or partly so) sung in some churches. *Te Deum.*

Now of those words take the first letters, and see
The beloved of a great poet of Italy;
And the last letters of the same words placed in line
Give a poet who wrote on subjects divine.



feel for us? I always thought it must be so; and now—since yesterday evening—I know it.”

“O Ella—”

“You did not write to tell me so.”

“I—couldn’t.”

“I used to wish you would. But that does not matter now. Our little darling was so fond of you, that I could not bear the *thought of your not caring.*”

Dessie shivered at the sound of the “was.” It seemed to bear reference to a past and not a present existence.

“Where is he?” she asked, in an abrupt tone.

“In the nursery. Would you like me to send for him?”

Dessie made no answer, and Ella considered.

“I think it is best,” she said quietly. “You must see him some time, Dessie dear, and the longer you wait the worse it will be. The change in him cannot but give you pain. I should like the first time to be over.”

She rose and rang the bell. Dessie suddenly had a sick dread upon her, and a feeling that she *could not* see little Hugh just then. But she would not say so to Ella; she squeezed her hands together and was silent.

“Tell nurse to bring Master Hugh,” Ella said to the servant, and in a few minutes the door again opened to admit a respectable middle-aged woman. Ella rose, took the child from her arms, and brought him to the sofa where Dessie still sat.

“See,” she said, in a low voice; “there is nothing to shock you, Dessie. He looks very peaceful.”

There was indeed nothing repulsive about the little one’s appearance, though the vacancy of the upward-turned eyes was in painful contrast with the sparkling intelligence of those eyes in earlier days. But the extreme thinness and powerlessness of the child’s frame, the heaviness of the wasted arms, and the whiteness of the blue-veined skin, struck with a new terror to Dessie’s heart. And almost worse than that altered little face, was the long and mournful gaze which Ella fixed upon him as he lay in her arms. Presently she looked up.

“I am forgetting. Shall I send him away, Dessie dear?”

Dessie could not speak. Ella stood up and gave the child back to nurse, a little fretful moan from him accompanying the change.

“He’s very weakly and fractious today,” nurse said. “He don’t seem to like to be stirred for anything.”

“I think Mr. Crewe will be coming in by-and-by, nurse.”

Ella saw them out of the room, and came back to Dessie.

“I have been thoughtless,” she said; “I forgot how new the sight was to you, or I should not have kept him so long the first time.”

Dessie turned away her head and said nothing.

“It has not been always so bad as this,” continued Ella gently. “For a time last autumn there really were signs of improvement, and at times he seemed quite to know me. But lately—”

“What makes him so thin? I thought

he was well—strong, I mean,” Dessie said, forcing out the words, and speaking in an unnatural tone.

“Not *well*, Dessie; he never has been well since the illness, though for some months he seemed to be growing stronger. But he does not gain ground now. I could not bear to have you told while you were away. He has been much weaker of late, and Mr. Crewe thinks badly of his general health.”

“But that is only just now,” said Dessie, huskily—“just the cold—the spring, I mean. He will get on soon, and by-and-by he will be really stronger, and then he will be different—like himself again.”

“I am afraid not. Mr. Crewe gives no hope at all that there could ever be complete recovery. Some improvement, of course, we might expect, but not recovery. He could never be like other people. So I think we ought to be thankful, Dessie, for *anything* that will save him from such a life.” Ella’s voice sank to a whisper, though the clear tones did not falter. “It would be a living death, not life. We ought to feel that the other will be truer mercy.”

“Ella, *don’t!*” Dessie broke out. “How you can—! He will be better some day—he *must*. And oh, Ella, I promise you I’ll do everything I possibly can to make him happy. I’ll just *live* for Hughie. And you know so much *can* be done in these days for that sort of thing—so much more than used to be. People understand it better now. And I’ll learn the very best way of managing, and I’ll spend all my time in looking after him, and surely, surely, in time he will learn—he will understand.”

“It is very sweet of you, darling, to feel so,” Ella answered. “I know you would do all you could. But, humanly speaking, I believe there is not the slightest hope that his mind could ever be what it was, even if he were to be strong in bodily health. We have had consultations of leading physicians, and I have insisted on hearing the worst. I would rather look the truth in the face, and not indulge in vain hopes. And that worst is, Dessie, that if my little Hugh lived to grow up he would be a life-long idiot. I could not have spoken the word to you a few months ago. I can *now*, for I know it will not be.”

“But Ella, Ella, nobody knows,” said Dessie, almost choked. “Nobody can tell. And by-and-by, when he is stronger—”

“He will never be stronger. Don’t you understand, Dessie? Baby is dying.”

The words came so calmly that Dessie was stricken dumb by them. She gazed, with parted lips, in bewildered horror at the young mother’s pale face.

“You must not grieve too much for him,” Ella went on, after a short pause, steadily, though faintly. “For his sake it is better so. And however heart-rending for us, still even I can hardly wish it otherwise—at times. I love him too dearly. Life would be so burdensome, so joyless, so utterly sad to him. Better far that he should be gathered early into the Saviour’s fold. He will

not be like this—*there*. It would be cruel to wish to keep him.”

“I do—I do wish it,” said Dessie, passionately. “I don’t believe a word of what Mr. Crewe or any of them say. If he were to get strong I *know* he would come all right in time. I am perfectly sure of it. I would look after him, and teach him, and take care of him, and oh, I would be so patient! Ella, *don’t* say he will die!”

Ella only pressed Dessie’s hand silently, but offered no contradiction of her earlier words. Dessie gave herself a kind of impatient shake, and sat upright.

“I don’t mean to believe it. I can’t, and I won’t. Things are often different from what people expect. I am keeping you away from him all this time.”

“I am very glad to have you with me, dear,” Ella answered, as Dessie stood up. “Come again and see me. You will not mind so much another time—it will not be new to you,” added the poor young mother, her voice faltering.

Dessie went heavily home, with aching ankle and still more sorely aching heart. But beside the pain lay strong resolution. Ella and Cecil *must* know the truth. She could no longer endure to meet them, day after day, without confessing the burden which lay upon her. If they could not forgive her, could not thenceforward receive her as a sister—better even that, than to have love and kindness, to which she felt she had no right, daily showered upon her.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER.

After so Long. Word by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Louisa Gray.—Sweet, tender words, rendered the more telling by the smooth and sympathetic character of the music. The song is written in the keys of E (compass from B to E) and G (compass from D to G). There are no difficulties or strain for the voice, and the song will be received with pleasure.

When the Crimson Sun was Low. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Louisa Gray.—The story of a “brave boy” and “maiden fair with golden hair,” playing at “skipper and wife,” drifting in an old hull out to sea, when the “Crimson sun was low,” and coming to an untimely end, with their saddened parents watching the ebb and flow, with ever present memory of their lost ones. All this is simply told, and Louisa Gray has been very happy in composing music so descriptive. The accompaniment is very good and effective, adding another pleasing song to this lady’s graceful compositions.

I Heard a Wee Bird Singing. Words by William Jerdan, Esq. Music arranged by A. C. Mackenzie.—Light and agreeable song in four flats, written in 3-4 time. The subject of words and music is bright and softly joyous.

Always True. (With violin accompaniment.) Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—A song of more than usual merit. The style is good, and the change of key and time is very effective. The accompaniment of the violin adds greatly to the charm of the song, and when sung with suitable voice and feeling will be pronounced a favourite.

Marian May. Ballad. By Herman C. Merivale. Music by Seymour Smith. Written in two keys: F from D to F, and G from E to G.—In this song Herman Merivale has depicted a young maiden wooed by "high and low," and rejecting all with pretty pride, until Robin returns from sea to win his old playfellow. The accompaniment is very simple and in character with the words.

Our Skipper's Wife. (A yarn). Written and composed by Frank L. Moir.—A right thrilling description of the danger and rescue of the brave skipper with his loving wife, who clings to him in peril, ending in the joyful "Yeo-yo, yeo-yo" of the "lads who pulled with right good will" as the shore is reached. The theme and accompaniment are simple and telling.

I Dare. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Harvey Löhr.—A bold martial song, dashing in style and in good keeping. It is written in four flats in the bass clef. The accompaniment speaks the sentiment, and greatly adds to the effect of the song.

Watching at the Gate. Ballad. By Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—A song to be welcomed in drawing-room and evening gatherings. This song is written in three keys: No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E flat, No. 3 in F. The character of the song may be gathered from the title.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Night Watch (El Sereno). Words by F. Frankfort Moore. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tragic tale of "fair Seville." The music is superior, and the accompaniment a little difficult, but very graphic and well marked. The "Ave Maria" of the watchman from the "distant street" comes in well at the close of each stanza.

Whispers. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Stephen Adams. This is one of Stephen Adams's best songs set to words of an old story by a well-known writer. "Whispers" is written in two flats, and of moderate compass.

The Miller and the Maid. Written and composed expressly for Miss Mary Davies by Theo. Marzials.—The song is written in three flats, and merely requires to be sung with taste and archness to become the favourite in the drawing-room, as Miss Davies has already stamped it in public.

My Great Grandmother. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—We recommend this song to the notice of our readers, who may not have already heard it, as one sure to please. The ring of words and music is good, as may be gathered from the names of writer and composer. A choice for all voices can be made, as the song is written in four keys: No. 1 in A, No. 2 in B flat, No. 3 in C, No. 4 in D.

METZLER AND CO.

Who Knows. Music by F. H. Cowen. Words by F. E. Weatherly. For soprano or tenor in F, mezzo-soprano in B flat, and contralto or baritone in C. A simple but sweet melody, with easy and well-written accompaniment.

The River Sings. Air from *Saint Ursula*. By Frederic H. Cowen. Words by R. E. Francillon.—A sacred cantata set to secular words. The music is flowing and expressively-harmonised.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Sacred song, for contralto. Composed by Frederick N. Löhr. Words from the 23rd Psalm.—Appropriately set to sweet, calm music, suitable for harmonium as well as piano. We highly recommend this "sacred song."

The Vesper Hour. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Frederick N. Löhr.—

Another of F. Löhr's quiet, yearning songs, accompanied by a fly leaf of chorus (*ad lib.*) for female and mixed voices.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

The Phantom Ship. Words by George Weatherly. Music by Luigi Bordèse.—The extremely graphic words of George Weatherly have been most sympathetically wedded to music, and the "Phantom Ship" will create the desire for an *encore* whenever heard well sung.

In Our Wherry. Words by George Weatherly. Music by C. Moroni.—Another of G. Weatherly's wholesomely-written songs, accompanied in a light and graceful style in the key of C, and of moderate compass.

GODDARD AND CO.

The Better Land. Poetry by Felicia Hemans. Music by Charles Rawlings.—Felicia Hemans's words are sure to speak to the heart, and the writer of the music has succeeded in interpreting them in gentle song, with no difficulties either for voice or piano.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Four Proverbs in Song. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—No. 9. *Never too Late to Mend.* Set in two keys: No. 1 in E flat, compass E flat to F; No. 2 in C—C to D.

No. 10. *There's Many a Slip.* In two keys: No. 1 in F—C to D; No. 2 in G—D to E.

No. 11. *Where There's a Will.* In two keys: No. 1 in D—D to E; No. 2 in C—C to D.

No. 12. *The Gray Mare.* In two keys: No. 1 in E flat—B to D; No. 2 in F—C to E.

These songs are written in a cheerful and easy style, and we believe have found high favour with the general public by the talented ladies' names affixed to them.

Four Sacred Songs. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by J. L. Roeckel. Each of them set in two keys:—

No. 1. *Cast Thy Bread on the Waters.* No. 1 in C—C to E; No. 2 in B flat—B to D.

No. 2. *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.* No. 1 in G—D to E; No. 2 in F—C to D.

No. 3. *Arise, He Calleth Thee.* No. 1 in E flat—E to E; No. 2 in C—C to C.

No. 4. *Thou Art the Way.* No. 1 in F—C to E; No. 2 in E flat—B to D.

Very suitable for Sunday, and within the compass of most girls who have a knowledge of singing.

The Old Refrain. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Berthold Tours.—This is a pretty and pleasing melody, well adapted to the charming words by the different changes introduced. It is set in two keys: No. 1 in D, compass C to F sharp; No. 2 in G—B flat to E.

The Kingdom Blest. Words and music by Cotsford Dick. Set in two keys: No. 1 in C, compass A to C; No. 2 in E flat—C to E flat.—This is a fine song, requiring a good and melodious voice; the last verse is especially grand in conception and idea.

Two Songs. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Milton Wellings.—*Love that Slumbers.* In two keys: No. 1 in C, compass C to D; No. 2 in E flat—E to F. *I Love You Best.* In two keys: No. 1 in F, compass C to F; No. 2 in E flat—B to E.—These two songs by this popular composer are pleasing in style, and within the compass of moderate singers.

VARIETIES.

ALWAYS BUSY.—Employment, which has been called "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

WIND AND RAIN FORETOLD BY CATS.—Good weather may generally be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. In Germany if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is a sign that the cats have a spite against them because they have not treated the animals well. An enemy to cats may reckon upon it that she will be carried to her grave in wind and rain; and in Holland if the weather is rainy on a wedding-day the saying is that the bride has neglected to feed the cat. English sailors do not much like to see cats on board ship, but least of all do they care to see them unusually frisky, for then they say "the cat has a gale of wind in her tail."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two fav'rite, fragrant, flow'ring shrubs; the first we gain
By fighting 'gainst a foreign foe in fierce campaign:

The second we may not enjoy till gentle Peace
Has bidden angry War's loud drums and clarions cease.

On northern heaths a blooming shrub is seen,
Whose leaves are used as substitutes for tea,
Or brewed in boiling beer (when fresh and green)

To make it from intoxication free.

A wayside plant, with many-blossom'd head,
Each flow'r holds several flow'rets of its own;
King Mithridates was the first, 'tis said,
To make its useful qualities well-known.

Botanically speaking, is there not
One proper definition of a plant
Whose flow'rs, on stems all shooting from one spot,
Stand, some upright, some drooping, some aslant?

Often explained, yet still not understood,
To me the loveliest flowers owe their birth;
The unseen source of all their strength and food,
For, without me, they perish from the earth.

The two first letters of an English tree,
Whose snowy blossoms gleam like frosty rime;
Its dusky berries yield a juice, maybe,
That you will gladly drink at Christmas-time.

In summer's sultry hours these cool fresh leaves
Are often grateful adjuncts to our meals;
And in their juices chemistry perceives
A mild narcotic, soothing while it heals.
XIMENA.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MODEL.—People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.—*Goldsmith.*

HOW GOOD WOMEN TREAT THEIR ENEMIES.—A good woman is kinder to her enemies than a bad woman is to her friends.—*Bishop Hall.*

MARRYING WITH SENSE.—An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man."

classes generated, which culminated in the Reign of Terror. During that terrible time woman's influence permeated every phase of society; they spoke at the clubs, decided the fate of prisoners at the tribunal, and were worshipped as "goddesses of reason!" Yet even in that dark time there are traces of their softening influence; for example, that of Eléonore over Robespierre, of Lucille over Desmoulins, and of both his wives over Danton.

Of all the heroines of the Revolution, Madame Roland was perhaps the greatest. In contrast to her previous quiet, uneventful life, at its outbreak she became one of its leading spirits. All the letters urging on the destruction of the monarchy and the establishment of the republic, which roused the nation, and were renowned for their power, were written by her, although they bore her husband's name. But she little anticipated the terrible crimes which were to usher in her great desire; and afterwards, when too late, used every effort within her means to check the outrages, and we all know how, in the end, she fell a victim to the cruelty of the very party which she had in so large a measure been the means of bringing into power.

In writing upon woman's influence we cannot close without mentioning the deservedly honoured names of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, to whose unremitting labours much of the greatly-needed reform in prison discipline throughout Europe is due; of Miss Robinson, who has done so good a work among our soldiers; of Miss Weston among our sailors; of Miss Marsh, who devoted her life and talents to improving the lives and morals of navvies; and last, but by no means least, of Miss Florence Nightingale, famed for her labours in reforming the sanitary condition of the British army. To this end, she visited and inspected civil and military hospitals all over Europe. Her labours during the Crimean war are too well known to require comment, and yet pages might be filled with accounts

of the marvellous influence she exerted. Her health at last succumbed to the physical and mental strain to which she subjected herself, and for years she has been a confirmed invalid; however, it may not be so generally known that her sick-room has been and still is the scene of arduous and constant labour for the improvement of the health of the soldier, and its result may be seen in the present condition of hospitals all over Europe and India as contrasted with those of former days.

Having tried thus far to give some little account of what can be done by woman's influence, we will conclude by saying that although we cannot all do great works, yet, in order that we may be beneficial to the world about us, we must strive so to live as to merit the praise bestowed upon Mary of old by our loving Saviour: "She has done what she could."

"Go forth! and in thy Saviour's strength
Thy voice shall yet be heard,
And wandering souls shall turn and bless
A feeble woman's word."

M. K. M.

NEW MUSIC.

ENOCH AND SONS.

If Sighs had Wings. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Edward Oxenford.—We can recommend this charming song as being likely to please, the light style of the accompaniment suiting the words, and within the capabilities of many of our girls. It is set in two keys: No. 1 in D, compass C to F; No. 2 in C—B to E.

WEEKES AND CO.

Day Dreams. Music and words by Natalie. —This is a very pretty and flowing melody, and to those who are fond of dreamland it

will become a favourite. It likewise has the recommendation of being easy.

GODDARD AND CO.

Sweet and Low. Words by Alfred Tennyson. Music by C. A. Rodbard.—A very charming and graceful song, words and music well adapted. The symphony between the verses is characteristic of the rocking of a cradle.

Sing Me the Songs I Used to Sing. Words by John Saffery. Composed by Alfred Rawlings.—A cheerful and good song set in the key of G.

Mélodie for Violin or Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.—A very pretty little piece well adapted to moderate performers on either instrument.

A. COX.

You Needn't Say a Word. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Madame Sainton Dolby.—This indefatigable song writer has portrayed a somewhat wayward little sister, whose very desire that "not a word should be said" proves a sense of wrong doing, which although very prettily told and sung, should not be imitated. Madame Sainton Dolby's style is always pure and musical.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Auntie. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by A. H. Behrends.—A charmingly-written little song, full of tenderness, which well pictures an auntie's love. The music is simple and pleasing, written in the key of F.

FREDERICK N. LÖHR has done good service in editing a series of two, three, and four part songs for equal and mixed voices, for the benefit of schools. Small size paper, good print, and very reasonable, the prices ranging from threepence to fourpence each copy. The airs are all good, mostly well known, and selected from composers of standing. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers.

THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c

In Imitation of "The Homes of England," by Mrs. Hemans.

In the stately homes of England
Stately the maidens grow,
And wonder in their silken ease
To hear of human woe;
And many a noble spirit strives
To do her woman's duty,
And cast in furrows by the way
The seeds of love and beauty.

In the cottage homes of England
Dwell maidens bright and fair,
Though early may the youthful brow
Be shadowed by world-care.
How soon they learn to give their strength
To prop the old and weakly,
How soon the hopeful heart is tamed
To bear life's crosses meekly.

How blest is many a hearth to-day
In daughters, whose one dower
Is affluence of love, that makes
Their lives a silent power!

Who, Una-like, control the strong,
And loose and bind at pleasure,
Who meet life's rapids with a song,
And well employ its leisure.

How tender is their task when age
Creeps o'er their parents kind,
And feet they must be to the lame,
And eyesight to the blind.
Ah, then they feel how strong the tie
That binds each to the other,
How large the debt the child must owe
To father and to mother!

May God bless the homes of England!
And each one do her part
To serve Him in her low estate
With steadfastness of heart.
With His love all the rest will come,
The little sphere increasing,
Until it touch the eternal home
And end in joys unceasing.

yourself something better than a useless burden to everybody."

At this moment there came the sudden interruption of a knock at the hall door, which being presently opened by Martha, admitted Nannette, who came briskly into the room and caught hold of Mara's listless, purple hands.

"How cold you are, Mara! Practising is frightfully cold work, isn't it? I have come to fetch you out for some skating. That'll soon make you warm. Be quick and get on your things. She may, may she not, Mrs. Johnstone?"

"She can do as she likes, as she always does," Mrs. Johnstone replied, ungraciously.

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have asked you first. Mamma says I am so thoughtless. You do not mind, do you?"

"Oh, no, I have no objection," Mrs. Johnstone said, more graciously. "Some people nowadays think very little of their mothers. I am glad to see that you are an exception."

"It's no good for me to come," interposed Mara. "I can't skate and I've no skates, and no money to buy any. Mother would think it an awful extravagance."

"That's nothing," cried Nannette, quickly. "We'll take it in turns, and I'll help you along. Get on your things I tell you, child."

Mara went away reluctantly. "It's very good of you to come for me," she said, when they were outside, "but I know I'm a disagreeable companion, and a shabby one too. I'd ever so much rather not come."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Nannette, gaily; "I'm not always studying my friends' garments; but, seriously, Mara, I often wonder whether you turn and twist your things about as I do. Look at this hat; I made it myself, and it cost me two shillings."

"Why, mother paid seven-and-six for mine, and a fine old guy it is," replied Mara. "Mother goes out, and when she sees a hat she thinks cheap, she buys it and sends it home. Then I have to wear it."

"Poor Mara," laughed Nannette. "I'll make a bargain with you. If you come down to see me I'll instruct you in all my little dodges."

"I don't think it's much good," said Mara, despondingly, "I never have any money. If I had I'd make Jack something. He's ever so good to me; he always stands up for me, and somehow he always seems to manage to make me feel good-tempered, while mother roughs me up the wrong way."

"Hush, Mara; perhaps you rub her the wrong way," said Nannette, half-playfully.

"It's quite likely. I'm as sour as a crab, I know, but it's my nature."

"Crabs may be sweetened," laughed Nannette. "What did you want to make your brother Jack, Mara?"

"Oh, anything; some warm gloves or a muffler."

"I can show you how to knit gloves or socks either. Wouldn't you like to knit him some socks? Papa likes what I knit him better than any others."

"I should like it, only I've got no money, and I wouldn't ask mother, she'd be certain to say I should only spoil the wool. If ever I want anything badly I go to Jack, but I couldn't ask him for money for a present for himself."

"No, of course not. He's very good to you, isn't he? I wish I had a brother."

"Yes, he's as good as he has the chance of being," Mara replied. "He'd give me many things if I asked him, but I won't, because I know he's been trying for ever so long to save money enough to pass his examinations."

"What examinations?" Nannette asked.

"Oh, haven't I ever told you?" Mara said. "He's bent upon being a clergyman. Mother doesn't like it. She tells him he'll be a poor curate all his life. Jack has talked

to her by the hour together, but she holds to her opinion. For a long time he seemed to waver, but now he's made up his mind to it. Mother doesn't forbid him, only she's nasty about it. I'm sure he feels it, though he'd never say so."

The two girls walked on in silence for some little way. Nannette was the first to break the silence.

"Mara," she said, "it does seem hard for you not to be able to make your brother something. If you wouldn't mind—it would give me the greatest pleasure—do let me get you the wool and teach you to knit the socks. What fun it'll be. You shall come to tea this afternoon, and we'll have a regular set-to. Here's a shop. Let's go in and choose the wool."

Before Mara could reply, her lively companion had drawn her in, and she stood, awkward and uncomfortable, by Nannette's side, listening to her remarks on the various shades and qualities.

"It's very kind of you, but it won't be my present," she said, when they were outside again.

"Oh, yes it will! because I give the wool to you to do as you like with. It is quite your gift, most emphatically and distinctly. Remember that, Mara. I should consider it very unkind if you were to mention me at all—quite a breach of friendship. I only want to give you pleasure."

"It's very kind of you; but, of course, you don't know anything much of Jack, and don't take any interest in him, and I don't like you spending your money on him."

"I'm not spending it on him," replied Nannette, almost impatiently. "Really, Mara, you are quite provoking. Do you know, my dear, that one of a woman's most useful gifts is tact, and I have seen your brother ever so many times—five or six, at least—and always thought what a good brother he was, and how nice it was for you."

"But I don't like your buying the wool, all the same," persisted Mara.

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Kinderlieder. The English version by Talbot Erle. Music by Wilhelm Taubert.—Six short songs:—

- No. 1. *The Farmer and his Doves.*
- No. 2. *Evening Bells.*
- No. 3. *The Chaffinch in the Barn.*
- No. 4. *The Cradle Song.*
- No. 5. *Good Morning.*
- No. 6. *Good Night.*

A series of sweet word pictures of pastoral life, most pleasingly set to sympathetic music, each song having its own special character simply but gracefully illustrated. The accompaniments are effective and easy. We can highly recommend the whole as a most satisfactory investment of six shillings. They are published separately at one shilling each. The compass is suitable for mezzo-soprano voices.

The Old Barge. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A song of a life passed in a barge since "the lass new-wed in a lilac gown first stepped aboard," with its ever "on, on, on 'neath a changing sky." The better side of so monotonous a life is depicted. There is a smooth swing in the accompaniment which suits the style of the song. It is written in the key of D.

ROBERT COCKS.

Bridget's Reply. Words by Herbert Harraden. Music by Ethel Harraden.—A lively little song for a contralto voice. The words and music are well wedded together, only requiring a quaint and expressive style, both in singing and playing, to render this a most pleasing drawing-room song. The accompaniment is easy, and the air simple and well marked.

CHAPPELL AND SONS.

Gates of the West. Written by A. L. Music by Caroline Lowthian.—An unpretentious song for contralto, descriptive of a blind girl pouring forth through the notes of the organ her sad longings, and receiving the words of cheer to "Trust Him in whom is no darkness at all." The sentiment is good, and the song by no means unpleasing.

METZLER AND CO.

The Little Crossing Sweeper. Words by Louisa Brockman. Music by Arthur Carnell.—If the subject is a little hackneyed, it ever speaks to the best sympathies of the heart. The words are pathetic, and the music in correct taste. The song is written in the key of four sharps.

After Years. Words by Morgan. Music by A. C. Macleod.—Written in three keys: No. 1 in E flat, for soprano or baritone; No. 2 in F, soprano or tenor; No. 3 in C, contralto or basso.—A rather sentimental song with no difficulties for the voice or instrument.

Indiana Dance. Composed by Frederic Clay.—The style is uncommon, but when understood will be found agreeable. It is a short and easy piece, suitable for moderate players, being without any unsurmountable difficulties.

Bonbon Polka. By Rudolph Herzen.—A nice little piece for little players. There are no stretches or accidentals to frighten the learner, and the frontispiece will attract by its gay and bright colouring.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Cheerfulness. Vocal Duet. By F. Gumbert. Sung by Madame Cave Ashton and Miss Helen Dalton.—A stylish and pleasing duet, commencing with an Andante Introduction, followed by a Waltz Rondo; lively and graceful, requiring careful vocalisation and attention to the well-marked notation.

Little Sister say Good-bye. Words by Olive Meredith. Music by Max Frühling.—One of the many Haverly Minstrels' songs. A quiet little ballad with chorus, sure to please, and easily learnt.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE BIBLIOTHEQUE.



HE afternoon sunlight shines redly in through the library windows. At the writing-table sits Monsieur St. Just, with a paper filled with abstruse calculations before him. His brow, hot and aching, rests wearily upon one thin hand, but still he is forcing

his mind to follow the working of the pencil which he holds in the other.

The windows are closed, the air is hot

ber every oft-repeated sentence. "He was such a little child in those days," she mused, fondly. "Now Denzil will take care of me—and he needs no patience, though he always has so much."

"Fudge!" said old George, in his nook. Of course, he had not heard her thoughts, but "fudge" was a wonted ejaculation of his, especially when perturbed. And he was very often perturbed in those days, between valuations coming about, and "the new master" looking in, and, above all, Miss Faith herself stealing round, taking last looks into all the familiar corners. Faith's heart was nearly broken in those days. Every stick and stone about her had been linked with the lives and loves which had passed from sight, and she felt as if she was cruel to be able to go away and leave them, never to come back and live among them again.

On one such peregrination Denzil silently followed her. She heard his step and turned, pausing. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked down into her face—he was much the taller of the two. Oh, what pathos she saw in his clear dark eyes! They seemed to reflect all her own silent anguish. And he was bearing it, too, and how bravely and mutely, for it seemed to poor Faith as if her own agonies must be audible.

"Dear little Faith," he said.

She could not find any voice, but she raised her hand and pressed his, clasping her shoulder.

"Dear little Faith!" he said again. There was a pause. "Will you come and look at my clothes? I cannot get them packed smoothly enough."

"How wise he is!" thought Faith, as she eagerly responded. "He feels how bad vain brooding is, and he knows that having something to do is the best of all consolations."

But the last good-byes were said in time, and the long journey taken to the northern university town. The Alleynes did not know a soul there, though they had one or two letters of introduction, and though their lodgings were already secured. For old George Milne, who was a Scotchman who had gone south to make his fortune, and had not made it yet, had a maiden sister living there, who had been asked to make inquiries on behalf of the young people, and she had replied that she herself had comfortable lodgings to let, and would be willing to do her best for her brother's master's children, as "indeed," she added, with grim and almost unnecessary truthfulness, "I would for anybody."

Small wonder, therefore, that Faith felt lonely, as, with all their little possessions about them, she and Denzil were driven rapidly down a grey, gloomy street, with forbidding courts opening on either hand, and gaunt, short-skirted women hanging about and screaming discordantly, in what seemed some unknown tongue, to bare-footed urchins playing in the gutters.

"I should hope the lodgings are not in this quarter," said Denzil. "I wonder what this Miss Milne's idea of 'comfort' will be. I did not like the word 'lodgings' which she used in her letter.

I think a woman keeping a house of a certain style would have said 'apartments,' These trifles sometimes mean much."

The cab had been driving on rapidly while Denzil spoke, and a sudden turn of the road had carried them past the forbidding courts and the groups of idlers into a broader thoroughfare, with open spaces on the right hand, and clean-looking houses, of various elevations, on the left.

But before Faith had time to remark on their improved surroundings, the cab stopped with a sudden jerk.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER.

Sweet Shadowland. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by C. H. R. Marriott.—A nicely written ballad, in the keys of F and E flat. The accompaniment is more than usually varied; and the song altogether sure to give satisfaction.

On My Gondola so Lonely. Written by W. A. Barrett. Music by Balfe.—A pleasing barcarolle song from the opera of *Moro*. It is in the key of F, with easy accompaniment and moderate compass.

Once More the Sunny Past. Duet for soprano and tenor from the same opera, in the key of F.—Pretty and harmonious, within the compass of moderate voices.

The Bells of London. Words by Nella. Music by H. Parker. In three keys: No. 1 in D, from C sharp to D; No. 2, from D to E flat; No. 3 in F, from E to F.—A pleasing and joyous composition, well adapted to the words. We would recommend No. 2 as being within the capability of most girls who have a knowledge of singing.

Snow on the Threshold. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Odoardo Barri. Written in two keys: No. 1 in F, compass C to F; No. 2 in E flat, compass B to E flat.—A rather mournful but expressive song, requiring great feeling in the singer.

The Wife and I. Words by Sidney Grey. Music by Cotsford Dick.—The words are appropriate, and the music well interprets the sentiments.

Gentle Phæbe. Written by H. B. Farnie. Music by C. H. Lecocq. In the key of C.—A very pretty, lively song of easy compass. To our mind, the four semiquavers on the words "wished a wish" are not euphonious, and spoil the effect of that part of the composition.

MOUtrie AND SON.

What it Says I'm not Going to Tell. Words by H. Orlando. Music by Felix F. M. Moutrie. Set in 3 keys: No. 1 in F; No. 2 in E flat; No. 3 in D.—A charming little song as regards both words and music, presenting no difficulties in the way of accompaniment.

For Ever and for Aye. Words by Gilbert à Beckett. Music by Vivian Bligh. Written in two keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in E flat.—A charming little ballad, breathing tenderness and sadness; not difficult to sing, but requiring great feeling and expression.

Perhaps. Composed by Henry Pontet. Written in the key of B flat.—A simple song of easy compass; the accompaniment not difficult.

Our Island of Love. Barcarolle. Words by Charles Searle. Music by Francisco

Berger. Vocal duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone, in the key of F.—An extremely pretty duet, with a flowing melody, which will, we think, be much appreciated when well sung.

The Message from the Stars. Vocal duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone. Words by Miss Annie C. Clough. Music by Josef Trousselle. Written in the key of G.—A pretty duet, requiring care and expression.

GODDARD AND CO.

Chanson d'Ancêtre. English words by H. Knight. Music by Georgina Weldon.—A stirring and patriotic song.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

ROBERT COCK AND CO.

Un Souvenir de Beethoven. Arranged by W. Smallwood.—An easily-arranged movement of Beethoven's, calculated to improve the natural taste of the young beginner in studying good and classical music. Well marked and fingered, rendering it easy to acquire a right style with but little attention.

The Vicar of Bray. By Frederic Lemoine.—This well-known old English melody of the 17th century is well-arranged, the air being carefully kept prominent amidst its varied dressings. The *finale en tempo di marcia* is dashing and effective.

Verdi Prati. By Frederic Lemoine.—This air from Handel's *Aleina* is very nicely arranged, both pleasing and easily committed to memory. It is written in the key of F.

CHAPPELL AND CO.

Venetia. Waltz. By Caroline Lowthian. A simple waltz in three parts, with *coda*.—The soft sustained air is lightly accompanied by the right hand in the first part; the second part has the simple air for treble, with bass chords, and in No. 3 the bass hand takes the air. It is very easy and suitable for young beginners.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Gondellied. By Heine Mudler. Drawing room piece of three pages in five flats.—Harmonious and pleasing.

MOUtrie AND SON.

Trois Mazurkas. By Alexander Chodecki. No. 1. *La Gentille.* In A.

No. 2. *La Folatre.* In F.

No. 3. *La Mignonne.* In E flat.

Pleasing and moderately easy.

The Huntsman's Chorus. From the opera of *Der Freischütz*. No. 7 of a series of twenty-four small pieces for young performers, arranged by Francisco Berger, in his usual charming and facile style.

A Game of Romps. By Percy Reeve. In B flat.—This characteristic piece is by no means difficult, and is suggestive of its title. We would recommend it to some of our girls as a good exercise for their fingers.

The Cathedral March. By Churchill Sibley.—A very effective march in the key of C, presenting no difficulties.

La Fête du Hameau. Bleurette. By Henry Pontet.—Written in an easy style. The frequent crossing the left hand over the right makes it a good study for girls.



food to build up this portion of the body in our early years, and repair the waste of flesh which is continually going on within us, we must look for a material possessing a similar composition, for were we to use pig-iron and salt for producing glass we should certainly fail; and in like manner no one wishing to manufacture good steel would think of using lead or tin or copper for that purpose. To produce flesh we must use something which contains the same elements and in a form capable of ready digestion. This we may procure from several sources, for in plants we have abundant supplies of gluten, in the milk of animals we have casein, in their eggs albumen, and in their flesh fibrin—all substances capable of easy digestion and affording the exact materials needed to produce good muscular fibre or repair its waste.

Of course, from plants we obtain the cheapest supplies, but as there is a great deal of good flesh-forming material in the vegetable kingdom, which would either be unpalatable or indigestible by us, mankind have tried to utilise as much of it as possible by keeping herds of domesticated animals, which we may really regard as our cooks, for they consume such valuable yet unpalatable vegetables as grass, &c., and by transforming these materials into their own flesh or into such substances as eggs and milk, they actually make the grass and such-like plants into delightful articles of diet. There is thus sufficient reason why we should not altogether discard animal food from our dietary, even apart from the fact that in this form of provender we have that most resembling the material we are endeavouring to build up or repair in our own bodies. But as flesh building is only one of the aims we have in view, we find that not only is animal food the most expensive, but it is scarcely adapted for our *entire* dietary.

Another important fact must not be overlooked: the body requires to be kept at practically a uniform temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit, and to effect this another variety of food or fuel becomes indispensable, namely, such substances as fat, oil, starch, or sugar. Widely as these materials may seem to differ, they are chemically almost identical, for they all consist of carbon or charcoal combined with the elements of water, and none of them contain nitrogen, the element which specially distinguishes albumen and other flesh-forming substances. These substances, as their composition may indicate, are the heat-giving constituents of our food, and as it happens that in certain vegetable products, such as grain, we find a rich store of this heat-giving substance in the form of starch existing along with a large amount of flesh-forming material in the shape of gluten, vegetable food thus possesses the advantages of cheapness and suitability combined. From this fact we can understand the true reason why bread forms such an important item in our diet, and why it should come to be called "the staff of life." Fats, oils, and sugar serve the same purpose as starchy food, but as they do not combine the various properties which cereals possess, they are not made such use of. Fats and oils in the shape of animal food, butter, &c., are even more valuable as heat or force producers than starch, as anyone may gather from personal observation of their combustible properties, and sugar, from the fact that it is already half cooked, is a valuable heat-giver and fat-producer. There is a great deal of misconception about sugar spoiling the teeth, &c. Such a belief is altogether absurd, for sugar may be consumed without the least detriment to the teeth; it is the many objectionable ingredients contained in confections which do the damage, and it were well if children were allowed more pure sugar and less sweets, for the desire for sweets in childhood is a very natural one, sugar being the

most easily digested heat-giver, and a great deal of this as of the other food materials, being necessary in early life, as everyone knows who has the slightest acquaintance with youthful appetites. Therefore, I believe in letting children have a good many "knobs" from the sugar bowl, and not unfrequently having one myself.

Having thus briefly referred to the flesh-forming and the heat-giving portion of the food we need, let us now shortly consider the bone-builders and the salts so necessary to the healthy action of the blood. The chief bone-forming material, as we have already said, is phosphate of lime, and it so happens that not only gluten and starch, but likewise various salts, especially phosphates, are found all together in wheat, oats, and other cereals. Thus we have still another reason for partaking largely of these vegetable products. It is of considerable importance, however, to know more exactly how these substances occur—in a grain of wheat, for instance. If we cut through a well filled grain of wheat, we find the central part is composed in great part of starch, but the outer layers are more rich in gluten and salts, so that if we remove these outer layers as we do in preparing flour, we lose a good deal of valuable material, for although the central portions of the grain retain a considerable amount of gluten, the bone-building salts have been mostly all removed with the external layers of the wheat. Thus we see that, especially for the young, who require a large amount of bone-forming food, whole meal or brown bread is very much superior to ordinary white bread; but if we examine the composition of oats, we shall find they are superior to wheat even, and that oatmeal porridge and milk is by far the best food for children, for it supplies abundant materials for producing flesh, for giving heat, and for building up the bones. The reason why we so often see poor children in the streets of towns with bent legs is because they have been fed on improper food, which did not contain enough of lime and other salts to produce a substantial framework for the body. And this explains, too, why in Scotland such children are scarcely ever to be seen, or, if seen, only in the large towns, and fed on something else than oatmeal.

But lime is not the only substance of this class which the body needs. Other salts are required, for the red colour of the blood is due to iron, of which continual if not very large supplies are thus necessary. The brain, too, contains a large amount of phosphorus, not in the shape of phosphorus, but as a salt, and to keep the blood in solution, soda and potash are constantly required; for without these it would cease to be fluid. Then the bile contains a considerable amount of soda, by which a busy little soap factory is kept constantly at work within us, so long as there is any fat in the food we eat. These and other salts are as necessary to the health of the body as what we more commonly regard as "food." In the form of common salt we provide a certain portion of these supplies, but most of the saline food which we require is eaten unconsciously, for although we may never be aware of the fact, in the water we drink and in the bread we eat we are, nevertheless, obtaining the principal part of those salts of lime, soda, potash, phosphorus, &c., which we require to keep the body in good working order.

In many minor portions of our food, however, these salts are abundantly supplied. Fish is rich in phosphorus, and contains that substance in a form very suitable for repairing the waste of phosphorus in the brain, so that for students and brain workers fish should be largely made use of. Then, again, the potash and soda so serviceable in the blood are found abundantly in those vegetables which we class as "greens," and as not only composition but taste must be taken into

account, this class of food materials deserves to be even more extensively made use of than it is.

But beyond all the various ingredients we have spoken of as necessary for the maintenance of health, is another substance of prime importance—namely, water. It serves so many purposes in the body that a mere enumeration of them would occupy considerable space, and we leave our readers to think out for themselves its chief uses. It is sufficient for our present purpose that it is a necessary article of food, and that we require a very large amount of it. But although we lose about half a gallon of water every twenty-four hours, and consequently require to make good that waste, there are very few who take their liquid food as pure water from the tap or spring. For one thing, the mere introduction of such a quantity of cold water into our bodies would considerably reduce their temperature even though taken at intervals, so that in this fact we have some explanation of the reason why we drink our water hot. But someone remarks, "Who ever drinks hot water?" Just consider a moment; what is our tea but water with a mere flavouring of tea, &c. Our coffee is the same, and so with our soups. Milk is in great part water, even when the milkman does not introduce more than it originally contained, and indeed every article of food contains more or less of that most precious fluid—water.

Having thus briefly and generally discussed the first part of our subject, we must leave the chemistry of digestion and of cookery to a subsequent occasion.

JOHN GRAY, F.C.S.

NEW MUSIC.

ALPHONSE BERTINI.

The Marlborough. March. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A most stirring composition in the key of C; well marked, and presenting no difficulties.

The Donegal. March. By the same composer.—Written in the key of G. Is very pretty, and moderately easy.

Christmas Greeting. Composed by Frederick Croft.—In the key of G. A short and well-arranged piece, with pleasing introduction to a *tempo di polka* air.

The same may be said of the *Bon Soir Schottische*. Also by Frederick Croft.—Written in the key of G.

St. Valentine's Day. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A very merry set of quadrilles, in original tunes—not difficult.

Saturday Evening. Leave the Future. Two sacred songs. Composed by Frederick Croft.—The music simple and appropriate to the words, which are very pretty.

He loves me, He loves me not. Written by Wynne Britton. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A simple and easy ballad, arranged to words that tell a tale of blighted love.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co.

Air de Ballet. In the key of F. A cheerful and easy little piece, useful as a study on account of the double notes, which require to be distinct and well marked to carry out the composer's ideas.

Au Bord de la Mer. Reverie.—A very pretty drawing-room piece. The theme introduced in the left hand with accompaniment in the right is most effective. It is in the key of G, and is suitable for moderately advanced pupils.

pile of work. She is now lining skirt bottoms; but she puts these aside, saying to my guide, "May I show her?" And having received permission, runs on line after line more quickly than I can tell about it, while another worker close by places on the braid in scallops, regularity being insured by the use of a little addition to the machine—a hand guide. Most people are familiar with the chain stitch embroidery produced by the Bonnay machine, and which has the effect of fine braiding. The machine is worked with one foot, and the needle runs round, having a reversible motion, so as to form all sorts of pretty curves at the will of the guider. The machinist sits to this work. Some workers have the pattern marked on the material and simply follow the lines.

But our bonny, bright-looking lassie relies on her own true eye and steady hand, and I am told she would be "bad to beat" in her own line. Taking up a cutting of material, she folds it and produces pattern after pattern, seeming as if she could go on for any length of time. Not wishing to hinder proper work, I thank her and turn away with a pleasant memory of the kindness so promptly shown by these young people who gave their time for my instruction.

A few minutes later a young messenger places in my hand the scrap of stuff with three of these improvised patterns upon it, that I may take them with me. Another bit of voluntary kindness to a stranger.

A savoury smell comes from the little kitchen at the top of the building, where there are stoves and two cooks to prepare the rows of little dinners which are shortly to be consumed in the adjoining room.

In another apartment the articles are ironed and folded, ready for the packing room. None are put into boxes. "We make paper do. Everything is cut so fine nowadays that our customers know the expense of boxing the goods would narrow still further the small margin of profit," says our guide.

If it were not revealing a trade secret, I should like to tell for how little that dozen of children's aprons can be purchased wholesale. And yet, I am told, everybody who has helped to produce those aprons has been fairly paid, and can really live by the work.

After witnessing the rapidity with which they were put together, anyone can well believe this.

The machines being worked by steam, the work-rooms are noisy, and talking is rendered almost impossible. "A good thing," says my companion, "both for the girls and us; they get so much more work off and waste no time. But they sing. They *do* sing, and there are some lovely voices amongst them."

As to the work, it all goes to London, whence it is again scattered through the provinces, some of it returning to be sold in the very town where the articles were made up.

This skirt and apron factory is just a sample of the many places in which girls are employed as sewing-machinists, and it is a very favourable one.

Not far away is another workshop, where the dainty lisse, tulle, lace, and muslin frillings are made up.

Very delicate machinery is used, and from the nature of the materials the workers must be extremely cleanly in their persons. But the wages gained are not large. We are told from six to ten shillings a week, and that "a girl must do an awful length of stuff, and work very hard to make twelve."

Then waistcoat-making, from the finest kinds to the roughest fustian, is done by girls and women—sometimes on the premises—but a vast quantity of all sorts, by cottage workers.

In some of these cottage workshops perhaps a dozen girls are employed by the mistress, who also teaches the business to beginners.

One set do the machining, others the button-holing and finishing, thus dividing the labour.

Let us look into a cottage workshop. Here a dozen females are making-up strong fustian and moleskin trousers and waistcoats for working men.

The price paid per dozen for these sounds small to inexperienced lookers-on. Eightpence or eightpence halfpenny seems very little to pay for that pair of strong trousers, lined through and completed from the first stitch to the last button! But this is a good price as things go, and pays better than many other kinds of work. For fine cloth waistcoats about twelve shillings per dozen is paid.

The mistress finds rooms, machines, needles, and all the little etceteras, and pays for machining, threepence; for finishing, fourpence each garment.

All the cost of wear and tear, needles, oil, rent, fire, lights, &c., must be covered, and the profit made out of the odd penny or three-halfpence left after paying the sewers. But the mistress of the shop speaks very highly of the manufacturer for whom she works, and says that industrious hands can do fairly well and really live by this branch of business.

There are, however, two classes of combined needleworkers and machinists for whom, in writing, I feel the deepest sympathy. They are the coloured shirt and white duck jacket-makers.

Probably some who read this paper will doubt the accuracy of my statement, or wonder whether I can be telling the simple truth about the amounts paid for the work done. Let me assure them, I have seen the work, I know the workers who execute it, and have been told the prices, both by employers and employed.

For making twelve strong blue and white-checked shirts, from beginning to end, one shilling and fourpence is paid! The outdoor worker finds machine, needles, thread, everything but buttons. Each shirt has machine-stitched collar, wristbands, front-strap, &c., and, beside the ordinary parts of such a garment, has a good-sized breast-pocket put on, so that the workman who has doffed coat and waistcoat can deposit in it any little articles that he does not choose to leave about.

Six buttonholes have to be made in each shirt, and eight buttons sewed on it. The collar is not a mere band, but turns down with pointed ends in front. Taking off cost of articles used, wear and tear of machinery, fire and light, which must be provided in winter for those who work early and late for the barest bread—what does the weary worker get for her dozen of shirts? Perhaps, calculating very closely, a penny and half-a-farthing each shirt at the outside! Thirteenpence halfpenny per dozen!

A somewhat poorer class of shirts, with rather less work in them, were until lately paid for at the rate of a shilling a dozen. They have just been dropped to elevenpence by some of the employers!

The work is, of course, cut out, and the sewing is of the roughest sort; but the payment is utterly inadequate, and, as we look at these figures, we feel tempted to express our sentiments about them in writing. Better, perhaps, to let facts speak for themselves, and readers judge from them what wearing work some girls and women have to do for a bare existence!

I may add that the duck jackets are made for three-and-sixpence a dozen, and it is hard to say whether these or shirt-making is the worse employment to be engaged in.

Before leaving the needleworkers and machinists I should like to give them a word of advice. I am told that they have in some cases conduced to the state of things last described. In their eagerness to obtain work when making a beginning, they sometimes

offer to take it at something less than even the low price usually given for outdoor work. The offer is accepted, and, in consequence, the older hands have to bend to the same terms. This is an age of keen competition, and the spirit of it has entered alike into employers and employed.

In some cases outdoor workers merely occupy their spare hours at the machine. It is not a bread-winner to them, and they look upon the little weekly sum gained as extra pocket-money, which will enable them to dress better, or buy little matters of personal adornment. They do not sigh wearily after the odd penny knocked off the price of a dozen shirts. But the girls who perhaps work with a widowed mother, early and late, for bare bread, may well groan at the reduction of one penny out of only twelve.

In all the kinds of work enumerated there is a slack season, and here indoor hands have the advantage. It is often almost as costly a matter to close a workshop and let the machinery stand as to keep it going. Therefore, those who work at their own homes are certain to be the first discharged. The employer will keep his engine going and his factory hands together if it be possible.

The indoor machinist has the disadvantage of having to stand at her work for many hours. But the steam engine furnishes the motive power, and she has only to stop and start the machine and guide the work. She must be at her post the livelong day, whilst the home-worker can choose her hours. But then she is more sure of employment, and it often happens that the home-worker keeps later and earlier hours, while she earns less, in consequence of the interruptions to which she is subject, and her less advantageous surroundings. She may sit at her machine instead of standing, but she must use far greater bodily exertion, since she furnishes the power by treading with her feet, whilst her hands do the guiding.

It would be easy to name other girls' workshops where machinists and needlewomen are employed. Machine work is divided into so many branches, and wages necessarily differ according to the quality and quantity done. As samples come under notice, the imagination will easily picture girl workers at their posts and producing each variety amid similar surroundings to those described.

In my next paper I hope to show braid and trimming makers in their workshops.

NEW MUSIC.

R. COCKS AND CO.

Classics for Young Performers. Edited by Frederic Lemoine.—F. Lemoine, by editing good and classical music of different composers, is doing the very useful work of training the taste and style of the rising generation. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, &c., are each represented in well-selected and easily arranged airs.

Little Photos. By J. H. Wallis.—A series of six short pieces for the young pianoforte pupil. No. 1, "The Daisy-chain"; No. 2, "The Cavaliers"; No. 3, "Tee-to-tum"; No. 4, "The Windmill"; No. 5, "The Paper-chase"; and No. 6, "Lillian," being the titles of the several pieces. The teacher is spared the time and the pupil's memory assisted by each piece being carefully fingered. Our young folk will learn these with pleasure, as recreations from the studies and exercises so necessary to be practised with diligence.

The Silver Wedding. (Lancers.) Composed by J. L. Goodwin.—A collection of well-known airs, ending with the "Wedding March," all easily arranged, and with time well marked.

tender, and never be cooked at all if tainted. Bread should be neither new nor stale. Bread can seldom be procured quite free from adulteration of some kind, but the adulterations a respectable baker adds to his loaves are not very detrimental. It is a good plan nevertheless to change one's baker frequently.

Puddings are most nutritious, whether mingled with fruit or with eggs plain. I can forgive a girl from the very bottom of my heart for passing her plate twice for pudding. The only kind of dried fruit that is likely to produce indigestion is badly done currants. They ought to be soft and pulpy to be safe.

Pastry should be partaken of but sparingly, especially such as has been bought in shops; it being often made with fat which cannot be otherwise used.

Tarts, on the other hand, are deliciously wholesome and ought to form a part of the diet almost every day in summer. Talking about tarts brings me naturally to say one word about fruit—this is really the *utile* with the *dulce*. I cannot speak too highly in praise of good ripe fruit eaten in season, and the whole of that sentence will read the other way, for I cannot condemn too severely the practice of eating *bad unripe fruit out of season*. We ought to indulge most freely, with one or two exceptions, in the kind of fruit which is native to the country we live in. The orange and some of his brethren are citizens of the world, however, they are at home anywhere; but we here in merrie England possess the gooseberry, the raspberry, and the strawberry. Need we envy then the fair daughters of sunnier climes the possession of the luscious mango, the fragrant banana, the perfumed pineapple, or the glorious guava? No, let us be content with what we have and use them well. They are most wholesome in summer, they cool the blood and calm the mind, and greatly aid digestion. At what time of the day should fruits be partaken of? In the morning before breakfast they do one world of good, they may be trifled with at breakfast, they may be eaten at mid-day, and after luncheon and dinner, and they are even tempting at eventide. But there I must draw rein. I fear I am giving my gentle readers *carte blanche* in the matter of fruit, and I have visions of some of them retiring for the night with sly grapes to place beside their pillows.

Fish makes an excellent change from meat. With the exceptions of the stronger and more oily kinds, such as salmon, mackerel, herring, &c., fish is more easily digested than meat and quite as nutritious.

Vegetables of all kinds are both nutritious and healthful. They ought, however, to be eaten with moderation, else they are apt to induce fits of indigestion. Raw they are much more apt to hurt one, so that even a salad is not always so safe as it is tempting.

Next month I hope to have a useful paper on toothache and neuralgia to lay before my fair readers, complaints which far too many of them suffer from, often without receiving either help or sympathy.



A PEEP AT SCHOOLGIRLS IN EASTERN SIBERIA.



THE Rev. Henry Lansdell in his interesting and instructive work, "Through Siberia," recently published, gives the following description of a high-class

girls' school in Eastern Siberia:—

"Besides the boys' school at Vladivostok I visited the girls' institute for the daughters of naval officers, and witnessed the opening religious ceremony of blessing the house after the long vacation. Each child as she came up to kiss the Gospels was sprinkled with holy water, as were also the visitors; after which the priest and his assistant went over the building, sprinkling in all directions. The inspector subsequently declared what children were to be advanced to higher classes. The subjects taught were in keeping with those of the boys' gymnasium, from which the institute differed in that the children were lodged, clothed, and boarded; 12 free, the rest on payment of £20 per annum. The Government gives a grant of £1,000 per annum towards this school, and the remainder is made up by the children's fees and voluntary contributions. The cleanliness and good arrangement of this building were striking, not to say luxurious. A great deal, no doubt, was due to the fact that the Governor's wife visited one of the schools every day. The senior class had two girls of 15 and 16 years of age. To my questions in geography they gave good answers, and in the Gospels fair. They had not read the Epistles, but were expecting so to do that year. One girl was from a peasant home, the other the daughter of a foreign merchant, but they appeared throughout to stand on a level with the officers' daughters. They had a custom of posting up on a red board for a year the name of the best girl in the school. At the time of my visit the same maiden had held this 'blue ribbon' for five years consecutively. Whether it was for excellence of intellect or conduct I know not, but I amused them by offering a prize, such as I had seen given in the schools of the Irish Church Missions, called the 'best beloved' prize. The girls were ranged in a line, and each came and whispered in the ear of the teacher the name of the schoolfellow she loved best, and the girl who gained the highest number of votes received the prize. The idea was new to them, and they said the whispering was like going to confession.

"There was yet another school the Governor's wife took me to see—the little free school—built by the society she had founded, and of which it is not too much to say that it was

the neatest and best-built house in the town. It was furnished in a manner that would be thought too good for a ragged school in England, and it struck me, as did the institute, that it was somewhat over-provided with teachers.

"There were 30 children on the books, of whom one class came in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. The religious instruction consisted in learning the ten principal prayers of the Russian Church from a small primer, the contents of which would be as much or, I was told, rather more religious knowledge than the average Russian peasant would know. The children received at Christmas presents of clothing, and a marked increase of attendants takes place as the time for the gifts draws near—a phenomenon not confined to Siberian schools!"

NEW MUSIC.

JOHN GUEST.

A Stranger Here. Sacred song. Composed by Frederick Croft.—The words and music of this composition are good, but, to our mind, the rhythm has been overlooked in the third part of the hymn. We think it would be more euphonious if it corresponded with the first part.

FREDERICK CROFT.

The Warrior's March. By Frederick Croft.—An excellent military march in a very easy key, but requiring a firm and clear touch to give effect to the octave passages.

C. W. GUNSTON.

The Moonlight Mazurka. By Frederick Croft.—A drawing-room piece in E flat, adapted for moderate performers. It has the advantage of being short as well as pleasing.

LAMBORN COCK.

The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song. *The Green Cavalier's Song.* Words by the late Lord Beaconsfield. Music by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.—These tender words by our late lamented statesman have been artistically set to appropriate music by the royal composer. These songs are most uncommon, and we specially call the attention of our musical girls to Her Royal Highness's refined productions.

Time Passes On. Ten Years Ago. Composed by Walter Maynard. Words by Madge Kendal.—Two pathetic songs for mezzo-soprano voices. They have the great advantage of being simple in style as well as melodious.

I Love but One Fair Face. Hunting song. Words by R. E. Egerton Warburton.—Wedded to most appropriate music by the well-known composer, John Hullah.

For Thee. Written by Charles Rowe. Composed by Charles E. Finney, is extremely pretty and cheerful, and we think will become a favourite.

I Praised the Earth in Beauty Seen. Sacred song by Bishop Heber. Music by J. Greenhill.—A most touching and beautiful melody set to Bishop Heber's well-known words, and deserves to become universally popular.

RANSFORD AND SON.

My Soul is Dark. Words by Byron. Music by A. Antoine. In the key of E flat.—Moderately difficult, compass from D to E.

H. E. WARNER.

L'Espérance Mazurka. By H. E. Warner.—A smooth and graceful little piece; having arrived at a second edition, proves it to be a favourite.

but it is very delightful nevertheless; it is a very selfish life, I think sometimes. They all laugh if I talk of being useful in any way. I am disappointed that uncle will not hear of my having a class of the village girls. He says that the clergy are paid to do all that work, and I might bring home infectious diseases; and he looked quite cross when I suggested that Alice and I should begin a course of solid reading. He said he hated learned women. So there is only dress and society to fall back upon, and when I am in the dolefuls, I tell myself they are far harder work than anything I had to do at home. Still, everyone is so kind to me that it is a pleasure, generally, to do as they wish."

Aunt Harry shook her head over this letter. "I fear they are spoiling her," she said, anxiously, to her husband. "The Hopes always were a selfish, purse-proud set. How could the child be happy with them, unless they dragged her down to their own level. And yet, I should not fancy such a process would be easy with Harold Grant's daughter."

"Send for her to come over here, wife, if you think well," said Mr. Bertram, "and if she can make herself at home, let her stay. One more will make little difference after all."

So Aunt Harry wrote, telling Honor she fancied she was not very happy in spite of her gay luxurious life, offering to be a mother to her if she could be contented with the quiet yet busy life her daughters led, and finishing up with some good advice, which was so much needed, that Honor winced when she read it, and then became unreasonably angry.

What business had Aunt Bertram to interfere? Of course, she would not leave Oakham Court for a life of drudgery. No, indeed, she had had enough of narrow means. So she wrote a refusal, so haughtily worded that Mrs. Bertram did not write again. And yet Honor longed for another letter very soon; she had always loved Aunt Harry. "But I feel changed in every way," she said to herself, with an impatient sigh. Then to drown the still, small voice, Honor threw herself more fully into fashionable amusements; and within a year of her mother's death she was talked of as the belle of the hunt ball.

Fred, who had been lounging through the Continent, came home for a while, and life went more gaily than ever; so that Honor was dragged deeper and deeper into foolish dissipations.

One summer morning she stood on the hall steps, impatiently waiting for the others, to go with them for a row up the river. Her uncle, who came up as she waited, thought she looked very lovely in her simple white dress and straw hat. He lifted up her bright girlish face towards his own and said, "That's right, Honor! you are looking first-rate today. Make hay while the sun shines. I was afraid those straitlaced notions your father put into your head would have been very difficult to get rid of."

Honor tried to smile, but the smile seemed to die sadly on her lips.

When her companions joined her Alice noticed that she looked tired and depressed, and asked what was the matter.

"Only a little weariness," said Honor, with a sudden rush of colour; "I think, if you do not mind, I will get out at the bridge and wait there till you return."

They all looked curiously at her. This was some new freak; and they tried to rally and rouse her, but she insisted on being left at the stone seat by the water's edge, and sat there, sick at heart, whilst the merry voices of the rest died away in the distance.

Little did her uncle think how his words had gone home! Had ease and comfort become so dear to her, that her father and mother's teachings and their noble example had been all in vain, and their daughter was

so fast becoming vain, frivolous, and heartless? I need not tell of the battle she fought with herself as she sat alone by the waterside. At last, with God's grace, she conquered. "Mother, dear mother!" she said, at last, "I had almost forgotten all I promised, but it is not too late yet." She looked at the ring on her finger, and peace and comfort came into her heart. It should never again be a witness against her, she thought. Praying for help and guidance, she sprang to her feet as she heard her cousins' voices drawing nearer and nearer, and though her face was still paler than before, there was a clear, steady light in her eyes; God had "strengthened her in her soul."

"Don't blame me, don't think me ungrateful," she said, imploringly, with hands clasped tightly together, as she encountered the astonished and indignant remonstrances of her uncle and aunt, a few hours later. "Indeed, I know how kind you have been and how you would have done all in your power to make me happy. But I dare not lead this life any longer; I was not made for ease and comfort, and I can never find rest in it!"

At first they tried to dissuade her from her purpose, but she was firm and eventually had her way. Alice, unconsciously, made this easier, for she had lately found that Honor was winning more than her own share of admiration, and she gave her parents to understand that the parting with her cousin would not break her heart. What Fred thought he kept to himself—for the time at least; later on, it proved that Honor won him over to her way of thinking, and he showed that he took his money and position only as loans intrusted to him, of which he had to give account.

When Honor wrote to Aunt Bertram, opening all her heart to the loving, motherly woman, she met with a warm response, and was soon useful and busy in the large, old farmhouse, helping to teach her younger cousins, working amongst the cottagers in the village near, and finding

"Flowers bloom along the way that duty treads."



NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

LAMBORN COCK.

Sonata in G. By Domenico Scarlatti. Marked and fingered by Florence May.—A little piece of four pages made easy, very suitable for young performers.

Waldeck-Pyrmont Valse. By Maxwell F. Webb.—The name of this bright and pretty waltz will be sure to make it popular after the happy event that has lately taken place.

Chant du Pêcheur. A charming little composition in the key of D.—Written in a pleasing and easy style by the well-known composer, Francesco Berger.

The Fan Series. Favourite pianoforte pieces by classical and modern authors. No. 4, Gavotte and Courante by J. S. Bach, has just come under our notice, and if those which precede and are to follow are of equal merit, we may confidently recommend them as a charming addition to the *répertoire* of our musical young friends.

AUGENER AND CO.

Le Printemps. Mazurka. For the pianoforte. By John Denham.—An exceedingly pretty mazurka. The character of the mazurka is well sustained throughout. Gracefully and brilliantly written and sure to please, we recommend this piece to our young friends.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Un Soupir d'Amour. Valse. By J. C. Cummings.—Three short waltzes written with an accompaniment for the cornet; very easy for both instruments, suitable for beginners in part-playing.

VOCAL MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Warbling of Blackbirds. Words by Jean Ingelow. Music by A. Scott Gatty.—A very charming melody, written in the composer's happy style. The different changes of time expressing the joyousness of the feathered tribe revelling in the early springtide, and the humming of the bees anticipating the approach of summer, will make it a general favourite if carefully studied.

Oh the Wild Roses. Written by H. M. Burnside.—Composed by Emilio Pieraccini.—A very pretty song in two keys—A flat and F—of easy compass. This flowing melody is set to words in praise of "The bonnie wild roses that fling their gay garlands o'er hedgerow and brae." The second part beautifully modulates into a key with sharps returning to and ending in the original key. The effect is most pleasing.

Tell Me So. Written by Gordon Campbell. Music by Harriet Young.—A light, lively song, which requires to be sung in a sparkling and gay style; it is of easy compass.

Guardian Angels.—A simple but effective lullaby song. Compass from E to E.—The child smiling in its sleep suggests to the mother that the same angel-guard is watching over her babe and sailor husband at sea. Our girls cannot fail to like this composition.

At the Porch. Song with pianoforte and harmonium (*ad lib.*) accompaniment. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A quiet and pleasing song, with a chorus written for four voices, accompanied by the harmonium with good effect.

Little Tots. Song written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A tale of home life, prettily told by words and music, quite refreshing to listen to, after the bustle and hurrying work of everyday cares.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Streamlet and the River. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Berthold Tours. In the key of G, of easy compass.—An especially charming and graceful song to a flowing accompaniment. We think it needs only to be heard to become a general favourite in the drawing-room.

After So Long. By Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Louisa Gray. No. 1 in E, compass from B to E; No. 2 in G, compass from D to G.—A pretty and expressive song, not difficult, but requiring great taste and feeling in the rendering of it.

My White Rose. Song written and composed by Louisa Gray. In two keys: No. 1 in G, compass from D to E; No. 2 in B flat, compass from F to G.—There is a charming simplicity in the words and music of this song, which will, we think, be welcomed by many of our musical young friends.



NEW MUSIC

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Chant des Matelots. Caprice de Concert. By A. L'Estrange.—A brilliant and stylish piece in four flats. The air is well sustained, and the arrangement altogether suitable for the display of a good and rapid performer, without presenting any great difficulties.

Les Yeux de Fanchette. Valse. By E. A. Robinson.—Four easy waltzes with introduction and coda; well marked and quickly learnt.

Grand March from Carmen. Composed by Bizet, and arranged for pianoforte by J. M. Coward.—An easy arrangement of a popular march, requiring ordinary attention to the character of the music to insure a right performance of a march sure to please.

La Reine des Papillons. Valse. By Georges Lamothe.—A nice little collection of waltzes for young performers; with gay frontispiece to attract the eye, and prepare for the pleasure of committing the music to memory.

Yellow Jasmine. From the suite, "The Language of Flowers." Composed by F. H. Cowen. Arranged for violin and piano by Berthold Tours.—This very pleasing portion of "The Language of Flowers" is most effectively arranged for violin and piano. The difficulties of the original are simplified by being divided between the two instruments. The part for the violin is separate, and the pianoforte is guided by having the violin part written above the accompaniment.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Wearin' o' the Green. An Irish melody. Arranged for the pianoforte by George F. West.—A well-known air easily arranged, and carefully fingered and marked.

GODDARD AND CO.

Trois Morceaux. By Renaud de Vilbar. From Lindsay Sloper's Progressive Series of best Pianoforte Works.

No. 1. *Melody.*

No. 2. *A Romance.*

No. 3. *Rondo Valse.*

Three easy *motifs* edited by Lindsay Sloper with his usual care; helpful both to teacher and pupil.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Serenade. Dedicated to Miss M. L. Bladon. By John Gledhill.—A bright little piece in 6-8 time, smooth and quiet, without any difficulties.

Three old English Dances for the Pianoforte. By Frank J. Sawyer.

No. 1. *Morris Dance.*

No. 2. *Minuet.*

No. 3. *Hornpipe.*

Written for young performers in an easy and pleasing style.

ALPHONSE BERTINI.

Au Revoir. Mélodie. By F. Eavestaff.—Two pages of feeling music, written in four flats; easy of execution, but requiring taste and attention to the different plainly-marked

mayed and detained her! Just the flickering of her lamp, the tripping of her foot, but her caution is instinctive and extreme. She reaches the foot of the escalier in safety, sick, faint, and half paralysed with fear. She has hardly sense enough left to insert the key in the lock. She turns it with her last effort, and the silvery morning light falls about her like a veil. The day is broadening rapidly, birds are twittering, and flies already beginning to stretch their lazy wings. Carefully shading her lamp—for she will have need of it yet—her trembling knees carry her forwards.

Jacquet greets her with a little neigh of recognition, which is so human and so welcome in her loneliness, that she has much ado to restrain her tears. She

finds his saddle, and equips him as well as her unaccustomed fingers can secure buckle, and band, and strap. Then she mounts, and rides slowly out of the *basse-cour*, across the bridge, and adown the village street. It is like a village of the dead for quietness; only the faint, dreamy sound of animals in pasture or stall as they wake up with the day-dawn, and the splash and flow of the waters that encircle the *château*, greet her ear. She lets Jacquet walk until they have passed the last habitation, for she does not wish the sound of his hoofs to attract any inconvenient attention.

Outside the village she pauses and turns for one last look at the old *château* standing grim and stately on its green height. With a rush comes back to her the memory of all the happy days spent within its walls, of the first day she saw it girt about with sunshine, ringing in her coming with the merry sound of its waters.

Now they seem solemnly to chant a dirge. She thinks of the happy lace-makers, and of 'Lisbeth lying in her quiet bed on the hillside, of the good-natured little curé, and of all that must henceforth be to her only an undying memory.

As she gazes her last upon the old *château*, her vision grows dim, there is a blurred mist before her eyes. Sadly she turns Jacquet's head and rides away.

(To be continued.)



notes. There is no difficulty in catching the "Au revoir" in the three last bars.

A. Cox.

Euphrosia. A reverie for the pianoforte. By T. Merton Clark.—The reverie commences with a short brilliant prelude, and is an exceedingly pretty drawing-room piece, requiring care in giving the right character to the appoggiatura chords and sustained air. It should be played delicately and with taste. We recommend this piece to our young friends, believing it will give great satisfaction.

College March. By George Asch.—A spirited and easy march. Good practice for our young pianoforte players to acquire decision of touch and correctness of time.

"*Pentre.*" Schottische impromptu. By Ernest Bennett Gilbert.—A decidedly good and well-marked schottische, not beyond the powers of a moderately-advanced young performer. The style is showy and pleasing.

Pensées d'un Solitaire. Composed by E. Bennett Gilbert.—"Les Pensées d'un Solitaire" is in three parts. The first movement, "La Plainte," reminds us rather of the well-known "Last Waltz" of Weber, although decidedly different. The melody is sweet and smooth, and easily executed. No. 2, "La Désireuse," also in waltz time, is expressive and unsettled. "This is followed by No. 3, "L'Ennui," characteristic and equally pleasing as the two first parts.

VOCAL MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

April Song. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Georges Bizet.—An uncommon accompaniment to a well-written song for a soprano voice. Both words and music are of a pleasing character, as might be expected from such writers.

For Aye. Song. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Odoardo Barri.—"The message" that is wafted across the pathless sea is responded to by one equally faithful and true. The air and accompaniment are both expressive and full of energy as well as feeling.

When All the World is Young. Words by Canon Kingsley. Music by J. M. Coward.—J. M. Coward has caught, and produced in music, the character of the song that Canon Kingsley has graphically portrayed in words. There is a long symphony at the beginning, preparing for the coming song; the second verse of which is accompanied in a changed style, suited to the words.

Shaking Grass. By A. M. Wakefield.—Those who have heard A. M. Wakefield's "A Bunch of Cowslips" will be prepared to receive "Shaking Grass" with pleasure. The style is simple, although the subject is a trifle sad.

In the Wood. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Georges Bizet.—As usual, both writer and composer of this quaint descriptive song have worked together to give pleasure to the singer and listener. The song requires good singing and playing, and is written within a moderate compass.

In the Moonlight. Ballad. Written by Theo. Marzials. Composed by Lady Arthur Hill, and sung with the greatest success by Signor Campobello.—Lady A. Hill's "In the Gloaming" has made her name well-known, and Theo. Marzials's reputation requires no mention to render his words acceptable. "In the Moonlight" will not detract from the favourable opinion entertained for both poet and musician.

A. Cox.

Summer and Winter. Duet for tenor and contralto. Words and music by Walter

Maynard.—An easy duet both for voices and accompanist. The parts are simple and quickly caught. With voices blending well together, this duet will be received with pleasure.

Life is full of Happy Hours. Duet for soprano and tenor. Words and music by Walter Maynard.—Another of Walter Maynard's vocal duets, suited for young, fresh voices. The arrangement is good, and the accompaniment easy.

Ding Dong. Duet for soprano and baritone. By Walter Maynard.—A duet sure to please. The ringing of the bell is well imitated, and comes in with telling effect. The arrangement is easy for each performer.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

IV.—THE SECRET OF LOVE.



GIRL disappointed in love was once, they say, changed into a stream and forced to go all through the world in search of the object of her affections. She is not the only one to

whom love has thus brought misfortune, and whose life has been overturned by an affair of the heart.

Perhaps, after all, such experiences have been nothing but the result of blundering and ignorance. Perhaps, my friends. Let us then look into the secret of love and see if we can secure a happier fate, by calling to our aid both reason and commonsense. The study at all events will prove interesting. "God," says some one, "opens a curious book for our instruction, when He sets us reading our own hearts."

It is a necessity of our nature that we should love something. Without love this would be a dull, miserable world, and even if one has only a little bit of a soul the want for love is felt and must be satisfied. "Without love, truly, is not to live, and all the wildest passions," says Fénelon, "by which people are led astray, are but true love which has wandered from its rightful sphere."

Of the helpfulness and advantages of love how much might be said! To us feeble people it brings strength and courage, and banishes weariness. We work hard for those we love and count it nothing, toiling on our way, like the prince in the fairy tale, who, to keep up his spirits, continually repeated the name of his princess. But it has been pointed out that while love is the strongest of the passions, it is at the same time the weakest: it is strong in daring, but weak in fears for the beloved object.

Love stirs us up to do hard work, and it also urges us to do good work. "Sweet maid," says the knight in the story, "if you love me I will try to prove worthy of your love." Dante for the sake of Beatrice "issued from the vulgar herd," and the same thing happens every day with less men than Dante and more obscure damsels than Beatrice.

Love, too, gives new insight and invests everything with a new charm. Hold fast to love if you would see and know. There is a

sense, however, in which love blinds. The falsest description on earth, it is generally allowed, is a youth's account of the maiden he adores, and I have not forgotten how Susan's brother the other day brought me a poem written by Mary: it was in no way extraordinary, but to him it was wonderful and precious beyond telling, a little finer indeed than the finest production of genius he had ever seen.

It would be all very well, girls, if we could place our affections on right objects. But it often falls out otherwise. We become infatuated about the meanest things, and waste our enthusiasm on worse than nothing. "I once thought," says Lizzie, "that pure thoughts and the love of truth and beauty dwelt in the heart of every maiden, but I now see I was very much mistaken."

There is one affection which we may secure with the greatest ease—the love of self. But self-love is at the root of all our troubles, and those who cherish it are little better than spiritual and mental dwarfs. To have a great nature, and to be capable of growing still greater, we must cherish a profound attachment for some one outside of self. Maria, I have you in view in saying this. "Never mind me; I shall turn over a new leaf the day after to-morrow." Alas! Maria, you have been saying that ever since I remember.

The secret of love is to be worth loving. Be lovable, girls, and the conquest of all hearts worth conquering is yours. To hold that secret is as good and likely to bring as much happiness as the lucky possession of a feather plucked from a fairy's wing. There are amongst you, I know, a few bright stars, girls of pure and disinterested affection, but they are only a few. Their composition is on the basis of twenty-nine atoms of heaven to one of earth, whereas the general rule is to give twenty-nine atoms of earth to one of heaven.

Some of you imagine that success in life means getting married. I am not going to discuss that question: as things go there is some foundation for your way of thinking. How important then is it that you should be truly lovable, so that there may never be remarked about you what a friend said to me the other day, "I have got a wife, but really she is no great prize."

How different is the case of Tom—I think you have heard me speak of him before. He lives in the country with one he loves. He rises with the sun and is happy; he walks and is happy; he works and is happy; he sees Alice and is happy; he leaves her and is happy still. Happiness is within him, and never departs for an instant.

Of course, there may be extraordinary circumstances in which a girl of a good and tender heart may remain lovely and unloved. But such a condition of things cannot endure long. Let me just hear of such a girl, and I shall think every minute a whole day till I come to her and whisper in her ear all those tender speeches which spring naturally from the heart of friendship and sympathy.

JAMES MASON.



she had yet learned all that she could learn by her own unaided exertions. The only expenditure she allowed herself was the hire of a piano, and the purchase of sundry drawing materials, additional to those she had already.

She laid out her plan and did not find many interruptions to it. She had spent several afternoons at the Murrays' house, but these, so far from being an interrup-

several other young ladies, by meeting them at the Murrays' house—she had seen Miss Gordon again three or four times. But her acquaintanceship with these had ended there. Because Faith had very strong attachments and affections, therefore her longing was rather for a few friends, of whom one can hardly see too much, rather than for a wide circle, with whom one can never

Faith a visiting-card, bearing the name of "Katherine Scott."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Sing Again, ye Happy Children. Written



TRYING OVER NEW MUSIC.

tion, were a help, as the Murray girls were as much interested in self-improvement as she was, and as each of them had her own hobby, and enjoyed all the advantages their father's position gave them of hearing of new methods and improved books, they could give her much valuable advice, while they, on their side, said to each other that her dainty taste and original way of looking at things were quite refreshing to them. Faith had also made acquaintance with

get far below the surface. Therefore the door-bell had very seldom any interest for Faith. So one afternoon when she heard it ring twice, rapidly and imperatively, though she wondered to herself who was in such an unreasonable hurry, it never occurred to her it could be anybody to call on her.

For once, she was mistaken. Miss Milne knocked rather sharply at the parlour door, and coming in with a somewhat pursed-up mouth, handed

by H. F. Duncan. Composed by Joseph L. Koeckel. In two keys: E flat for tenor or soprano, in C for baritone or contralto.—This is a particularly pleasing song, written in a happy and joyful strain, but partaking of a sacred character; thus, in the second verse—

"Heralded by radiant angels,
Purer than the whitest snow,
Lo! the Lord of highest Heaven
Came to us on earth below."

Both words and music are grand in conception and idea. We recommend this composition to our musical girls.

A. COX.

Do You Know? Words by Fay Axtents. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—A very pretty, melodious, and uncommon song, telling of the beauties and glories of May, with its birds and flowers; the last lines, with change of key and time, are:—

"Love, like lilies, fades away;
We can only love for aye,
When we know what angels say."

Daughters of Erin. Duet for soprano and contralto. Words and music by Walter Maynard.—A lively and joyous composition, easily acquired. It will become a favourite, we think, with many of our young friends, as it is pleasing and euphonious.

Gavotte in B flat for the pianoforte. By F. A. Dunster.—A spirited gavotte, presenting no difficulty to any of our readers who admire this style of composition.

GODDARD AND CO.

Sweet and Low. Written by Alfred Tennyson. Composed by C. A. Rodbard.—These lovely lines by the laureate have been most gracefully and charmingly set to music by the composer. The characteristic accompaniment displays the talent of the artist. We recommend it to our young friends, as it cannot fail to give pleasure when sung with taste and feeling.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Faithful unto Death. Written by Rev. F. L. Downham. Music by Jas. Butler Fortay.—These words have been well and dramatically set by the composer. The tale is a sad one; it tells of a loving and faithful wife going over the battlefield, scanning the faces of the killed and wounded, seeking her beloved husband, and as

"The morning breaks,
Its flight each shadow takes

* * * * *

But yet a fairer sight—
A wreath of golden light

It forms around her head, whose arms are
lying

Cross'd o'er her husband's heart,
That nothing her may part

From him she loved in life and joins in dying."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

A series of popular trios for ladies' voices, with accompaniments by well known composers.—No. 10, *Charity*, by Rossini, is a general favourite, and a very charming composition. It requires a good soprano voice to lead. No. 14, *The Bird's Farewell*; and No. 15, *Hunting Chorus*, from *Martha*, are also excellent, and not quite so difficult.

Whither. Song. Written by H. W. Longfellow. The music composed by G. H. Smart.—This simple melody, with flowing accompaniment suggestive of a brooklet, is extremely tender and musical. It presents no difficulties, which will be a recommendation to some of our girls.

J. BROWN.

Good-night. Song. Written by Helen K. Wilson. Composed by Harry F. Swain.—A pretty song with graceful accompaniment, the words "Good-night" spoken of in connection with various phases of life. Good-night "lightly" when friends depart, "delayed" when lovers part, "with tender anguish" o'er a sick bed leaning.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Sunbeams. (A picture.) Words by Ella. Music by Frederic Egerton Hine.—A very pretty and descriptive song. The time changes in the second part to a *tempo di valse* style, which is bright and pleasing.

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Section Seventh: The Nightingale's Song—
A Pet Bat—The Domestic Swallow—The
Blackcap—Garden Warbler—White-
throats—Wheatear, Chiff Chaff, &c.

"A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor
stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads:
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

Southey.



I must have been on just such another night as this that the poet penned the above lines. Summer will have begun to wane ere these words of mine meet the eyes of my fair readers—summer will have begun to wane, and the green of the leaves will have assumed a more sombre tint; but as I sit here by the open casement, everything tells me it is the sweetest, the most bewitching season of all the year; it is springtime. I have but to step down on to the lawn to be convinced of this; nodding lilacs and starry syringas mingle their perfume with the evening air, and from yonder Portuguese laurel rings out the low, clear, charming song of the nightingale. And there he will sit and sing all the live-long night. To-morrow morning will find him just a trifle farther afield, for some instinct tells him that my dark-haired Persian pussy is an epicure in her way, and would prefer philomel to fish for her matutinal meal. I am more convinced than ever that for the first two or three nights after their arrival in this country the nightingales do not go to sleep at all, but sing on all day as well as all night, the marvel being that they do not get hoarse. But after a week, the night song is not nearly so brilliant nor so prolonged, nor does it attain its pristine wild joyfulness until spring once more gilds the fields with buttercups. By day the song is not so noticeable, though ever and anon it sounds high over the babel of other birds' voices. But, of course, the thrush must sing, the blackbird must pipe, and vulgar sparrows bicker and shriek, and talk Billingsgate to each other, for sparrows having but little music in their own nature, have just as little appreciation for the gift in others.

The bats are abroad every night now in full force. What a wonderful power of flight is theirs, how quickly they can turn and wheel, and how nimbly gyrate! They are hardly to be recommended as girls' pets, however, although I have no doubt to a certain extent they might become so. I never had a pet bat myself. I caught one once and meant to tame it, but as the creature bit me, I concluded it would be cruel to retain it in captivity. I hope to tame and keep one ere long, and may then have an opportunity of relating my experience. It might be thought that, as they live in the wild state chiefly on moths and flies, it would be difficult to obtain food for them in confinement. They will eat raw beef, and if a piece be hung up in the cage the flies are attracted thereto, and this affords the little

inmate an opportunity of enjoying sport and eating his dinner at one and the same time. A bat is not a pretty creature, I must confess, but it is a very old-fashioned one, and wise with a wisdom peculiarly its own. A bat will keep itself clean in its cage—that is an advantage, and if you managed to keep one alive all summer, it would go to sleep in winter. No more about bats.

One of my most welcome summer visitors is the swallow—the *Hirundo vulgaris*, let me call it.

"He twitters on the apple trees,
He hails me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time, that swiftly fleets away.

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear,
E'en transient storms his joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year."

I must be allowed to say that I object to the word "twitter" so usually applied to the song of the swallow. It is more than a meaningless twitter. Although neither loud nor clear, it is—when heard close at hand—inexpressibly sweet and soft and tender, more so than even that of the linnet, and there are many joyous and happy notes in it, which it is quite delightful to listen to. Indeed, hardly anyone could attentively observe the song of our domestic swallow for any length of time without feeling convinced that the dusky little minstrel was happy—inexpressibly happy. Few, perhaps, of my readers are old enough to know that there is a striking similarity between the expressions by sound or voice of the emotions of all animals in the world, whether birds or beasts, and whether those emotions be those of grief or pain, or joy itself. This is well worth observing, and if you live in the country you will have a thousand chances of doing so. Why does the swallow sing in so low a voice? At a little distance you can hardly hear it at all. I have travelled a good deal in forests and jungles and bush lands in Africa, and the islands about it, and, of course, I always went alone—that is, I never had any visible companion—because only when alone can one enjoy Nature, and study the ways and manners of birds and beasts, and I have been struck by the silence of the birds, or, at all events, their absence of song. Why was it so, I have wondered? Probably because the woods where the birds dwell are so full of danger, that song would betray their presence, and the result be death. And the same reason may cause the swallows to lower their voices when they give vent to their little notes of tuneful joy.

No girl who has never held a swallow in her hand can have any idea of the extreme beauty of the bird, both in shape and in shade of plumage. The bright glossy sheen of their purple black, the purity of the white beneath, and the charming tinge of red beneath the chin. Out and in, out and in they fly, all the long summer, for a loft of mine is a favourite building place with these pets, and I can catch one at any time, and I really begin to think they are used to it, and are not a bit frightened when I handle them. They keep on building from about the first of May until far into September; two years ago, the last fledglings of the season left the loft on the 13th of October. They do not leave until they are fully fledged and permitted to fly by their parents, and on the flight day other swallows come to assist them, so that it is quite a great occasion. For a whole week, and perhaps longer, after they leave the loft, they are fed by the old swallows, not only the parents but half-a-dozen others taking part in this cramming process.

But I must resist the temptation to tell you even a tithe of all I know about these beauti-

Mr. Everton was waiting downstairs, and men had arrived who had been already hired for the transport of the picture; so he superintended its packing and placing in the van waiting at the door. This was fortunate, for Goldworthy's first words on awaking were—

"Finished, my darling. Is it in time?"

"It is sent, dear papa," replied May, cheerfully. "Now you must take nourishment to strengthen you after so much labour. For my sake."

"Anything for your sake, my Madeline," he returned, forcing himself to swallow what she presented.

The doctor came again and Minister returned, so there was a consultation of friends below stairs. It appeared that he had simply needed rest and quiet when, urged by his own excitability and Minister's friendly anxiety, he had travelled, painted, and frequented society. Thus do we often misunderstand not only ourselves, but our friends. He was now prostrated, mind and body, and the doctor said that his recovery was doubtful. It must depend, under all circumstances, on good nursing, freedom from anxiety, and rest. May knew that the money received for the first great picture was nearly gone; still, she felt that she must put off her lessons in order to be with him always. Minister, though generous, was not rich, and May's independent nature would fain hinder her from being burdensome to him. However, her faith failed not, and in her simplicity she trusted, not only in God, but in her friends. In a hurried letter to Meredith she told him of her father's illness, but did not allude to their circumstances.

For two or three days the invalid continued in a weak, drowsy, half-conscious state. The doctor shook his head, Minister groaned in spirit, the Evertons came and went, and May watched and prayed. On the evening of the third day she was swallowing a hasty cup of tea in the pretty drawing-room while Minister was with her father, when she was startled by the opening of the door, and the ejaculation of her name in a dear, familiar voice. It was Meredith. Her joy and her tears may be imagined. He had come to her as soon as he received her letter.

"I will tell dear papa you are here. I must go to him," she said, almost as soon as their salutations ceased.

She found her father awake, and watching for her return. The news of Meredith's arrival roused him.

"Let him come," he said, feebly, and they were the first words he had spoken all that day.

May fetched her cousin, who was soon holding her father's hand, while she stood by his side. The patient looked anxiously from one to the other.

"Is all well between you?" he asked, feebly.

"All is well, dear sir," replied Meredith.

"Then—if I die—you will take her back—to—Derwen, and if I live—I shall—be happiest and best—with you."

At these words May's hand joined those of her father and Meredith, and that compact was sealed.

(To be concluded.)



NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Danse des Fées. By Paul de Czerny.—A very good little gavotte, sparkling and easy. By an oversight, an alteration of key has been omitted on page 5, where the key changes from four to three flats after the first line, returning again to the original key at page 6.

Evening. A sketch for piano. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—Written in common time in the upper part, and in triplets for the left hand; a style requiring care in execution, and of great use in bringing the hands into independent power. The air is smooth, flowing, and expressive. We recommend this "sketch" to our young friends, both as a pleasure and recreation.

Three Dances. Dedicated to his mother by Herbert F. Sharpe.—No. 1, "Pavan," is an easy arrangement, suitable for the advanced beginner, who, by attending to the carefully-marked use of the pedal, *legato*, and *staccato* passages, will be able to perform this pleasing little piece aright, and benefit by the study.

Three Rondos. By G. Merkel.—No. 1, *Allegretto* in E flat, is an easy, bright little piece, soon committed to memory, and pleasing. The style is good, and doubtless Nos. 2 and 3 are equally worthy of practice.

Excerpts from the pianoforte works of the great masters.—Walter Macfarren has aided pianoforte students by selecting, editing, and fingering some of the best works of our great masters, so training the ear, taste, and style to understand and execute really good music. No. 1, *Tempo Minuetto* from sonata in B flat, by Haydn, is a good exponent of the care taken by our well-known master in music, Walter Macfarren, who is helping the pupils, in the absence of their teachers, from falling into bad habits.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Ballade in A. Pianoforte piece composed by Bennett Gilbert.—A short and moderately difficult composition. The theme and accompaniment are taken up alternately by both hands; the former should be well marked, as it will add greatly to the effect, and give what is intended by the composer—"a song without words."

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Berceuse. For the pianoforte. By Annie Tait.—A pretty drawing-room piece, well-written and expressive, requiring careful study.

B. WILLIAMS.

Installation. March for the organ or piano. By John B. H. Ring.—A stirring and brilliant march in B flat. A clear and distinct touch, with well-marked time, will make this composition a favourite with many of our readers.

GODDARD AND CO.

Pense à Moi. Composed by Edward Crosse.—A very pleasing valse with good introduction. The sustained notes in the first part are most effective. It is written in the key of D, and ends with a brilliant coda. It is not particularly difficult, and adapted to display the taste and execution of the performer.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

The Vision of Years. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Joseph L. Roedel.—We have just received another of this well-known composer's songs, sung by our talented contralto, Madame Patey. It is grandly set, and fully interprets the sentiment of the poet. The moral of the song teaches us that we should rest happy and contented with our lot in this life:—

"The years when the spirit struggles,
Tho' baffled, beaten, distress'd,
Are climbing up towards the heavens,
The clearest, the brightest, the best."

The Fox and the Grapes. A modern fable. Written and composed by Michael Watson.—A light and lively song; requires to be sung with much archness. It is simple and not difficult. The second part changes to waltz time.

The Snow-white Rose. Words by Michael Watson. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—A pathetic little incident nicely told and gracefully set to music, written in the key of three flats. The accompaniment is easy but very expressive, and the song altogether worthy to be placed amongst those "sure to please."

When Shadows Lengthen. Words by E. Leonard. Music by Alphonse Cary.—Within the compass of a modest singer with an alto voice. An easily learnt and rendered song in the key of D.

Grannie's Young Days. Written and composed by Michael Watson. Sung by Madame Patey.—One of Michael Watson's pleasant home pictures, where we are brought into the very presence of the dear old lady surrounded by loving, listening children. The tone is wholesome, without the exaggeration or sentimentality too often found in our drawing-room songs. The music is unpretentious, and in keeping with the words.

Voices of the Wood. Written and adapted by Michael Watson to a melody by Rubinstein.—A smooth melody, to words of joyful awakening to the beauties of spring, with its many voices of "happy birds," "sweet, balmy breezes," "lovely flow'rets," and "sunshine," to gladden the heart. An easy song both for voice and instrument.

A Winter Story. Written and composed by Michael Watson. With harmonium or organ accompaniment. Sung by Madame Patey.—The song is written in three keys: No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G, No. 3 in E flat.—Another of the sad rehearsals of the oft-told tale of poverty and loneliness within hearing of "voices raised in hymns of praise, sounding sweetly within the abbey walls."

DUNCAN, DAVIDSON, AND CO.

When Spring Returns. Words and music by T. J. Prout.—A joyous, light-hearted song of one whose delight is in the beauties of Nature's newly renewed life, more than in the also to be prized pleasures—possession of friends and home. Both music and words are flowing and agreeable.

If Gipsies Live a Happy Life. Cavatina by T. J. Prout.—The song is dedicated to, and sung by, Miss Ada Patterson, R.A.M., and is well adapted to show off a flexible voice and taste of an appreciative singer; yet with no difficulties either in the vocal or instrumental parts that may not be fairly undertaken by a moderately advanced performer.

A Mother's Dream. Words and music by T. J. Prout.—Another of Mr. Prout's graphic ballads, written in the key of E flat, requiring only a voice of moderate compass and simple expressive singing.

WEEKES AND CO.

Take these Sweet Flow'rets. Duet. For mezzo-soprano and tenor. By T. J. Prout.—A light, graceful little duet; sure to give satisfaction.

Help Thou Mine Unbelief. Sacred Song. By T. J. Prout.—A beautiful expression of the heart's cry of many an earnest one, who desire greater faith whilst struggling with the mists that surround the light. The song must come as from the heart to do good, or to be at all effective.

and find that they number nearly 600! Many of these arrived while the bazaar was in progress, but we understand that Miss Tidd has answered them all. She deserves a vote of thanks as well as the kind writers of the letters and the donors of the contributions they announce. We read, or at least glance through them all, and are amazed to find that they come from readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER living, apparently, in all parts of the habitable globe. We have communications from Canada, South Africa, Barbadoes, Lisbon, Jamaica, Constantinople, Hungary (this written by a native), Jersey, Isle of Man, and Rome. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are thus represented. Great Britain and Ireland naturally contribute the maximum. Every English county appears to send its quota. "Charity never faileth." Again we are asked how the girls can benefit the Home when the bazaar is over, and this will be a matter for consideration. Again, also, we have to acknowledge touching gifts from several servants, and cannot resist chronicling that "A Footman" has not been above making an antimacassar. Many children have sent their mites; invalids have worked for us on their couches; ladies from eighty to ninety years of age have not been idle; heads of schools and their pupils have contributed largely. Here are two "In Memoriams," one "Thankoffering," and a "Thanksgiving for a prayer answered." Here is the announcement that a poor, bed-ridden woman sends two mats. Another communication informs us that a lady's Sunday-school class have all liberally responded to the appeal, and she forwards a box containing their work. In short, what is there not in these 565 missives? If, in the hurry and excitement of the past week, any letter should have been unanswered or gift unacknowledged, will the kind writer or donor pardon the omission? This account is made up to the 28th of June.

It now only remains to us to offer our warm and grateful thanks to all, "individually and collectively," who have so liberally and unselfishly answered our "humble appeal," and to add that we feel assured that the prayers and good wishes which accompanied so many of the gifts are registered above, as well as in the hearts of everyone connected with the Princess Louise Home.

Helen, 1s.; M. C., 5s.; Fred's Lucy, 1s.; Wild Rose, 2s. 6d.; "Two Kym's," 1s. 6d.; L. E. H., 2s. 6d.; An Interested Reader, 2s. 6d.; Constantia, 1s.; Agnes Rowe, 3s.; Grace Pickering, 2s. 6d.; H. J. H., 1s. 6d.; Amy Holt, 2s.; Flo Stacey, 1s.; A Mother and Two Sisters, 2s.; Daisy Wreath, 1s.; Blackbird, 2s.; Mousie, 2s. 6d.; Rosa Shoo-bridge, 1s. 8s. 6d.; Elizabeth Symes, 3s.; Margery, 2s. 6d.; Ethel Gambling, 2s. 6d.; T. C., M. A. C., and H. G. C., 2s. 6d.; Two Gloucestershire Doves, 1s. 6d.; Anon (with work), 6d.; Alice and Nelly, 1s.; S. J. A., 4s.; Thankoffering, 1s.; Winifred W., 2s. 6d.; G. and M. Heron, 2s.; Pattie, 1s.; A Working Girl, 3s.; Nellie Fraser, 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.; E. A. C., 1s.; First-class girls of Spring Church Sunday School, per Jane Genny, teacher, 1s. 10s. 6d.; M. E. P., 1s.; A Friend, 3s. 6d.; Miss Johns, 1s.; Miss Frances, 1s.; Rosabella, 1s. 6d.; R. J. E. H. F. K. C. L., 3s.; E. Standen, 2s.; Miss Hicks, 6d.; C. E. T., 1s.; M. E. P., 5s.; "Ever Onward," 3s.; Mabel Evans, 1s.; An Elder Sister, 5s.; M. A. H., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s.; Miss Matthewman, 3s.; Mary Hayward, 1s.; Miss Standen, 2s.; Mary Webb, 5s.; Miss Thornely, 1s. 6d.; Annie Morris, 2s. 6d.; E. and A. Armitstead, 3s.; Henrietta Tinker, 5s.; M. R., 1s.; White Violet, 6d.; A Wesleyan, 2s. 6d.; Ivy, 2s. 6d.; Will's Darling, 1s.; Miss Somes, 2s. 6d.; A General Servant, 6d.; Lizzie, 2s. 6d.; D. A. C., 2s. 6d.; Beatrice Howe, 2s.; A. S.,

1s.; S. A. B., 4s. 6d.; Maud Mannsell, 1s.; E. and K., 5s.; M. E. T., 3d.; Sincere Well-wisher, 4d.; Emmeline Dennis, 10s.; A. W., 7s. 6d.; Annie Barker, 4s.; Nina, 3s.; H. G., 1s.; Dot, 6d.; Miss Neville, 2s. 6d.; N. and E. Barling, 2s.; Miss Sugden, Pennies collected in a Work-room, 1s. 8d.; Miss Huntley, collected, 1s. 10s.; Jucus, 2s. 6d.; "Ever Onward," 4s.; Aram, 1s.; A Friend and Well-wisher, 2s.; Miss Neal, Miss Scorey, and Mrs. Edwards, 3s.; Louisa, 2s.; An Interested One, 1s.; An Orphan, 1s.; Rugby, 1s. 6d.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Girl's Own Paper," 2s. 6d.; E. S., 3d.; A Little Friend, 1d.; Buttercup, 6d.; L. C., 6d.; S. J. S., 6d.; Jumbo, 2d.; Ernestine Cambier, 1s.; F. S., 1s.; Ellen Nominton, 2s.; Miss Jago, 2s.; E. L. T., 6s.; F. M. B., 1s.; Emma Culver, 1s.; Beryl and Coral, 1s.; N. E. B., 1s.; Sabina Thurbly, 4s.; A. S., 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A Band of Busy Bees, 10s.; E. W. A., 5s.; K. C., 3s.; E. C., 3s.; "G. O. P." Girl, 1s.; E. Morris, 3s.; Daisy, 1s.; Grace and Edith Bradshaw, 5s.; A. M., 9d.; M. A. P., a Mother, 1s. 6d.; Annie Cole, 1s. 9d.; M. F. R. and E. G. R., 2s.; S. J. S., 5s.; A Little Reader "G. O. P.," 6d.; Sarah Hall, 6s.; A. S., 5s.; Flo McConnell, 5s.; F. M. Townsend, 6d.; L. O., 5s.; Miss Hayden, 6s. 6d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; An Irish Girl, 10s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 2s. 6d.; Agnes A. Steer, 10s.; Lilly, 2s.; A. Fothergill, 1s.; L. and Gwennie, 1s.; Grace Maxted, 6s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Sing Again. Serenade. (Berceuse.) With the original French words by Victor Hugo, also with English words, written by Olive Meredith. Music by Charles Gounod.—Those of our young friends who are not French scholars will be glad to find they can enjoy Gounod's charming and beautiful serenade with English words. The writer has been most happy in the adaptation of her poetry to this lovely melody, music and words fitting admirably together. It is far superior to any translation we have seen. It is also of easy compass—from C to G.

Only in Play. Words by Lewis Macdonald. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A very pretty and melodious song; music and words well adapted. The childish love between "the little shy maiden" and the "fair-haired boy" becomes matured by years, and when asked by her lover "to go with him over the sea," laments that her coy refusal is construed literally—

"Oh, 'twas only in play that I whispered
Those words which brought sorrow to me."

Love Lingers Yet. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bamfylde.—This song requires much pathos and feeling. The accompaniment is above the average, at the same time not difficult. It is written in the key of G.

The Proud Lady! Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bamfylde.—The style and character good, suggesting a wholesome lesson. The music and words are well matched.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

As Long as Life Shall Last. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Eugénie Mackay.—The words and music are smooth and flowing. The accompaniment light and easy, and the compass moderate. A song that is easily learnt—unpretentious and pleasing.

S. SPRAGUE.

A Last Good-Night. Composed by Walter

Wesché. Words by Emily Leith.—The style is uncommon and exceedingly pleasing. Both words and music speak the sentiment of the song, which is one the more it is heard the more will it be liked. The accompaniment is very sweet, and the ending soothing and good. It is dedicated to and sung by Mrs. Osgood, whose rendering would not only do justice to the composition, but prove its merit.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

C. JEFFREYS.

Gavotte in C sharp minor. By Annie Florence Judd.—A bright, crisp gavotte, nicely marked in style and time, adapted for a brilliant and clear touch, but not difficult. A mistake has been left in printing in the second bar after the change of key into three sharps. The F in the last chord should be returned to its original place after the accidental on the preceding chord. We can recommend this pleasing short piece by Annie Florence Judd to the special notice of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE AFFECTION OF COWS.

MANY young ladies are terribly afraid of cows, and should they see them coming in the distance will run out of their way to a place of security, as if they were so many wild beasts. Now if they knew what gentle and affectionate animals cows generally are, they would not be afraid to pass them anywhere.

There are at the present time, not forty miles from London, some cows which feed in a meadow with some young cattle. The meadow, which is triangular, is skirted on two sides by roads; the gate being at the angle where the roads meet. Twice a day the cows are fetched away from the other cattle, to be milked. When they leave the field and pass along the road, the young cattle (which are not little calves, but almost full grown cows and bullocks) place themselves along the hedge, on the inside, at intervals where there are gaps, and every cow as she walks along the road outside goes up to them, one by one, presses her lips to theirs very like a kiss, and appears to whisper in their ears an affectionate farewell; as if she said, "Good-bye, dears; be good boys and girls until we return." The cows do not loiter, but pass along the road, and their kind drover does not attempt to interrupt them in this very pleasing habit. It is an attractive and pretty picture to any thoughtful spectator who may chance to be passing.

TAME RATS.

At a short distance from the cows lives an old man who follows the profession of a rat-catcher. He is never so proud as when showing the rats he has tamed, and which he declares to be "one of the wonders of the world." His faithful dog accompanies him. This animal is, or has doubtless been in his younger days, a veritable ratcatcher and a terror to all the rat tribe when set upon them; but he treats his master's tame rats as tenderly as if they were babies, three of whom may often be seen riding on his back. The dog is perfectly quiet and most careful not to let them fall off. But the most extraordinary circumstance of all is the affection between the rats and the old ratcatcher—who, stooping down towards the dog, opens the bosom of his shirt, when the three rats, in turn, crawl off the dog's back on to the old man's bare breast. He then buttons his shirt over them and so carries them home.

horizon, and at whose sea-washed feet lay a singular rock—nature's sole assertion, on all this long reach of sandy shore, of the fierce, rocky coasts which met it abruptly both on north and south. About this knoll nestled one or two lonely farms; and further inland, sheltered by it from the edge of the east wind, lay a straggling village. But the links and the sands were lonely enough. Madge had told Faith as they came along that in all her wanderings there she had rarely met a soul.

Therefore it was the more surprising that to-day, as they advanced towards the green hill, they saw on the shore, nearer to them than the picturesque rock, a group of people. The group was gathered about something which lay on the sand, and some of the people were stooping low over it. Faith, the native of a sweet English woodland, only vaguely surmised what wonder in the form of shark or salvage had the ocean cast ashore on this calm afternoon.

But Madge Cowie stood still. And why did her face grow white and set?

A fisher lad, in a blue jersey, came running towards them, making his way to one of the farmhouses. The boy's own ruddy face was grave, and he answered the question which he read on theirs.

"It's a body, mem—a young gentleman's—and it has not been in the water long."

"I knew it! It is Hugh Duthie!" cried Madge.

And then Faith shrank back and sank down on a grassy bank.

But Madge went forward.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDENS' BIBLE.

By CECILIA HAVERGAL.

THE readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will doubtless be interested in hearing about the presentation made by their sister maidens of the United Kingdom (doubtless many of them were amongst the number!) to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, and therefore the writer will give a short account of the event.

On the 30th of June last, at 12.30 p.m., a deputation of twenty-one maidens assembled at Buckingham Palace to present H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany with a beautiful Bible, in the name of 26,020 maidens of the United Kingdom. They were ushered into one of the numerous state apartments of the Palace, where stood Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany, attended by their lord and lady-in-waiting, ready to receive them. On the table near which the royal party stood was placed the splendidly carved oak casket in which lay the magnificently bound Bible, being in royal purple morocco, with a centre of deep crimson as a background for the richly-chased coronet and letter "H" in a sunken panel of cream white, with clasps in silver gilt, also tastefully chased. The three opening pages of the Bible were in vellum, and beautifully illuminated with an inscription, coronet, and text. The edges of the Bible were also ornamented with scrolls of illuminated texts. Together with the holy volume were two volumes of "Daily Light," bound to harmonise, and also two volumes, in royal scarlet morocco, containing the subscribers' names.

The Countess of Aberdeen was present to introduce the maidens, which ceremony ended, Miss Nugent read the following address:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

"Madam,—The maidens of the United Kingdom gratefully embrace the permission given to them of offering their heartfelt welcome to your Royal Highness to a home in our country, and to a place in the family of our beloved Queen.

"We have selected the Word of God as the outward sign of that welcome, because we reckon it as our own best Treasure, the Pearl of Great Price, the very voice of God speaking to man, by which the silence between heaven and earth has been for ever broken. And although the sound of axes and hammers has been lately heard in its stately fabric of hallowed words, the most searching criticism and the most complete scholarship have been able to add nothing to, and to alter little of, the words on which the hope and faith of many generations have firmly rested, and they only leave us more satisfied than before with the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

"We rejoice to be able to recognise in the doubled number of names from all classes a token of increased and deepened loyalty to our Sovereign, and also as a sign of the high esteem in which His Royal Highness has long been held.

"We would ask to be allowed to add our earnest prayer that the Book which lights the way to the Home which no sorrow can enter, and where no partings can pain, may be the Light of your Royal Highness's earthly home, and that along with the Prince, your husband, you may increasingly find the comfort in sorrow and the joy in prosperity of knowing Him 'in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and Whom to know is life eternal."

After which Princess Hélène gracefully showed her appreciation of the gift by reading the following reply, which she had previously signed with her own name:—

PRINCESS HÉLÈNE'S REPLY.

"Ladies,—I accept your address with no ordinary feelings of gratitude, and I can assure you that the maidens of the United Kingdom could have selected no more welcome gift than the beautiful copy of the Bible which you have now in their names presented to me. I trust, indeed, that the large number of those who have joined in making me this present testifies to the increasing veneration with which the sacred volume is regarded by all classes in the country; and I am glad also to think that the donors were actuated by a desire to seize this opportunity of displaying their loyalty to the Queen and their regard for my husband. I beg you to accept, on behalf of the 26,020 subscribers, my heartfelt thanks for their most acceptable gift and for the kind words of welcome that accompany it."

The following is a list of the names of the maidens who formed the deputation on this interesting occasion:—

The Lady Edith Bligh, the Lady Kathleen Bernard, the Hon. Edith Brodrick, the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird, Miss Barrington, Miss A. Leslie Melville, Miss Okeover, Miss Agnew, Miss Eva Bontcin, Miss Burton, Miss Campbell Colquhoun, Miss Cecilia Havergal, Miss Inge, Miss Layard, Miss Nugent, Miss A. St. George Nugent, Miss Charlotte Stopford, Miss Symes, and Miss Mary Wellesley.



NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Sabbath Morn. Trio for female voices. Words translated from the German of Hoffmann von Fallersleben by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Franz Lachner.—Simple in character and pleasing, though rather short. In bar 7 the treatment of the leading note is objectionable.

Jack Frost. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A charming trio, bright and sparkling, written in J. L. Hatton's happiest vein.

Upward. Words by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by H. Marschner.—This is a really beautiful trio, requiring great nicety in the vocalisation. In consideration of the difficulties it presents, also the rather exceptionally high register for the first soprano, we would recommend this work to be used for three voices only, and not as a chorus.

The Nymphs of the Rhine. Trio. Words translated from the German of C. O. Sternan by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by H. Marschner.—Written in a musicianly style, though lying somewhat high for ordinary singers.

Parting Beam of Daylight. Trio. Words translated from the German of Julius Altmann by H. W. Dulcken. Music by Franz Abt.—A bright and effective piece of writing. We would call attention particularly to the clever use of the enharmonic change in bar 18.

Gipsy Life. Words by John Oxenford. Music by Robert Schumann; arranged by Arthur O'Leary.—We would strongly recommend this as one of the prettiest and most effective trios we have seen for some time. The obligato pianoforte accompaniment is especially to be admired, and though we are most unmistakably reminded of the Huntsmen's Chorus in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, this in no way detracts from the merit, but rather adds to the Bohemian character of the composition.

The Voice of Spring. Trio. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by A. H. Behrend.

Fancy. Trio. Words by J. Keats. Music by A. H. Behrend.

Haymakers. Trio. Words by John Ford. Music by A. H. Behrend.

We must take exception to these three trios as being eminently unvoiced, and the harmonies of the crudest. It seems a pity that such nice words should be wedded to such extraordinary music.

Might I the Bird Be. Words translated from the German of Julius Schanz by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Richard Hol.—A trio written in rather unusual time, viz., 2-8, but exceedingly interesting, with a light and pretty pianoforte accompaniment.

Eat the Fruit, but Give the Seed. Duet. For female voices. Words translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in unison, for two voices.

Woe to Him that, when Life doth Close. Duet. Words from the German of F. Rückert by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon by augmentation, for two voices, too short for general use, consisting only of sixteen bars.

A Christmas Carol. Words translated from the German of H. C. Andersen by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in the second above, for two voices.—A charming composition, full of melody.

Invitation to the Dance. Words translated from the German of Heinrich Carsten by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in the third below, for two voices, sprightly and admirably in keeping with the words.

"You wouldn't like me to say such a thing of your mother, would you?" Paul asked.

"You couldn't, because it wouldn't be true," Phil replied, ramming her hat on to her head in most unbecoming fashion, a sure sign that she was troubled in her mind.

"There's no telling what I might think, but that is no reason why I should hurt your feelings with my thoughts."

Phil preserved a stony silence, and Paul turned away, evidently more than half offended. This was not exactly the adventure that she had anticipated with such relish. Had she really been guilty of rudeness? Phil had never been in the habit of picking her words. She had never troubled her head to think whether they pleased or displeased anyone. She had held it, indeed, as a thing to be proud of that she never hesitated to say anything she thought, however unflattering it might be. Now for the first time it was dawning upon her that it might be a greater virtue to keep her thoughts to herself than to speak them out.

Phil had a much greater virtue than her outspokenness, of which she was barely conscious, which was an aptitude for seeing when she was in the wrong, and an honest desire to acknowledge her fault. The fearlessness of character which prompted that fearful candour rendered it easier in her case than with many people to confess an error, and the blunt honesty of her nature made it impossible for her to do otherwise. With Phil to see she was in the wrong was to publish it to all the world.

She waited impatiently till Paul threw down his hat, when she went straight to him, without a moment's hesitation.

"It was rude of me to say that, just now, about Mrs. Clyfforde," she said, readily. "I can understand that no one can like to have their friends spoken badly of; and I'm sorry I said it."

"You ought to be a boy," Paul said, approvingly. "I never thought a girl could say a thing like that."

"Then you do girls a great injustice," said Phil, grandly. "They're quite as magnanimous as boys."

By this time the rest of the party were gathering up their property previous to turning homewards.

They walked down the road very amicably together, and when half-way home Phil suddenly perceived Margaret coming towards them.

"There's Meg!" cried Bob. "Won't she be astonished!"

Astonishment was hardly the word. Margaret was horrified. The Clyffordes from Clyfforde House walking side by side with Phil in a tumbled gingham, tangled hair, and hat all awry; Bob and Lenny in the grimey galateas, and Katie, though a trifle better, nothing to boast of.

"Why, Phil," she cried, looking askance at her, "how shockingly untidy you are!"

"Not worse than usual," replied Phil, with fearful honesty. "Besides, who cares? One can't be always thinking about clothes."

Paul seemed very much amused at this little episode. Margaret was piqued, and wondered whether he was laughing at her or Phil. She would have given much to know, for Meg did not like the idea that anyone should be laughing at her, at all.

"Now I have found you I may as well turn back," she said, leaving them to infer she had come in search of them. Phil knew better, and was on the verge of saying out what she knew, when the remembrance of Paul's reproof came back to her mind, and she held her tongue.

To her mind the adventure was ended. Margaret was proper and dignified, and paid great attention to her appearance, not with-

out reason, for she was a very pretty girl, and in all the bloom of her girlhood. But these intolerant young people looked upon her as quite an outsider. They had no sympathy with her ideas, and hugely pitied her for being so dull.

She was as pleased as possible to make the acquaintance of these Clyffordes, and was trying, Phil could see, to give them a good impression of the superiority of the Delahayes, which, Phil was saying to herself, was absurd, for were they not as poor as possible, and what was the good of pretending they were anything else?

"To think you should have gone out that figure with them!" Margaret said, in high reproach, when they had parted from their companions. "What a good thing I met you! They must have thought we were savages."

"It wasn't you they wanted to play cricket with," retorted Bob, "so you needn't give yourself airs, Meg."

"Hold your tongue, child," said Margaret. "I do wish, Phil, you'd learn to be a little more decent in your appearance. How absurd it is for a girl of your age to tear about like a great boy and never be fit to be seen. You disgrace us. I shouldn't be surprised if those Clyffordes aren't quite disgusted with you all, and how nice it would be to know such people."

"Poor things!" cried Phil, perversely; "you talk as if they were angels because they're rich. Poor creatures, they're as dull and miserable as Dutch dolls. With all their money Paul can't go to college, and they don't even remember their mother. Poor things, I don't envy them." And Phil flung upstairs in something like a rage.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Little Wanderers. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—Charming words set to appropriate and beautiful music. Two little homeless wanderers, pausing forrest on the threshold of an old church, find a refuge there, and listen to the wondrous song they had ne'er heard before—"Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace."

"And the angels bore them home to God, Ere they reached the glad Amen."

The Starlings. Duet for mezzo-soprano and contralto. Words by Rev. C. Kingsley. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A rather difficult but exceedingly pretty duet; requires great care in the singing, and good execution in the rendering of the accompaniment, which is rather elaborate. It is well worth all the attention that is needed in acquiring it.

Moon-Spell or Dolly. Song by D. F. Blomfield. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—A simple love tale, most effectively set to appropriate music. The melody is good and the accompaniment easy, the concluding verse recalling the well-known words of our immortal bard—

"We all are players for our day,
On the stage of life we fare,
Each with his little part to play,
Each with his mask to wear."



AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

INTRODUCTORY.



AM going to let you into a secret, dear girls. The title of this paper ought to be, "*Seaside Lodgings, and How to Make them Comfortable.*" This title, just as it stands above, was supplied to me by our mutual friend, the Editor, as the text for my contribution to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I assure you I sat down intending to be faithful to my trust. I meant to go straight—mentally, of course—to the seaside, look into the lodging-houses, observe their various recommendations and disadvantages in a housewifely way, as well as in a proper business-like fashion. I meant to have examined the faces of the landladies straight off, and reported accordingly. But instead of that, imagination no sooner packed its imaginary trunk, and prepared to obey our "mutual friend's" behest, than it became rebellious. "Am I," it said, "to be confined to a single sitting-room, or two at most, and three bedrooms, one double-bedded? Am I to travel down to various seaside places and spend a mental holiday in one or other of them, without giving a glance at the ocean itself, and revelling, for the time, in realities instead of pictures and memories? Am I to enter into all the details of housekeeping and marketing, to discuss furniture and table appointments, and give you a list of all the odds and ends you must bring with you, yet have no dip in the buoyant waters, no long, delicious ramble, to bring me back with appetite to the table which I have catered for? Am I to have all the prose and others all the poetry?"

Imagination pauses, but only to break out into more open rebellion. "I will do the lodgings part of the business. I will tell you about furniture and landladies, eligible situations and sites to be avoided, and, for your sakes, touch on subjects too numerous to mention."

Only I must not be compelled to travel by even an imaginary express train, or be expected to take the very shortest cut to "Sea View Terrace" or "Marine Crescent"—the paradise of lodging-houses. If I choose to chat with a fellow traveller or spend the length of a paragraph on the road, who shall say me nay?

At the very outset I felt a longing to rush over the prescribed lines and look into some country lodgings. The very name of these brings a whiff of lavender-scented linen to our

Phil's own had played the traitor and danced gaily for a moment.

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to be a soldier," Paul said, thoughtfully, which remark immediately drew from Carrie the exclamation, "Oh, Paul, whatever put that into your head?"

"It's been floating hazily there for some time, Carrie," Paul replied. "What do you think of it, Daisy?"

"I think it's rather dreadful," Margaret replied, dolorously. "Papa is always away."

Paul glanced at her gratefully. She had quite unconsciously shown him that she at any rate would miss their pleasant companionship.

"What do you say, Phil?" he asked.

It was no good, Phil could not be untrue to herself.

"I think it is the grandest thing in the world," she said, enthusiastically, with her bright eyes all animation. "I love to see the soldiers march away, looking such brave, true men. I always feel as if my feet itched to follow them, and I love buckling on papa's belt and sword."

"How can you, Phil?" cried Carrie, almost heartbroken, and Phil's enthusiasm was quickly succeeded by self-reproach. "I really could not help it," she said to Carrie, apologetically.

(To be concluded.)

Pontet.—This is written in easy and pleasing style, with a *tempo di valse* ending to each verse.

A Shy Maiden's "No." Ballad. Words by Wilton Wyatt. Music by H. de Vaux.—A simple song, not requiring much effort to sing or play.

Bright Eyes. Valse (with vocal refrain *ad lib.*). By W. Anton Doorly.—A brisk and well-marked waltz, by no means difficult. The vocal refrain with the accompaniment *ad lib.* in No. 3 and the coda is a pleasing addition, and the bass chords in the finale are grand and effective. We recommend it to our young friends.

Rosina. Polka. By T. Browne.—A nice piece for little players, in an easy key, without any difficulties.

WOOD AND CO.

A Twilight Hour. Impromptu for the pianoforte. By Felicia.—A nice, light little piece, written in A flat; may be easily committed to memory.

METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO.; and PATEY AND WILLIS.

Eleven part songs by Franz Abt, for first and second trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford.—We are very much charmed with the book of part songs before us. They are exceptionally good, both as regards poetry and music, and within the capabilities of the generality of voices. We have not met with any for treble voices that have pleased us more than the collection before us, and we unhesitatingly recommend the work to our girls, who, we are sure, will find it a pleasing addition to their musical library. We would add that the reasonable price of one shilling is a further recommendation.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Around the Throne of England. National part song. Written and composed by Harold E. Stidolph.—A stirring composition, which will find an echo in the hearts of all the loyal subjects of our beloved sovereign.

Circe. Valse. By the same composer.—A well-marked and good swinging movement is carried

throughout; altogether, with a little study, we think this would become a favourite.

Reine d'Amour. Song for soprano or tenor. Words by Francis Turner Palgrave. Music by Hastings Crossley.—We highly recommend this composition; both words and music are well suited one to the other. It is very much above the average of songs that come under our notice. It requires a good soprano or tenor voice, and careful playing.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Streamlet. Words by Maryanne Stodart. Music by Adolphus Antoine.—A graceful and pretty little song, with a flowing accompaniment, set to words that follow the meandering of the stream:—

"But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known,
Its gentle murmur far was heard,
A friend's familiar tone!"

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Margaret. Words by Gertrude Moberly. Music by Edwin M. Lott.—This ballad first appeared in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. It is very pretty, very easy, and charming in its simplicity; the bells ringing out a merry peal on the occasion of Margaret wedding her soldier lad is very effective.

J. AND W. CHESTER, and STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Six songs for voice and piano. Words by Burns, Moore, and Barry Cornwall. Composed by John Gledhill.—We cannot say too much in praise of these charming compositions, evidently the work of a thorough musician:—

Raving Winds Around her Blowing is exceptionally good, the vocal part and accompaniment, with change of key from B flat to G natural, being very characteristic, and in keeping with the poetry.

The Lesbian Maid. This well-known poem of Thomas Moore has been most happily illustrated, and the simple but beautiful melody and clever accompaniment render it a perfect gem.

I Dream of Thee. A most graceful and superior song. And the same may be said of *To a Woodlark*, a pensive little song, soothing and expressive.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton. This original and beautiful melody, with its flowing accompaniment suggestive of the murmuring stream, needs only to be heard to become a universal favourite; indeed, we unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our young musical friends all the compositions in this book as being worthy their attention and study.



W. D. CUBITT, SON, AND CO.

A Tale of a Kiss. Song. Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.—Both words and music are well written. The accompaniment is easy and the air simple. The *a tempo* movement towards the end of the last verse should be well marked, and the *con spirito* not be overlooked.

All is Fair in Love. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Henry

heard it all. She saw Esau depart upon his errand, and knew that it would take some time. She immediately went to Jacob and bade him bring her two kids of the goats, and she would prepare some savoury meat which Jacob should carry in under the guise of Esau, that he might receive the blessing. Jacob seemed not a little alarmed. The deceit of the proceeding did not daunt him, but he feared detection, feared, too, that in case of it he should bring upon himself his father's curse.

"Upon me be thy curse, my son," was Rebekah's confident rejoinder. Being strongly under her influence, Jacob yielded, and was soon invested, not only with Esau's best raiment, but with the holy robes which were kept in a perfumed chest, and in which he must have had the right to sacrifice after his father's death had he retained the privilege of the firstborn. The skins of the kids fastened on his arms made him to the touch like Esau.

It is shocking to read what follows. If one lie can be more debasing to the moral nature of a man than another, surely it must be a lie spoken to a blind and venerable parent whose days are nearly numbered.

Isaac was confused; he was in doubt. His ear was not so dull that he could be all at once mistaken in the voice. He wondered, too, that the venison had been procured so quickly, but unabashed Jacob wove a whole tissue of falsehoods to perfect the deception.

The plot succeeded. The smell of the sacred garments that he wore occasioned, perhaps, by the aromatic herbs used to preserve them through many generations, reminded the patriarch of a "field that the Lord had blessed," and his touch having lost its acuteness, he did not discern the difference between the skins of the kids and the rough arms of Esau. So over Jacob's head he pronounces Esau's blessing.

Rebekah by unholy means had gained her end, and God did not interfere or deprive Jacob of the privileges promised to him. But oh, how clearly retribution followed on the deed! The triumph of the mother and the son was but short. No one can read of Esau's agony and Isaac's great fear—for he trembled very exceedingly when he learned the imposition—without being deeply touched.

Esau was so wrung; he wept so bitterly, and in impassioned accents entreated his father, "Bless me, even me also, O my father."

"Thy brother came with subtlety," said Isaac, "and took away thy blessing." "Is he not rightly named Jacob?" He took away my birthright, and now he would take away my blessing. . . . Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father!

Was not such a scene enough to shake the last sands in the old man's hour-glass? We cannot wonder that Esau hated Jacob. His resentment was strong and deep, but from regard for his father he determined to postpone his revenge, not only while he still lingered, but till the days of mourning for him were accomplished. "And then," he said, "I will slay my brother Jacob."

The frankness of this avowal was very unlike the secretiveness and diplomacy that characterised Jacob.

Rebekah, hearing of it, took the alarm. She had initiated a series of troubles that were only to end with her life. "The wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

She felt the necessity of getting Jacob out of the way, and entreated him at once to flee to Laban, to Haran. She thought, and there she was mistaken, that Esau would soon forgive and forget; but at present discretion was the better part of valour. "Why should I be deprived of you both in one day?"

To hide her real anxieties from Isaac, Rebekah spoke to him of imaginary ones.

She was sending Jacob away, she said, in the hope that he might meet with a suitable wife.

"I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are in the land, what good shall my life do me?"

Appropriately advised by his father, Jacob set forth upon the weary pilgrimage that was to find him on his stony pillow consoled with a vision of angels.

From this time no mention of Rebekah occurs in the sacred writings. Even the spot where the remains of her nurse Deborah were committed to the earth is recorded as a place of weeping; but Rebekah's lamp of life here goes out unnoticed. No one knows the time of her death and the place of her sepulture. Contrary to all expectation, Isaac's life was prolonged for twenty years, but Rebekah lost her son in the day when she tried to secure his advancement by unfair means. Jacob's subsequent history till his return from Padan-aram was a tissue of vexations. The personal benefits resultant to him from both blessing and birthright were only apparent, the loss to Esau was only apparent. It was by their posterity the inequality between them was to be felt. Yet had Rebekah trusted that God would work out His purpose in His own way, how much better would that way have been than hers, and how much suffering and remorse must have been spared to herself and her children!

Let us visit Jacob again in thought at the time when, after long years, the fear of his brother, who was coming out to meet him, drove him to God in prayer beside the brook of Peniel.

"And there wrestled a man with him till the break of day," who revealed himself as the Angel of the Covenant, and imparted to him a new name and a new nature. What were the memories that must have pressed upon Jacob's mind? He had passed over Jordan, poor and penniless, a forlorn and despised pilgrim, having no guide to direct him, no friend to cheer him, no beast to carry him. He had lain on the ground with the heavens for his canopy, a stone for his pillow, the darkness for his curtain. Yet the Lord had preserved his life and had prospered him. He was now spread into bands. The hand that had punished had sustained him, and the same Almighty hand would punish and sustain him even to the end.

At the moment that he bowed his head in shame and said, "My name is Jacob—supplanter! deceiver!" he knew the Divine why of all he had had to suffer.

Dear young friends, there is a Divine Why working through the conditions of your lives and mine. God is willing to take great pains with us. Let us be careful how we draw down upon ourselves the severer evidences of His love. Compensation and retribution are still too great forces in His moral government, for—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all."



NEW MUSIC.

J. AND W. CHESTER, and STANLEY LUCAS. WEBER, AND CO.

Three Romances, arranged for violin and pianoforte by Ferdinand Praeger.—No. 1, in the key of G, is a short andante movement, both instruments harmonising together. No. 2, in the key of C, is a graceful composition. No. 3, in four sharps. The theme is played by the violin, and a flowing accompaniment is sustained by the piano, each requiring great care and attention in the execution.

Three Scherzos, for the pianoforte. By John Gledhill.—No. 1, before us, is a charming drawing-room piece, and will be welcomed by our young friends. The sostenuto movement is most effective, coming in as it does between the vivace of the first and third parts.

GODDARD AND CO.

Sunless the Skies. Words by T. Smith, Esq. Music by Henry Stiehl.—We are much impressed by the words and music of this beautiful song, which is quite out of the common style. The mournful tone throughout the first verse is contrasted vividly with the bright change to the major key in the latter part, when the skies are no longer sunless, but—

"Bright is each landscape with love."

Cradle Song. Pour Piano. Par Henry Logé.—A little and easy piece, suitable for unpretentious players.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Romeo and Juliet. Fantaisie brillante sur l'opéra de Bellini, *Montecchi e Capuletti.* By Sydney Smith.—An extremely well arranged piece, commencing and ending with the well-known march. The variations on the different melodies are brilliant, and the air well sustained throughout; being fingered, it is within the capabilities of an average pianoforte player.

Also by the same popular and versatile composer, *The Minster Tower.* Gavotte and Musette. Both worthy of notice, and suitable for moderate players.

La Tristesse. A charming drawing-room piece.—The melody is taken in the left hand, the right hand forming an accompaniment. With expressive and feeling playing, "La Tristesse" would become a favourite.

Polonaise. For the pianoforte. By Boyton Smith.—A characteristic piece, brilliant without being difficult. We recommend it to the notice of our girls as suitable for musical evenings.

Rigaudon. By the same composer.—This extremely pretty and well-arranged piece takes its name from a lively dance of bygone days. We can recommend it.

WEEKES AND CO.

When the Day is Dark and Dreary. Words by George Weatherly. Music by Harold E. Stidolph.—A fine song treated in a most masterly style; music and words well combined; requires good singing and playing.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Prayer on the Waters. Words translated from the German of Moritz Graf Strachwitz by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon by inversion, for two voices.—A wonderfully clever piece of writing, erring only on the side of brevity. These duets of Reinecke's, in addition to their undoubted merit as vocal compositions, will amply repay the careful study of the theorist, and will abundantly show what beautiful music may accompany a strict observance of dry contrapuntal rules when these latter are applied by such a thorough master of the subject as Carl Reinecke.

Herewith comes to hand our third rule—that history must be *studied* methodically and systematically—"Geschichte"—arranged in due gradations of order. An outline must be sketched in the memory first—a ground plan of the whole, briefly worded, but indelibly marked into the recollection with central dates. Don't cry out and turn away in despair at the word *dates*. They *must* be learned, it is true; but the nineteenth century has supplied us with so many modes of rendering it easy to get them by heart that, with the help of one or other of these *technica memoria*, a single date can effectually be stamped into the recollection each day. Never attempt more than one, and only learn five per week; on Saturdays go over the old ones carefully, writing them out from memory, as well as repeating them. If you possibly can, get some tiny pupils—some little brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces—and teach them as you go on; carefully confining your efforts to the mastery of one date and its event each day, and telling the story of it in simple, graphic language the youngest child could understand. Adam naming the beasts, Noah saved in the ark, the Trojans and the wooden horses, Xerxes whipping the waves—you will find an unfailling stock of anecdotes wherewith to amuse the little ones; the history lesson will be a daily pastime, and in three months you and your scholars will know the principal events of history, from the creation of man to the Ashantee war. Five dates a week make precisely 65 in a quarter, and that will include all the central events needful to be remembered. As to the actual dates themselves, little memories are generally rather quick to recollect them, especially if encouraged to notice the recurrence of certain numbers, and to select each one a favourite number for him or herself. We generally commence a chronology lesson to young children, somewhat in this style: "Which number do you like best? I like eight, for my part, it is so nice and round; Johnny likes four? Very well, Johnny shall have *four* for his own, just as I take *eight* for mine; and Mary wishes to have three, and you like two, do you Frank? Well, now, you will each get turns for your favourites: for instance, Adam was created 4004 years before Christ—there are two *fours* for Johnny!" etc., etc. This sort of teaching will fix almost any date in the heads of quite young children; and if a coloured sugarplum of some particular hue and flavour be further appropriated to each of the nine Arabic figures, and an occasional treat, arranged according to dates, be given, there is small fear of the old ones being forgotten. And in thus printing the outlines of history into younger minds, you will fasten them indelibly in your own. England, and the reigns of our kings and queens, should come next, and then France; and the outlines of these three—general, English, and French history—being for ever fixed in the mind, you should then take up some part in which you feel a special interest, or have some reason connected with your other studies for wishing to become better acquainted with. The story of ancient Greece and Rome ought especially to be mastered; they make so many other kinds of literature interesting and comprehensible. But, whichever you choose, keep to it perseveringly, and study it with exhaustive thoroughness; and to make the task easier, adopt some guiding method, such as an investigation of the wars of the country, or a search into the biography of its kings, or its chief men. These systematic readings are twice as useful as desultory perusals of a large surface of subject matter. You will find that in hunting out individual battles, or princes, heroes or tyrants, you pick up a variety of knowledge which gathers round the nucleus of your thought like a snowball, and becomes firm and compact as you go along.

Lastly, recur often to the idea that what you are reading of has really happened and been performed by live men and women, immortal souls yet existing somewhere in the universe. History is the chronicle of God's world and His dealings with it, and our eyes must be dim and our ears dull indeed if we wholly fail to trace therein the workings of His all-wise and merciful providence, or to read there how He does exercise His prerogative of bringing good out of evil, and overruling man's short-sighted folly to His own good purpose. Written across the pages of history in letters of fire is the fiat, "*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap*," and Time has proved its veracity in innumerable instances during the slow march of centuries. When the heart is sick with injustice and the brain weary with wrong (as the feeling heart and observant brain will sometimes be in this fallen world), it is like a new draught of the elixir of patience to turn to the records of history, and read of the rise and insolent prosperity of one wrongdoer after another, only to fall at last and "go to his own place," leaving a world made ready by his very crimes and oppressions for happier and better days. Thus God is educating mankind, bit by bit, line upon line, for the restitution of all things, when all the earth shall be filled with His Majesty.

NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY AND CO.

A Knight of Old. Words by Robert Gerard. Music composed by Frank L. Moir.—An excellent song in two keys, C and D; full of life and spirit, admirably adapted to the words. We are much impressed with the few bars of introduction, also by the change of time. At the beginning of the third verse the contrary motion in the accompaniment has a very good effect. This song only requires to be known, and with good singing and playing must become a favourite.

Waiting for the King. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A pathetic and pleasing song, the story of a poor child footsore and weary.

"Last night, in her dream in the cellar,
A beautiful angel came nigh,
And bent o'er the sleeper to tell her,
'To-morrow the king will pass by.'"

As of Old. In three keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in D, No. 3 in F. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—We are favoured with another of this popular composer's songs, which will be welcomed by his many admirers. In the fourth bar a minim E has by mistake been omitted.

Sunshine and Rain. In three keys: No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G, No. 3 in A. Words by F. Wyville Home. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—The song before us is particularly charming, as most of this celebrated composer's are. It requires nice singing; the accompaniment must be attentively studied. We recommend it to our young musical friends.

Moon Daisies. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Stephen Adams.—A pretty and melodious song, telling the story of a lovers' quarrel brought to an amicable close.

"Softly, she answered, 'Our trouble now ends,
For the moon daisies say, Kiss and be friends.'"

WEEKES AND CO.

Six movements for the harmonium. Composed by C. J. Frost. Written in an easy and pleasant style; being all fingered, the student will not have much difficulty in playing them.

J. AND W. CHESTER, & STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Two marches by Franz Schubert, transcribed for pianoforte solo by Arthur H. Jackson:—

No. 1, *Marche Militaire*, is a stirring composition, written in two sharps; the soft and melodious trio in the key of G is an agreeable change; the finale is a repetition of the first part. It forms a brilliant solo, without being difficult.

No. 2, *Marche Héroïque*, is an andante movement in D minor. The majestic style of this composition, with its several changes, must be carefully studied, when it will form a pleasing variety in the drawing-room.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

A series of cantatas or operettas for ladies' voices; adapted for schools, singing classes, and public gatherings.

The Children's Queen. Libretto by Mrs. L. L. Stratton. Music by G. W. Stratton. Edited and revised by Henry Fisher, Mus. Doc. Cantab.

The Pic-nic. Words by George Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

The Twin Sisters. By H. D. Saroni.

The Flower Queen. Written by Miss Frances Jane Crosby. Music by George F. Root.

An Hour in Fairyland. Composed by Henry Schoeller.

We cannot say too much in praise of the five books of cantatas before us; they are well adapted for families, singing classes, &c., the type is particularly clear and distinct, the choruses are well arranged, and the solos exceptionally pretty. We strongly recommend them to the notice of our musical friends. We regret that want of space prevents our giving a more detailed account of them.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Hush Thee. Lullaby. Words and music by Cotsford Dick.—A thorough lullaby, smooth and crooning; suitable for a contralto voice. The compass moderate, and air pleasing. The termination is very effective.

The Star of Home. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by John Francis Barnett.—A sailor's guiding star and cheering remembrance of home affection. No difficulty either in accompaniment or vocal rendering. The song is written in the key of G.

Outside. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by John Francis Barnett.—A song by the same writer, but different in character. The subject of the story may be a little hackneyed, but seems to please. The air with its accompaniment is a good and pleasing exponent of the pathetic tale.

Tell me Why. Words by W. Bartholomew. Music by Clytie. Written in three flats for soprano, compass E to G.—A simple and smooth little song, easily learnt by a young songstress.

The Reason Why. Words by H. M. Burnside. Music by G. Adelman.—The words describe a happy and cheerful spirit which looks on all around as ministering to the joy of expectation. The music is telling, without difficulty. Written in the key of D, compass D to E.



expected to be by the calls of several trades-people, whom on that particular day I wished to see myself.

"Suddenly I thought I heard a scream, so piercing it never could have come from Baby's throat, then another! and as I tore up stairs, that morning when my husband warned me rushed into my mind.

"Yes! it was all in flame!—the clothes, the cradle with its muslin trimmings, and my precious child! I caught him burning to my breast and against my own bosom with my own hands crushed out the flame. For three terrible hours of agony, madness hovering over my brain, doctors standing helplessly round, I held out for my baby's sake and clasped him lovingly to my scorched breast as he moaned his little life away. When he had breathed his last and my husband gently took not my babe, but a lifeless body from my arms, I remember feeling an agonised terror as if all the universe were on fire, and then for long months I was conscious no more.

"At last there came an awakening, a return to the consciousness of life. I knew what I was and who I was, I recognised my husband, but I did not yet remember the past of my motherhood.

"They had healed my burns, which I never knew I had; the scars I was too weak to notice. The first day I was strong enough to sit up a little something impelled me in the nurse's absence to totter to the looking-glass. Then I saw my hair, my rich brown hair, in snow-white braids all round my head.

"The link was found, the spell was broken; with the surprise the horror came rushing back again, and had not Aleck at that moment entered the room and read the truth in every line of my poor smitten face I believe I should again have sunk back into illness and madness.

"Softly he took me in his arms, softly he caressed the silvery hair and murmured in a voice rich with the forgiveness I should never have dared to hope for:—

"Weep and pray, Jeannie, for my sake; I could not bear to lose you both."

"The floodgates were opened, and in that first full torrent of tears something like healing stole over my heart.

"I was never again what I had been, never very lovely, never happy with the happiness of the young. But I assimilated more day by day to my earnest husband and to his noble nature. Through him I have known happiness that, had my darling not suffered and died, I should never have known on earth.

"Sons and daughters grew up round us in a home that was instinct with the true spirit of order, the order which arises out of a life one with all its highest aims and deepest tenderness, a life that has learned to be true to the soul within it.

"Jeannie, have I told my tale in vain?"
I think I only answered with a sob.

CONSTANCE BEVERLEY.

NEW MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

Phyllis. Written and composed by Cotford Dick.—A playful, pastoral song, words and music both pretty and pleasing, written in two keys: No. 1, C, compass C to C; No. 2, F, compass F to F.

It Is Not Always May. Words by Longfellow. Music by A. H. Cox.—The words, which are taken from a Spanish proverb ("No hay pa' jaros en los nidos de antano") need no comment after naming their writer. The music carefully and smoothly indicates the

sentiment, and will be listened to with satisfaction.

The Waif. Words by H. Savile Clarke. Music by Allan Macbeth.—Kindly thoughts on seeing a poor flower-seller, whose beauty and rough path are forgotten, whilst the world praises her poses and wears them for "one short hour," heedless of the "soul worth far more than the roses." A call to the philanthropists who are doing much to lighten the sorrow and wear of so many whose taste adds much to the brightness and freshness of our homes. The music commences in a minor key, and changes easily and naturally into a major key at the end. The accompaniment is very easy and the air simple.

Robin Redbreast. Words by W. Allingham, Esq. Music by Anne W. Pelzer.—A song suitable for our young performers. The music is easy and appropriate to the words which the title gives the clue to. It is written in the key of G.

Castle Keep. Words by Eliza Cook. Music by C. H. Flota.—A lively little song in the old English ballad style. If sung with archness and feeling, it will be an agreeable change to the more sentimental and elaborate productions so constantly heard. The song is written in the key of D, and of moderate compass.

GODDARD AND CO.

Adrift. Words by Mary Gregory. Music by John H. Glover.—The story is of a sleeping child "drifting out to the ocean" in a fisherman's boat, with a wee basket and spade in his hands; whilst his dog Carlo, stretched by his side, till he too sleeps, "washed by the cooling spray," wakes to see his master die. A fisher maid finds the large Newfoundland and wee spade washed on a rock—the noble fellow's efforts to save the child having failed. The music and words are appropriately wedded; simple in style and easily performed.

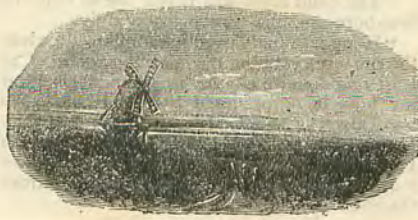
METZLER AND CO.

Metzler and Co. have done good service to our part singers by publishing a number of Hutton's three-part songs for female voices—soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. "The Syrens" and "The Naiades" are two good ones. Also four-part songs, for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass.—"When the Heart is Free From Care," "If the Heart Be Glad," "The Spirit of Song," "The Song of Love," "Springtime," an anthem for Advent, "While the Bridegroom Tarried," "And at the Time," for soprano solo and chorus, are good specimens of the style and character of these handy little copies, which are well printed, and sold at the very reasonable price of threepence each.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

We Shall Meet. Words by C. J. Glenister. Music by H. A. Muscat.—Sad and hopeful memories are recalled by the church bells and choristers' voices wafted across the meadows heard "long ago," bringing a balm of sadness a heart crushed with woe; but alive to a "bright to-morrow," "the meeting in heaven." The song is plaintive but not dull.

Durdham Down. Words by G. Clifton Ingham. Music by Alfred S. Walter.—A right little song of rural life; with easy air and accompaniment written in the key of G.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWALLOW.—To clear your room of mosquitoes, gnats, and all such pests, uncork a bottle of oil of pennyroyal, and they will take a hasty flight. This is an "American notion," and, we believe, will be found successful.

HERMOSA.—We advise you to apply to the General Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W., which grants pensions to aged and infirm servants who have subscribed for three years.

L. T.—Perhaps the Convalescent Home at Ayl would suit you. Apply to Mrs. Tudor Owen, Sywell House, Rhyl, North Wales.

DAHLIA.—If the bathing in hot water has failed to benefit your bloodshot eyes, you had better consult an oculist, or else a good doctor, as we could not undertake any responsibility about the matter. There must be something amiss constitutionally, and you are not apparently suffering from a mere cold in the eyes.

TWINS OF SEVENTEEN.—Your father's wife should be treated with respect for your father's sake. It is an insult to him to treat her otherwise. This you may find somewhat hard under the circumstances which you name, viz., her extreme youth for such a position, and her want of due consideration for you. But we all have some cross to bear, and if we desire to serve God, to whom we owe all the blessings and comforts we enjoy, we must endeavour to bear it bravely and with submission to His will. When "patience has had her perfect work," and you have set a good example in your dutiful behaviour, that cross will be removed. Try to win your young stepmother's love and respect.

LILY TRIVETT.—Lay the flowers to be pressed between sheets of blotting-paper, having first arranged them, and then lay them under a moderate weight not heavy enough to crush them, leaving them alone until quite dry.

MAIDENHAIR.—No prophet cursed Eli, the High Priest. It was the youthful Samuel, his successor in his sacred office, whom God inspired and caused to prophesy to his patron and guardian of the judgments that were coming on him and his wicked sons.

RABY.—In making an announcement from a pulpit of the proposed preaching of a clergyman, neither the initials "A. B.," nor "Bachelor of Arts," should be added to his name by the preacher. His title to occupy the pulpit, and his being in all respects eligible as an assistant to the incumbent, is taken for granted. When his name appears in print, the initials that indicate the character of his scholastic degree may be placed after it.

ONLY A PRIMROSE.—We do not see how you could pronounce the word "penal" otherwise than as if written "pee-nal." If pronounced "pen-nal," two "n's" would be essential (as a general rule).

MISERRIMUS.—We feel for our little friend very much, but she expects to have the mind, and the trained and highly cultivated taste and powers of criticism of a grown person at the tender age of only twelve years! How could you understand the grand ideas of Milton or enter into those of the great dramatist Shakespeare? At your age it would be too precocious to appreciate works like theirs or the classical music of Beethoven to a lively jig or a nursery ditty. Children may be very clever for their respective ages; but when they understand what is only intended for grown people, we know that they will not live long. Comfort your little self on this point, and remember what St. Paul said in 1 Cor. xiii. 2, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, &c. Why should you expect to understand better than he did?"

JEANNE GWENDOLINE.—1. We think you should send the black satin to a cleaner. 2. Your writing is not sufficiently flowing and graceful, and looks like that of a child at first sight. We thank you for your appreciation of our paper.

LITTLE SCOTCH LASSIE.—1. Read our article on "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii. Turn your fork round, and lay it flat on its back upon your plate when you have finished. 2. We cannot "give you a cure for fair eyebrows." Surely you do not expect a recommendation from us to paint your face? Be satisfied that you have any eyebrows at all, for many have none.

E. L.—You would probably be able to procure "Bloomfield's Poems" through one of the large London second-hand booksellers.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—We know of nothing better than the outline lessons of the S. S. Union. If you find them too advanced for your class, why not change them a little to suit yourself?

JOAN.—Your description is too vague. We could not give any value unless we knew more. We could not tell you where to dispose of coins, as we do not give addresses; but we see from a recent list published by a firm in town, that Queen Anne half-crowns range from 3s. 6d. to 5s., and 6s., as we suppose, according to their state of preservation.

CAMILLA.—We cannot identify any of the drawings you have sent. We should think that the word was a corruption of *thaler*, a dollar. Dublin halfpennies of that date were not minted, but were called "Commac's," and were made by a proprietor of copper mines of that name, and had a device on them which was not the king's head.