

"I hope you won't mind me saying that I am surprised, after what you tell me, that they should have sent you to Granville House, which is, I know, an expensive school."

"That's what so many people have said," Grace returned. "I have heard mamma say that sending girls to school was a matter for much consideration. She would not have had me go to an inferior school, nor could papa afford to have me taught at home all the things he wished me to study. She told Aunt Lucy that schooling was their one extravagance, but that they were determined to have the best for us all that they could possibly get."

"I think I understand," Fanny said, thoughtfully. "They would sacrifice many things in order to give you good opportunities in that respect, and I daresay you value them much more than most girls. Perhaps that was why you worked so hard. Now I, for instance, have never regarded study as a boon, but rather as a bore, something that my father must give me as a matter of course, but as for slaving at it as you did, I used to think they ought to be very thankful that I was not so bad as many others. I must say you have put it in rather a new light."

"You had not the same incentive as I had," Grace remarked. "I knew that I could only have a certain time, and I wanted to make the best use of it. You see, I shall be able to help the boys so much, and teach Doris altogether I hope."

Fanny looked at her curiously. "You really look forward to all this," she asked presently.

"I do indeed look forward to being useful at home," Grace replied.

"And you will be such a power in your home I can see—so necessary to everybody, a sort of mainstay and prop. Now, you know, such a mission as that is impossible in a house like ours."

"Is it really?" Grace added. "I should have thought that anywhere, though not in the same way, a girl might make herself useful, or, as you say, necessary."

"You don't know," Fanny replied, a little sharply. "Very good people more often than not make that same mistake of not taking into consideration the entire difference of surroundings in different cases. Your home life renders it a positive duty—which many girls would shirk, however—for you to be self-denying, helpful, and industrious, while mine just bars the way to everything of the kind. Why now, for instance, if I were to help the servants or offer to make Edward's clothes, they would simply think me out of my mind."

Grace laughed at the absurdity. "Of course, it is quite different with you," she acknowledged, "but there must be other ways. I am too much a stranger to suggest even what they might be."

Fanny shook her head. "Wait till you have been here a month, you will hold a different opinion. I give you free permission to keep your eyes open and give me the benefit of your observations. If you can discover any way in which I am or may make myself necessary to the

existence of anybody, you are very welcome to tell me of it. But where are Edward and Helen?"

"We have dawdled so that they have got out of sight. Perhaps they are somewhere among the trees."

"Edward is a poor man," Fanny said, thoughtfully, apparently following some train of thought which Grace was unable to follow. "I daresay you will think that strange, but it is true; I will explain that to you some other time. I am afraid it is very much his own fault, and partly his misfortune. Helen is pretty, is she not?"

"Very," Grace assented readily, rather amused at Fanny's erratic transitions. "I think I see them over there," she added, pointing between the trees.

"They must have turned off here, and we were so interested we never observed them," Fanny remarked, as they started off at a brisk pace.

"Helen is growing furiously jealous of your entire absorption of Miss Hardinge!" Edward exclaimed, banteringly. "We have been speculating as to what topic you could have found in this short time of such overwhelming interest."

"Might we not ask the same question?" Fanny demanded. "At any rate, it is very easy, so you always say, to guess what girls talk about."

"Their dress, or each other," Edward replied.

"Quite so; eh, Grace? And, the subject being exhausted for the present, and it being past six, we may as well turn back. Come along, Helen."

So they began to retrace their steps, Grace falling this time to the companionship of Edward, who, however, kept up a running fire of conversation with the two girls on in front, which a more exacting disposition than Grace's might have resented as somewhat uncomplimentary.

"I suppose you understand Fanny pretty well by this time?" he remarked, during their walk. "People call her sarcastic. I think Fanny goes in for that line because it's considered clever. It's a mistake. Disagreeable girls are a mistake. No man likes a clever, sarcastic girl; it doesn't agree with his vanity, perhaps. But it's all on the surface with Fan. There's nothing of the blue stocking about her."

"I have never thought Fanny disagreeable," Grace replied, not a little amused at this brotherly warning, and calling vividly to mind their conversation, during which "Fanny's manner" had been quite absent.

"Julia'll be home next week. I daresay now you'll find her more entertaining than Fan. She has much more go in her, but Fan's not half a bad sort of girl, I can assure you."

Having deemed it necessary to make this well-meant apology for his sister, Edward struggled away from Grace to make some remark to the others, and, although she could not tell when or how it happened, Grace presently found that they had dropped into their old order, from which she concluded that she had proved herself a less interesting com-

panion to Fanny's brother than to that "disagreeable" "sarcastic" young lady herself.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Tarantella. By Etienne Claudet. — A capital and brilliant "tarantella," well marked, and not difficult for a rapid and careful player. We recommend this tarantella to our young friends, with the greatest confidence that they will enjoy learning it.

Popular Pages from the Great Masters, for the pianoforte. By C. T. Berton. — There are six numbers:—

Three from Beethoven—

No. 1. *Minuetto.* From string trio in E flat.

No. 2. *Polacca.* From serenade in D.

No. 3. *Andante.* From First Symphony. Two from Mendelssohn—

No. 4. *Allegretto.* From "Hymn of Praise."

No. 5. *Adagio Religioso.* From "Hymn of Praise."

And one by Schubert—

No. 6. *Entr'acte* in B flat. From *Rosamunde*.

We have looked through Nos. 2 and 6, and can recommend them to teachers and learners. They are carefully fingered, and the style faithfully simplified. The selection is happy, each of the pieces being more or less well known to most of our young pianoforte-players.

London Chimes Waltz. By Rudolf Herzen. — This will be sure to please our young musicians. "Big Ben" takes the lead, followed by the striking of the hour and varied chimes — "Big Ben," "St. Giles," "St. Martin," "The Horse Guards," "Bow Bells," &c. The music is easy, and the illuminated picture on the cover quite attractive.

METZLER AND CO.

Coranto. By Michael Watson. — A piece of moderate difficulty for a young player. Interesting to learn, and good practice in different styles of expression.

Le Carnaval. Galop de Concert. By Michael Watson. — A very good and lively galop. A favourite, whenever played by a brilliant and appreciative performer. There are however intricacies requiring much practice.

GODDARD AND CO.

Sounds of Joy. Valse Impromptu. By Henry Rogers. — An easy little waltz, which can be committed to memory with little trouble, and suitable for beginners.

A. COX.

Operatic Recitals. A series of easy fantasias from popular airs. Arranged by Edouard Rouville:—

No. 1. *Les Huguenots.*

No. 2. *Il Barbiere.*

No. 3. *Don Giovanni.*

No. 4. *Rigoletto.*

No. 5. *Oberon.*

No. 6. *Fra Diavolo.*

The airs are all well-known favourites, and the arrangements, though varying slightly in difficulty, are within the capacity of a moderate pianoforte-player, and just the pieces to give pleasure to the listener. The six numbers would make a very acceptable present, and are quite worth careful learning.

(Continued from page 43.)

"The son seems rather clever and very good-looking," said Laura.

"Good-looking! Is he? I have never formed any opinion yet about his looks. Only the other day he was merely a shy, awkward boy, too tall for his years, who never knew what to do with his feet or how to dispose of his hands; but, then, young people change very rapidly."

"Vincent is decidedly handsome. He has regular features, fine, dark eyes, and a splendid physique," said Marion, promptly.

"Oh, I do not dispute his personal charms. You ladies are of course the best judges in that respect," replied the curate. "But instead of pronouncing him to be 'rather clever,' as Laura does, I would pronounce him to be 'very clever.' He has already made a wonderful start. He stepped into his father's place in a wise, practical manner, and the way he stamped out dissatisfaction—or rather, I should say, disorganization—amongst his people was something to marvel at, something worthy to be made an example of. He will be sure to add to the success the Ashtons at present enjoy, and he will make good use of it—be no 'unworthy steward.' You see, I have observed his mind, his character, and have left his looks for the judgment of his fair friends."

Somehow, Laura Leigh thought a great deal about the Ashtons on that evening, and why she did so much puzzled her.

It was not that they were gay or fashionable, or particularly entertaining, nor did they resemble any of her London friends, nor was their conversation at all like that she usually heard when making a call in Mayfair.

The last set of new novels had never even been once named—the favourite opera never commented on—nor had this year's paintings on the Academy walls been brought on the tapis for criticism or admiration.

"The Ashtons are altogether different from people one constantly meets—different, and yet nice," was her last conclusion, ere she fell asleep on her pillow. She dreamt that night she was a factory girl, and had to pick over rags in Mr. Ashton's loft.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

A. COX.

Happy Moments. By Arthur C. Faull.—A very easy and simple little piece, written in the key of C, changing into three sharps, then one flat, and returning to its original key. Suitable for beginners.

The Rippling Stream. Valse de Salon. By James Downey.—The fact of this valse having passed to the third edition bespeaks its appreciation. It is graceful, and by no means difficult. A brilliant presto introduction of two pages in common time precedes, and softens down to the valse.

WEEKES AND CO.

La Sarcolla. Mazurka. By B. Felder.—A nice, swinging little mazurka, in the key of

D. The theme is smooth and pleasing, and the style graceful and well marked.

Souvenir de Bath. Polka élégante. By B. Felder.—The character is well defined, and the arrangement bright and agreeable.

Souvenir de St. Leonards. By B. Felder.—Another of Felder's polkas; an easier arrangement than the "Souvenir de Bath," but well marked and taking.

Heloise. Caprice, for the pianoforte. By Wilfred Bendall.—A useful little practice piece in five flats, requiring careful reading and playing.

Lady of Shalott. Melody, for pianoforte. By B. Felder.—A soft, andante movement. A little "song without words," and thorough exercise for the right hand, where the bass takes the air and the legato double notes form the accompaniment. A smooth, even touch is necessary for the proper playing of the "Tempo 18," this being the only difficult passage, and well worth the time spent over it.

Marche Brillante. By C. J. Duchemin.—A very easy military march, quick and decided, in the key of G, and without any difficulties.

Un écho Ecosse. Fantaisie de Concert, upon the air, "Charlie is my Darling." By C. A. Ehrenfechter.—The air is well sustained and accompanied in a very brilliant style. This piece must be a great favourite when well performed, but requires a somewhat advanced performer. It is both good and pleasing practice.

Vol. 505 of Weekes and Co.'s editions. Duet Album. A selection of Schubert's songs, arranged as duets for the pianoforte. By Luigi Golfieri:—

No. 1. *Das Fischermädchen.*

Nos. 2 and 3. *Morgengruss.*

No. 4. *Danksagung an den Bach.*

No. 5. *Ungehduld.*

Easily and shortly written, preserving the character of Schubert's well-known songs by means of the four hands.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Shadow and Sun. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Written in two keys: C to E and D to F.—A pretty and graceful melody set to simple and interesting words—not difficult.

The Snow-clad City. Song by Glover. Music by Arthur Carnall, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*—An oft-told story of a poor little street arab, perishing with cold and hunger on the steps of a church while the organ is being played. The melody is well arranged to the words. It is written in two keys—D to E and E to F.

Unsaid. Written by Julia Cartwright. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—We have been favoured with another of this celebrated composer's songs. They are always welcome. The touching story is most ably and graphically set, and we think will compare favourably with the author's previous compositions.

Liberty Hall. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A bold and effective song, written in three keys. The style and character rather uncommon.

Two Wings. Song by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A graceful and refined song; the light and airy accompaniment is most appropriately united to the charming melody.

In the Heart of London Town. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Very pathetic words, most artistically set by the accomplished composer.

The Old Cathedral and The Land of Rest we had the pleasure of noticing in a most favourable manner a short time since. We can confidently say that all the above will prove a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of our musical young friends.

By the Abbey Door. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Berthold Tours.

The New Kingdom. Words by M. Mark Lemon. Music by Berthold Tours, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*

Both these songs by this favourite composer are fully worthy the reputation he has gained with the musical public. They are set in three keys, and the harmonium accompaniment, we need hardly say, will greatly add to the effect and beauty of their composition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

PHOEBE.—An article on painting on silk and satin will shortly be given in this magazine.

WHITE SNOWDROP.—An excellent series of articles on "Sketching from Nature in Water-colours" was given in vol. ii., and the same clever artist will write in the new volume on "Painting in Oil Colours." Your pen and ink are both indifferent, and your writing is too irregular to be pretty.

YOUNG ANTIQUARIAN.—A good recipe for copying inscriptions on stones is given at page 402, vol. ii.

FIELD MARSHAL.—Very excellent landscape copies for water-colours can be obtained either on sale or for hire at the artists' colourman's. There is no difficulty in obtaining them. Why not cover the tables with ruby to match the rest of the furniture, and have a fringe of red and greyish green?

DAVID and CHARLIE.—The cards you send us are beautifully done. You do not say if they are original in design or not. In order to dispose of them you must take a selection of your best and go round to the publishers and show them. Nothing in this way is attained save by individual effort and determination.

MUSIC.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.—We suppose you will obtain the cheapest music at a second-hand shop. We do not give addresses. We do not make any promises about answers to correspondents, and as they are a matter of kindness and courtesy on our part, we expect civility and gratitude from our correspondents when their questions are answered.

POMA PARVA MATURA.—There is no setting that we know of to the words of Tennyson's song. The spider is said to make her first bridge by means of leaping and allowing herself to be floated by the breeze in the direction she desires to go.

MUSICAL.—Constant practice will give you facility in the transposition of music at sight; supposing, of course, your knowledge of the rudiments is good.

LETTITIA.—Have you studied Czerny's exercises? They are of the description you wish, and are very useful.

DORMOUSE.—Inquire at any music-seller's. Your writing is very pretty for your age, and is more formed than is usual.

TROTTY GREEN.—The new volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER began October 7th. Every great public singer has had her own opinion on "clearing her voice," and how to do it. Read "How to Sing in Public."

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY of the Students' Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union begs us to announce that the next admission of new members will be at the end of January. No applications should be made before that month. No notice can be taken of any communication which does not enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

ELMA.—We should think you quite fitted for the post of nursery governess if you have passed all your examinations as pupil teacher. The rudiments of French and music are generally required, and sometimes, if there are boys, a little knowledge of Latin.

PERPLEXITY.—There is no possible reason why you should not begin a small private school if you are likely to make anything by so doing, and have such a connection as will ensure your getting pupils. But do not give up a *certainly*, such as your present situation, until you are quite sure you have a chance of success. Your mother might try to find out by inquiry. If you live near enough to her, could you not make your present situation a day one and go home at night?

MARGUERITE.—Greek and Latin are required, but not Hebrew. We should advise you to write to the Registrar, University of London, Burlington-gardens, W., for the papers.

ANXIOUS.—There is a class of resident pupils from fifteen to thirty years of age, and one of non-resident from twelve to seventeen, at the Home and Colonial Schools, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, W.C., who are preparing for situations as teachers and gover-

Perhaps amongst your acquaintances, whom you know but slightly, there may be one who, so far as your knowledge of her goes, seems to be the friend you want. Her sympathies respond to yours, and even on first meeting there was that strange feeling of affinity between you which tells you you might be good friends; but she makes no sign, and takes no steps to become better acquainted. If she would make overtures of friendship, you would gladly respond; but she does not, and you say, of course, you will not push yourself forward where you are not wanted.

There is a French proverb: "Chacun veut avoir un ami, mais on ne s'occupe guère d'en être un." "Everyone wishes to have a friend, but never troubles himself to be one."

If everyone waited for someone else to make a beginning, friendships would never be made at all. The Bible says, "He that would have a friend must show himself friendly." So perhaps it is for you to take the first step—to begin acting the part of a friend. Very likely the girl you have taken a fancy to is just as much in want of a friend as you are, and is wishing you would appear more inclined for further acquaintance, as, "of course," she will say, "she will not push herself where she is not wanted."

A girl said to me once that when she was writing letters she always looked at her correspondent's last letter to see how she signed herself, as she was always afraid of appearing too affectionate, and liked to regulate her expressions of friendship by those of her correspondent.

But these severely cautious people are not the kind of friends we should most care for, nor is it the kind of affection others would care to find in us. A real friend is one to whom you can write or speak exactly what you feel without fear of being misunderstood; and if you want anyone to be your friend you must not take offence because she is not always at the same pitch of demonstrative affection. If you want to have a friend, remember you must be one, always ready to render a service, and equally willing to ask one of others. Nothing so soon begets a kindly feeling as the performing of a kind action, far sooner than the receiving one; so if your friend has it in her power to do something for you, have no scruples in asking it.

If you have done your part, and still your friendship does not prosper, consider if you deserve a friend. Have you endeavoured to make yourself lovable, to overcome those failings which estrange the affection of those about you? Are you honest and straightforward, or affected and silly? Are you always courteous and considerate to others, or do you sometimes, in your anxiety not to be overlooked yourself, forget the feelings of other people? Try for a moment to imagine yourself another person, and consider what it is in that person that makes her so unlovable; what fault or folly is it that she gives way to. Look over the events of this very day, and see if she has given way to bad temper, or laziness, or boasting, or any other wrong thing; and if you find her guilty of any such, take the besetting sins, just one at a time, and ask God every morning to help you conquer that one special failing. Try to win at least three victories over yourself every day, and each conquest will make the next easier. Then, when that temptation to evil has become less strong by this constant watchfulness and prayer, take another, and you will find that as you overcome your faults and become more lovable, people are sure to love you.

Having found your friend, do not be too exacting; do not expect her always to be exactly the same in her manner; do not accuse her instantly of fickleness and coldness because there is a shade less of her usual demon-

strativeness. Perhaps she has toothache, and in consequence is in very low spirits, and writes what you consider a cold letter; but that is a reason why you should be more affectionate than usual, rather than less so.

Above all things, never believe a report about your friend till you have been straight to her and asked her the truth about it. The longer you live the more you will find how quickly evil and untrue reports are spread, and how unsafe it is to believe them without carefully tracing them back to their source. Solomon says, "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends," and it is the same at the present day. Telling and listening to tales against other people is an unfailing source of mischief, and breaks up more friendships than anything else.

But I cannot close without saying a word to some girl who may read this, and who, through no fault of her own, is so situated that she cannot make a friend, and whose yearning for sympathy and love meets no return. Dear girl, let me remind you that perhaps our Lord is withholding human friendship from you because He wants to draw you nearer to Himself. If you had a friend who fulfilled all your desire, you might be satisfied with earthly happiness, and forget to look upward, for where your treasure is there your heart will be also. Jesus is longing for your love; if you will go to Him with all your worries and your pleasures, telling Him about all your interests as simply as you would an earthly friend, you will find that your longing for sympathy will be satisfied at once. In Him you will find no changeableness; your affection will never meet with a cold return; but He will be to you "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

CHATS ON THE CALENDAR.

OCTOBER derives its name from the Latin words *Octo*, eight, and *imber*, a shower of rain, and was the eighth month in the calendar of Romulus, but was changed to the tenth month by Numa. The number of its days in the time of Romulus was the same as at present. Numa reduced them to twenty-nine; but Julius and Augustus Caesar each added one day, so that the original number was restored, and has not since been altered.

By our Anglo-Saxon ancestors this month was called *Wyn Month*, or wine month; "and albeit they had not antiently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining."

There are not many notable days in this month. The 11th is Old Michaelmas Day, on which a custom formerly prevailed in Hertfordshire for young men to assemble in the fields, and choose a leader whom they were obliged to follow through fields and ditches. This occurred every seven years, and every publican then supplied a gallon of ale and a *ganging cake*—a plum cake—so-called from the day being termed a *ganging-day*.

The 25th is dedicated to St. Crispin, the patron saint of all the cobblers. Formerly St. Crispinian's name was coupled with St. Crispin's, but it has long been disjoined from it. These two saints are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who in the third century went as Christian missionaries to France, and preached at Soissons. In imitation of St. Paul, they supported themselves by working at the trade of a shoemaker by night, while they preached during the day. Shakespeare has immortalised the day in the speech he has given to our King Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt (which was fought on this day), and which some of you may perhaps remember. King Henry says, addressing his soldiers:—

"This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Allhalloween occurs on the 31st of this month and is the vigil of All Saints' Day. Many curious customs are connected with this festival. Burns informs us (in a note to his poem on Halloween) that "the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems are placed somewhere over the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the stems, the names in question."

Some of the very old Saxon calendars have marked the character of this month by the figure of a husbandman, carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, as expressive that October was a proper time for that important part of agricultural labour, when the weather was cool and dry. In later times October has been depicted as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hues of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak-leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his left hand he holds a basket of chestnuts, medlars, and mushrooms, while his right hand grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

March of the Old Brigade. By Odoardo Barri.—A stirring military march in the key of B flat. Brilliant and showy, at the same time easy to play.

Dame Margery. Rondo gavotte. By G. J. Rubini.—A pretty, simple, graceful piece, in the key of G, well suited for moderate players.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

The Three Fishers. Song for contralto or baritone. Written by the late Canon Kingsley. Composed by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

My True Love Hath my Heart. Words by Sir Philip Sydney. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

Love Me Little Love Me Long. Poetry anonymous. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

Love Song (Liebeslied). Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

The four charming songs before us by the above composer will be especially welcome to many, for they are the composition of a scholar and of a refined composer. "The Three Fishers," although set before by several well-known musicians, is excellent, and if taken up by the public will deserve equal favour.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Paradise Square. Song by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Frederic N. Lohr. In two keys: E flat and F.—A rather melancholy

story, artistically set to music by F. N. Löhr; of moderate compass, and within the capabilities of most amateurs.

On the Beach at Ballantrae. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Joseph L. Roedel. In two keys: D and E.—A loyal and true maiden, waiting the return of her sailor lover after a long absence; set to a quaint and tuneful melody. This song presents no difficulties to moderate performers.

Ages Ago. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—A well arranged composition, out of the common style, to very pretty words. Sung and played with feeling and expression, would become a favourite.

Cowslips. The words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Joseph L. Roedel. Keys E and C.—A love story in three verses. Words and music cheerful and superior.

Forget, Forgive. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Milton Wellings. With violoncello or flute accompaniment *ad lib.* A pretty, simple song, set to sympathetic words. Requires feeling and expression in the rendering of it.

The same may be said of *Dreaming*, also by the same composer. Words by Edward Oxenford.

These songs are set in two keys, and present no difficulties to the performer.

Charity. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Pathetic words, set to extremely pretty music, commencing in the minor key. The end of the first and third verses changes to the major, and is brighter and more animated. Altogether this song well maintains the reputation of this celebrated composer.

WEEKES AND CO.

My Lips Shall Greatly Rejoice. Sacred song, with piano and violoncello accompaniment, by J. Matthews, organist of St. James's Church, Swansea.—A fine majestic song. The cello accompaniment will greatly add to the beauty and grandeur. Requires a good soprano to sing it in the original key, which is A flat; the transposed edition is F natural.

Sere Tints of Autumn. Words translated from the German by M. A. Henderson. Music by J. Matthews.—A most charming composition, wedded to very pretty words. The accompaniment is most effective. This song requires good playing and singing. In the eighth bar of the third page the B should be natural.

Torch Dance. For the pianoforte. By Cotsford Dick.—A short, easy piece for moderate performers.

Gavottes. in D minor and major, for the organ. By J. Whewall Bowling.—Very good and effective; not difficult.

CRAMER AND CO.

Dance Album.—Many of our young friends will welcome the book before us, containing ten dances—viz., waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, schottisches—from the popular music of the day, at the low charge of one shilling. The book is well got up, and the type clear and distinct.

C. LONSDALE.

Take, oh! Take. Words by Shakespeare. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A refined and beautiful setting of Shakespeare's well-known words. We can confidently recommend it.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Dreams. Song written by Frederick Langridge. Music by C. A. Macirone.—We are favoured with another of this talented lady's

productions. The melody and flowing accompaniment, combined with soft and tender words, will make this song a general favourite.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Hesperus. Canzonet. Words from the Greek of Sappho, by Edwin Arnold, M.A., F.R.G.S. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A clever and artistic song, requiring good singing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY of the Students' Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union begs us to announce that the next admission of new members will be at the end of January. No application should be made before that month. No notice can be taken of any communication which does not enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

BOY.—Your father gives the wisest advice in every way. Go to a good training school. Write to the Principal, Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, W.C., for papers. The class of non-resident students would answer for you. Terms, £15 per annum. You could reside with your brother.

COOKERY.

ALMS AND FLO.—We suppose you mean putting down or canning tomatoes. When done in this manner, the tins or glass jars are filled with them, and they are placed in a large flat saucepan in cold water. This is placed on a slow fire till the water heats; when the contents of the jars have come to the boiling point they are ready for the covers to be put on and tightly sealed up. See also page 560, vol. i.

BIRDIE.—We give you Phillis Browne's excellent recipe for savoury pudding, to be cooked under a goose, or else roast pork. Break into small pieces as much bread as will fill a pint basin, and pour over it as much boiling milk as it will absorb—that will be a little more than a pint. Cover the dish and let the bread soak till soft. Beat it well with a fork and remove all the hard lumps there may be; put with it four good sized onions, boiled and chopped; a quarter of a pound of chopped suet; a teaspoonful of powdered sage; and a tablespoonful of oatmeal, and plenty of pepper and salt; mix thoroughly, and add two eggs well beaten. The pudding should be a thick batter. Pour it into a greased dripping-tin that it will fill to the depth of about three-quarters of an inch; bake it in the oven for half an hour, then put it under the goose, and turn it round till brightly browned all over; let it stand a minute, cut it into squares, and serve as Yorkshire pudding is served with the goose. It will take in all about one hour and a half to do it properly. Your letter is not a very neat specimen, nor is your handwriting quite formed, but in both of these matters you can improve yourself.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LILY PAULINE MONTEUR.—Equal parts of oil and vinegar mixed are said by old housekeepers to form the best furniture polish. The chief secret lies in the rubbing on. Your writing is not formed.

ROSE MARIE.—Perhaps Judson's dye might restore the colour to the leather of your chairs. You might make the experiment with a very little at first.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.—We do not quite understand what advice you expect us to give. Can you not keep the ferns where they are, and when the gas is lighted move them to a hall where there is no gas?

FLORA.—See page 407, vol. ii. The acid must be very much diluted with water, we believe. The address of the Poor Clergy Relief Society will be found at page 542, vol. ii. We must point out to you that both these answers might have been supplied by yourself with very little trouble.

ANXIOUS YOUNG COOK.—You probably take your cakes out of the oven, or open the oven door before they are properly risen, in which case they fall at once.

MOI-MEME.—Spots of paint may be taken out with turpentine, which must be applied frequently till the paint be softened.

LA BASQUAISE.—We cannot say why the jam became musty, unless it was not enough boiled, or perhaps the fruit was picked too soon after rain, or perhaps it was dry. Perhaps it was put away hot. Your writing requires forming.

BOWIE.—Rubbing the leather with the white of an egg may help you a little, but judging from your note, it requires redyeing, we should say. Use the recipe for "Vegetable Marrow Jam," page 399, vol. i.

MY QUEEN.—Where there are enough servants the cruet and saucers are usually handed round to each guest. A large cruet is no longer used for the centre of the table; small ones for the corner, or a pepper-box and the salt being considered sufficient on the table. The length of the invitation depends on the size and importance of the dinner. A fortnight is a very usual time in London. "Mrs. So-and-So requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. — company to dinner on Wednesday, November 20th, at half-past seven o'clock."

H. M. N.—Inkstains in a carpet, if of long duration, must be treated with oxalic acid. Inquire of your chemist.

FRAS kindly writes and informs us that black silk which has become "greasy" may be restored by sponging carefully with water and ordinary washing blue, or the blue may be rubbed on with a damp cloth, care being taken to apply evenly on the surface.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. HOLT.—It is quite contrary to our practice to give an opinion on what we publish, but we are really grateful to you for yours, and shall keep it in remembrance.

C. R. B.—We could not publish the name of any author writing under an assumed name. We are not aware that the greenfinch needs any higher temperature of atmosphere in the winter than any other bird; only beware of draughts.

C. L. and E. K.—"A sorrow's crown of sorrow" is from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

H. E. J.—1. Once, in the course of an interview you should address the bishop as "My Lord Bishop," but clipping the word "My." 2. In a large proportion of churches it is the custom for the congregation to rise when the clergy enter, so as all to commence worship and kneel together simultaneously, but we have not seen a congregation rise up at the entrance of a bishop where the custom above-named was not habitual in his absence.

NESCIEUS.—The twelve tribes of the Israelites remained united as one people and under one monarch until after the death of Solomon. Then ten of the tribes revolted from the house of David and set up Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, as their king, and only those of Judah and Benjamin remained loyal to David's grandson, Rehoboam. Then idolatry was established and the golden calves set up in Dan. Subsequently Tiglath Pileser carried away as captives the tribes of Reuben, Gad, Naphthali, and half Manasseh, and subsequently Shalmaneser destroyed Samaria and carried away captive beyond the Euphrates the rest of the ten tribes that had revolted from their faith and their king. Judah and Benjamin remained much longer in their own land and under the house of David; but at last Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem, burned the Temple, and carried away captive these two remaining tribes to Babylon and to the other provinces of his empire. This period of captivity lasted seventy years. The end of the kingdom of the ten tribes is calculated at 717 years B.C., and that of Judah and Benjamin at 584 B.C.

"FLOSSIE."—These were Apostles—that is, those who were regarded as such and held the position and dignity of the office—besides "the twelve" originally appointed. Amongst these was St. Paul, and St. Barnabas another. We are gratified by what you say of our paper.

BELLE.—Feed your canary with the food you would give to a nestling, if he ceases to sing after regaining his feathers, subsequently to moulting—viz., grate a plain biscuit and mix it with some pounded hempseed, moistening the compound with a little raw yolk of egg and water. You write a good hand.

IDA GILFORD.—Julius Caesar was born B.C. 99, and assassinated B.C. 44. His successor was Augustus Caesar—this you ought to have known, after reading the Gospel of St. Luke ii. 1.—whose successor was Tiberius Caesar (St. Luke iii. 1). You ask why all the various historical circumstances that intervened between the writing of the prophecies of Malachi, B.C. 397, and the birth of our Lord were not made the subject of another inspired book. You must suppose us to be inspired prophets ourselves to be able to answer such a question! The events intervening may be seen by reference to a *chronological table* of ancient history. For instance, Rome was taken by the Gauls, Thebes destroyed, and Alexandria built by Alexander, the conquering of all Italy by the Romans, the taking of Jerusalem by Antiochus—B.C. 203. Judas Maccabeus was born and flourished, Carthage destroyed, Greece made a Roman province, and Julius Caesar landed in Britain, &c.

WILD BIRD.—Young linnets fresh from the nest should be covered up warmly, and should have scalded rape-seed, mixed with bread soaked in warm milk, and squeezed nearly dry, a meal to be repeated every two hours, beginning from 6 a.m. till dusk. They do not feed themselves until about four weeks old, when they commence the attempt. While feeding them yourself you should give four mouthfuls at each meal. At a month old you should mix the white part of a hard-boiled egg with the soaked bread and scalded rape-seed, which should be fresh every morning in the winter, and given twice daily in summer without fail, or you will probably lose your birds. The "weaning" from nestling food should begin as soon as they feed themselves, and as a substitute for the

dying girl and herself—and Norah's thin lips had gasped out "Amen."

Laura did not remain long in the room after this.

That suddenly-called-for prayer had moved her strangely. When she rose from her knees her eyes were misty with tears, and she did not want Bess to see them.

Norah lay with closed eyes; her restlessness seemed over, and her face had become placid.

"Perhaps she may sleep," said Miss Leigh.

"I b'lieve she will, sure enuf."

"I will come and see her again soon, and in the meantime here is some money to buy any little thing she may want."

Bess opened her eyes wide with amazement when she saw Laura had laid half a sovereign on the table.

"Aye, but I'll rouse up Norah to tell her," she exclaimed.

"Please don't; money is of very little value to her now, but you can buy what she needs."

Miss Leigh walked slowly through the crooked streets on her way to the curate's house, but her thoughts were busy—she was more disturbed than she had imagined possible by her visit to poor Norah, and she wanted to think it all over.

The weather was beginning to change: dark clouds rolled up, tinged with red lurid light at the edges, where the sun had gone down in the west, and Laura had only just time to reach home ere the thunder rattled over the houses, and a drenching flood of rain poured down.

"Only just in time!" said Marion, who was sitting near the window, making the most of the light as she stitched away, braiding an apron for Trot.

"Yes, indeed! What a downpour! The streets are nearly flooded already; I should have been drenched."

"Now give an account of yourself, Laura. What a time you have been! Did poor old Nell Dean like the fruit?"

"Very much indeed, and she sent her duty to you, and hoped you would go and see her again shortly. But I went, by mere accident, to see another sick person, and I would have given anything if you had been with me; I quite envy you your power of bringing peace and consolation to poor suffering ones, and I was perfectly ashamed I could do no more than a mere ignorant child could have done. What is the good of all the education in the world, if one is not taught to be useful to others in times of need?"

It was perhaps the first time Laura had ever asked such a question, had ever wished to know the truth, and tell it to others.

Marion heard the whole story of the interview with Norah. They talked it over in the gathering twilight, while the heavy rain pattered ceaselessly against the window, and the thunder rolled away in the distance.

"Do let me be with you when you next go to see her," said Laura. "I want to know just what you do, to hear what you say in such a case."

"I can say little more than you did

—tell her of the Saviour, and plead His forgiveness. It is well for the poor girl that at last she feels her need of prayer and pardon, for I must tell you, Norah has been very indiscreet and faulty. Her beauty has been a snare, and has led her to waste her money in finery and amusements."

"Great errors in a mill-girl, I suppose?" said Laura, with a nervous, conscious laugh.

"Yes, and in other girls too," replied her cousin.

"Yet such errors are hardly called their right name in society; it is because they are so common, perhaps," was the reply.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

Second series of favourite melodies for violin and piano, arranged by Frederick Weekes.

No. 1. *Largo*. Handel.

No. 2. *Serenade*. Gounod.

No. 3. *Melody in F*. Rubinstein.

No. 4. *Gavotte Impériale*. Max Schroter.

No. 5. *La Stéphanie Gavotte*. Gibulka.

No. 6. *Sweet Hills of Tyrol*. O. Cramer.

The arrangement for each instrument is good and easy, the airs selected from reliable composers, and all well worthy of a place in our young friends' musical libraries. Frederick Weekes, who is an associate of the Royal Academy of Music, has carefully written these for the improvement and pleasure of the rising race of lovers of music.

METZLER AND CO.

Springtide Revels. By Edward Harper.—A very nice, lively little piece, written in the key of C, with a novel title page, illustrating the theme by four bars of large size type in gold across the page. We can recommend this short piece to our young friends.

River Song. By Walter Spinney.—A graceful little sketch dedicated to Miss Anna Dawes, requiring a smooth, legato touch and attention to the carefully marked expressions, which, if followed, will ensure the right rendering, and give pleasure to the listener.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

La Réveuse. Melody for the pianoforte. By H. Ernest Warner.—A dreamy little melody, fit for playing in the dusky twilight, when fancy weaves the tale to musical sounds, to be awakened at last by crashing chords. Easily read and played.

Sous le Balcon. Serenade. By Paul Beaumont.—A particularly nice piece, calculated to show the taste and careful reading of the player.

Caprice Espagnol. By Paul Beaumont.—Another of Paul Beaumont's characteristic pieces, with the melody changing to the bass hand. The harp-like accompaniment is smooth and quiet, and the termination brisk.

Con Amore. Mélodie. By Paul Beaumont.—A pretty melody, gracefully arranged; not difficult.

Sang-froid. Morceau de Salon. By Paul Beaumont.—Written throughout in octaves and appoggiatura chords; very easily learnt to play from memory; short and showy.

Souvenir de Séville. Caprice. For the piano. By Paul Beaumont.—The pen and fancies of this indefatigable writer are in constant use, and the "Caprice" in *Tempo di Fandango* is as pleasing as any of the above-mentioned. We may also include his

Gavotte and Musette.—Any of these six pieces will please, and be useful for our young performers.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

Air de Danse. Pour piano. Par A. R. Munro.—An easy piece for a young performer, requiring but little practice and attention to the marked notes to ensure a proper rendering of the composer's intention.

Sea Breezes. Sketch. For the pianoforte. By D. Robert Munro.—A nice little practice piece, in four flats. Smoothness of touch and careful legato playing are required to give the right effect to this sketch.

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

A Moonlight Idyl. By Oscar Wagner.—A small and soothing melody, which must be distinctly marked by the left hand, and lightly accompanied in the treble. The termination is effective and soft.

VOCAL MUSIC.

WOOD AND CO.

Cradle Song. Words by Silverpen. Music by Walter Spinney.—The words are the soft breathings of a mother's love for her sleeping babe; and the music so appropriate that one feels impelled gently to sway to and fro whilst we sing. The song is written in five flats of moderate compass, and easy to learn. We recommend this pretty song to the notice of our readers with alto voices.

WEEKES AND CO.

O'er the Hills the Dawn is Stealing. Serenade. Words by M. E. Garth. Music by Frank H. Simms.—Written in one flat. The accompaniment is guitar-like, and the air pleasing and smooth. The words, if not of the most elevating character, are free from the too frequent forgetfulness of common sense.

A. COX.

Love's Serenade. Words by Fay Axtens. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—A feeling song, written in the key of G, without difficulties for the voice. The accompaniment is varied and well-arranged.

After the Rain. Words by Fay Axtens. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—The dripping of raindrops is clearly imitated by the accompaniment in the first part of the song, followed by a larghetto movement, calm and quiet. There is scope for the display of feeling and character. The accompaniment, whilst not difficult, requires careful playing.

SWAN AND CO.

The Anthem. Words and music by Walter Spinney. Written for the pianoforte or harmonium.—The symphony is a reproduction of "St. Ann's Tune." The incident of the song is the attraction of the sweet, soft strain to allure the listener into the grand old cathedral, where the "earnest prayer and loving words" of the youthful preacher are followed by the burst of song by the whole choir breathing peace to a troubled world. The music is unpretentious but descriptive.

The Dame with a Merry Eye. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—A quaint little easy song, words and music both merry, and easily committed to memory.

No lordly mansion or luxurious dwelling, but the very humblest abode was His who afterwards had not "where to lay His head." And as we in spirit stand and look as the disciples did—amazed, perhaps, shall we even say disappointed?—at the absence of all that the world most esteems in the surroundings of our Lord on earth, and shrink a little at the thought that if we would dwell with Him it must be *here*—not in Herod's palace or in rich men's houses—there sounds in our ears the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" (Jer. xlv. 5). Well for us when we can bow our head and say, "Master, if only I may be with Thee, I am content to dwell where Thou dwellest."

Such should be the *spirit* of our lives. Our outward lot may be different—some have more of this world's goods, some less; to some is appointed ease and wealth, to others toil and poverty; but the spirit of all Christ's followers must be the same. There must be a readiness to unclasp the hands from all earthly things, to let them come or go, content to lose all, to forsake all, rather than forfeit or risk the loss of the heavenly inheritance, or the smile of the King.

How this would put a stop to earthly ambition of every sort, all seeking to be first and foremost in the eyes of our fellow-men, all coveting to be rich, all wishing for praise and applause! This last is frequently a snare even to Christians; they are often tempted to desire the approval of their fellow-Christians, to long to do some great work for God instead of some little lowly task. But Christ sought not the esteem of men. "And the angels work unseen, unthanked. Are they not 'ministering spirits'?" And yet who sees or thanks or praises them?" Should we not imitate them?

So at the manger we learn the lesson of unworldliness.

But though this wondrous birth took place amidst such lowly circumstances, yet it was not unnoticed and uncelebrated. If earth welcomed not her Lord and made no rejoicings, heaven was not silent, but there was a burst of joy among the angelic hosts, who took up the song of praise (Luke ii. 13, 14).

How surpassingly sweet it must have been! And human ears were privileged to hear it! Who were they who were thus honoured? Was it sung in Herod's palace, in his ears and those of his *courtiers*, or beside the banks of the Tiber, where Augustus held his court? Nay, it was only a few poor, humble shepherds, pursuing their calling and watching over their sheep, who were allowed to hear the songs of heaven. Happy shepherds! No other human ears had ever heard the angels singing; but now it was as if the door of heaven had been set open for a moment, that these simple, untutored men might catch a note of the angelic strains continually resounding around the throne.

And not only that, but first of all there had come that wonderful vision of glory—"the glory of the Lord shone round about them"—that glory which, when St. Paul had caught a faint glimpse of it, was "above the brightness of the sun at mid-day"; that glory which of old gave light alone to the most Holy Place in the Tabernacle and the first Temple, and "was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel."

Moses had had a glimpse of it in the burning bush, and when he came down from the mount his face shone with a faint reflection of it, so that the children of Israel "were afraid to come nigh him." Isaiah, too, had had a vision which had made him cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" But, as it has been remarked, "Never before had there been such a manifestation to such men as these. What had been the privilege of patriarchs and priests was now granted to shepherds, and the first

proclamation of the glad tidings was to those who were poor in their outward life as well as in spirit."

Does it not teach us, among other lessons, that the diligent, faithful pursuit of our daily duties, of our lawful calling, need not prevent special communion with God; nay, rather, that it has often been God's wont to vouchsafe special revelations of Himself, to give special calls to men employed in their ordinary tasks? Moses was keeping sheep, Gideon was threshing wheat, Elisha was ploughing, Peter and Andrew were fishing, James and John were mending their nets, Matthew was "sitting at the receipt of custom," when they received their several calls and commissions. The "daily round, the common task," need never, in our case either, hinder God's closest approach to our souls, for has He not shown how much He honours the faithful discharge of ordinary duties?

And has He not in store for us, if we are true followers of His, a brighter revelation, a sweeter call than ever gladdened the eyes or sounded in the ears of priest or prophet or patriarch of old? Our eyes shall see the "King in His beauty," our ears shall hear the King's voice saying, "Come up hither; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But to return to the shepherds. The sight of this glory shining round about them made them "sore afraid." But their fears were calmed by the angel's voice saying, "Fear not." Then they were able to listen to the good tidings and to the angels' song.

They did not listen to it merely as a sweet song and nothing more (Ezek. xxxiii. 32), but when it ceased they went with haste to see the thing which had come to pass, which the Lord had made known unto them.

What was it that had been "made known" unto them?

That to them and to all people was "born that day a Saviour."

They could not receive such a statement as this with indifference. They must go to prove the truth of the angel's words. In eager trembling "haste" they went. We can picture them hurrying along in the silence of the night, with the vision of that glory still before their eyes, and the angels' song still ringing in their ears, as they climb the steep hill of Bethlehem, until at last they stand beside the manger.

A Saviour born to them! The whole gospel was there. This is the good news which the Bible proclaims to us; that for us there is a Deliverer from the tyranny of sin and Satan. Do we all, like these shepherds, on hearing the glad tidings, hasten to prove it for ourselves, and rest not until we press into the very presence of that Saviour, and gazing on Him appropriate Him to ourselves, saying, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" Do we rejoice in this birth relationship and claim it?

The shepherds of Bethlehem had not far to go to find Christ their Saviour. Neither has any sinner far to go to find his Saviour. A step will bring him into His presence—nay, he is already in it; his Redeemer is already close beside him, stooping down to catch the first sigh of penitence, the first whispered words of confession and contrition; and then—with the glad exclamation, "Behold he prayeth"—ready to utter the comforting, absolving words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

That gracious Saviour is equally near to every sinner all over the wide earth. He stands beside the penitent African, Hindoo, or Red Indian; is present in the crowded alleys of our large towns as well as in the palaces of our kings; wherever a soul seeks Him, there He is.

We may come to Him just as we are, with nothing in our hands, unless, indeed, it be the

burden of our sins. And He stoops His shoulder as He bids us lay the burden there and go away freed from the load.

If we could look down upon this earth as the angels do, as God the Father does, we should see throughout its length and breadth multitudes of the spiritually blind, lame, maimed, going to Christ for healing without money or anything at all in their hands—many a leprous one coming, just as he is, covered with leprosy, full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, in his self-despair going to his Saviour to be made clean—and one and all, after receiving the touch of that Divine Hand, going away saying, "He healeth *all* my diseases!" Many such a scene is being enacted at this moment. Will you not come to Him with your disease, whatever it may be—your weakness, your infirmity—and, casting yourself down at His feet, tell Him all, beseeching Him to put forth His power, and do for you as He has done for others. It needs but a word from Him, and you shall be whole; cleansed by the mighty efficacy of that Blood which can make the sin-stained soul "whiter than snow," and strengthened by that almighty power working in you which is nothing less than the "strength of the Lord God" imparted to you. Put Him to the proof, and see if He will not do "great things" for you.

(To be concluded.)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

E. ASHDOWN.

Enid. By Walter Macfarren.—A simple melody, effectively written, and only requiring taste and feeling in its rendering to make it very pleasing to all listeners.

Marche Héroïque. By Michael Watson.—A spirited and clever composition, needing clear and careful playing. We recommend this march to our readers as being worthy of their time and attention to the practice of the octave passages.

Air de Danse. By H. Latour.—This is an easy and pretty piece, well adapted for the drawing-room.

I Pifferari. Duet. By Sydney Smith.—A simple but showy duet, easily learnt, and not needing very experienced performers to render it very suitable for a breaking-up party.

VOCAL MUSIC.

RICORDI.

Ohè! Mamma! By Tosti.—There is much musical feeling in this song. The theme is attractive and graceful, and the refrain, "Ohè! Mamma!" throughout is excessively melodious. Written in two keys: No. 1 in E flat; No. 2 in C.

That Day. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Tosti.—We cannot say too much in praise of all the songs written by this composer. "That Day" will be as great a favourite as the well-known song, "Good-bye," by the same writer. The words and music are very happily assimilated. Published in four keys.

I will suffer silently. Words by J. Endersohn. Music by L. Denza.—A pathetic song. The theme is extremely melodious and well adapted to the words. Written in four keys.

Gathered Lilies. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—An earnest and sympathetic composition, which will be gladly welcomed by all lovers of sad and plaintive songs. The simplicity of the accompaniment is a great charm. This song is written for a contralto voice.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

RICORDI.

The Pining Flower. Words by R. Salustri, translated by C. Searle. Music by Augusto Rotoli.—A most charming and taking song. The change of key from minor to tonic major is exceedingly descriptive of the flower's lament as she droops and dies. We strongly recommend this song for contralto singers. Our young readers will see that at the bottom of page 4 the word "*distil*" is misspelt.

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

Songs of the Bells. Twelve two-part songs for first and second trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—The songs in this collection are all without exception charming, they are full of tender feeling, and the master-hand of the musician has fully carried out the intention of the poet. We should be almost puzzled to select any particular one out of the twelve songs before us—they altogether form a perfect and harmonious peal. They will be a pleasing addition to the book of eleven two-part songs we reviewed a short time back by the same eminent composer.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Consider the Lilies. Sacred Song. Words from Holy Writ. Music by G. Adelmann.—We are favoured with another setting of these sacred and beautiful lines. The composer has been most happy in the rendering. The theme is melodious and sympathises with the words. The accompaniment is thoroughly musician-like, and in keeping with the sacred character of the song. We most unhesitatingly recommend it to our girls.

CRAMER AND CO.

Yet. Words by W. B. Ryall. Music by P. E. Vanhoorden.—An easily written song in the key of E flat, of moderate compass, not difficult for voice or pianist.

I Dream'd a Dream. Words by W. Wilsey Martin. Composed by Edith Cooke.—A very graceful and charming song. There is much musical feeling in the whole composition, and it is thoroughly sympathetic with the words. We conscientiously recommend it, and feel sure it will become a favourite, both in the concert and drawing-room.

I Cannot Tell You Why. Song. Written by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Odoardo Barri.—An effective and pretty song. Dedicated to, and sung by, Madame Christine Nilsson, which of itself will be a recommendation to many of our readers.

My Castle in the Air. Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—These prettily written verses have been appropriately set to a tuneful melody. The accompaniment is easy, and the song is within the capabilities of moderate performers.

Told in a Dream. Song. Words and music by Louisa Gray. Set in two keys: No. 1 in F, compass from B to D; No. 2 in G, compass from C to E.—The verses are

poetical, and have been set to flowing and graceful music. We expect this song will become a favourite with many of our girls. It is not very difficult.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Thou Whom My Heart Adoreth. Words written by Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A. Music by J. Barnby. In two keys: C and E.—A graceful and refined song; must be a great favourite when well sung. We recommend it to our girls as being within the compass of many.



The Lament of the Border Widow. An old Scotch song. The music composed by Jacques Blumenthal.—This old Scotch song, with its tale of sorrow, has been most graphically and appropriately set in the best style of this accomplished composer. It requires a deep contralto voice, and should be sung with feeling and expression.

Solitude. The words by Henry Kirke White. The music composed by Berthold Tours.—Very refined music set to charming and familiar words. The smooth legato accompaniment is most telling. Should be sung with expression to do the composer and writer the justice they so well merit.

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By MRS. BREWER.

DOMINION OF CANADA.—Continued.

BEFORE leaving the Province of Quebec we will collect a few facts concerning its industries and productions, and see what advantages it offers to settlers. Among the industries carried on successfully is the manufacture of a grey homespun cloth of mixed wool, of which the long coats worn by the Canadian farmers are made. There are 30,000 domestic looms in use; the manufacture of cordage and paper of good quality; the making of soap and candles; the brewing of ale and beer; the manufacture of cider and distilling of whiskey. Phosphate mining is a very important industry, as it is greatly valued both in the old and new world as a fertiliser, and great quantities are exported. Gold, silver, lead, copper, iron and platinum are found in this province. The forests yield a great quantity of timber; there are woods of sugar maple, from which the sap is collected to make sugar; there is the hemlock, the bark of which is used for tanning; the cedar, which is the very best for making fences; and the spruce fir, from which spruce beer is made. Apples and pears are most abundant, and the fisheries are very valuable.

In this province every male colonist above the age of eighteen may obtain a free grant of 100 acres upon eight of the great colonisation roads. Certain conditions must be fulfilled, one being that by the end of the fourth year a dwelling must have been erected on the land, and at least twelve acres must be under cultivation. In Quebec Province 17,701,589 acres are owned by 118,086 occupiers, giving an average of nearly 150 acres to each. The population of the province is 1,358,469.

And now, as we desire to go to Manitoba, we must decide which route we will take. We can go by rail or by water; the first is the quickest, the last the most economical. As time is more valuable than money just now, suppose we decide upon going by the Grand Trunk Railway, which by the bye allows each passenger about 300 lbs. of luggage. Great care is taken of it; each packet is numbered, a like number being given to the passenger, so that there is no confusion or delay in obtaining it at the end of your journey. On our way we pass through the Province of Ontario, which is separated from that of Quebec by the River Ottawa. Its chief town, Toronto, is beautifully situated on the west of the northern shore of the Lake of Ontario. The Canadian wheat is collected here for exportation to Great Britain. The number of acres owned in this province is 19,605,019, and the occupiers number 17,258, giving above 1,000 acres to each; while the population is 1,913,460. There is very much to attract the emigrant here; there are good roads, good schools, the education of the young being regarded as one of the highest duties of civilisation; churches of all denominations; post-office regulations good and ample; plenty of railway communication, and

Before you heard it you were enjoying yourself, you were actually gaining health and strength every minute. Do you think you are likely to gain any, after you have heard the news, while you continue the game almost mechanically, with the smiles freezing on your lips, your very heart cold, and your mind a mile away?

Again, I say exercise to be beneficial must be enjoyable, and the more enjoyable it is the more good it will do you. Even laughing does one good, for only healthy people can laugh; weakly people do not, or, if they do, it is half-heartedly and hysterically.

Joy is a wonderful tonic, wholesome laughter is splendid exercise. I myself am a hard-working man, and although I take plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air, there are times when the weary brain needs repose and a tonic. And what tonic do you think I take? Do I search for it among the bottles and jars that stand on the shelves of my dispensary? Indeed I do not. I go straight up to town, and make my way to Charing Cross Hospital. Do I find my tonic there? Not quite, but at some place where I can be cheerful without depression.

Movements of the muscles of the body, then, do not constitute exercise in the correct sense of the word. Hence the use of the dumbbells, although good in its way, is not all that is wanted to bring a girl into healthy "fettle," as your brothers would call it.

The next *sine qua non* about exercise is this, it ought to be taken in the open air, and the more fresh and pure that air is the better. People talk a great deal about the advantages that accrue from a short sea voyage. I freely admit the advantages, but most of them come from the bracing purity of the air one breathes when afloat on the blue water.

Exercise must also be taken with *regularity*, for remember it is a tonic, and a tonic is one of those things that only do good by slow degrees; but, if taken one day and omitted the next, no benefit can come from it at all. Again, as we have seen that exercise ought to be pleasurable, so on the other hand ought it to be *moderate*; else your pleasure resolves itself into pain. It ought never to be carried to the verge of fatigue, although, remember, I do not object to your feeling what I may term delightfully tired—tired with that kind of tiredness that makes subsequent sleep a delicious certainty. But, if exercise makes you so tired that sleep is banished, it is being carried beyond bounds, and you must take care not to do so again. When taking exercise therefore do not hurry it. If you have, for example, determined to take a course of walking exercise, you must be moderate with it at first; and, when you find yourself getting a little tired, rest for five minutes, then go on again. It is the most foolish thing in the world to boast about one's strength, and to try to accomplish walking feats for the simple sake of having to say you have done so and so. Over-exertion is most injurious.

The dress you wear when taking exercise should not be heavy, and it should not be tight in any way. That is all I shall say about it at present, though, with the kind permission of Our Editor, I may return to the charge some other day, and treat my readers to some wholesome remarks on the subject of dress. I'm not at all sure, though, that it will be considered a treat.

Care should be taken not to catch cold after exercise. If perspiring, even if the day be warm, you should always have some light woollen or silken covering, or wrap, to throw around you, when the pleasant exertion is over. If perspiring much, a change of under-clothing is actually a necessity, and this should be had as soon as possible.

Always take rest after exercise, and it ought

to be in the recumbent position. This is most essential.

Now, about the best time for exercise. Medical men will tell you that about two hours' exercise in the open air should be taken every day. But this does not mean you are to take it all at once. Before breakfast is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good too, before one's walk; and it is a good plan to walk, say a quarter or half-a-mile, to a well, drink a glass of water there, and then return. To those who take this advice, breakfast will be anything but a make-believe.

Never take exercise on a full meal. From two to three hours after is the best time, and if you take your principal exercise before dinner, be sure to allow time for at least half an hour of rest before you sit down; else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health.

Exercise, to be beneficial, must, as I have already said, be regular; but perhaps you are afraid of the weather. I pray you be not so; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, defy the rain, ay, and sleet and snow itself; for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise, I do assure you. Finally, let your exercise be varied, one day this kind, and the other that, but always pleasant, always pleasurable, and taken at the same hours day after day. You may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit, and your guerdon will be—Health.

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

The Gloucestershire March. By Hugh Clendon. Dedicated to Colonel Bontein and the Officers of the 3rd Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment.—The war in Egypt has inspired more than one of our musicians to write a military march, and Hugh Clendon has caught the spirit of the conquering soldier returning with lively steps to the welcome awaiting him. The music is bright and military, and is arranged also as a duet for the pianoforte—as a septet for full orchestra, military band, and brass band.

ASHDOWN.

A Spring Flower (by C. E. Pathe), called a "Tone Picture." Also, by the same composer, "*In Shady Vale*," an Idyl; "*Sweet Dreams*," a Reverie; are all pleasing, and have considerable merit as pianoforte pieces.

Neues Blumenlied. By Gustav Lange.—An elegant little drawing-room piece; will be much appreciated when carefully and smoothly performed.

The same may be said of *Ein Tag in der Schweiz* ("A Day in Switzerland"), also by the same composer.

Dreams of Youth. A sketch. By A. Loeschhorn.—A pretty and graceful composition, well worthy the notice of some of our young friends.

The Chase. Hunting Song. By Oliver Cramer.—A bold and spirited piece, requiring great firmness and precision in the rendering of it. The style is rather novel.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Toujours Fret. Marche militaire. By Michael Watson.—A quaint and spirited piece; not difficult.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Nacht Reise Lied. Reverie for piano. By A. Macirone.

Summer Serenade. By C. A. Macirone. Both these pieces have considerable merit, and will doubtless be appreciated when effectively performed.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Three Rondos. No. 2. G. Merkel. A barcarolle.—Easy and effective. The flowing melody, in 6-8 time, admirably suggests the motion of the boat.

Sonatina. No. 1. G. Merkel. By the same composer we have a sonatina in F. Our young friends will do well to study this elegant *morceau*, especially those who have overcome the difficulties of the sonatinas by Clementi. The themes are graceful, and are developed at greater length than is usual in sonatinas. This one under our notice contains a wholesome amount of scale passages, which will well repay the student's attention. We would suggest that on page 2, line 3, bar 3, the last note in the bass should be G, not F.

Marche Fantasque. Simplified edition. By Herbert F. Sharp.—A short and mystic introduction of about ten bars, followed by a bright and spirited march. The triplet passages by their quaintness greatly enhance the effect of the suave melody of the trio which follows in due course. The march is then repeated, and closes with a short coda.

Three Dances. No. 2. Herbert F. Sharp.—A lively and pretty little piece, easily learnt, and of moderate difficulty.

Excerpts from the Pianoforte Works of the Great Masters. Edited by Walter Macfarren.

No. 9. Allegro from second suite. Handel. Mr. Macfarren's able and careful fingering of this piece renders it an excellent study for players generally. Our young friends will see for themselves that there are two or three printer's errors in the fingering; also, that on page 3, last line, first bar, a treble clef is omitted.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Rest. Words by Rev. T. E. Brown. Music by Handel.—This beautiful largo by the great master has hitherto been known and heard as a purely instrumental composition. It is adapted, with good taste and feeling, to the human voice, and set to appropriate words by the Rev. T. E. Brown. Published in two keys: E flat and F.

In a Boat at Sea. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. F. Barnett.—A charmingly-written song, full of tenderness. Suitable for a soprano voice. It will be noticed that on page 4, first line, the last note should be G, instead of F.

A Thousand Years. Words by R. L. de Pearsall. Arranged by W. T. Trimmell.—One of a series of songs for public schools. Price 2d. If the remaining numbers of this series are as attractive as the one now under notice, which is a well-known Norse melody, they will form a very useful addition to the repertory of schools and singing classes.

Charity. Cantata for female voices. The music by Franz Abt.—This cantata consists of seven numbers and extends over thirty-one pages. Although its title would naturally lead us to expect some part writing, the whole work consists of choruses in unison and solos, with the exception of some forty bars, written in weak, three-part harmony. It is a matter of surprise to us that so great a master as Franz Abt should have produced so feeble a composition. We can only recognise his usual charming vein of melody in No. 3, a solo for mezzo-soprano, entitled "Leader of Nymphs," which really leaves nothing to be desired for purity of idea and beauty of development.

and looks very handsome when approached by the water; the streets are wide, some of them extending completely through the city. Here, as all over Canada, you see a variety in the make of the houses; some are built of stone, but the greater number of wood, plastered or stuccoed. Its harbour, a very noble one, and surrounded on all sides by high lands and protected by strong batteries, is connected with all parts of the continent by railways, of which there are several in the province. The dockyard is one of the largest and best stored in the British colonies. The Nova Scotians are of a very prepossessing appearance, pleasing manners, and, as we must acknowledge, very hospitable. The numerous harbours, extensive coalfields, and lucrative fisheries render this province a very valuable part of the colony; the rivers and lakes are so distributed that there is no point in the province thirty miles from navigable water. There are several soap candle, leather, snuff, and other manufactories, beside distilleries and breweries; the markets are good, and well supplied with excellent meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruits. It has vast resources in minerals, much coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold; ochres are also found in the iron mines. We will get some of the kind people of Halifax to go with us and show us places of interest, and explain to us the habits and industries of the people, all of which will be most useful if we or any part of our families should think of settling in Canada. The occupations of the people are very numerous; we have seen many engaged in mining and in factories, and when we go into the midland counties, where ship-building is carried on, we find the farmers' sons becoming shipwrights, mariners, or masters of coasters, as opportunity offers. Then when we visit the southern seaboard, where the cod and haddock fisheries are actively pursued, we find the coast with its rugged caves and inlets peopled with a hardy race, to whom farming and gardening are but the amusement of an idle hour, whose homes and occupations are on the sea.

The town of Digby is beautifully situated on the basin of the Annapolis, and has, as you know, a wide celebrity for its cured herrings, known by the name of Digby chickens. Annapolis again has good farms and orchards; 150,000 barrels of apples are annually produced here at an average price of 5s. per barrel. The cry we hear again and again here is, "We want good agriculturists and artisans." Labourers get £3 a month, with board, for ordinary work, and girls (servants) 4 dols. a month and keep. There are three descriptions of land in this province—upland, intervale, and marsh, the last being by far the most valuable—in fact, the dyked marshes along the banks of all the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy are the real wealth of the province. These have been cropped for 150 years without manure. The best upland may be bought for £10 per acre, but the dyke land will fetch from £20 to £50 per acre. Woodland and pasturage on the hill sides may be had for £1 per acre.

Being at Annapolis we will cross over in the steamer to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick. This province was also first settled by the French, who employed themselves chiefly in hunting and fishing. About 1761 settlers from Great Britain and the adjoining colonies began to flow in and lived on friendly terms with the Indians until the American Revolution, when the savages sided with the revolutionists and gave a great deal of trouble.

There is much variety of scenery in New Brunswick; the rich valleys, sheltered plains, and noble forests, with rivers and lakes winding in all directions, offer cheery prospects to intending settlers. A great part of New Brunswick is still uncultivated: it contains abundance of fine timber and extensive prairies

—indeed, it is the chief timber store-house of Great Britain. Although there is so much land waiting to be cultivated, the people are not so much employed in agriculture as in the lumber trade and the fisheries. Many fine rivers flow through this province, but the principal is the St. John's, which empties itself into the Bay of Fundy. The city of St. John is built on a rocky peninsula projecting into the harbour at the mouth of the river. Although you find the streets so inconveniently steep, a great deal of trouble has been taken to level them. St. John's has risen rapidly into opulence; steamboats ply night and day between it and Fredericton. The coast affords valuable fisheries; herrings and mackerel are so abundant as to be employed in manuring the land. There are salt, iron, and sulphur springs, extensive coalfields, limestone and freestone quarries in New Brunswick. In summer the farmer has many hours in which he can work; daylight commences at two o'clock in the morning, and twilight is seen after nine in the evening. You will all agree that the forests of maple must be seen if one desires to know anything of their beauty. We must try to buy of the Indians some of the dishes which they make of the knobs or excrescences of this tree; when finished and polished they are exceedingly beautiful. You did not expect to see such fair and beautiful women here in New Brunswick, and I see you are equally astonished to find many of them so highly educated and accomplished. An instance is given of how great is the success which attends persevering and industrious young men in New Brunswick. A gentleman residing here was asked by a first-rate farmer in the country if he could recommend him an active young man. As it happened, an Irish emigrant had just called upon him with a letter stating that he was of a respectable family in Cork; he therefore sent him to the farmer. He received his maintenance, washing and lodging in the farmhouse, and 25s. per month. With these wages the young man was not content, but proved himself so active and useful that in the second month his wages were advanced. Before the winter set in he had learned the use of the axe so well that he was engaged by a lumbering party in the woods at £5 per month. At the end of a year he brought to the gentleman who had recommended him £30, and asked what he should do with it. He was advised to buy 100 acres of land, which he did for £12; the remainder he put in the savings bank, hired himself out for another year to enable him to establish himself as a farmer, and became one of the largest farmers in the province.

A grant of 100 acres can be had by emigrants upon condition that they pay twenty dollars towards the construction of roads and hedges; that they build a house within two years, and clear and cultivate ten acres within three years.

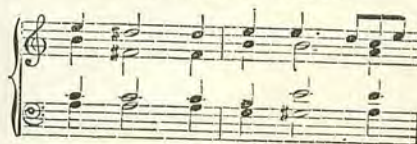
And now there remains a sort of Isle of Wight to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick called Prince Edward's Island, which we must visit. It is so snugly sheltered as to enjoy a finer climate than either. It has a fine harbour in which three rivers meet. I almost agree with you that it is the most beautiful of all the provinces of the Dominion. It has a population of 108,928. It has a most valuable advantage over other provinces in the thick beds of mussel and oyster mud found in its bays and river mouths. This deposit is supposed to consist of the organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, and other bivalves of the ocean imbedded in dense mud. It is a source of great wealth to the island, it being a valuable fertilizer, and is almost inexhaustible in its supply. There is not much Crown land to dispose of, but there are many improved farms. Taxation is very light, and a man can be independent on a smaller sum here than in England,

and you see how happy and content all appear to be. There is plenty of work and good pay for girls of all kinds to be had in this province.

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Collegiate and School Sight-singing Manual. Book I.—The author of this book is not named, but from a cursory glance through its pages, we cannot help being rather unfavourably struck with the liberal use of technical terms without sufficient explanations of their various significations. For instance, the terms "diatonic," "tetrachord," "syncopation," and many others occur without being clearly defined; while, in speaking of time, there seems to be no distinction drawn between that and rhythm. We must award a meed of praise to the exercises in two parts; but, on the other hand, we must take exception to the compiler's writing for voices in four parts. In Exercise 8 we find the following extraordinary treatment of discords:—



Mrs. Leslie replied, too angry to heed the full purport of her words. Mr. Leslie looked on with a grim smile, secretly rather enjoying his wife's discomfiture.

Fanny rose and went away to her own room.

"I will take mamma at her word—I will go!" she said, resolutely. "I can work, and I will;" and then an idea that had before floated hazily through her brain took definite shape. Helen was weak, she was strong, and Helen had to work. She would offer her services to Helen, and ask her to let her come and help her with that school. "I have too much determination not to succeed," she said; "and if they will only let me, I will share their struggles and their poverty and their work. It will be the saving of me, and some sort of reparation maybe."

A little reflection showed her that it was impossible to take the step she had at first contemplated of leaving her home there and then. Helen might not recover, and, at any rate for the present, there was no place to which she could go. She could not burden the Hardinges, even for a single night, nor could she remain in London alone. She must wait patiently for awhile.

In the meantime she gathered her belongings together and put them in readiness. She collected her music out of the little room where she and Helen and Grace had spent that happy summer afternoon together, when Mr. Mackenzie had been so gracious and agreeable. Everything that they had sung that afternoon she added, and as she did so she thought of him and the example of hard work his life displayed. "He would approve," she thought. "He despised our life. If he ever knows, he would say I did well." And the reflection cheered and strengthened her, for Mr. Mackenzie was the only man she knew that she respected.

She also prepared a long letter to be sent to Helen the moment she was sufficiently recovered to receive it. In it she set forth her own desire to be of some use in the world, and the misery of her life at home. "No one cares for me here, and I care for no one," she wrote. "They are only too anxious to get rid of so discreditable an adjunct to the house as I am considered. Let me come and share my fortunes with you. I will be no expense, no bother; and you know of old what determination and self-will I have when I take anything up. I will be the strong elder sister to take care of you, and you will see how useful I can be, although I cannot hope to be quite Grace. You will want a companion of your own age; and how we will work together! I will only add that my determination to leave home is firmly taken, and if I don't try governing with you, I shall advertise for a place as scullery-maid. I want work, and must have it, no matter what it is."

When at last Helen, looking a mere weary shadow of her former bonny self, was carried down into the homely drawing-room, Fanny's letter was awaiting her. The extraordinary suggestion it contained was warmly discussed. Mrs. Dalrymple evidently shrank from the

very thought of a Leslie, but Helen as evidently seemed pleased with the idea, and Grace sided with her. "Fanny would be a cheerful companion, and there is no doubt about her capability and determination," she urged. "If there is one thing she does well it is amusing children. She was always a prime favourite with the little ones at school. I think she'd be a decided acquisition."

"Fanny was always kind and good to me," Helen said, in her low, weak voice. "I think she was fond of me, and I am fond of her. She is so strong and quick. It would be nice to have her, if mamma likes."

"My dear, you must do what you wish. I only want you to be well and happy again," Mrs. Dalrymple said, wistfully.

Then Dr. Hardinge came in and was consulted.

"I think a sensible, matter-of-fact, healthy young lady, like Fanny Leslie seems to be, would be a wonderful help to you in your undertaking," he replied; "but we must first learn that her parents consent, and what remuneration she would expect at your hands. Be business-like, ladies, if you please."

So Grace was commissioned to write to Fanny on these points, and Helen now being pronounced convalescent, the business of looking out for a suitable house and other preliminaries for the new life were at once taken in hand.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

B. WILLIAMS.

The Soldier's Return. Words by G. E. Webster. Music by Arthur B. Plant.—A fine, bold song; music characteristic and in keeping with the words.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Little Lassie. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—A little, easy song. The first part an andante movement, the second joyous and playful.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

I Sang to My Heart. Song. Words and music by Charles Marshall.

A Ray of Light. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.

An Old Letter. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

We can recommend these three songs as being pretty, melodious, of easy compass, and accompaniment of moderate difficulty.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Cavalry Song. Words by Sydney Dobell. Music by C. A. Macirone.

The Emigrant's Song. Words by Campbell. Music by C. A. Macirone.

Two spirited and joyous part-songs, most effective and pleasing when carefully rendered.

Dreams. Song. Words by Frederick Langridge. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A refined, melodious song, with very graceful

accompaniment, music and words appealing direct to the heart and feelings.

Daisy's Song. Words by the Hon. Mrs. Pigott Carleton. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A simple and easy little song for contralto voice.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Angel's Whisper. Words by Samuel Lover. Music by Frank H. Simms.—Written in five flats; suitable for a contralto voice. The subject of the words is a mother's singing to her sleeping child, whose smiles fill her with hope of "Dermot's" safe return.

Love's Ebb and Flow. Written and composed by Walter Spinney.—A simple little song, written in four flats; easy to sing and accompany. The compass is small. The song can be had in the key of F or in A flat.

The Minster Choir. By Walter Spinney.—The subject is by no means novel, yet ever finds ready singers. The words and music are pleasant. The song is written in two keys—D flat for contralto and baritone; E flat for mezzo-soprano.

LAMBORN COCK.

Always. Words and music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.—A plaintive little song, written in a smooth and pleasing style. The compass is moderate, and the accompaniment quite easy.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

SHEPHERD AND KILNER.

Romanza. For violin, with accompaniment for the pianoforte. By J. H. Macfarlane.—A very nice little piece for young performers on both instruments. The pianoforte part is very easy; and the "Romanza" will be gladly welcomed by our young friends.

WEEKES AND CO.

Evening Bells. Reverie for the pianoforte. By Oliver Cramer.—A short and easy little "reverie," in which the bells are distinctly marked, whilst the air flows on smoothly and quietly. It is written in the key of G, and in three-quarter time.

Ich Liebe Dich. Waltz. By Blumine.—A waltz with more than usual individuality; by no means difficult, yet requiring some degree of care in order to give the right effect.

Tarantelle. In F minor. By Edward Withers.—An easy, bright tarantelle, with the usual characteristics, producing a good effect with moderate skill and practice.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Amitié Exquise. For pianoforte. By Leonard Gautier.—A pleasant little lesson for the pianoforte, written in an easy style, with sufficient variety to render it interesting.

Curiosité Exquise. By Leonard Gautier.—Another short piece by the same composer; still easier, and suitable for small hands, as there are no stretches or difficulties to overcome.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Félicité. Polka. By De Sculles Folcardet.—A very good and easy polka; the time so well defined that the feet respond to the music without any trouble.

METZLER.

Le Minuit. Valse. By Gertrude Knight.—A characteristic waltz, dedicated, by special permission, to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and patronised by a long list of the nobility. It has met with great success, having been performed by a number of the military bands. The arrangement for the piano is effective, and without any difficulties.

the same as papa's is, and mamma said there must be some distinction made or she would never know which of them it was, and so she told us to call him Con. His second name is Conroy; it makes altogether, Vincent Conroy Ashton. Pretty, is it not?"

"Very pretty," replied Laura, thoughtfully.

"Papa calls him Ashton. Men are so queer and blunt to each other. If any other girl called me Herbert I don't believe I should answer her at all."

Laura hardly listened to the child's prattle. She was thinking how strange it was that after all these years the lines of their lives should again meet each other.

Often since they parted she had met with Mr. Ashton's name in the newspapers, and she had traced somewhat his public doings. On many occasions she had read his speeches, when he had led the van of some philanthropic scheme. Now she read of his having been chosen to open a mechanic's institute in some provincial town—again he was heading a committee for improving the condition of factory hands. Wherever there was anything noble and useful, anything to elevate, to improve his fellow creatures, there Vincent Ashton's name was sure to appear. And now he was coming to the quaint old borough of Haughton to open its newly-built Town Hall.

Gerty Herbert had been delighted with the picture-book. She still held it in her hands, and hung over its pages.

"I think I may even say I love it, Miss Leigh; it is so pretty and droll. Animals dressed up like men, and talking quite wisely. If our dog, 'Gip,' and our cat, 'Brownie,' could speak, I wonder what their opinions would be, and what sort of history they would give of themselves?"

"Gerty, as you admire the book so much, you shall have it for your own, and you may run away and show Ethel the pictures."

Long after Gerty had vanished with the book, Laura still remained at the schoolroom window, looking out on the gorgeous garden beds, now so rich with their many-hued summer flowers.

She was thinking of Vincent Ashton, and of those days "long ago," when she stayed at her cousin Marion Hayward's down at Highbridge, those days which had seemed so happy, so brief, and that had somehow spread their influence over all the years that had passed since.

She was surprised to find how every incident of that time still lived clearly and distinctly in her memory, her introspection brought a glow to her cheeks, a soft light to her eyes.

The whole dream was awakening again, with its magical tints, its warmth, and its glamour.

She roused herself from her reverie with an effort. It was *altogether* a "mental glamour," she argued, and she must banish such thoughts from her mind at once. What right had she to think of Mr. Ashton in that way? Doubtless, he had thoroughly despised her when he began to reflect on the part she had played with him. It must have

seemed like deception, and yet she had never intended to deceive him. But, looking back on her conduct from her present standpoint, she could not free herself from blame, and she felt mortified and humiliated.

She was sorry for it now, the remembrance brought a bitter pang to her heart, and she turned away from the window with a sigh.

"Perhaps he spurns my very name, or he has forgotten me, or he may be married to someone else long ere this," she decided.

Before the grand day for the opening of the Hall came, Laura fully believed she had schooled herself to calmness and indifference.

She supposed she must meet Vincent somehow, that could hardly be avoided; but she determined, on her part, that they should meet as utter strangers.

"Things are so different now," she argued. "I am only a governess, and Vincent Ashton's name has become a power in the country. I suppose it is most likely he will rather avoid me than otherwise."

Haughton rose up to sudden excitement on the day the Town Hall was to be thrown open. In its usually dull, sleepy streets, triumphal arches, decked with flowers, sprang up, flags fluttered from the windows, the military from the neighbouring barracks were to line the way, and the mayor, corporation, and other officials were to turn out in full dress.

After the ceremony was over, Lord Wintermere was to entertain all the distinguished party to a *déjeuner* in his own house, while the grounds were to be thrown open to a number of invited guests.

Mr. Herbert, directly breakfast was over, started off to meet Cousin Con, who was coming by train, and Mrs. Herbert was to drive over to the scene of festivity with Ethel and Gerty later in the day.

There was no suggestion made about Laura's going; that seemed never once thought of by the mistress of the house. Of course she might have walked the three miles to Haughton, and the three miles back, had she chosen to do so. Her time was all her own for that day, no one to interfere with her, and she might spend it as she pleased. Many of the servants of the house had asked leave to go to see the show; they were quite willing to brave the dusty roads, and the scorching sun, for the sake of staring at the fine sights and gaily dressed people.

Laura Leigh stood at the schoolroom window, and watched Mrs. Herbert and her two girls drive away in the elegant carriage, the high-stepping horses tossing their heads as they went down the avenue.

Gerty's quick eyes soon spied out the governess, looking, despite her resolutions, a little sad and deserted as the light fell on her face; and Gerty kissed her hand towards her, nodded gaily, and sent back a joyous ripple of sunshiny smiles.

"Oh, how I wish Miss Leigh was coming with us!" she exclaimed.

"That would be out of the question, Gerty."

"But why, mamma? there is lots of room in the carriage."

"I dislike a crowded carriage particularly, and besides, how could she come? We are invited to Lord Wintermere's with Cousin Con."

"Couldn't Miss Leigh have gone there with us, mamma?"

"Hardly, I think," and Mrs. Herbert smiled down at her youngest girl.

"Of course she couldn't go, Gerty. How silly you are!" said Ethel. "People don't take their governesses with them when they visit at noblemen's houses; do they mamma?"

Mrs. Herbert laughed merrily at Ethel's quaint, old-fashioned speech, as she called it; and then she gave her children a little warning.

"I hope you will both be good children while you are at the 'nobleman's house' as you call it. There will be some sports on the lawn, and you must not get wild and excited over the games. Remember, this is a very sultry day, quite the hottest we have had for the season."

"But may we not play lawn tennis?" questioned Gerty.

"I shall see. If grown people only are playing, of course little girls will have no chance; they would not be allowed to join the game, and must be contented with quietly looking on."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

AUGENER AND CO.

Wiegenlieder. For violin and piano. By C. B. Ingham.—Three charming little cradle songs, soothing and sweet; easy for both instruments, and sure to be encored if played with expression.

F. PITMAN.

Eulalie. Gavotte for the piano. By Angelo Costa.—Short, well marked, and easily committed to memory. A nice little addition to our gay and pleasing pieces for the young pianist.

LAMBORN COCK.

Sonata in G. For pianoforte. By Domenico Scarlatti. Marked and fingered by Florence May.—An easy, short sonata, rendered a useful practice by the careful fingering of Florence May. A smooth, legato touch is required, and acquired by the steady practice of the young performer on the pianoforte or harmonium.

Romance Poétique. By Edwin Harriss.—A good practice piece, with pleasing melody and variety in arrangement; not at all difficult, but requiring careful learning and moderate facility of execution.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Scherzetto. For the pianoforte. By Maude Valérie White.—A light scherzetto of three pages; very easy. It is arranged as a solo, a pianoforte duet, or for pianoforte and violin. Our musical girls will be glad to add this to their collection of pleasant pieces.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Malines. Souvenir du Carillon. By Edwin M. Lott.—A showy piece of moderate diffi-

culty. The bells are accompanied in various ways, and always distinctly prominent if carefully played. This will be found a good practice piece.

AMOS AND CO.

Ophélie. Caprice for the pianoforte. By P. von Tugginer.—A graceful caprice, easily learned and pleasing. The frontispiece is a pretty illustration of the crazy maiden.

GODDARD AND CO.

La Youissance. Valse impromptu. By Henri Stiehl.—A well-marked waltz, and one which will be heard with pleasure. The style is bright, and the fingering will be found helpful to our friends.

Danse de Cans. By Frederick Kessler.—The "danse" is published as a solo or duet for the pianoforte; also for full orchestra. The arrangement is simple and pleasing, and might easily be committed to memory.

Duke of Albany Va'se. By A. W. Kessler.—These four waltzes, with coda, are very easy, and are also arranged as piano solo or duet.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Chant du Matin. Caprice. By Cotsford Dick.—A well-written "caprice" in G. The character of the bass is sparkling, the style altogether good and pleasing, whilst unburdened with difficulties, and easily committed to memory.

December and May. Sketch for the pianoforte. By Cotsford Dick.—A very nice little piece for our young pianoforte players, written by our well-known composer. The air is well sustained and accompanied lightly by the treble hand, and the time well marked in the bass; easy to acquire.

Victory. A March. Composed by Horton Allison, and dedicated to Lieut.-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.—In A major, most carefully and fully fingered. The style is military and lively, befitting the subject.

The Syme Polka. By James Batchelder.—The number of polkas written by a large number of our present pianoforte composers has supplied a variety from which all grades of performers may choose. "The Syme Polka" is one for our young friends. It is easy, well marked, and pretty.

WEEKES AND CO.

Gavotte in A. By Edward Withers.—A nice little gavotte, in three sharps, very easy and short—two recommendations to our young beginners.

An Evening Song. By Farquharson Walenn.—A smooth, soothing air, with light accompaniment. The piece is well-fingered, and will be well received.

R. COCKS.

Il Penseroso e l'Allegro. By Cotsford Dick.—This composer has arranged, as well he can, two nice airs for the benefit of the juvenile pianoforte player, who will find the learning of this piece both pleasing and easy.

En Badiant. *Morceau de Genre.* By Francis Thomé.—A brisk, useful pianoforte study of staccato and legato passages, attention to which is required to give the right impression of the composer's intention. "En Badiant" is short, and by no means difficult.

Minuetto. By Francis Thomé.—Another easy, short piece, suitable for young performers; dedicated by permission to her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle.

VOCAL MUSIC.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Road to Market. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—The

composition, both as regards words and music, is of a simple character, easily accompanied, and suitable for "penny readings."

Old Chimes. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—Another useful song for winter entertainments, describing two old friends chatting together over old times whilst seated round the fireside. The song is written in the minor, and is quite easy for both performers.

Very Wrong. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—A merry little ballad, with words and music; also suitable for "pleasant evenings" for our poorer neighbours. The song is written in the key of C, compass E to E.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Darkness is Stealing. Song, with chorus in unison. Words by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Music by C. B. Ingham.—The words are taken from Mrs. Clifford's "Children Busy," and the music is as quaint. The nursery governess will be repaid for the trouble she will take with her little charge by seeing their eager faces and hearing their childish voices whilst listening and joining in the chorus. An agreeable pastime for winter evenings.

Bygones. Song. Written and composed by C. Clifton Bingham.—The words are suggested by finding an old letter, long hidden away; "Let bygones bygones be" being the burden of the song. The music is simple, and the accompaniment very easy.

B. WILLIAMS.

Twilight Memories. Ballad. Written and composed by Noretta.—A ballad presenting no difficulties for voice or accompanist. The air is smooth and compass moderate. Written in the key of F; suitable for an alto voice.

Jo. A souvenir of "Bleak House." Character song. Written and composed by Noretta.—A pathetic song, well adapted for our popular entertainments given to the working classes, who would warmly appreciate both the sentiment and melody.

F. PITMAN.

Have You Seen My Doll? Written by E. Cympton. Composed by W. F. Lancelot.—A humorous song for a little girl. Very droll, and not too difficult to be learnt by a merry, imitative, little songstress, who would be sure to produce much glee and laughter by the performance. The illustrations on the cover are equally funny.

LAMBORN COCK.

The Cornfields. Song. Written by Calder Campbell. Music by James Coward.—The beauties of the cornfield, "like a poet's dreams, by a painter pencill'd out," are pleasantly set to music; the theme of the writer of the song having inspired the musician, who has produced a song worth singing.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Rose and Lily. Two part songs for female voices. Music by Ernest Ford. Words by Rev. W. M. Statham.—A very pleasing duet for first and second soprano. The compass is moderate, and accompaniment very easy and smooth. It is written in the key of C, and printed on small-sized music paper, but in very clear type. It is published at fourpence nett.

Reading Abbey. Part song. Words by Claxon Bellamy. Music by Frank L. Moir.—Another cheap, good part song for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, well harmonised, and of moderate compass. The quartett is intended to be sung without accompaniment, which is only printed as a help to acquire the parts and time correctly.

Romeo's Good Night. Words from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Music by Marie Corelli.—These well-known words are very sympathetically set to music. The lingering "good night" is effective, gradually dying away to the softest pianissimo. The accompaniment is light and guitar-like.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Told in Confidence. Ballad. Written and composed by F. Julian Crozer.—An arch, merry song; the words and music light and playful. The ballad is written in two flats, for a soprano voice.

GODDARD AND CO.

Beautiful Flowers (Oh come son belli i fiori). Bolero. English words by Miss L. M. Keep. Music by Luigi Gambogi.—A graceful song, requiring some flexibility of voice and proficiency in execution. The accompaniment is light and suitable. We recommend this bolero to our more advanced readers and vocalists.

A Dream of Life. With English and Italian words. English words by Miss L. M. Keep. Composed by Luigi Gambogi.—A much more simple song by the same composer. Both Italian and English words are given. The subject is the oft, dearly-bought experience that "all is not gold that glitters."

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

By JAMES MASON.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 203.)



CURIOSITY, did I say? Yes; I opened the manuscript left by the Friend of Youth with a good deal of curiosity. But that was not all. Curiosity was mingled with sadness at the thought that our happy hours and profitable intercourse were now gone for ever. It is a small private sorrow that seeks relief by proclaiming itself in public, but in presence of the sympathetic audience of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I may confess to having dropped a tear on the title page.

That tear fell on a dedication—

"TO MY PRINCESS,"

which dedication had the whole page to itself.

I have tried, so has Nanette, and so has Blanche, and we have worked, gir's, with the zeal which becomes those devoted to your service, to discover who this Princess was, but we have not found out. "I give it up," said Nanette, the other for noon, "but of this you may be sure, there has been a romance about his life, for a man does not ordinarily remain unmarried all his days for nothing."

The "Words by the Way" which followed this somewhat mysterious dedication were, in a general sense, what might have been expected from one leading a quiet but absorbing life. On every page the earnest desire of the Friend of Youth was evident to be of use in the world, and to make an impression for good on the minds of those younger than himself. "To be thought not to have lived in vain" had evidently been his guiding principle, and that being the case, the decision was soon arrived at to print the manuscript just as it came into my hands.

Perhaps, through interest in the writer, I have thought more highly of the following papers than they deserve, but that error,

mostly belong to people well off, who use them for their cattle, or for their sugar and coffee works; and they finished with great satisfaction by saying it would be much better in the future, as the mother country meant to help them by sinking wells, constructing tanks and regulating the course of rivers which were not navigable. We think all things very dear here in Jamaica, and on mentioning this, one said, "Yes, ladies; that is because we import nine-tenths of our provisions." Finding us really desirous of knowledge, he went on to explain. "We have the finest fish in the world, and in great abundance, and yet we import a large quantity of salt fish; our forests could supply all our needs, yet we pay an exorbitant sum for imported timber rather than be at the trouble of cutting down our own. "God has done everything for Jamaica, but she has done little for herself." We have had a great treat in being shown into an old rectory fitted up as a school for the education of the coolies. A clever-looking Hindoo was instructing the children in English and Hindostanee.

We all know that Jamaica supplies us with sugar, rum, pimento, coffee, ginger, logwood, and fruit, and would like to see something of their growth; so we are going to Clarendon, the largest sugar-growing district in Jamaica. When we were in Canada we saw sugar manufactured from the juice of the maple; here in the West Indies it grows, and its culture forms one of the chief occupations of the people, and a source of wealth to the planters; the value of that which is annually exported from this island alone is between £400,000 and £500,000.

Having secured a friend and guide, we made our way to the sugar-cane fields.

While on our way thither, he gave us a little history of the sugar cane, telling us it was cultivated in China 2,000 years before it became known to Europeans. The sugar cane is not of equal growth, but varies according to the soil in which it is planted; we saw some twenty feet high; it is propagated from cuttings, and the labour of hoeing a cane field is very great. When the canes are quite ripe they are cut close to the ground, tied up in bundles, and conveyed to the works; but how, do you think? not as formerly, at the cost of much time and labour, but by tramways and wire railways, over ravines, and down slopes. Our friend was very pleased at our notice of these introductions, which he said would decrease the cost of sugar; he told us that many of the improvements were the result of the proprietors living more on their estates, and trusting less to their agents.

We were taken on to the works, where we were allowed to watch the whole process. The canes are pressed between cylinders, or ground in a mill, in order to express the juice. This is collected in a cistern, and heat applied to prevent its becoming acid; lime-water is then thrown in, which separates the grosser matter contained in the juice. The liquor is then boiled very rapidly, to evaporate the watery particles, and reduce the syrup to such consistency that it granulates on cooling. Five gallons of cane juice will yield six lbs. of crystallised sugar, and this requires about 110 well-grown canes. When the sugar had been allowed to cool in shallow pans, we saw it put into the casks in which it is shipped to Europe; these casks have holes pierced through the bottom, and placed upright over a large cistern into which the molasses drain, leaving the raw sugar as we use it on our tables; the holes in the casks are filled up before they are shipped off. The molasses which drained from the casks, together with the skimmings of the cisterns, were fermented and distilled for rum, the annual export of which from Jamaica is valued at £200,000.

We were anxious to know if it were really

true that the pimento or pepper plants were used for umbrella sticks, and heard that last year 6,000 bundles, each containing from 500 to 800 sticks, were exported, and that the value was £4,000. Every stick, of course, represented a young bearing pimento plant.

Of course we could not leave Jamaica without going to a coffee plantation, having drunk Jamaica coffee all our lives. Coffee is very particular as to certain conditions being fulfilled if it is to repay the planter for his trouble. It must have a temperature above 55 deg. Fahr., it must not be too much exposed to scorching heat, it must be shaded by umbrageous trees, and water must not be allowed to lodge about the roots. A coffee plantation is a most interesting sight, during the period of flowering; in one night the blossoms expand themselves so profusely as to look like snow in the morning. One acre will grow about 9,000 coffee plants, each of which, on an average, will produce one pound of berries; these, when ripe, are gathered by the labourers in a canvas bag, which they wear round their necks; the berries are then washed, deprived of their over-skin, and dried in the sun, on wooden terraces, on the hill sides.

We have enjoyed our visit to Jamaica exceedingly, and were about starting for the Bahamas, when we were told that if we intended going to British Honduras, on the coast of Central America, Kingston was the best place to go from. We have therefore determined to leave the *Girls' Own* in the harbour, and take return fares on the vessel which leaves on the 7th of the month for Belize, returning thence on the 16th. The voyage will take two days each way, and thus allow us ample time to look about us in Honduras.

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Wherefore, Sweet Maiden. Words by Henry J. Moxon. Music by F. Julian Croger.—A love song, written in three flats; very easy both for voice and accompanist.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Evening Bells. Words by F. S. Boas. Music by F. Abt.—A bright and sparkling little part song, easy and effective.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Behold I stand at the door. Sacred song. Words by Lewis Morrison. Music by W. H. Jude.—These poetic and beautiful verses have been most happily set to music by Mr. Jude. There is a grandeur of conception in the setting of "Behold I stand at the door," and the cantabile movement in the major key is expressive and tender in character. Altogether, we recommend this charming sacred song.

The Hidden Dial and Broken Toys. Two songs. Words by Nella. Music composed by Henry Parker.—The former a cheerful and tuneful melody, set to remarkable words. The latter song speaks more to the feelings, and conveys a moral:

"Until at last we reach a land,
Whose smallest gift no time destroys;
That better land where tears shall ne'er
Be wept o'er broken toys."

The music is simple, graceful, and tender.

Waifs and Strays. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—This is one of those morbidly sentimental songs that the musical public have been so much favoured with lately. We cannot say that the music is up to Mr. Molloy's usual standard. It is written in three keys.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

When Life is Young. Written by Oliver Brand. Music by P. Von Tugginer.—A simple love song sympathetically set; the allegretto movement at the end of each verse—

"When life is young and love just told,
How bright the future seems!
Oh, do not say that we some day
Must wake from these sweet dreams"—

is joyous and bright and suitable.

Bygones. Song. Written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham.—A charming little song, graceful and melodious; of very easy compass as regards singing and playing.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS AND WILLIAM LEA.

Pity. Words by Rev. John Burbidge. Music composed by James Butler Fortay.—The music breathes a kind and tender sentiment throughout, and is particularly well suited to the verses, which are very pretty.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS.

Six popular pieces for violin and piano. By Giulio Banti. The first three are—

1. *Serenade.* C. Gounod.
2. *Cavatina.* J. Raff.
3. *Heimliche.* J. Resch.

The "Cavatina" which we have before us is exceedingly pretty and nicely arranged for both instruments. The air is sweet and full of sentiment, but not too difficult for a moderate violin player, and quite easy for the accompanist on the pianoforte. We recommend our young friends to try the "Cavatina," and have no doubt that the series will be equally pleasing.

The Stirrup. Galop. By Rudolf Herzen. —Written for young pianoforte players of moderate attainment. The stretches are suitable for small hands, and the keys are simple.

A. COX.

The English Patrol March. By Frederick Croft.—A very easy little march for our young beginners, reminding them of the recent successes of our army and navy. Also by the same composer, *The National Flag March*, founded on his popular song, *The National Flag*. It is well marked, requiring a little more firmness of touch and advanced playing.

F. PITMAN.

Pitman's new Pianoforte Tutor. By Arthur H. Brown.—This is one of the best tutors we have seen, every essential being most easily explained and perfectly demonstrated. The time-table is very clear, the difficulty of which is so often a great feature both to learner and teacher. The large diagram on page 23 shows an octave of notes upon the keyboard, with all their possible names—most useful. The scales in the major and minor keys, the expression marks, list of musical terms for time and degrees of sound in use in modern and found in old music, could not be better defined. Each lesson is well explained, and the airs well known.

meditatively, "and it is our misfortune, not our fault. How I wished Helen had it, when I saw that she could find no consolation in her own goodness; something to take her out of herself, some higher aim than doing good from mere kindness of heart, and I could not direct her to it, for I cannot find it myself, and yet I know so well what I want and what she wants. Helen and I are earth-bound. There is nothing higher for us than the good of this life, which we are not allowed to taste; not as we reckon 'good.' Why does not this Divine Presence come to our aid? Is it our faults that we cannot find it—we, who have never been shown the light?"

Fanny could not yet see that the first glimmering of light had dawned upon her. It had come through Grace, whose life, from her cradle upwards, had been, so to speak, so submerged in the sweet influence of true religion, that she could not go on her way without diffusing something of it around her. Her parents had found in her a gracious soil, in which to plant the seeds of faith and hope and love, and their fostering care had been well rewarded. Her loving trustfulness towards her Heavenly Father was as real as that for her earthly parents, who embodied in her eyes all that was good and tender in human beings. The omnipresence of God was no mere article of religion, but a real fact in her mind, nor yet a terrible one. In childhood it had made her afraid to tell a lie or do a wrong action, but as she grew older it became a source of happiness. God was not only the punisher of wicked deeds, but the beholder of every small act of self-denial, the ever-patient, strong helper in moments of temptation, the Guide, the Rewarder, the ever-loving Father.

No wonder then that Fanny, wearied and disgusted with the low aims and falseness of her own life, had unconsciously felt some of her influence. All Grace's actions were guided by the realisation of that Divine Presence ever near. The habit of thought could not be hidden, though Grace seldom spoke openly of her religion. In the old days Fanny had told her she believed she learnt her lessons to please God, and had been somewhat taken aback by Grace's serious answer, that she should certainly displease Him if she neglected them.

In the many troubled events of the last few months Fanny often thought of Grace and wished for her secret of happiness.

"But it can never be for us," she said, rising impatiently from her chair. "Such faith as hers must grow up from childhood. We cannot compel ourselves to feel it. If He is so just and loving, why has He given so much to Grace and nothing to poor Helen and me. It is not our faults that we cannot see, as Grace would, only a kind meaning in all this misery."

It was generally to this point that Fanny's meditations led her, when she would turn away from them in disgust. The light was but a glimmering, not enough to illumine her path, but only to make it seem darker than before.

Helen, too, was at the same time think-

ing very much the same thing. Grace had often spoken to her of the help of God, and she, with her natural docility, had tried to believe that He would help her, yet here was she utterly forsaken. She had tried to bear her sorrows without rebelling; it had not been possible to be brave over them, the wounds were too deep, crushing her down to the ground. Why should she be so tried? She had been guilty of no great wickedness, no base, unworthy motives.

When she had thought herself so happy, she had taken her happiness humbly and thankfully, with plentiful resolves to be worthy of it. She would have striven so hard to have been a good wife, studying her husband's best interests, and not caring what hardships she endured for him if only she might keep his love, and it had been torn from her in the most humiliating, cruel way. People told her that her love was unworthy, and ought to have changed to contempt. But for these dreadful circumstances they would never have had cause to say so, and how bitterly she longed that the revelation might have been spared her. Then, when she had striven to do her duty by her parents, how cruelly had difficulties risen in her path; beyond and above all, this last one of losing Fanny.

"I have tried and I have failed," she cried, in utter despondency. "It is no good to try any more. I must write and tell Grace. I wish she could come and see us, but I dare not ask her. It would be such a thing for them to know how badly we are getting on after all their kindness."

"Helen," cried her father's voice, fretfully, "why don't you let me have my tea? You don't care for my comfort a bit, always moping about."

"Minnie is out," Helen replied. "She ought to have been in long ago."

"And can't you get some tea?" her father said, sharply. "Fanny would have done it. Are you too proud?"

Mr. Dalrymple did not mean to be harsh, but he had developed this irritable fault-finding way—a strange alteration from former days—which was one of Helen's greatest troubles. In her present state of mind she could not bear it, and went away to the kitchen with streaming eyes and an aching heart.

"There is someone knocking," he called again, "and that girl is out. Do you hear, Helen? She's always out! What you and your mother mean by letting her go, I can't understand."

Helen stood still in dismay. Her mother was upstairs and had not heard, nor could Helen go and bring her without being seen through the glass door. Hastily wiping her eyes, she did the only thing left to be done—went and opened the door herself.

"Helen!" exclaimed a voice that she knew, and whose kindly tones seemed to bring comfort in spite of everything. "A letter was such a poor thing to tell you what I wanted to say. I hope you will forgive me for coming myself."

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Faust. (Gounod.) Fantaisie brillante. By George F. West.—Mr. West has selected five well-known favourites from Gounod's *Faust*, and has beautifully illustrated each melody in a most artistic style. The introduction is very effective, and prepares the ear for the charming ballad which follows. The piece ends with the Soldiers' Chorus, given in a most stirring style. We strongly recommend this composition to our girls as one likely to please, and not difficult.

S. SPRAGUE AND CO.

Osmunda. Waltz. By Rhys.—A set of waltzes in the key of F flat, with short introduction and four waltzes ending with coda.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Bourrée. For the pianoforte. By A. W. Sebastian Hoare.—A sparkling and fresh composition with a tuneful leading theme which is repeated in octaves; reflects considerable credit on the composer.

WEEKES AND CO.

Blossoms of Springtide. Words by T. Mozer. Music by Hector R. Maclean.—It is quite refreshing to meet with a song free from the morbid feeling which has characterised recent compositions. Mr. Maclean has been very happy in the setting of these words to a flowing and pleasing melody. The accompaniment is also well considered, and the conclusion—

"Reft of the sunshine we die in the shower," is quite artistic. The song well sung deserves popularity.

We have received four of a series of glees or part songs set to music by W. E. Bendall.

The Voice of Spring. Words by Mrs. Hemans.

I'll never love thee more. By Marquis of Montrose.

Sundown. From the German of Uhland.

The Curfew. By Longfellow.

They are all good and harmonious. We, however, give a preference to "The Voice of Spring," which we think especially pretty.

Giocoso. Caprice for the pianoforte by Hector R. Maclean.—A joyous and spirited composition. In the hands of a moderately good performer this piece would be very effective, as it requires a light and brilliant touch. We recommend it to some of our young friends.

Moments Délicieux. Valse par Walter E. Allen.—A set of four waltzes with introduction, coda, and brilliant finale. They are pretty and have the advantage of being well marked throughout, which will render them favourites.

Thirteen Original Organ Pieces. By Charles Joseph Frost, Mus. Doc. Cantab.—We are of opinion that these thirteen organ pieces will be warmly welcomed by students. They are original, not difficult, and very pleasing.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Bird of the Wilderness. Part song. Words by James Hogg. Composed by Edward Simmons.—This is a composition of great merit, and deserves great praise as coming from a student of the Guildhall School of Music. We sincerely wish him success, and hope he will go on and prosper.

- SIDONIA. *Hebrew*. Fishing. Matt. iv. 19. *Modern date*.
 SILVIA or SYLVIA. *Latin*. A wood. Ezek. xxxiv. 25. *Date* 1600.
 SOPHIA. *Greek*. Wisdom. *Date* 1590. Eccl. vii. 19.
 SOPHRONIA. *Greek*. Sober-minded. Titus ii. 5. *Modern date*.
 STEPHANIE. *Fem.* of Stephen. *Greek*. Garland. Rev. ii. 10. *Date* 1376.
 SUSAN or SUSANNA. *Hebrew*. Lily. Hosea xiv. 5. *Date* 1228, but uncommon until 1550.
 SYBIL or SIBYL. *Greek*. The counsel of God. *Date* 1090. Acts ii. 23.
 SYDNEY or SIDNEY. Either the cultivated island, or a corruption of St. Denis. *Gothic*. *Modern date*. Isaiah li. 5.
 TABITHA. *Hebrew*. Gazelle (the most beautiful animal of the deer kind). Habb. iii. 19. *Date* 1630.
 TAMAR. *Hebrew*. Palm tree. Psalm xcii. 12.
 THEODORA or THEODOSIA. *Greek*. Gift of God. *Date* 1643. Psalm lxxiv. ii.
 THEOPHANIA. *Greek*. Manifestation of God. *Old dim.*, Tiffany. *Date* 1214. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.
 THERESA. Derivation uncertain; possibly *Greek*, meaning The Reaper, but more likely a corruption of Thirza, which see. Psalm cxxvi. 6. *Date* 1640.
 THIRZA. *Hebrew*. Pleasant. Col. i. 10. *Modern date*.
 THOMASINA. *Fem.* of Thomas. *Greek*. Twin. *Date* 1369 (old spelling, Thomasia, *dim.* Tamzine.) Eccl. iv. 8-10.
 TRYPHENA. *Greek*. Effeminate, dainty. 1 Tim. v. 6. *Date* 1650.
 UNA. *Celtic*. Wave. James i. 6, 7. *Modern date*.
 URANIA. *Greek*. Heavenly. Phil. iii. 20.
 URSULA. *Latin*. A little bear. *Dim.* of Ursa. *Date* 1175. Isaiah xi. 7.
 VALERIA. *Fem.* of Valerius. *Latin*. Eagle, or Healthy. Psalm ciii. 5. *Modern date*.
 VERONICA. *Greek*. True image. Col. iii. 10. *Modern date*.
 VICTORIA. *Fem.* of Victorius or Victor. *Latin*. Conqueror. *Date* 1819. Rev. xxi. 7.
 VIOLANTE. The Spanish form of Violet: old spelling, Iolande, Iolanthe, Yolande. Cant. v. 13. *Modern date*.
 VIRGINIA. *Fem.* of Virginius. *Latin*. Virgin. 2 Cor. xi. 2. *Modern date*.
 VOLUMINA. *Latin*. Well-wishing. 2 Cor. xiii. 9.
 WILHELMINA. *Fem.* of William. *Gothic*. Defending many. *Date* 1321. Isaiah xxxiii. 2.
 WINIFRED. *Gothic*. Peaceful conqueror. *Date* 1558. (This name, as used in Wales, is a corruption of Guinevere, and has nothing to do with the real Winifred.) 1 John v. 5.
 ZERUIAH. *Hebrew*. Cleft, rift. Exod. xxxiii. 22. *Date* 1650.
 ZILLAH. *Hebrew*. Shadow. Psalm xci. 1. *Date* 1650.
 ZILPAH. *Hebrew*. Dropping. Prov. xix. 13. *Date* 1650.
 ZIPPORAH. *Hebrew*. Bird. Luke xii. 6, 7. *Date* 1650.
 ZOE. *Greek*. Life. Mark viii. 35. *Modern date*.

ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

MARTHA BRAITHWAITE, the niece and biographer of the good quakeress Christine Majolier Alsop, has recorded some interesting anecdotes of the Queen and of some of the Royal Family.

"One of my greatest treats, the full value of which I did not realise as a child, was to go

with my aunt to Buckingham Palace, or Windsor; where she had the extreme pleasure of seeing the young princes and princesses from time to time. She had become known to them in this way. Madame Rollande, a great friend of my aunt, became French governess to the Royal family. My aunt often visited her; and, in consequence, often saw the Royal children. Her sweet manners won their love; and they very early gave her the name of 'La Bonne Dame.' They wrote and spoke to her chiefly in French. It was natural that Her Majesty the Queen should often hear her children speak of 'La chère Bonne Dame;' and that the Queen never inquired of Madame Rollande who the lady was. Her Majesty was informed that Mrs. Alsop had spent most of her early life as the adopted child of William Allen, who had been a kind friend and one of the executors of the Duke of Kent. The Queen remembered his name, and wished my aunt to be told that Her Majesty was graciously pleased to allow the continuance of intercourse between the Royal children and Mrs. Alsop.

"From that time many were the interesting visits paid by my aunt to Buckingham Palace. I accompanied her in most of them, and was most kindly received. I should have forgotten many details had not my aunt liked to tell me of things I had said as a child. One of these occasions was a most special visit, when the Queen herself had expressed a wish to see her. Being myself unable to accompany my aunt, Mrs. Ashby, of Staines, went with her. The interview that followed was deemed the most rare privilege. The conversation was carried on in French, a gracious courtesy to a Frenchwoman. Incidentally the Queen expressed her approval that my aunt still retained her 'pretty costume,' as she termed it—i.e., that of the Friends. These visits were looked upon by my aunt as involving a grave responsibility—a responsibility which increased as the Royal children grew up. She accepted them as an opportunity given her by God of interesting those in high position in the welfare of the poor and suffering. They indeed always show the greatest sympathy for all good works; and were ever ready to give their support to efforts made to promote the well-being of suffering humanity.

"This intercourse was much aided by the courtesy of the different ladies who held the position of governess to the Royal family; and between them and my dear aunt the kindly feeling deepened into lasting friendship.

"As time passed on, and the Royal marriages took place, it was, on each occasion, a great pleasure to my aunt to give something of her own work. This was always accepted with the kindest acknowledgment. So much was her work admired that she had the honour of knitting a *couvre-pied* for the Queen. My aunt was very clever with her fingers, and was an adept in knitting, which she called her 'play work.' Of her skill the Crown Princess of Prussia says, in thanking her for some babies' shoes: 'They are so beautifully worked that the best knitters here cannot succeed in copying them.'

"In times of special joy and sorrow my aunt always wrote to express such true and kindly sympathy as could not but touch a chord in loving hearts, such as theirs are known to be. One sad occasion, which called for the deepest sympathy, was the death of the Prince Consort, for whose noble character she had the greatest regard. To one having these feelings of loyalty the 'Life of Prince Consort' was made doubly interesting by coming as a gift from the Queen, with the following message, sent through Mademoiselle Norel, in French:—'The Queen sends you the first volume of the Life of the Prince

Consort, which Her Majesty thinks you have not perhaps got; and which will interest you, more especially from the attachment you have always felt towards the Royal family, by which Her Majesty has been much touched.'

"The death of the beloved Princess Alice was very deeply felt by my dear aunt. She had received, but a few days before, a most kind letter from the Princess herself, through her secretary—the Baroness de Grancy—expressing thanks for a letter relating to the loss of her child, whom she was so soon to follow. With the letter came also a very sweet photograph of the Princess.

"Mrs. Alsop received many little gifts from the Royal family—chiefly photographs; the most valuable being one—cabinet size—of the Queen, from Her Majesty herself, with her autograph upon it. Another gift was Her Majesty's book—'Our Tour in the Highlands.'

"At the time of my aunt's greatest bereavement, when she lost her dear husband, the heartfelt Royal sympathy was very precious to her. The Queen at once sent a message of condolence; and of the kind letters received from the Princesses, one from the Princess Christian was full of the sweetest comforts. The Queen's message, again sent through Mademoiselle Norel, ran thus:—'Her Majesty deeply shares your sorrow, and has charged me to express all her regrets, and the hope that you will be sustained in this affliction by the One that you and good Mr. Alsop have always served with so much zeal. The Queen desires to have the photographs of you both, if you have any.' On receiving this message, my aunt, amid her own overwhelming sorrow, felt the consideration due to the Queen, and asked me to fetch her writing materials. I raised her in bed, and supported her whilst she wrote a letter of grateful acknowledgment, and enclosed photographs of herself and her husband."

These incidents thus brought to light in the memoir of a comparatively unknown life, are gratifying illustrations of what all know by rumour, the kind, thoughtful, sympathetic spirit of our good and gracious Queen.

NEW MUSIC.

DUFF AND STEWART.

What an Angel Heard. Ballad. Words and music by Louisa Gray. Also, by the same composer, *The Thread of the Story.* Both these songs are set in two keys—C and E. They are simple and pretty, and may be very easily played and sung.

J. AND W. CHESTER and W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Slumber Song. Words by Tieck. Music by Frederick Corder.—A most refined and superior song; the accompaniment is suggestive of rest; the music as well as words require tender feeling in the rendering.

Valsette. Pour le piano. Par Otto Schweizer.—A pretty little drawing-room piece, in five flats, easily acquired.

Suite. Fur das pianoforte. Von Otto Schweizer.—No. 1, "Praludium." An excellent study for the left hand.—No. 2, "Pastorale." A good exercise for the rapid movement and changing of the right and left hands.—No. 3, "Grave." An expressive melody in E flat.—No. 4, "Tempo di Gavotte." We are very charmed with this Gavotte. It is melodious, well marked, and within the capabilities of many. We strongly recommend it to our girls.

DAVID SWAN.

Nora's Vow. Words by Sir Walter Scott. Music composed by David B. Johnstone.—A song written in D with two sharps, presenting no difficulties.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Dolly. Words by Beatrice Esmond. Music by Elizabeth Philp. Written in two keys—No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G.—A pretty, light, and airy song, appropriately set to the oft-told "Old, old story." The second part—

"If maidens will be fair,
And there's someone passing there,
One can't say how things may end—
Take care! take care!"

is in waltz time, and forms an agreeable change. We recommend it to our young friends as a pleasing addition to their repertoire.

The Little Minstrel. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—A simple song, breathing of tender melancholy; it requires great feeling in the rendering by an appreciative performer.

In the Wood. Poetry by Miss A. Proctor. Music by James F. Downes.—A pleasing song, written in 9-8 time, in the key of F, compass rather above the average. The harmonised chords throughout the accompaniment should be played crisply, to produce the effect intended by the composer.

Natalie. Mazurka de Concert. By Etienne Claudet.—A very pleasing and well-marked mazurka, in the key of G, with short introduction. It is brilliant without being difficult, and may easily be committed to memory.

Scintilla. Impromptu by the same composer, Etienne Claudet.—A short and easy piece in F, and suitable for some of our girls who have not yet aspired to anything particularly difficult.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. MAY.—All information respecting instruction by correspondence can be obtained by writing to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington-road, Cambridge. A list will then be sent to you of both the subjects and the teachers, the latter being all members of the University. The fee for a year's course is four guineas, or four months two guineas, teachers so instructed at half-price. You might also write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, who will supply you with all information respecting the instruction to be obtained by correspondence.

POOR OLD SOUL.—We advise you to read our article on "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii.

BERTHA S. LAMBETH.—There is a Mission Training House for Ladies in connection with the "C. W. Union." The hon. secretary is Miss Lloyd, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W. Also at 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.; hon. secretary, Dr. G. Griffith. Full directions for the regular course of training are given at page 191, December 23rd, 1882. We should recommend the latter, as you can then carry out your other wishes.

NOEL.—We suppose you mean the University of London. The Matriculation Examinations are held in January and June, and the age stipulated is "16 years complete." Address for further information the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. Your last query we cannot understand. If you send for the papers you would be able to judge of your own qualifications.

ZMARAGDUS AND SAILOR NAN should read the articles on "How to Improve One's Education," in vol. ii., pages 637 and 794. The article on "How to Form a Small Library," vol. ii., pages 7 and 122, would also be useful to them.

PUDEY.—A good list of foreign proverbs and phrases may be found in Worcester's Dictionary, and in Mair's "Handbook of Proverbs," &c. There are also a number of small books of English proverbs, also a book called "Proverbs of all Nations," by W. K. Kelly, and a mention of proverbs in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

RIVER GOGT.—You will find all you require to know respecting clerkships in the Civil Service at page 543,

vol. i. (Answer "Annie"). The number is that for August 21, 1880. Mr. Tarn will supply you with it if you enclose two penny stamps. You write pretty well.

MARGARET HELENA.—See our answer previously made to "River Gogt." All information respecting the examinations will be given on the printed forms with which you will be supplied on application to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, Westminster.

ANXIOUS SISTER.—Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission in Cannon-row, Westminster. With reference to this, see page 543, vol. i. Whether the ages at which young men are eligible for appointments to clerkships are the same in the case of women you will be informed on application. Direct application must also be made to the secretaries of the several railway companies. There is no expense attending such applications. Of course, if you have any friend connected with one of the last-named companies you would do well to enlist his services and interests in your brother's behalf.

HONEYUCKLE.—We can only repeat to you the advice often given to others on receipt of similar letters—to write direct to the British chaplain resident at any large foreign town which you have conditionally selected, and be guided by his account of the climate, price of living, and the schools with which he may be more or less acquainted. If satisfied, go there and make personal inquiries and investigations for yourself. You write well.

HOPE.—The National School of Music has ceased to exist. Perhaps the Royal Academy of Music, at 4, Tottenham-street, Hanover-square, W., or Trinity College, London, would suit you. Write to the secretary, who will supply you with all the information you desire. 2. The children under your care are too young to understand figures. At such tender ages instruction is best given by talking and reading to them, and showing them pictures, and teaching them verses of children's hymns and songs, not as tasks, but more after the manner of play.

COOKERY.

DOOL-RAGUE.—The "under cut" of the sirloin of beef should be placed uppermost when served, and carved across the bones. 2. There is a small fish, of about four or five inches long, called a "miller's thumb," from a fancied resemblance to it, looking broad and round, when used to test the quality of flour. There is a saying, "Every honest miller has a thumb of gold."

PEEL.—Lemons are imported all the year round, but they come freshly into England in June. They should be kept in a dry, airy place, hung up in little netted string bags.

DAPHNE, GOOSE, and DONKEY would do well to obtain Francatelli's book, which contains a very full notice of all branches of confectionery. The nine recipes they ask for are long, and would none of them be interesting to the majority of our readers. We think "D," "G," and "D" are one and the same person, judging from the writing.

VALENTINE.—The custard should never boil, as boiling will curdle it. It may be stirred in the saucepan till it thickens, or poured into a jug and stirred till cool. Then pour into cups, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and stand in a cool oven until they be set. The full description of curing skins was given at page 368, vol. iii. Many thanks for your kind note.

MUSIC.

E. C.—We should advise you to read our article on "What is a Correct Musical Taste," vol. ii., page 83, which will give you the guidance you need.

AN ADMIRING SUBSCRIBER.—Read "How to Play Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words," pages 537, 548, vol. ii. The method is fully described.

ONE WHO WISHES TO IMPROVE.—Count 1, 2, 3, 4 to the crotchet in the single bar. The meaning of the term "pseudonym" is "a fictitious name assumed for the time."

KEE WEE.—S F Z, written "sfz," mean "sforzando." We think you have copied the letters wrongly.

CHERRIE.—You ask too many questions. You had better obtain one of Novello's music primers. Both your questions as to the time of learning the two instruments depend for an answer on your own ability and perseverance. You should practise on a harmonium.

COURADIN.—Go to the nearest good bookseller and order the books you need. We do not give addresses. We believe Stephen Heller is dead, but Madame Heller still plays at concerts in London. Rubinstein is alive.

CAPTAIN GREER'S SISTER.—From what you say, we think you should engage an Italian singing-master, whether you continue your piano lessons or not. The quality of your voice must be decided by its peculiar tone; low notes do not necessarily make it a "contralto," and unless we heard you sing we could not tell you on which note your voice breaks and where the "head notes" should begin. An Italian master would tell you this; it is so that they teach in Italy. See "Home Accomplishments" (How to Sing a Song), pages 54 and 55, vol. i. Your letter needs no apology, it is very polite, and no rules of ours have been broken.

GERTRUDE SMITH.—Perhaps you are suffering from blood-poisoning. The cisterns should be examined, and also the drainage, and any rubbish heaps or ponds near the house attended to. A chemist should make you a carbolic wash for your mouth; never touch your tongue with caustic on any account. Perhaps your digestion is at fault, or you may have acidity in the blood to counteract. We can judge as strangers, knowing nothing but the mere fact of your one symptom. Consult a doctor.

PINA.—The best advice in our power to give you is to make a direct application for their printed terms and rules. We wish we could aid you further in reference to the Frankfurt Conservatorium.

ART.

RIVIERE.—Verses of Scripture could in no case be "copyright," but the method of illumination and the design might be so. There is nothing to prevent your using the verses how and when you like.

FAITH.—Some articles on oil-painting will be given this year in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; also instructions on painting on various materials.

A. B. YOUNG.—You should take the opinion of several dealers in old engravings. The value depends on the state of preservation they are in, on the existence of a margin, which was frequently cut off by ignorant people in the early part of this century, and the number extant in the market—not only on the date.

AN ENQUIRER.—Read "Velvet Painting," page 504, vol. ii., in which the entire process is described. We see no reason why you should not colour the background, and we think powder colours would be best, but should advise you to begin by testing the effect of everything on another piece of white velvet. The velvet must be taken off the music stool and stretched on a board.

MIGNONETTE.—We think you have not used the bronze well, and have either neglected shaking it or have had a bad bottle. It usually answers well.

NE M'OUBLIEZ PAS.—We do not in the least comprehend your difficulty about the crystoleum painting, or what you mean by the "unmounted photo." The sandpaper is used to rub off the paper on the back. Read the article with greater attention, and you will find all the information you can possibly want. Your writing is shocking for your age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILLIE VINCENT.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and frontispiece, price one shilling.

EXPECTATION.—St. George, the Patron Saint of England, was born in Armenia, and martyred in the reign of Diocletian by decapitation, April 23, 303 A.D. The Dragon represented with him represents the Evil One, over whom the Christian martyr triumphed, and is only an allegorical figure. The same idea is expressed by John Bunyan, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when "Christian" vanquishes "Apollyon." Satan is called "the Dragon" in the book of Divine Revelation. St. George was said to be the Patron of England in Saxon times, and King Arthur placed his picture on his banners. Your writing is firm and legible, but not graceful.

FREDA.—The young girl of whom you speak should place herself under the care of the Women's Emigration Society, and apply to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. This society facilitates, by advice, and by granting loans, the emigration of educated women to the colonies. There is also the Female Middle Class Emigration Society, of which the secretary is Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. Of course a young woman should be chaperoned and arrangements made for her reception on arrival. From what a singular lack of acuteness, and even ordinary powers of perception, your friend must suffer not to be able to distinguish between a sham and a real correspondence! But while one cannot blame her for a natural defect we consider she is fully responsible for using such a vulgar word as "humbug," in reference to matters of which she knows nothing.

GRATEFUL CORRESPONDENT.—1. We advise you to place the needles in sweet oil, and leave them immersed for some time. Then lay them out on a piece of wash-leather, all lying one way, and rub across them with another piece of the leather, rolling them backwards and forwards to dry and cleanse them. After this they should be polished in emery-powder cushions one by one. Were they larger objects we should give you a recipe of a different kind, but the method would be scarcely applicable to needles, and the medium to be employed is a dangerous poison. 2. The copyright of the stories we publish in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is our own. Were a manuscript, such as you describe, sent to us for publication and declined, we should return it; but, as our staff of writers is very full, and we are already much overstocked with stories and articles, we regret that we cannot offer to receive any more for consideration. We thank you for your kind thoughtfulness on our account.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—1. See page 96, vol. i., in reference to the cleaning of gloves. 2. See pages 176, 288, 319, and 390, in reference to the eyes. Your writing is not yet formed, but we think that if you try to write a little rounder, you will write a good one by-and-by.

remainder of the breast entire; inserting the knife at the tail end, and so dividing it from the back, which will provide a help for the third person.

Hares must be turned the head to the carver's left hand, and straight slices cut all the whole length of the backbone, beginning close to it. The stuffing, which is inside, and the forcemeat balls should not be forgotten by the carver, while the red-currant jelly will be carried round by the servant. Serve a good deal of gravy with each help, as the meat is dry. The legs and "wings" are taken off as those of a fowl; the former should be divested of meat by the carver and served without the bones.

A rabbit should be placed with the head to the carver's right hand, and the knife drawn down the whole length of the body, close to the backbone on each side; cut down the centre into two equal sides, then across the back twice, leaving three equal helpings, if the rabbit be sufficiently large, on each side of the back. The legs should be taken off and the wings raised before carving the back. Small rabbits will only bear a single cut across the back, and both sides of the back must be carved and served together.

Before taking leave of the subject of carving for the table, I must remind you that the same delicacy of feeling and thoughtful care for the comfort and advantage of others will make you scrupulous in your neatness during the performance of your office. Never help any dish unless the plate be too near to allow for the falling of drops on the cloth, and never engage in conversation while so occupied. Give your whole attention to your business, and observe to whom you supply each help. Do not give a tough part to one who is likely to have false teeth, or who is known to be delicate; and endeavour to check your inclination to be bountiful; but give moderate helps lest people may feel nauseated, especially when helping an invalid or convalescent: you make them wish for more if you give but little, and so tempt a poor appetite.

Never forget to supply each plate with a portion of every adjunct served with the dish, such as stuffing, fat, forcemeat-balls, small

dumplings, horseradish, vegetables, sippets of toast, and all else; and in helping salmon, mackerel, soles, and herrings, the roe—which in the last-named fish may be soft or hard, and a choice should therefore be given. The sound of cod, which grows along the backbone, should not be forgotten; nor the liver, if served with the fish. And when there is no carving, but mere helping to be done, still give something of everything; such, for instance, as the hard-boiled eggs in a pie or a salad, and the rim of pastry encircling a milk-pudding. In the latter case, I have seen a help taken from out of the centre, and the pastry was forgotten; as also the pieces of lemon, and sippets of toast, in the helping of minced veal. Such omissions, trifling as they are, so far as the amount of deprivation experienced by the persons negligently served, are evidences, but little gratifying, of carelessness and want of thought for them, an indifference which is not merely unkind and uncomplimentary, but thoroughly ill-bred. Hospitality is not shown by giving huge uncouth-looking helps; but by perpetual watchfulness over the requirements of each person at table, and a kindly anxiety to serve them, so as to tempt appetite, bringing all your skill and all your good taste and refinement into service.

Lastly, never press anyone to take, nor even to taste, what they decline a second time. No well-bred guest could refuse to take what was much pressed upon them, even if loathing it; because it would imply a reproach to the hostess to depreciate any viand she had laid before them. But there is such a thing as a natural antipathy, and you should not force your guest into so ungracious a position as that of admitting that your dish was distasteful. A hostess may go so far as to say, "Will you change your mind?" But if she forget her good-breeding, and press a guest to any greater degree to take what is declined, the latter is bound by the rule of politeness to taste a small portion. Possibly, you, my young guest, may feel very uncomfortable; but you will have some compensation in the thought that you have performed a little act of self-denial, and thereby gratified

one who sought to show you a kindly attention.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

NEW MUSIC.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Turn of the Tide. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick. In two keys.—A most pleasing and well-written song. The effective modulation from the minor to its relative major, which occurs at the words, "And the surf rolls in with the tide," is most artistic and appropriate.

A Midsummer Dream. Words by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Cotsford Dick. In two keys.—We have before us another of this versatile composer's songs. It is very pretty and uncommon. We are much impressed with the characteristic accompaniment to the following lines:—

"Then away from the busy city,
Through peaceful meadow land,
With his gentle wife at twilight
He is wandering hand in hand."

We think our young friends will do well to add these two songs to their musical repertory.

The Old, Old Words. Faithful. Two songs written by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—These are both attractive songs. The commencement of the former is rather melancholy, but the six-eight movement at the end of each verse is more cheerful. The latter song is sympathetic, and requires great expression and feeling in the rendering.

Too Late. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by H. A. Muscat.—This song is set in a musicianly style, and is quite within the compass of unpretending vocalists.

One Golden Hour. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Frederic Clay.—A melodious theme, set to sympathetic words. The accom-



THE DEATH-BED OF ST. CECILIA.
(From the Picture by De Vriendt.)

A FEMALE CRUSOE.



HOSE of our readers who are following the lonely career of "Robina Crusoe," will be interested in knowing that one of our earliest travellers on the overland route, in search of the north-west passage, was Mr. Hearne, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three several journeys towards the Copper Mine river, in full expectation of finding a northern ocean, the existence of which, it was inferred, would establish the fact of a sea

route north of the great American continent. In those journeys he encountered the most frightful perils and underwent astonishing hardships, not a whit less cruel than the worst of those endured by modern travellers, and he manifested unparalleled fortitude in contending against them. The third journey to some extent established the fact, the verification of which was the chief object of his expeditions, and moreover corrected some important errors in the reports of preceding explorers. But we have nothing to say on that subject here. Mr. Hearne's expeditions have long been a dead letter; and we refer to them only for the purpose of introducing an episode in his adventures which strikes us as affording, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of female resources and self-reliance ever recorded.

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscow, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, formed of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much persuasion to induce her to return with them to the traveller's tent. Here on being interrogated, she told her story; when it came out that she was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans, and that at an inroad of the latter, during the summer of 1770, she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapuscan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where she was found, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people. In this, however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and having completed it, she calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed; and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted in this desolate region entirely by her own unaided exertions.

How had she contrived to sustain life? When asked that question, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the period when she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock of provisions laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock manufactured with sinews drawn from the legs of the rabbits and squirrels which had fallen victims to her cunning. But this "exemplary female" had not only well stocked her larder by the exercise of industry and forethought, but had also taken equal care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, which was not only warm and comfortable, but, according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited no small variety of ornament. "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow-head, and a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife; and with these she had constructed not only her dress, but a pair of substantial snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

The keeping up the fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphureous stones she could, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood carefully picked small; but the labour was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months. She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abounded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of line she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length; and it was her intention to make of them a capacious net for fishing, as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practicable.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have ever seen in any part of North America." It would seem that his Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for the comeliness of her person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife; so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her—the strongest of the party, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

We might add a whole volume of reflections upon the cheerful, active, womanly spirit of this female Crusoe, uncivilized as she was, as contrasted with the desponding helplessness which we too often witness among women, and men too, who, with every motive to industry and activity, and every encouragement to exert both, lose all self-reliance under the first shock of adversity, and pass their days in useless indolence and repining. We forbear, however; such a history as this, or that of "Robina Crusoe," is better without a set moral, and carries its own comment.



NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE.

GODDARD AND Co.

Happy Love. Quadrille. By Louis F. Goddard.—A simple and pleasing arrangement; very good as marking time and rhythm.

Fairy Freaks. Schottische. By Louis F. Goddard.—The fact of this schottische having reached a third edition speaks well for its reception by our pianoforte-players. The time is well defined, and the melody bright and inspiring; no serious difficulty to overcome in reading or playing.

B. WILLIAMS.

Tel-el-Kebir. Valse. By H. J. King.—These valse are dedicated, by special permission, to General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. The air is well marked, and the arrangement very easy; quickly learnt and committed to memory.

ALFRED HAYS.

Le Rossignol. Nocturne for pianoforte. By H. J. King.—A smooth little warbling nocturne, with plenty of light and shade; not at all difficult, but requiring careful attention to the character and use of pedals. The *finale* depicts the soaring of the bird, whose voice is lost in the distance. Our young friends will be pleased with this pretty little nocturne.

WEEKES AND Co.

Un Echo d'Ecosse. Fantaisie de concert sur l'air, "Charlie is my darling." Par C. A. Ehrenfechter.—Very stylishly arranged. The air is well sustained throughout. A moderately advanced performer, giving proper attention to the carefully-marked expressions, will find this fantasia a most suitable piece for drawing-room entertainment. The pages of octaves at the end are brilliant and showy, easily played by a lissom wrist in good practice.

VOCAL.

W. MORLEY AND Co.

The Sprig of May. Song. Written by Helen M. Burdside. Composed by Jacques Blumenthal.—The music of this song (founded on a Hebrew melody) has been most feelingly expressed by the composer in his usual artistic style. The words are most touching, telling of a little street arab—cold, hungry, and neglected—tenderly raising a sprig of may carelessly dropped by a passer-by.

"Poor little lad! he is ten years old,
He sleeps in a cellar alone at night,
Always hungry and often cold,
And dreams of a mother with wings of white."

J. B. CRAMER AND Co.

Boots and Tramps. Song. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—We were not prepared by the title of this song to find it wedded to such a pretty and pleasing melody. We think the words are totally unsuited to the drawing-room.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—In some respects this song is not equal to many of its predecessors; at the same time, it develops much pathos and feeling. The delicate arpeggio accompaniment comes in most beautifully to the words:—

"And sweet as an echo from heaven,
I heard its music once more;
And the burden of life was uplifted,
And the pain of parting was o'er."

Nap. Polka. Composed by J. Lees.—A danceable polka, with introduction, trio, and winding-up with brilliant coda, by no means difficult.

to win hearts; everybody speaks well of him. But it is my own life that I have to think about now, Mr. Wenlock. Can you help me to face it?"

"My dear lad," cried the vicar, in a broken voice, "I think I am the most worthless prop that ever a man leaned upon! There are a thousand things I ought to say to you, and yet I can't say them. Just when my words are needed, I am dumb."

There was another pause. The house was quiet in the stillness of the summer morning; through the open window could be seen the poor little decayed church, and the soft, green graveyard with its mounds and crosses. A breeze, blowing suddenly into the room, stirred the leaves of "Mort d'Arthur," still lying on the table, and Arthur's eyes chanced to rest upon the page where Mary had left the flower.

"Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

He took up the little pink tenderly, toyed with it for a moment, and then shut it up in the book before he spoke again.

"My thoughts are turning back to an old desire of mine, Mr. Wenlock," he said. "You remember it?"

"I do remember it, Arthur," the vicar answered, thoughtfully. "But you will not go away while your parents are living? You cannot leave them childless in their old age?"

"No," said Arthur, quietly. "I am not one of those who turn their faces towards

'The distant and the dim,'

and refuse to do the duties lying close to their feet. If I had not felt this desire years ago," he added, "I should be afraid it was only the wish to be healed of my wound that makes me long to go away."

A light seemed to break in upon Mr. Wenlock's mind as he sat and listened to his pupil's words. He knew that it is no uncommon thing for the road of our early aspirations to be trodden, in our later days, with bleeding feet. What if Arthur's steps had been turned from the smooth path of a happy love that he might hearken to the voices that were crying—"Come over and help us?" Those who were nearest to him might not need him long; indeed, there were certain signs which said plainly that a son's duties would soon be required of him no more. And then, when these last ties were broken, he would go forth, as Henry Martyn had gone to India, and Williams to Polynesia, conquering and to conquer in the Name of Him who sent them.

As this conviction forced itself upon him, Mr. Wenlock began to fight sternly with his own heart. He too, had had his pleasant dreams of the future, in which Arthur had played a leading part; and now,—now, he saw all too clearly that this man whom he loved as his own son must be parted from him. He might perhaps have prevailed if he had striven to hold him back; the selfishness of

affection prompted him to do it. And then another voice spoke within him, and warned him to beware, lest he should become a hinderer.

"If you are to tread this path, the way will be made plain," he said at last. "Meanwhile, Arthur, you know that you need not go afar to find healing. When Christian was sore wounded in the Valley of Humiliation, there came to him a Hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life."

"True," Arthur answered, gratefully. "When we are hurt, we are all too apt to fly abroad in search of that tree, instead of waiting patiently till the Hand brings the leaves to us."

And then they parted; and young Beachley walked slowly homeward, shunning the high road that lay white and dusty in the glare of noon, and striking into cool by-paths across the fields. In some of these fields the corn was waiting for the sickle, in others the reaping had already begun, and the russet sheaves stood up in shocks. Truly, in other lands, and in another sense, the harvest was plenteous and the labourers were few; but he felt within himself that he was willing to wait.

Nor did he lose heart or patience when he drew near the house, and heard James Listowe's voice coming through an open window in sonorous tones. The paved hall was fragrant with flowers in great china jars; their perfumes were almost too heavy, thought Arthur, with a sigh; the sweetness sickened him. Cassie came downstairs, just as the gong sounded for luncheon.

Her face was very pale, and her mouth seemed to be shut closer than ever; but she brightened as Arthur came forward.

"Mary is really quite well now," she said, in reply to his inquiries; "but your mother will not let her leave her room till dinner-time. Dear Mary! I think she is not too ill to enjoy the fuss that everybody makes over her."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Sea Shell's Story. Written by Miss H. M. Burnside. The music by Charles Vincent.—A pretty and simple song, sympathetically set by the composer. It is written in two keys, D and F, of moderate compass.

Anywhere. The words from "Anyhow Stories." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. The music by Frank L. Moir.—An amusing song, as the title suggests; very pleasingly set by the composer. It is sure to become a favourite with our juvenile friends.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Pretty Nothings. Ballad. Written by F. W. Waithman. Composed by J. W. Dawson.—A cheerful and easy song; may, if archly rendered, prove a favourite.

Unseen Singers. Words by George W. Varley. Music by George E. Lees.—Requires careful and expressive singing and playing.

Our Only Hope. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—In key with four flats. Not difficult.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Power and Love. A sacred song. The words by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. The music, in which is embodied the melody typical of the Redeemer, from the oratorio, *The Redemption*, composed by Charles Gounod.—This beautiful sacred song, based upon the sympathetic refrain which pervades the whole oratorio, has been arranged by the composer to Mr. Troutbeck's verses, on which we cannot pass a higher encomium than to say they are worthy of the music. We sincerely hope we may be favoured with more adaptations from this grand oratorio, which we cannot but think will be generally appreciated.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Set to music in the key of D by Josiah Booth.—These canticles are written in a most effective style. The "Magnificat" is very solid and spirited, and the frequent changes of key and time make the composition attractive. The "Nunc Dimittis" opens with an andante movement, led off by the bass. In the second verse the tune changes, and is more animated, ending with an effective gloria. We may add that these compositions have been performed at three recent services in Westminster Abbey.

The Mighty Caravan. Music by Josiah Booth. *Hymn to the Moon.* Words by Ben Jonson. Music by Josiah Booth.—Both these part songs have great merit. They are written for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.

DAVID SWAN.

Swan's Academic Series of Vocal Duets and Trios for Treble Voices. Arranged with pianoforte accompaniments.—We have received No. 1 and No. 2 of a series of duets and trios. The subjects are all well selected from the works of various well-known masters, and arranged in an easy and pleasing style, quite within the compass of most voices. We recommend them to our young friends.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Minuetto. For violin and pianoforte. Composed by Heinrich Muller.—A moderately easy but effective minuetto and trio. A good study for accompanist as well as violin, on account of the great light and shade to be observed throughout the composition, which should be carefully noted.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Way of the World. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—These charming verses have been set in Mr. Molloy's best style. The allusion to our Queen by the cottage bed is very touching, and the music sympathetic. It is written in three keys—No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E, No. 3 in F.

Three Merry Men. The words by A. C. Dewitt. The music by J. L. Molloy.—This song is written in a good and bold style, and is admirably adapted to the words.

Going to Market. The words by Harold Winn. The music by Louis Diehl.—This is an especially pretty and simple song written in two keys. With careful singing it would become a favourite.

Gold. The words and music by Frank L. Moir.—We are much impressed with the words of this song, and the music is equally good, being thoroughly characteristic and spirited. There is also great variety in the changing of time and keys. We recommend it.

The Choralist. No. 239. To Flowers. Words by John Keble. Music by Josiah Booth.—A very pretty part song for four voices, pleasing in style and well suiting Keble's charming words.



blowing in. On the door-steps and floor were boxes and packages of all sizes and shapes, and in the middle of the hall stood Kate, her veil thrown back from her bonnet, and her shawl falling from her shoulders. The grey-haired butler, nearly at his wit's end, was feebly endeavouring to parry her eager questions.

"Why can't you speak plainly, Harris?" said the familiar voice, with a touch of its old imperiousness. "Are your master and mistress gone away, or are they ill? Why do you look so strange?"

"God help her and me too!" murmured Arthur.

And then he went down the stairs with a quick step. She heard him and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Oh, Arthur, I am so thankful to be at home again!" was her cry, and in an instant her face was hidden on his breast, and she sobbed aloud.

A sleepy little bundle, perched upon one of the hall chairs, broke out into a shrill wail; whereupon a weird figure, in white draperies, holding a second bundle in its arms, started up from a corner, and began to prance and snap its fingers.

It was altogether a confusing spectacle. While Mrs. Glendon still sobbed, and the ayah continued her queer dance, Harris was heard to ejaculate, with earnestness, "Lord have mercy upon us!" And then he turned and fled for refuge to his own pantry.

In looking back afterwards upon the events of that bewildering night, neither Arthur nor Mr. Wenlock could ever distinctly remember how the sad news was broken to Kate. They could only recall a perplexing scene, in which Mrs. Glendon, her children, the ayah, and the Rookery servants were all jumbled together; sobs and sighs, childish wails, and tinkling bangles seemed to fill the house with a strange mingling of sounds. And in the midst of it all a poor dazed figure with a grey head was perpetually appearing and vanishing. Never, in the whole course of his respectable life, had Harris so entirely lost control over his own actions. What with the household troubles, surprise at their young lady's sudden return, and mortal terror of her dark-skinned attendant, the domestics were too much flustered to obey orders in a rational way, or even to understand the directions which Arthur attempted to give them.

At last, however, some tranquillity was restored. Beds were hastily prepared for Mrs. Glendon and her little ones, and refreshments were set before them. Poor Kate, half crazed by her own personal griefs, and worn out by long travelling, could scarcely comprehend that she was motherless and all but fatherless. She could only realise that she was at home once more, that the sea lay between her and that weary land where she had known the bitterest sorrows of womanhood. And as she laid her poor faded face upon the pillow and heard the night breeze whispering in the familiar trees outside the house, she thanked God for letting her hear that old English lullaby again, and so fell asleep.

The waking was strange and intensely sorrowful. But when Arthur and his

sister had their first quiet talk together, sitting hand in hand in the old drawing-room, he saw, plainly enough, that her capacities for suffering were almost exhausted. She was glad, she said, that her father and mother would never know the details of her miserable story.

"They are spared a great deal of agony, Arthur," she went on. "They knew enough to darken their lives, poor darlings; but the worst will never reach them! All the way home I have been thinking—thinking of your old warnings and my wilful disregard for them. Oh, Arthur, I have come to think that getting one's own way is like obstinately choosing a curse! If ever I found myself setting my heart on anything again, I would pray to God not to let me have it."

Her brother pressed the thin fingers that clasped his own. Even if she had been less humbled and broken in spirit he could not have reminded her of the old, self-willed days—he would fain have had her forget them.

"Sometimes," she continued, "when I have heard women mourning over the old loves of their youth that came to nothing, I've thought they should rejoice instead of weep. A loss is often a deliverance. I daresay I am talking wildly, dear; but you will have patience with me."

Who would not have had patience, looking at that worn face, and remembering what it once was? Kate's beauty had been of that flower-like kind which is withered by the first sharp blast. The climate that destroys so many English roses had not spared her, but the ravages of a far deadlier foe were yet more plainly visible. Arthur could not answer her in words, but he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him.

She told him her woeful tale from beginning to end—how she had soon found out what a weak hold she had upon her husband's heart, how impatient he grew under the restraint of their bond, and how unwilling he was to make even the smallest sacrifice for love's sake. Not one expensive habit would he give up, not one luxury would he forego, and by slow degrees the poor wife discovered that his pleasures were vices.

Nothing is so costly as sin. Kate, in her obstinate folly, had refused to have her dowry settled on herself, and it melted like snow in Captain Glendon's reckless hands.

And then there were letters sent to England that Kate blushed to write. Sometimes she refused to write them, but William Glendon did not scruple to gain his point by terrifying her into submission. The money that was asked for always came; even when every mail brought a request for more, the parents did not once send back a refusal. Oh, how this meek compliance wrung Kate's heart, and made the task of writing those begging letters a positive torture!

At last the crisis came. Captain Glendon fled—none knew whither—leaving wife and children to shift for themselves. Their desolate condition won them friends; many surrounded Kate with offers of service which she was constrained to accept. Before the news of Mrs. Beachley's death reached

her, she was on her way to England, and so harassed and bewildered was her brain, that she shrank from sending news of her coming. She would go back direct to the old home as to her last refuge, and entreat them not to turn her away.

The influence of that home, sadly changed as it was, seemed to make a new creature of the broken-down woman who had fled to it for shelter. To the great relief of the Rookery servants, the ayah was sent back to India after only a short sojourn amongst them; and although the Indian-born children bewailed her with ear-piercing screams, Jane, the younger housemaid, was quite ready to take her place.

Three days after his daughter's return Mr. Beachley sank to rest. They could not tell if he had recognised her; once they fancied that his face had brightened when she had bent over his pillow and told him that his little Kate had come back. But he passed away peacefully in his sleep, while Arthur and Mr. Wenlock were watching beside his bed.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

La Tarantella. Pour le Piano. Par Cotsford Dick.—A bright and easy tarantella. The character of this style of music must be carefully marked, and a light, brisk, and rapid execution is necessary in order to give the right interpretation. The tarantella is a favourite with all who appreciate a lively style.

The Olden Time. Minuet de la Cour. By Cotsford Dick.—Another short piece by the same author as "*La Tarantella*," but in a different style, and much easier to play. Suitable for small hands, the stretches being very limited.

Elise. Serenade. For the Pianoforte. By Charles Gardner.—A simple air, smoothly and simply treated. Another of the pieces that are sought after by the youthful aspirant to pianoforte playing. There is sufficient difficulty and theme to render the serenade an agreeable change to the ordinary studies so essential to be practised.

W. CZERNY.

Gold Roschen. Claverstück. By W. Meissner.—A graceful melody, pleasingly arranged. The style is smooth, with a nice variety of expression, and opportunity for the display of taste and careful attention to time. There are only five pages, and no insurmountable difficulties for our young pianists.

Leibinka. Caprice Polonaise. By P. von Tugginer.—A short and easy caprice in the mazurka form; well marked, and the use of the pedal carefully indicated. A nice little piece, easily learnt and played from memory.

Tais-toi, pauvre cœur. Reverie for the Piano. By Ignace Mihalý.—A brilliant introduction to a soft adagio movement in 6-8 time. The treatment is varied, requiring some experience and right practice, although by no means difficult.

Three Budding Flowerettes. By W. Meissner. No. 1, "Alpine Rose;" No. 2, "Amaranth;" No. 3, "Blue Bell."—Three pretty, easy pieces just suited for our young friends, who will learn them with pleasure, and be able with but little practice to play them for the gratification of their listeners.

"Absurd, a dog's! and old again; really, Adelaide! Why, Bel was not two years when you lost him."

"Ah, it is a habit I've got—a term of endearment, I believe. But I will not call you old, my dear; so don't be vexed."

"Endearment! well, I don't know. Dr. Verity, you—"

"Oh, but we were talking of Winnie," said Adelaide, hurriedly. "Somehow I cannot help liking her; the way she took to Jack and Jill, and the pets already run after her, more than after myself, I declare. And see, now—" the speaker turned to me, as she went on—"see how she has arranged these bits of flowers, all sweet-scented, not a gaudy one among them; would Corvée have done as much, think you?"

"Corvée is an excellent maid, Adelaide; I am sure I don't know what we should do without her."

"Do not say *we*, my dear; henceforth Corvée shall be your own especial property. I have made up my mind to deny myself her valuable services."

"Do without Corvée!" interrupted Mrs. Fribel, excitedly; "my dear, what can you be thinking of?"

"I am thinking," was the response, "that, with a little patience and instruction, Winnie will soon be able to manage all I shall require."

The elder lady gazed at her young friend in amazement, which for some moments found no expression in words. Then she almost gasped—

"Well, what now? Some new fad? Oh, Adelaide, you are a trial to any nerves."

The other laughed merrily.

"Dear Mrs. Fribel, be sure none of my fads shall inconvenience you. Indeed, you will be the gainer, since Corvée can devote the whole of her time to you."

"She will be dreadfully put out, I know," murmured poor Mrs. Fribel, as she turned away. "There's one comfort," she added, as a parting shot, "your fancies do not last long."

Then she quitted the room by the long window which opened on to the verandah.

Adelaide became grave when she was left alone. She gazed absently before her, while her fingers unconsciously toyed with the blossoms in my cups.

"I am afraid she is right there," she said softly, "but I do believe I shall keep to this. At any rate, I mean to, and this girl will be a help to me, I feel almost sure, for I have faith in first impressions."

That evening a housemaid was busy about the bedrooms, drawing blinds, folding down quilts, and disposing things for the night.

She lighted a couple of candles set on each side myself, then stood a minute or two before me.

"Mam'selle," she called, as a footstep sounded outside—"Mam'selle Curvy, is that you? Come and look here; have you seen this pretty thing?"

In answer to her call, there entered a figure which certainly had not earned the corruption of her proper name by its suitability.

A form with less of curve and more angularity of outline it would be difficult to imagine.

As she came close to me, I saw a thin and fallow face, but with a pair of such dark vivacious eyes, and a set of teeth so white, that altogether seemed to speak before she uttered a word.

"Ah, so! that is the newest vim, eh!" She shrugged her shoulders and spread her hands with a gesture the like of which I had never seen. "It will p'haps last as long as de oder vims. This fille too, this young one, that is anoder vim—how long to last, eh?"

"But isn't the glass pretty?" urged the maid, "with the flowers and all so tasty."

"Oh! it is pritty, and so is the young one, the new fille—girrl, as you call. The flowers will last, how long?—to-morrow—so! the vim will last, eh?"

The housemaid had passed on into the other rooms about her work.

Mam'selle remained before me. She tightened her waistband and smoothed her dark eyebrows, continuing her talk as though I were not her only auditor.

"She will learn, this other one, she will help mee. Ciel! And Mees Adelaide! what of the blonde hair? the so fair complexion? Ha! bah! I shall see! I shall see!"

She turned round, found she was alone, frowned, and, snatching a bit of the lemon thyme from the vase, she smelled at it, then with a "pah!" and a gesture of contempt flung it through the window.

Mrs. Fribel was right: Mam'selle Corvée was "put out" by the introduction of my little girl in brown.

(To be continued.)

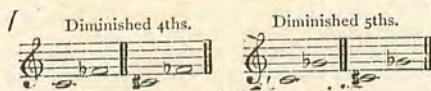
NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Harmony. By Carl Mangold.—Evidently the work of a sound musician; but it would have profited by a little more careful revision on the part of the author, who, in spite of either haste or oversight, cannot help showing himself to be thoroughly up in his subject.

In a text-book destined for the guidance of our young people, as we have before had occasion to remark, the first *sine qua non* is undoubtedly accuracy on all points, and to show that this accuracy is not always obtained, we will cite a few instances of inaccuracy.

On page 10, in the table of intervals, we meet with two kinds of diminished fourths, also two kinds of diminished fifths, which, to say



the least of it, are very confusing to a student. On the same page the ninth is called a ninth or second, whereas the treatment of the ninth and of the second is acknowledged by all theorists to be different, thus clearly proving that the two intervals cannot be identical.

On page 13, speaking of clefs, it would have been more complete to have included the mezzo soprano and the barytone clefs.

Again, rule 1 says, "Consecutive fifths are forbidden." It should be consecutive perfect fifths, because consecutive fifths of different characters are certainly permissible, as Mr. Mangold himself indicates later on in rule 9. The same remark applies to rule 2, concerning consecutive octaves.

Rule 7 states that, "A musical composition must finish with the harmony of the tonic, preceded by that of the dominant," thus totally ignoring the plagal cadence or any other close.

In rule 3 we read, "The triad consists only of three intervals," while the examples to rule 12 are written in four parts, and headed "Examples of Triads." We maintain that these are common chords. A triad consists of three notes only, in the same manner that a triangle consists of but three sides. If the triangle be made into a four-sided figure by the repetition of one of its sides, it loses its triangular character, and becomes a square or parallelogram. If one of the notes of the

triad be repeated, that triad is converted into a common chord.

Further, we cannot agree with the author's method of arriving at the creation of the diminished triad, by suppressing the root of the chord of the dominant seventh, the leading note possessing a triad of its own without requiring any suggested bass.

It is an open question whether the chords of the eleventh and thirteenth as compound fourths and sixths, which would, in our opinion, greatly simplify matters.

In treating of modulation on page 41, the two consecutive fifths must surely be an



oversight. On pages 52, 53, and 54 are examples of harmonising a given melody, which at once prove the cultured musician.

The short appendix, in catechism form, evidently an after-thought, contains some very useful matter, though we think it a pity that in the book there is not a single exercise for pupils, as exercises would greatly enhance the value of the work, both as a text-book and as a test of its comprehensibility.

Trusty as Steel. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A most effective song, with a stirring melody; the accompaniment is bold and martial; altogether much above the average of many of the patriotic songs that have come under our notice. It requires a good barytone voice.

Home to Thy Heart. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A charming song, full of feeling and pathos. It has also the great advantage of variety in the setting. There is no monotony, and the beautiful refrain, "Take me back, my darling," occurring at the end of each verse is most pleasing. We have pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

The Gate of Heaven. With pianoforte, harmonium, harp, and violin (*ad lib.*) accompaniment. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Berthold Tours.—This oft-told story of poverty and woe has been frequently rehearsed of late. The poor, homeless wanderer is attracted by the singing to the minster door—

"And ere the prayer was ended
All his sorrow passed away,
For 'mid the vesper music
He had heard the angels say,
'Wand'rer, tho' thou comest late,
Open still is heaven's gate.'"

The words are set in the usual style of this talented and gifted composer.

Turning the Tables. Written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A cheerful, pretty ballad; the words and music light and playful; written in the composer's happy style. We recommend it to our girls.

Angel Echoes. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Thomas Hutchinson.—An effective song, admirably treated. The music expresses the sentiment of the words.

An Old Story. Words and music by Louisa Gray.—The oft-repeated old, old story is most pathetically expressed. The composer has most artistically introduced a few bars of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" in the accompaniment.

"Then through peals of organ music
Steals unheard a woman's cry,
And her soul is borne from sorrow
To a bright eternity."

Fancy That. Song. Words and music by Atherton Furlong.—A cheerful song, fresh in idea, and easily acquired. Sung in a light and airy style, would be generally pleasing.

Mary was once more free, but making few comments upon the conduct of James and Cassie. Nor did he refer in any way to that old attachment of which Arthur had only spoken when it became a hopeless thing. He did not believe that time and change of scene had destroyed a love that had sprung up in a nature so faithful as that of Arthur Beachley. But he had little hope that these tidings would bring him back to England. Arthur had entered upon his career as a missionary with the full determination that no hardships should discourage him in his work, and no temptation lure him away from it. Many a man, who had thought himself fitted for missionary labour, had found it too hard, and had relinquished it when the first difficulties began to present themselves. But Arthur's quiet fortitude sustained him where some of his more enthusiastic brethren had failed.

He had proved plainly enough that he had neither miscalculated his strength, nor mistaken mere restlessness for the true call. Was it well, then, to wish or tempt him to give up the work that God had set him to do, just because that work must be done in a far-off part of the great harvest-field? Mr. Wenlock knew that he dared not ask him to leave that labour; and so he wrote his letter, and told his news without hinting that this intelligence might change the whole course of Arthur's life.

Months after that letter had been written, Arthur sat reading it on the brink of one of the deep canals made by the Boers. All around him lay a light yellow plain, with a faint tinge of green here and there, and in the west there were ranges of hills. It was sunset; just above the hills the sky had taken its glories of amber and emerald; a herd of antelopes went bounding across the plain; the evening wind, deliciously cool, softly rustled the coarse grasses and berry-bearing bushes. Arthur folded up the letter, and then sat looking dreamily at the marvellous sunset colours.

He did not see them; nor did he see the antelopes, and the vast yellow plains. The bare walls of the old church in Yare had risen up before him, and in a square pew, in a side aisle, he saw one pale, earnest face uplifted, with eyes fixed upon him, unwaveringly. He caught a glimpse of the leafless limes through the plain glass windows, and heard the sweep of the winter wind in the churchyard.

When should he see that face again? Perhaps not until this mortal shall have put on immortality. And then he thought within himself that the mouth would have lost its sad lines, and the eyes their look of infinite questioning. Poor Mary! Ithuriel's spear had been busy in her life.

He sat musing until the shadows had gathered over the plain, while light still lingered above the hills. The hollow cry of an ostrich came drifting towards him from far off as he turned his steps back to the mission station. There were evening classes held in the missionary-house, and the dark-skinned pupils

assembled as usual, little guessing the wanderings of their teacher's thoughts that night. The next day found him seated in a lumbering Cape waggon, travelling slowly over sandy soil to another station miles and miles away.

Was he tempted to cross the sea, and go back to his own land, there to begin a new life, full of fresh interest, and cares that would be precious burdens? The heavy wheels creaked; the slow oxen plodded on, and if Arthur were visited by any home-longings, he crushed them down with a stern hand.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The White Rose. Schottische. By Joseph Sherwood.—The character of the dance is well preserved. The music is easy and pleasant.

Twilight Dreams. Nocturne. By Joseph Sherwood.—A dreamy placid little nocturne, written in four flats; smooth, and easy to learn and play.

The Snow Ball. Polka. By Joseph Sherwood.—Our young friends will be amused with the frontpiece and pleased with the polka. It is easy and short.

J. B. CRAMER.

R. N. A. V. March. By Florence M. Fulton. Dedicated by permission to the Officers of the Birkenhead Battery R. N. A. V.—A crisp, well marked march. The melody is smoothly sustained whilst the accompanying harmonies are sharp and light. The piece is altogether pleasing, and sure to be a favourite with our young pianoforte players.

C. JEFFREYS.

A Dream of the Sea. Impromptu caractéristique. By Arthur E. Klitz. A smooth andante singing movement, with easy accompaniment. In page 4 the air is taken by the left hand, whilst the right performs a flowing and smooth series of open chords. We think this piece will please all who play or listen to it.

WOOD AND CO.

La Gaité. Caprice brillante. By Gilbert Byass.—A quick and lively caprice presenting no difficulties, yet decidedly worthy of the favour it will be sure to gain, both by learners and teachers.

BATH.

Cordelia. Rigodon. By H. A. Muscat.—A quite easy piece for the pianoforte. Lively and pleasant to learn and commit to memory.

The Golden Age. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Annie L. Pernet.—Words and music are pleasing, and nicely blended. The air is simple and the accompaniment easy.

CONRAD HERZOG.

The Amora. Polka. By Edward A. Sutton.—A very easy little polka to be added to the repertoire of our juvenile pianoforte learners.

Leaving the Old Home. Waltzes. By Edward A. Sutton.—Three waltzes by the same composer, dedicated to "My sister Ada, Easter, 1883," written in an easy style and in easy keys.

E. PHILLIPS.

Joyous Springtime. Morceau de Salon. By R. Odell.—A very nice little change from the daily practice of scales and studies, and sufficiently varied to bring out the musical

knowledge and proficiency of the beginner on the pianoforte.

Odell's Grande Valse Brillante.—This valse requires a moderately-advanced player, with brilliant touch and good expression, although far from difficult in other respects.

At Length. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A rather sad little song, by the composer of "Auntie" and "Two Children." Very simple and easy.

WHITE, BROTHERS.

Guards' Parade March. By F. Croft.—A good, military-sounding march, decided and cheerful. Quite easy and short—two points in favour with our young pianoforte-players.

Danse Romanesca. Italian dance. By Karl Muscat.—A short and easy piece, also suited for beginners.

Gelächter. Polka. By Karl Muscat.—An easy, pleasing polka without any difficulties. Our young friends will find this polka an agreeable recreation piece in the midst of their more earnest and necessary practice of pianoforte music.

Aide de Camp. Galop Brillante for pianoforte. By Oliver Cramer.—A good, stirring galop in four flats; suitable for a moderately brilliant performer. The time and expression are well-marked and quickly caught.

Mildred. Valse. By Louis Colas.—Another easy piece to be added to the lively dance music of our younger pianoforte-players.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER and DAVID SWAN.

Elégie. For Pianoforte. By V. H. Zaverthal. Dedicated to Miss M. Mendelssohn.—A characteristic piece in memory of Richard Wagner, written in three flats. A plaintive, funeral march of moderate difficulty, and well written.

Dance of Sprites. Tarantella. By Oliver Cramer.—A very good, brilliant, and easy tarantella. A style always pleasing and useful as a bright piece to be played from memory.

Yours for Ever. Polka. By V. H. Zaverthal.—A simple polka, written in an easy key; suitable for quite young performers.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Chilpéric. Fantaisie sur l'opéra de Hervé. Par George Frederick West.—A selection of the principal melodies of this tuneful opera, treated in Mr. West's usual felicitous style, though a little beyond the average difficulty of his arrangements.

Bridal March. From Wagner's "Lohengrin," arranged as a pianoforte duet. By George Frederick West.—An easy and effective arrangement of this well-known and beautiful march. We notice that Mr. West has here adopted Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's method of distinguishing the bind or tie from the slur by writing the binds thus—

Marcia alla Turca. From Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." Arranged as a duet. By George Frederick West.—This also makes a very pretty duet, without presenting any difficulties even to a juvenile performer.

Octavia. A study for imparting freedom to the wrist. By Etienne Claudet.—Certainly a good octave study, but the first two lines on page 4 will be found rather awkward.

Two Hands. Song. Words by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Music by W. T. Hoeck.—Evidently the work of a musician, and of a musician who has made a study of Schubert's form of song-writing. Although the first part is perhaps a little gloomy, the brightness of the last part forms a striking contrast, and is well worked out. The music is certainly far in advance of the words, which, in our opinion, are so mysterious as to be somewhat unintelligible.

wedding presents come pouring in as fast as ever?"

"Yes, we have had a great many within the last few days, people are so very kind. The most unique one I have had was from that poor old crossing-sweeper, whom I have always been interested in. It is a very handsome Castor Oil plant. Hugh at once, of course, suggested it must have been stolen from a neighbouring florist, but it is not, for the man says an acquaintance in the gardening profession gave him a tiny plant some years ago, and it has grown to its present perfection. The curious thing is, the old man tells me, that flies will not go near it, at least if they do they soon repent it, for it poisons them, and in the weather when flies are most teasing and troublesome, the room with this plant in has been kept quite clear of them, and a circle of dead flies has been found round the pot; so you see this present is both useful and ornamental. By the bye, how does Lulu's sewing-basket answer? I have promised to buy some things from it for our house."

"Poor child, she works desperately hard, and to tell the truth is a perfect worry to her friends. But she is so earnest about it, and the object is such a good one, one cannot help trying to encourage her, and it will not be for long, I suppose."

"Why? Is the man worse?"

"I do not know that he gets rapidly worse, but he cannot possibly recover, and unless he succeeds in getting to his home shortly, I fear whether he would be able to bear such a journey."

This sewing basket was a scheme of Lulu's for raising money to assist Cronetyki and his little girl to go back to Warsaw, according to his own earnest desire, and to pay back the sum of money of which in his early youth he had robbed his father. At first he had absolutely refused any definite help of this sort, declining it with all the proud reserve of his former life; but at length, after a great deal of reasoning from Lulu, and feeling his own strength rapidly failing, he consented to take a sum, strictly as a loan, and he insisted upon signing an agreement to repay it, if possible, during his lifetime, and if that by the grace of God were not permitted, that it should, by instalments, be repaid from the slender provision he would leave for Audine.

Having accomplished this much, Lulu set joyfully to work to get together the required sum, and, with her usual impulsive energy, left no stone unturned whereby she might gain a trifle for her protégé. From henceforth she abjured tea and coffee, and stoically drank water at all her meals; she left off sugar too, of which she had hitherto taken a considerable quantity; and on the strength of these sacrifices demanded 8d. a week from housekeeper Winnie. She patched and mended away at old clothes, to lay by the sum which would otherwise have been spent on very necessary new ones, going about in dresses and hats that Evelyn declared would disgrace a crossing-sweeper's daughter. She was always offering to perform different duties for her sisters; but insisted upon being paid handsomely for her services.

"Winnie, I will darn your stockings, and mend your dress, and go over to Kensington for that wool for you this morning, for sixpence," she suggested one day, with an air of bestowing a favour.

"Thank you, I can do them myself, and I have not sixpence to spare."

"Oh well, I'll say fivepence-halfpenny, as it is you, Winnie; why, it will save you that in shoe-leather."

"Fivepence-halfpenny will not go far to pay your favourite thief's debts," chimed in Evelyn, who was rather ruffled about something or other, and could not forbear having a hit at poor Lulu's Polish friend.

"Every little helps, though," said Lulu, who was wise enough not to take any notice of the taunt. "Come, is it a bargain Winnie?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, she flew upstairs for the dress, and had half finished her task before Winnie had time to explain what wanted doing to it.

But the most important means of gaining money was the sewing basket of which Margaret and Elsie had spoken. A few sympathising friends spent an afternoon with Lulu once or twice a week, and made a number of useful and ornamental articles, with which she bravely tramped about to every friend and acquaintance she possessed, cajoling them into sympathising with her object, and thence into buying something from the basket. Everyone who knew Lulu, knew also that she threw herself with entire fervour into whatever she undertook, and that having resolved to get this money, she would persevere, and neither give herself nor her friends any peace till it was obtained, and this knowledge, combined with her frank enthusiastic way of stating the case, disarmed displeasure, and enlisted many friends in her cause, so that her success was considerable.

She was already within sight of the desired sum, and frequently went to talk with Audine and her father of the happy reunion with their people that lay so close before them.

"Audine will be such a pet to her grand parents, won't she, Mr. Cronetyki? and she will soon forget all her English, too, and will get as plump and rosy-cheeked as possible, running about the orchards and gardens you have described to me. And the troubles you have been through will be just like a dream to you, for you will be so happy that you will quite forget you have ever been anything else."

"Yes, mademoiselle; if indeed the good God permit it to come to pass, but my great sins do not deserve that I should see my home once more; and I sometimes wonder—and fear,—I am in truth weaker the last month,—His will be done."

"Oh that is generally the way with sick people, they feel their weakness most when they are getting better. Indeed you have looked much better lately, you have such a colour and you must not talk so, or even think so, for it is a great mistake of yours to say you are worse. Why, God has helped me to get very nearly enough money, in a fortnight the sum will be complete, and He will not, cannot disappoint us now. Oh no, it is wicked to think of such a thing, it makes me quite angry, Mr. Cronetyki."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

DAVID SWAN.

Dream Whispers. Waltz. By V. H. Zaverthal.—Three nice waltzes with good introduction and finale; very easy and well marked.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

Barcarolle de Marie. Poésie par E. de Planard. La musique par Maud M. Whitmore.—A very pretty little French song; the air is simple and the accompaniment graceful.

F. PITMAN.

The Long Good-night. Sacred Song. Words by Miss Jane Borthwick. Music by M. Moses.—The sentiment of the words is good and the music simple.

DUFF AND STEWART.

Lost Awhile. Words and music by Louisa Gray. With *ad lib.* violoncello accompaniment.—A quiet and easy song of moderate compass. The accompaniment of the violon-

cello greatly adds to the interest and effectiveness of the composition.

SHEPHERD AND KILNER.

Scarlet Poppies. Song. Written by Oliver Brand. Music by P. Von Tugginer.—This song is written in three keys: No. 1 in E flat; No. 2 in F; No. 3 in G. A simple little story song put to music in character. The compass is moderate and the song easily learnt.

METZLER AND CO.

Between Ourselves. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A pleasing and simple ballad set in this composer's usual happy style.

The Angel that Cometh. Song. Written by Adelaide Procter. Composed by Michael Watson. In three keys: A, B, and C.—The composer has caught the spirit of the poetry. The short recitative—"Who is the angel that cometh? Life!"—introduces a melodious and expressive strain; there is great variety in the composition, and it is skillfully harmonised.

Ben the Bosun. A nautical ditty. The words written and the music composed by Michael Watson.—A good, bold, and characteristic song.

Yesteryear. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Lady Arthur Hill. In four keys: A, C, E, and F.—An expressive and melodious ballad, with a most effective accompaniment, at the same time not difficult.

Think of Me. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A pretty, simple song, well put together, although not very original.

Rêve Charmant. Berceuse. Composed by Gaston de Lille. Transcribed for violin and piano by Berthold Tours.—A pleasing and graceful composition, most successfully arranged for violin and piano by this popular writer. Also by the same composer.

La Colombe. Entr'acte de Ch. Gounod. Arrangée pour violon et piano.—A charming and effective arrangement for the drawing-room.

Sweet Lavender. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A simple song, by no means destitute of charm. It is written in three keys, and may easily be acquired.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Love never Sleeps. Serenade. Words by J. F. McArdle. Composed by W. H. Jude. In two keys: E and G.—A charming song, much above the average; we can recommend it to any of our young friends who have a tolerable knowledge of singing.

Yonder Silent Shore. Words by Gertrude Ferrier. Music by J. Stuart Crook. Written in two keys: E and F.—A pleasing drawing-room ballad, not very original, but agreeable in character, presenting no difficulties.

Sever'd the Tie. Words by Herbert Haraden. With *ad lib.* accompaniment for violin, concertina, and violoncello. Composed by Ethel Haraden.—The melody is simple and appropriate; the addition of the violin and violoncello will add a great charm to the whole composition.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

"Hush!" Morceau de Salon. Composé pour piano par Etienne Claudet.—A well-written and effective piece, by no means difficult; will suit moderate performers.

St. Eustache. Reminiscence for the piano. Abridged from 2nd Grand Offertoire for the organ (L. Wely). Arranged by Carl Mahler.—This composition, having been originally composed for the organ, must necessarily lose much of the grandeur and effect intended by the composer in the arrangement for the piano. We can recommend it as an étude.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, at pages 275 and 276, vol. ii.; pages 476 to 478, vol. iii., and also, in other places. Any other pattern, however, may be selected which is suitable and pretty. The border may be fringed or lace, but wool balls are not recommended for the purpose. Very light colours should also be avoided as unwearable by patients in hospitals. The work will be judged in the same manner as the sampler competitions—by the ages of the competitors.

Prizes and Certificates will be awarded as in the Plain Needlework Competition.

The last day for receiving the work is New Year's Day, 1884.

RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DARNING SAMPLERS.

Examiners:—DORA DE BLAQUIERE AND ANNIE NASH.

FORTY-FIVE competitors of various ages entered themselves for competition in this very needful and excellent art, a great decrease in our number, which for that reason is a matter of disappointment, but for others is rather a surprise and pleasure, when we consider the novelty of the subject, and the very fair character of the work sent in. One sampler, that of Miss Elizabeth Lucy Marsh, was exquisite in its work, finish, and spotless cleanliness, and was deserving of the highest praise.

UNDER 14.—(SEVEN COMPETITORS.)

The worker at 11 years of age compares very favourably with the older ones, and shows more care and greater application. The prize sampler, at the age of 13, is beautifully done, for the years of the owner. The chief faults are in the diagonal darning and patching, both of which are below the mark.

UNDER 15.—(SIX COMPETITORS.)

In the prize sampler the work was peculiarly excellent. The chief faults in this list were in the three-cornered darn.

UNDER 16.—(TWO COMPETITORS.)

So far, the prize at this age is the best work seen. The embroidery stitch, however, is not shown at all.

UNDER 17.—(NO COMPETITORS.)

UNDER 18.—(EIGHT COMPETITORS.)

In one instance only is the work in this list up to the mark. Two competitors show no "Swiss darning" whatever, and the plain darns are faulty. On the other hand, the patching is excellent.

UNDER 19.—(THREE COMPETITORS.)

We have mentioned the sampler already, which most deserves notice here, and is indeed worthy of a first prize anywhere.

UNDER 20.

The work in this class is not so good as that of the younger competitors. Some of the workers had spoilt their work by using spool-cotton instead of darning-cotton, and several had added clocks to the stockings, a useful accomplishment which we shall add to our test in future.

UNDER 21.

The prize sampler is very well done in this

class, but the work in general is not good enough for the age of the workers.

UNDER 22 AND UNDER 23.—(THREE COMPETITORS.)

All of them, however, good of their class. The prize sampler contained a beautifully-done checked darn, which deserves praise.

UNDER 24 AND UNDER 25.

Work pretty good in both classes.

Very great praise must be given to all the competitors for their close attention to the rules of the competition, as to the size of the sampler, the cleanliness of it, and its neatness and finish. No fault could be found with a single competitor on any of these grounds.

The authorities of the Orphan Working School are to be especially congratulated on the excellent teaching and training which are manifested in the work of their scholars. The younger girls from this school show a very high standard of advancement for their age.

The Editor considers it wise to delay any further sampler competitions in plain needlework and darning till next year, during which time he earnestly hopes that the young readers of the "G. O. P." will have seen the great advantage to be gained from them, and will be endeavouring to improve themselves in every way, so as to attain to the requisite degree of perfection.

PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA.

Sayer, Jane (13), Orphan Working School, London.

Bartlett, Ellen E. (14), Orphan Working School, London.

Jackson, Agnes M. (15), Ballinderry Rectory, Moneymore, Ireland.

Bilton, Maud (17), Bayston-road, Stoke Newington.

Marsh, E. L. (18), 67, Victoria-road, Aldershot.

Pamment, Hannah (20), 25, Seal-street, Shacklewell, N.

Macintosh, M. A. (21), Knockglass House, Camp, Tralee, Ireland.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Buckle, Florence E. (14), Orphan Working School, London.

Waites, Alice C. (15), 6, Victoria-road, Cambridge.

Parsley, Rose (17), 220, Goldhawk-road, W. Lambert, May (19), The Elms, Roehampton.

Owston, S. H. (20), 34, Bailgate, Lincoln.

Barrow, E. C. (22), Knockglass House, Camp, Tralee, Ireland.

Leslie, Annie J. (22), 11, Brunswick-road, Brighton.

Bland, Margaret (24), Wanstead, Essex.

Gardner, Maria (24), 7, The Grove, Clapham Common.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Legge, Ellen E. (11), Orphan Working School, London.

Martyn, Grace (12), Orphan Working School, London.

Simpson, Kathleen (13), Orphan Working School, London.

Burge, Amy B. (14), Orphan Working School, London.

Langlois, Rosa, (18), La Villette, St. Martin's, Guernsey.

Brown, Margaret (19), Longhaven House, By Ellor, Aberdeenshire.

Dawson, M. A. (23), 22, Crossley-street, Great Horton, Bradford.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cooper, Amelia (12), Orphan Working School, London.

Rose, Alice S. (14), Orphan Working School, London.



W. MORLEY AND CO.

Cleverly Caught. A rustic tale in two verses. Written by Juba Kennerley. Composed by Henry Pontet.—This interesting story is most unaffectedly and gracefully set, the music being perfectly in keeping with the poetic sentiment. It should be sung archly.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

An Exile's Dream. Words by J. F. McArdle. Music by W. H. Jude.—A very expressive and carefully-written song; the change of time and style of accompaniment in the second part gives a varied feeling, and greatly adds to the effect of the composition.

W. CZERNY.

The Old Abbey. March. For Pianoforte. By Oscar Wagner.—This march is also arranged for the organ.—The introduction is effective, particularly for the organ or harmonium, on which the swelling tones are more easily produced. The march is slow and majestic, in keeping with the "Old Abbey." The transition from the "dolcissima" to the "risoluto" in the last page should be carefully attended to, as well as the last four bars of "adagio." The march requires only a firm legato touch and strictness in time.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Edelweiss Polka. By William J. Burleigh Robinson.—A very easy little polka, with trio and coda. There is no difficulty, whilst the rhythm is marked and easily caught.

Six Duets for Teacher and Pupil; airs of northern nations. By Myles Birket Foster.—The following airs are easily arranged, and are useful as lessons and pleasing to the ear:—

No. 1. England—*Hearts of Oak.*

No. 2. Wales—*The Ash Grove.*

No. 3. Ireland—*The Minstrel Boy.*

No. 4. Norway—*A People's Song.* Denmark—*An Evening Song.*

No. 5. Sweden—*An Ancient March.*

No. 6. Scotland—*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

The six duets are printed in good type in No. 507 of Weekes and Co.'s editions. They are suitable for two pupils in slightly different stages of advancement.

Searched. Song. Words and music by E. M. Harrison.—The music well expresses the pathetic sentiment of the words, and is agreeable in character.

One who died for sacrifice.
A Jew who had seven sons.

The initial letters of these words give the name of one raised to life by St. Paul.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 718).

WORKS OP
O U Z E L (a)
R O N D A (b)
K I L L A R N E Y
Work. Play.

(a) The blackbird; his song does not begin till the sun is high, but he sings late into the evening.

(b) The first hill-fort captured by the Spaniards when Ferdinand and Isabella undertook the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. See the "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving.

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

The Pilgrims, Light in Darkness, Passing Away, The River Shore, and Evening Hymn.—These are the titles of five new songs by Frederic H. Cowen, just issued under the general title of "Album of Sacred Songs." The poems are by Mrs. Hemans, the author of "John Halifax," and Adelaide Proctor. All these are excellent songs, the work of a well-known composer of high standing. They will be found to be of great service for Sunday use, and we specially recommend them as well worthy of purchase and study.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Sea Flowers. Pour Piano. Par Gustave Lange.—A very melodious and not too easy piece, with pleasing variations. Also *Rustling Leaves*, less difficult, and very characteristic of its title if played well; and a sprightly galop by the same composer called *Vive le Soldat*.

L'Hélianthe. Morceau pour Piano. By Alois Volkmer.—Is not very interesting, but will form a very good study, the variations being rather difficult.

Daphne. By Edward J. Sturges.—An original and bright gavotte.

Concordia. Grand march. By Theo. Bonheur.—A good martial air, in which the different military instruments are well represented. Very spirited and easily acquired.

Windsor Castle. Gavotte. By Alois Volkmer.—In good style. Not elaborate, but well marked in both treble and bass parts. A good little study for expression marks, time, and character.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Children's Prayers. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A simple, effective, and beautiful song. We might all echo the sentiment of the last verse, which runs—

"Slumber on, ye happy children!
Oh, that we like you might be!
Full of hope, and trust, and gladness,
Full of love and purity.
Keep them thus, oh, loving Father!
From the world's temptations free,
And make us like little children,
So that we may come to Thee."

My Heart's Message. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.—A fresh, pleasing song, in waltz time. Also a duet called *Love shall never die* (words and music by the same composer), for mezzo-soprano and bass, or may be sung by soprano and contralto.

Only Friends. Words and music by Theo. Marzials.—A song with a flowing melody, in Mr. Marzials's usual style, but without the novelty which generally characterises his compositions.

Daddy. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A ghastly, sentimental song; but we believe that some of our readers like this sort of thing, so mention it on that account.

MORLEY AND CO.

A beautiful new song called *The Artist's Dream*, by Thomas Hutchinson, deserves special notice. It is written for a bass or contralto voice within an easy compass. The pathetic words by M. J. Scott are in every way suited to the plaintive character of the melody.

"Morley's Magazine of Musical Treasures" is well worthy of mention; while containing some choice selections from classical composers, it is issued at a price that brings it within the limit of all.

Granny. By G. J. Rubino.—An easy piece; would make a very lively schottische.

Ocean Echoes. Quick march. By Josy Meissler.—A useful piece for beginners. The melody founded on the popular song, "A Contrary Breeze."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

March of the Bedouins. For Piano. By Alfred Stephens.—Is specially recommended as a spirited march of moderate difficulty.

An easy arrangement for the piano of Sir Julius Benedict's *Hunting Song*, by Cotsford Dick. Also *Blanche*, a short piece in march time.

Simple and touching song called *Shelter*. Words and music by G. Clifton Bingham.

Asleep. Written by L. E. L. The music composed by Mrs. Wood.—A melodious song, imbued with pathos and feeling; set to words of a very melancholy character.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Gondellied and Drei Charakterstücke. Fur das Pianoforte. Heine Mullen.—Pleasant drawing-room pieces of moderate difficulty, containing a wholesome number of accidentals.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Down on the Shore. Trio for ladies' voices. Words by William Allingham. Music by C. B. Ingham.—The trio is written for first and second soprano and alto, dedicated to the members of the Moira House vocal class. The harmonies are smooth and easy, and the accompaniment good. The type is clear, though the size of the music paper is small—pleasant to hold and read.

To the Pupils of Moira House Ladies' School. *Länder.* For voices in unison and piano. Words and music by C. B. Ingham.—The training for style and voice has been carefully attended to, and C. B. Ingham has done good service in writing such useful and agreeable pieces for united voices.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Dost thou remember? Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—A tuneful melody, appropriately set. An easy song both for voice and instrument.

The Little Turquoise Ring. Words by Maggie Forman. Music by Ferdinand Nesmüller.—The composer has carried out in a most able manner the story of the little turquoise ring. It is sympathetic and pretty, and presents no difficulties.

Charm me to sleep ("To Music, to becalm his fever"). Song. The poetry by Herrick. Music by Frank L. Moir.—This poetical idea has been set in a most musically style by the composer. The melody is extremely pretty and appropriate to the words, and the accompaniment uncommon. We recommend it to the notice of our readers.

We have received two numbers of W. Czerny's collection of two-part songs—

No. 6. *One Tiny Star.* Composed by Th. Bradsky.

No. 7. *Hush'd in Silence.* Music by Queen Marie Antoinette. Transcribed by J. B. Wekerlin.

Both these part songs are euphonious, and may be easily acquired. We give the preference to No. 6.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

One by One. Words by G. D. W. Music by Gertrude E. Whitmarsh.—A well-written song of a quasi-religious character.

Laddie. Ballad. Words by G. D. W. Music by Gertrude E. Whitmarsh.—The simple story is poetically told, and the music is tuneful and suitable to the sentiment.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Comrades. Poetry by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone. Composed by Sir Julius Benedict.—A joyous and well-written song, quite worthy of its composer.

Sweet is the Wandering Breeze. Duet for soprano and contralto. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tuneful and meritorious composition; may be recommended.

Ad Amore (Tyrant Love). Canzonetta. By Herbert S. Oakeley.—An expressive song, written in most musicianly style.

We have received the following dance music from the same publishers:—

My Little Sweetheart. By Josef Meissler.—A pleasing waltz, above the average; the vocal refrain is very effective. The same may be said of the "Queen of Hearts" polka. Composed by Caroline Lowthian.

Psyche. By W. Hamilton Evans.—A waltz of the ordinary kind, but may be recommended for dancing purposes.

LAMBORN COCK.

Stars of the Summer Night. Music by Vincent Morian.—Longfellow's charming poem has been repeatedly set to music, but we have not met with a more graceful and simple rendering than the one before us. We recommend it to our young friends.

The Coming Spring. Duet for two equal voices. Poetry by Bernard Barton. Music by Annie Tait.—We recommend this composition as being bright and tuneful, and easily to be acquired.

Wayside Ministry. Composed by Ciro Pinsuti.—This song thoughtfully illustrates the sentiment of the poem. It is published in aid of the Convalescent Home, Barnet, in connection with the Mildmay Mission for the East-end poor. We heartily wish it success.

The Song of the Sunbeam. A short cantata for female voices. Poetry by John Stewart. Music by Walter Macfarren.—A charming composition, showing great taste and feeling. The characteristic accompaniment displays the qualities of a skilled musician.

A. COX.

Tarantelle. In G minor. Composed for the pianoforte by G. J. Rubini.—Lively and spirited; easy and effective.

Olde England. Fantaisie on old English airs. By T. Merton Clark.—The arrangement is good, and the airs well selected.

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

Four minuets for the pianoforte by John Gledhill.—The writer of the compositions before us is equally successful in instrumental as in vocal music. They present no insurmountable difficulties, and are well worthy of notice.

Romanza for violin, with accompaniment for pianoforte (and harmonium *ad lib.*). By D. R. Munro.—A short and simple, but meritorious composition. The addition of the harmonium accompaniment will greatly add to the effect.

up with a few stitches in spots. If you are going to make it narrow, and to match your valance, then such a design as fig. 2 would be most suitable.



NEW MUSIC.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Sea Flowers. By Gustave Lance.—An effective and moderately difficult pianoforte solo in four flats. The same may be said of "L'Hélianthe," by Alois Volkmer.

The Glow-worm. Nocturne, by Louis Warner; and "Daphne," Gavotte by Edward J. Sturges, are both interesting pieces, and especially adapted for small hands.

The Four-in-Hand. Polka. By Albert Rosenberg.—Is bright and tuneful, and above the average of this style of composition.

WHITE BROTHERS.

Notturmo e Balletto. For violin or violoncello, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte. Composed by Karl Muscat.—An agreeable duet not beset with insurmountable difficulties.

Tender Moments. Waltz. Composed by Oliver Cramer.

Rosalind. Polka Mazurka. Composed by Louis Colas.—Both pleasant to dance to.

The Little Coquette. An easy waltz without octaves. By Karl Muscat.—Evidently intended for beginners in the art of pianoforte playing.

Why should we wish fancied cares. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Composed by Oliver Cramer.—A vocal duet skilfully and well arranged for two sopranos, bright, pleasing, and altogether a satisfactory composition.

Faithful and True. Song. Written by Clement Glenister. Music by Karl Muscat.—An easy and singable song, but not very original.

WEEKES AND CO.

The celebrated *Andante in G* (Battiste). Transcribed for pianoforte by Boyton Smith.—A nicely arranged transcription of a well-known composition, quite within the capabilities of moderate performers.

Echoes from Albion. Fantasia on popular English airs. By J. Theodore Trekell.—Three well-known favourite English airs most happily arranged into a pianoforte piece. It has the great advantage of being brilliant without presenting any difficulty of execution. This of itself would make it popular.

Pavan (in G). For the pianoforte. By J. Mayo. A pleasing theme, well-marked and expressive.

Bourrée. For the pianoforte. By E. Silas.—A drawing-room piece for moderate players. It is distinctly worthy of praise. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends, as there is work for the left hand as well as the right.

Along the Stream. Song written and composed by J. W. Wilson.—The introduction of

this song, commencing in D minor and changing into D major, with a vocal waltz refrain, is very bright and pretty both in words and music.

The Sea King. Bass song. Words by Barry Cornwall; composed by Charlton T. Speer.—An extremely good and bold style of song, both words and music in good taste. We recommend it to amateurs.

Happy Day Dreams. Song. Words by Sarah Louisa Moore. Music by Arthur E. Klitz.—A flowing melody, agreeable and singable, set to very meritorious words. We recommend it to our young friends.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Colin's Love Letter. Words by E. Williams. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A pensive and simple little ballad, in three flats.

Chances. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A very pleasing song. Music and words well matched.

The Way of the World. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A very meritorious song, set to interesting words.

I Did not Know. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.—Both words and music in good taste.

Precious Stones. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A prettily-conceived song for girls, and one that points a good moral.

The Wide Wide World. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Spencer Hill.—A decidedly graceful melody to very happy words. We recommend it to our young friends.

Days Gone By. Song. Words by Henry Holl, jun. Music by Ernest Birch.

By the Firelight. Words and music by Mrs. Webster.—A sentimental song, very pretty and easily acquired. A great recommendation to amateurs.

GODDARD AND CO.

A Remembered Voice. Song. Words by Sarah Doudney. Music by John Henry.—A pathetic melody well set to beautiful and touching words, which we think will find many admirers.

The Scent of the Lilies. Song. Composed by Alice Bateman.—A somewhat sorrowful song, but words and music in good taste.

CRAMER AND CO.

Andantino in A. Song without words. Composed by Ruloff.

Also by the same composer, *Pégase au Salon.* Caprice brilliant. Two good studies for pianoforte players.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

Two Blue Slippers. A sprightly valse. Composed by Mrs. Foster Barham.

Forgotten. Song. By Julia Belinfanté. Music by M. Krohn.—A simple song. Words and music in good taste.

J. AND W. CHESTER AND WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Le Tambourin. *Marche Gothique.* *Gavotte et Musette.* *Les Guerillas.* Grande Marche. Four characteristic pianoforte solos. By Henry Lozé.—We have had occasion more than once to remark on the skill and ability of this writer. His compositions are for the most part graceful, pleasing, and easily acquired, and the pieces before us sustain the reputation he has gained.

Seven Songs. In two books. Words by Shelley and Burns, also from the poetry of Germany.—The book of "Seven Songs," by John Gledhill, is not at all inferior to a similar work we had the pleasure of reviewing a few months back—the same beautiful melodies and flowing accompaniments characterise each. We are particularly impressed with the "Imprisoned Songster," "Autumn Song," "A Faded Flower," "Reverie," and "The Pain of Separation." Our only regret is that as the style is so healthy and refined, the compass should be beyond that of the average singer. We may add that "Why" also, by the same composer, is similar in character and equally charming. Messrs. J. and W. Chester are to be commended for the typographical part of this publication.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Cynthia. A right merrie dance. Composed by Michael Watson.—An easy pianoforte piece, lively and rhythmical. It is also arranged as a duet. Simple, effective, and well written.

Il Bolero. Spanish dance. Composed by Cotsford Dick.—A bright and sparkling composition, well worthy the notice of moderate performers.

Mendelssohn's Elijah. Paraphrase for the pianoforte by George Frederick West.—We think this exposition will be welcomed by many of our young friends. It introduces five well-known favourites from the above work in a musicianly and pleasing style.

When I Sing My Own Song. Written by Ada Lester. Music composed by Odoardo Barri.—A fairly good and pleasing ballad, without much attempt at originality—the compass easy.

WILLIAM LEA AND JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Joy Cometh in the Morning. Sacred song. Words by the Rev. F. Linstead Downham. Music by James Butler Fortey.—A bright and tuneful melody, well expressing the sentiment of the words.

J. WILLIAMS.

My Lass.—Charming song, written for contralto or mezzo-soprano voice, by Ciro Pinsuti, the graceful and smooth melody of the second part offering an effective contrast to the spirited melody of the first. The words by Mary Mark Lemon are very appropriate.

March in C. For piano or organ. By David Wilcock. Dedicated to Dr. Horton Allison.—An excellent and well-written work, beginning with chords of pleasing harmonies, the second part being brisk and spirited, the whole terminating with the first subject, joined to an elaborate bass. Not difficult.

Anchored. By Michael Watson.—Deserves special notice, being a spirited and manly song, written in his best style, for a bass or baritone voice. The opening bars are bright and striking; it closes in a pathetic manner that is very effective. The words, by S. K. Cowan, M.A., are characteristic of the music.

Cærophylly March. For the pianoforte. By J. Pridham.—Will be found useful for beginners, who will appreciate the well-known Welsh air in the second part.

Only for Thee.—A charming and melodious waltz, written by Oscar Seydel.

The Zephyr Polka. By L. Williams.—Another addition to our collection of dance music. It is easy and bright.

Name the Day. By Henry Pontet.—A lively and sparkling song, written in waltz time, for soprano or mezzo voice, the words by Nemo being suitable and amusing.