

"Oh, your aunt, is it? Well, my name's Lively, an'—"

"Why, now," cried Susie, "if that isn't queer. Maister Lively come up with us. Do come an' see aunt."

Mrs. Lively consenting, the two turned back together, and, after a few minutes' conversation, their new acquaintance asked them to come up to her cottage in about half an hour's time, and drink an early cup of tea with her.

"An', if the things come while we're away?" queried Mrs. Weller, "thankin' you kindly all the same."

"I'll send a lad up from the village to wait for 'em," replied Mrs. Lively. "There! I'm bent on your coming, you see."

The invitation, so kindly urged, Aunt Bab could not but accept, and Mrs. Lively went away to make hospitable preparations. When they arrived at her cottage they found Dan there, so the meal was a merry one.

"Now, I'm off to see if I can hear aught of the things," he said, as he rose from table.

Presently he returned with the information that they were coming, but had been delayed by the horse having cast a shoe and lamed himself.

"Well, I'm sure, I don't know how to thank you an' Maister Lively for all your kindness this day," said Mrs. Weller, as she rose to go.

"Don't try, then," laughed Dan, "for I'm comin' to give you a hand in getting straight."

"Well, but are you sure you hev the time, Maister Lively?"

"Oh, yes! I'm my own maister for a bit, till quite late," replied Dan.

"It's really too bad, then, you ought to rest now, if you're goin' to work later," said Susie.

"Oh, Dan's always ready to do a good turn for anyone," replied his mother, proudly.

"That's enough, mother," replied Dan, lightly; "an', look heer, Mrs. Weller, if you're so bent on thanks, the best you can give me, is to leave off miscalling me, as you hev done once or twice this evening. Dan's not a word that's anyways ill-convenient, even for simple folk to say, and it sounds more friendly. What do you think?" turning to Susie.

"It seems easy enough," replied Susie, laughing. "Good-night, Mrs. Lively."

"That young Dan 'll be for calling me Aunt Bab before long, I shouldn't wonder," said that worthy woman, when at last they were alone; "an' if he's always so pleasant, I'm none so sure I shall mind, Susie."

"They both seem very kind," said Susie, heartily. "Are you tired, aunt? I am, an' I'm going straight to bed, for I mean to be up bright an' early to-morrow morning."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

J. WILLIAMS.

Distant Lands. By William M. Hutchinson. Poetry by J. K. D.—This song we do not think so attractive as some of Mr. Hutchinson's former compositions, but it will no doubt enjoy the popularity it deserves among this artist's many admirers. It can be obtained to suit any voice. It is also effectively arranged as a waltz by Oscar Seydel.

The Sergeant-Trumpeter's March. For the pianoforte.—A stirring and original composition, certain to find many admirers. Written in a bold and martial spirit by L. Williams, and moderately easy.

Ash Grove, No. 1 from "Youthful Treasures."

Easily arranged for the piano by John Pridham.—Will be found very useful for beginners, being short and well-fingered.

Carnaval des Satyrs. For the piano. By L. Williams.—Rather an original work, of moderate difficulty, beginning with marked melody and accompaniment of dotted notes for right hand, with single successive eights for left; in the succeeding phrase, the principal part is reversed to the left. The flowing melody in the change of key, together with the harmonies in triplets, is certainly pretty and effective.

Twilight Lullaby. Sketch for the pianoforte. By William Smallwood.—An interesting and rather easy composition, opening with smooth melody for the right hand in the bass, the accompaniment for left hand being played in the treble. The few brilliant runs which occur form a pleasing change to the sustained character of the piece.

Classical Extracts from Corelli, for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniments by J. Pridham.—The name of the composer is alone a proof that the music is excellent, and being well and conscientiously arranged by J. Pridham, will be a beautiful and useful addition to the music of young violinists. The variations are pleasing and not difficult.

My Old Love Letters. Song by Joseph Ridgway.—A beautiful and flowing melody, commencing tempo moderato, and progressing to an andantino, smooth and graceful. It is written in two keys. No. 1, B flat, compass B flat to D; No. 2, in D, D to F sharp. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.

We fully recommend W. Smallwood's transcription of Rossini's "Cujus animam," from *Stabat Mater*, to all pianists of moderate capacity, as being neatly arranged as a solo, and comparatively free from difficulties. It is also arranged as a pianoforte duet by W. Smallwood.

B. WILLIAMS.

Banbury Cross. By J. Pridham. For piano.—A bright and original gavotte, not too difficult, the opening being spirited and clear. The Banbury chimes occurring in the middle for the left hand form an effective contrast to the single-dotted notes for the right. On the whole a piece certain to become popular among young players who prefer lively music.

An excellent song called *Grandfather*, written by J. Ridgway.—The melody is smooth and sustained, while the words, by Mary Mark Lemon, are in every way appropriate to the music. It would suit a contralto or mezzo-soprano voice.

A bright little piece called *Cicely*. Old English dance. For pianoforte.—Written by Seymour Smith, in march time, and not difficult.

Serenade, No. 1, from "Musical Moments." By Max Schröter. For violin and piano.—A beautiful and dreamy melody, that cannot but charm both listener and performer, the piano accompaniment being easy.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Laddie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A decidedly melodious and easy composition, well worthy the notice of our young friends.

The Broken Pitcher. Song. Written by Nemo. Composed by Henry Pontet.—An amusing and humorous song. We especially welcome it as a pleasing change from the many sombre, melancholy ditties that come under our notice.

Bells at Sunset. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Louis Diehl.—A very agreeable song in two keys, G natural and B flat.

Old Messmates. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A spirited song, suitable for bass or baritone voice. Easy and effective.

Ruth's Legacy. Song. Words and music by Mrs. Arthur Goodve.—A simple melody, wedded to words that suggest a good moral. The song tells of the bequest of a wedding-veil that had been in use fifty years.

"To Ruth I'll leave my veil, John,
When we are dead and gone;
Please God that you and I, dear,
May side by side go home.
I'll bid her see the rents, John,
I've mended with such care;
And mind, with words of softness,
The rents in love repair."

Rural Sketches. A series of six pieces, composed, arranged, and fingered in a familiar style by William Smallwood.

The Birthday Party. The first of the series is a bright and easy composition, particularly adapted to the capabilities of small hands.

Musical Dialogues. A series of six original duets for violin and piano. Composed by Charles Marshall. No. 1, "A Tranquil Dawn."—A pleasing arrangement, not difficult; carrying out successfully the idea embodied in the title.

METZLER AND CO.

Unless. Song, with violin or violoncello obbligato. Words by Mrs. Browning. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—An interesting composition; the violoncello accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

Also, by the same composer, *Love and the Maiden* and *Cross Purposes*, two songs from *Treasure Trove*, written by Arthur Law.—They are both lively and amusing, and likely to become popular.

Waldandacht. Lied, v. Fr. Abt. Fantasie, Gustav Lange.—A graceful melody, smoothly and simply treated, forming an agreeable study to the youthful aspirant.

Bagatelle d'Ennui. By Montefiore.—A well-arranged pianoforte piece. In order to give a right interpretation of it, the notation should be carefully attended to.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Cathedral Melody (The Reaper). For the pianoforte or organ. By Frank L. Moir.—A grand and expressive theme, set in a musicianly style; requires great feeling in the rendering.

Valour and Faith. Grand march. For the pianoforte or organ. By John W. Gritton.—A very effective and good march; would suit either instrument equally well.

Cruss von Liebchen (My Darling's Message). Idylle. Für pianoforte. Von Carl Weidemann.—A moderately easy piece. The succession of chords will afford wholesome practice for young fingers.

Zephyrine. Petite valse. Pour piano. Par D. Brocca.—An agreeable theme, arranged in a pleasing style, with no insurmountable difficulties for our young pianists.

Pater Noster. Meditation. For the pianoforte. By Oscar Wagner.—A sympathising theme, requiring carefully-marked expression and attention.

Poor Joe the Marine. Song. Composed by Edward Lassen.—A tuneful song, telling rather a pitiable tale; at the same time, with many it will become a favourite. It is written in two keys.

Stars of the Summer Night. Serenade. Words by H. W. Longfellow. Music by Edward Lassen.—These beautiful lines of the late lamented poet have so often inspired musicians, that we are not at all surprised to be favoured with another setting. Mr. Lassen's composition is of very great merit, and claims our highest consideration.

Fair Rosalie. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—A pretty little, simple song; the changes of key and time prevent monotony.

sufficient relief to make the measure clear, as the lights and shadows in a drawing. Now compare the musical with the verbal accents, and in a good composition these will be found to correspond. Now fit the words to the melody, taking care to sustain the true vowels to the utmost length allotted to the accented syllables in the composition. When this is achieved, a great part of an intelligent interpretation will have been gained, and this kind of study will reward the singer by an amount of insight and joy in comprehending the composer's thought which no superficial acquaintance can give. In Handel's songs, the phrases will be found too long for a single breath, and this subject will have to be carefully considered in each song, until much experience has been gained.

Breath may always be taken where there is a comma in the text, and where a group of words make sense with each other, thus: "What tho' I trace" "each herb and flow'r," "Did I not own" "Jehovah's pow'r," etc. A very important point is the pronunciation of consonants terminating syllables, and requires great attention, neither to omit them nor to pronounce them prematurely; this last is almost invariable with beginners, and should be guarded against most carefully. If the vocal sound does not pass through the letters N and M, these will sound respectively D B; and it is difficult to keep back the letter L from blotting out the vowel before it in an ugly thick sound. To aspirate the H where necessary, to avoid interpolating an R after A, by a premature movement of the tongue—these are rocks and shoals which all English singers, not exceptionally gifted with a fine ear and delicate pronunciation, have to steer clear of, sometimes with much tribulation. Consonants prematurely pronounced clip the melody of its proportions, and thus mutilate its beauty; consonants unpronounced render the singing heavy and unreal. In good singing the words should enhance the music, and the music the words. The fatal superstition of our young lady singers is that German and Italian songs must be sung with their original words, however small the smattering of these languages they possess. This is at once to invite mediocrity in performance. The words, even when fairly pronounced, have no ring of nature in them, and mostly they are horribly mangled; the music sounds pale and meaningless, and it is an undue strain upon the patience of an intelligent person to listen to what is a mere pretence. As every good song has grown out of a musician's intense realisation of the meaning and spirit of his text, so every worthy interpretation of a song must repeat the same process; from the understanding of the words to their musical counterpart, and a lively sympathy with both.

[THE END.]



NEW MUSIC.

A First Book on the Theory of Music, applied to the pianoforte. By Louisa Gibson. —This is evidently the work of a sound theorist and clever teacher. The explanations throughout are remarkably lucid, though perhaps our young friends may remember that we do not like to see ledger or added lines spelt without a "d." These lines, being no lighter than those of the staff, need not be in any way connected with the French word *léger*—light. We would certainly recommend this little book to all commencing pupils.

NOVELLO, EWER AND Co.

An entirely new method for learning to play the pianoforte. Book I., containing the first twenty lessons. By A. Hoering.—That the "understanding," or, as we prefer to call it, the intellect, should be the guiding power in all study, whether of languages, music, or any other art, is an axiom which has doubtless been amply demonstrated by all conscientious teachers long before Mr. Hoering was born.

In the preface of the work before us the author is a trifle contradictory, for in his italics he appears to admit what we deny *in toto*—viz., that it is possible "to teach music and leave out the best part of it—the understanding;" whilst a little farther on he says that "those who continue teaching music without giving their pupils this understanding . . . profess to teach what in reality they do not teach." In the quotation appended from the Proverbs of Solomon it is clear that that wise man was acquainted with a method for combining understanding and knowledge somewhat similar to the one Mr. Hoering now claims to have originated.

With the method itself we have little fault to find, excepting as regards its assumption of entire novelty, and a few other little points to which we will now draw attention.

The first fifteen lessons are clear and intelligible, but in the sixteenth we think these ledger lines



rather difficult for the understanding of any learner, child or adult, more especially as Mr. Hoering has hitherto omitted to teach any ledger lines beyond the second above or below. (*Vide* page 5.)

Again, on page 17, the note F in the eighteenth bar requires no accidental, the passage being written in the scale of C. On the same page, in a foot-note, we are informed that "it is of the greatest importance that the pupils learn to play the left-hand part softly, and the right-hand part much louder."

Now, in our opinion, this is a mischievous doctrine, though not a new one; for the left hand, being naturally the weaker of the two, and equality of touch being a great factor in the production of pure tone, we hold that one hand is as important as the other, and the left hand should, by practice, be strengthened to equal the right in power, more especially, too, as it not infrequently happens that the melody falls to the share of the left hand. In fact, in Mr. Hoering's own composition, on page 20, the music for the left hand is evidently as melodious and of as great importance as that for the right.

As the whole of the exercises in Book I. are written for the treble clef only, by the author's own showing, it will take twenty lessons before the pupil's understanding is considered ripe

enough to grasp the bass clef. We ourselves think it might be comprehended earlier.

Music, and How to Become a Good Musician. By A. Hoering.—In this pamphlet of thirty-six pages the author ventilates some startling theories. He commences by improving on Robert Schumann's advice to young musicians, recommending all would-be followers of the divine art not to study the theory of music in the abstract, but to earnestly study, *in retirement*, the works of the great composers. It has hitherto been our humble and old-fashioned belief that such works could best be understood and appreciated when heard adequately performed. A curious and entirely new idea is that perseverance is a quality over which we have no control. What, then, becomes of the understanding?

Throughout the pamphlet we are perpetually reminded that the music-learning public, as a body, were in total darkness prior to the advent of Mr. Hoering to convert this darkness into a "light which will grow stronger day by day." We really must protest against this wholesale classification of the entire musical profession (with one modest exception in the author's own favour) as "blind leaders of the blind." And although a great deal that Mr. Hoering advances bears the stamp of truth, still it has been said before by English authors, apparently more conversant with the English language; besides which, an arrogant method of advocating even well-known truths is not the surest means of gaining converts to them; and, as he goes on to say that "a true musician should be able to compose, even if he be not much of a performer," it only remains for Mr. Hoering to give us the pleasure of reviewing some of his compositions.

In conclusion, the most startling advice of all seems to us to be as follows:—"That in order to play from memory, all mere finger exercises should be discarded, and if the head alone can be employed to do the work, all the rest will come by itself!" We maintain that if the head be left to work by itself, without the alliance of the fingers, very little practical result will follow.

The Method of the Future for Teaching Music. By A. Hoering.—This method is simple to a degree; whether it would in all cases work well is another matter. It is this: To study Mr. Hoering's own method, already reviewed, for with it "a clever and talented child can learn the whole theory of music (including composition) even unassisted." The pamphlet winds up with numerous testimonials, irresistibly reminding us of similar advertisements in favour of quack medicines, each and all being entirely new methods for ensuring the attainment of health of body and happiness of mind.

H. W. STANSFIELD.

Old Boys' Valse. Composed by Edwin A. Stunt.—A capital arrangement for dancing purposes.

WEEKES AND Co.

Three songs for baritone or mezzo-soprano. Words by L. Uhland. Music by W. H. Hadow. No. 1, *Das Reh*; No. 2, *Die Kapelle*; No. 3, *Nachtreise*.—The three compositions before us indicate the hand of the master musician, not only in the melody, but in the charming accompaniments. We are particularly impressed with No. 3.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Organist. Song, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment. Words by M. W. Music by S. Corbett, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—A very grand and impressive song; the harmonium greatly enhances the interest, and adds much to the general effect of the composition

he had so faithfully loved. A chill caught, and resulting inflammation, had in a few days caused the death of the Rev. Cecil Brown, and left his children orphans indeed.

Shortly before the end he turned to Margaret, and, with a look of tender love, said, "I know not what may be best for you, my darling, but there is 'One above who knows.' If you ever see Reginald again give him my love." The effort to say more became too great, and Maggie laid her cheek beside his caressingly, but her trembling lips refused to frame a word. Once more the dying man looked round upon his children with yearning in his eyes, and gasped out the words, "Keep together if possible," and these were his last.

How mysterious God's ways seemed to those two orphaned girls as they sat in the lonely rectory, after their return from joining in the last sad rites.

Their stay at Farncombe had been but short, although they were received with every kindness by their father's successor, who, strange to say, bore the same name. It so happened that in the following week the village would be making festive holiday, with which the poor girls' mournful feelings would have ill recorded, for the eldest daughter of the present vicar was to be married to a neighbouring baronet, Sir Wilfred Craven.

The future of the sisters had now to be determined on, and, according to the terms of the will, the decision was left to Margaret—too great a responsibility to put upon her, many thought; but the confidence in her was not misplaced. The only trustee named was at the time living abroad on account of his wife's delicate health, and as she could not be left, all business matters had to be put into the hands of his solicitor. But there was little trouble involved in the arrangement of affairs, and many even of their new acquaintances were ready to help the poor girls in their trouble. One, a Mrs. Wright, took an especial interest in them, and finding that, both from their own inclination, and in fulfilment of their father's wish, they were determined to keep together, she suggested that they should go into some ladies' school, where, by paying a small sum and Margaret giving help in instruction, Isa's education might be carried on. This proposal seeming by far the best plan thought of, Mrs. Wright wrote at once to her own former governess, who kept a very superior school for girls in a north-western suburb, knowing that the heart of the excellent woman would rejoice in such an opportunity of helping these fatherless girls.

The answer received after a few days delay ran thus:—

"My dear Mrs. Wright,—I deferred answering your letter for a day or two, hoping I might be able to send you something more pleasant than a mere regretful negative to your request concerning your young protégées. Most sincerely do I regret my inability to receive them in my house, my numbers being quite filled in for some time to come. However, I have another proposition, which if it should rather astonish you at first, you will perhaps by the time you get to the end of my letter look upon more favourably. Do you remember your old schoolfellow Janet Cobder? She married, you know, a Mr. Lauriston, a very rich city merchant, and lives not far from me. She came to me the other day begging me to look out for a daily governess for her three little children; she would give a very liberal salary. Now, could not Miss Brown undertake this engagement? From what you say of her attainments and character I should think she would be quite competent. Then, if suitable apartments could be found for her and her sister, the younger one could come to me as a daily pupil and for a merely nominal sum—this to prevent them feeling any delicacy about ac-

cepting my offer. I should be happy to give her every advantage in my power. I own unless they are very exceptionally sensible girls this would be a risky arrangement, but you appear to think them such. Now, to find suitable apartments would be the next thing, but this also I think I could manage. A maiden aunt of my upper housemaid, having been for many years a very respectable domestic servant, has lately taken a house in a new road near this. She has let her first floor to a widowed daughter of an old mistress of hers, and she wishes to find a tenant for her two ground floor rooms, which are very good ones, but unfurnished, therefore the rent would be quite moderate. She is a very worthy and kind-hearted woman, but has one eccentricity, which, however, would be no detriment to our scheme: she is quite determined to have no being of the sterner sex as a lodger. Now, my dear, cogitate over this, and consult your husband before you speak to the young ladies, and as soon as you have come to any decision let me hear.—With kindest regards, yours sincerely,

CAROLINE BURNARD."

This plan was hailed with delight by the girls. Not only would it ensure them nice, cosy evenings together, but they would not be obliged to part with all the furniture, the idea of which had been rather a grief to them.

In a few weeks, therefore, our heroines had started housekeeping on their own account under the supervision of their good landlady, Miss Carter.

(To be concluded.)



J. C. SHARP.

Snowflakes. Song. Written by Longfellow. Composed by Norman Abbott.—A carefully-written song, suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice.

Twilight Waltz. By Louis F. Goddard.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

The Tam o' Shanter Waltzes. By Geo. H. Wright.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Viola Waltz. By Belle Percival.

To none of the above waltzes can we award the palm of originality, though of the three the "Viola" is decidedly the best.

Never to Part. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Composed by Odoardo Barri.—A very pretty song, the words and music being alike charming.

Never Grow Old. Song. Written by Charles Mackay. Composed by Theodore W. Barth.—A really beautiful song, the words and music both full of exquisite feeling.

WILFREY AND CO.

Peace in Heaven. Sacred song. Written by W. B. Tappeau. Composed by C. E. Kettle.—In this song, suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice, we much prefer the music, which is pretty and flowing, to the words, which are rendered somewhat unvocal by the great prominence accorded to the letter "s."

Saturday Night at Sea. Song. Written

by Captain R. Peter. Composed by C. E. Kettle.—A baritone song of a cheerful and rollicking character, set to bright and most appropriate music; just the kind of song a sailor would love to sing.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Hunter's Ride. Duet. Written by Emily Bond. Composed by Elizabeth Philp.—A musicianly composition, with cheerful words, containing the usual "tally-ho" ending.

GODDARD AND CO.

Grazioso. By Aug. Buhl.—Well-written and admirably adapted for pianoforte practice.

Good Friends. Easy duet for pianoforte. By Aug. Buhl.—A proof of the ability of a good musician to write down to the level of children. We strongly recommend this very clever little duet.

En Avant. Galop brillant. Duet. By Henri Stiehl.—Moderately difficult, and a capital study for phrasing.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Marche Militaire. For organ. By Lovell Phillips.—A march of an ordinary character, with a great want of repose in the trio, occasioned by excessive modulation.

Marche des Chantres. By C. E. Kettle.—A bright and tuneful march.

Postlude. For organ. By Charles Vincent, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A smooth and melodious composition, which at once stamps the sound musician and the competent organist.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Devoted Apple. Words by F. E. Weatherly. No, thank you, Tom. By the same writer.—These two songs are set to music by Joseph L. Roedel. They are both agreeable compositions; the first-named is cheerful, and by no means difficult; the second is rather sentimental.

When the boats come in. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Frederic N. Löhr.—A pleasing and characteristic song, in keeping with the words.

Loved Once, loved Ever. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Milton Wellings.

The Mower and the Lass. Words by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Milton Wellings.

We can recommend both these songs. They are of a pleasing character, and may be easily acquired.

Once, only Once. Song. Words and music by Cotsford Dick.—A rather interesting song, but will scarcely compare with many of this popular writer's compositions.

Five o'clock Tea. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Henry Pontet.—A very bright and cheerful song, full of humour and comic element, without any tinge of vulgarity.

Loved and Saved. Song. Written and composed by Michael Watson.—A pretty and sensible song. There is a truth and reality about the words which are sure to please. The refrain in three-four time is pleasing and appropriate.

"Steadfast and true, my love, O may'st thou ever be;
Heav'n then will send thee back, safe back to me."

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

Gloamin'. Song. Words by Mrs. Jane P. Henderson. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—The song before us will assuredly command the attention of many of our young friends. It is bright and cheerful, and both music and words are highly impressive.

Bright was the summer day. Words by Nina Banetry. Music by Oscar Wagner.—A carefully-written song, distinctly worthy of praise.

How bad the pain in Carita's limbs was that night! But there was a still sorer pain at her heart. She knew now that she loved this Englishman, to whom she could never be anything more than the Mexican girl, Carita, without family or name. And Joyce loved him, too; she saw it in her eyes, knew it from the tones of her voice when she spoke of him. A feeling of something like anger with Joyce, her dear, good friend, took possession of her, but only for a very short time. She fought it down bravely, and prayed for *strength and help* in this new trouble. "Him that overcometh," that was how her verse began, was it not?—that verse about the new name. Poor little Carita! things seemed all against her just now.

When the letter came from Mr. Warner she was lying ill with rheumatic fever. Mr. Heath was almost like a doctor, he had read so many medical works, and visited the sick so much. Eleanor was thankful to let him take Carita's case in hand, for there was no doctor nearer than at San Juan.

For seven weeks the poor girl lay helpless and racked with pain. When the fever left her she was utterly prostrate. In fact, she did not regain her strength until April.

Mr. Warner ought to have been on his way home by that time. He was detained, however, much longer than he had expected, and a letter came at last containing money and the news that he would not be with them until the end of November.

"It vexes me more than I can tell you," he wrote to his wife, "to be away from you so long, but I have just now an opportunity of making money, and establishing first-class business connections, which will enable me to make a comfortable home in San Francisco, and to give the boys the advantages for which we have both longed. It frets me to think of you all, up the mountains without me, but it will be best for us in the long run, so try and put up with it a little longer, dear Nell." . . .

Eleanor was terribly disappointed, and Carita felt it even more than she did, for she was so weak, and she had missed the sympathy Stephen would have shown her during her long illness so sorely.

"I shall write and invite a cousin of mine, who is staying at Colorado Springs, to come and spend a few months with me," said Mrs. Warner. "It will be intolerably dull pulling through another eight months alone here."

Her cousin, Mrs. Bombasin, a young and gay widow from Chicago, accepted the invitation. A summer in a log cabin would be agreeable as a novelty.

Somehow, Carita conceived an aversion to this visitor before she saw her. From the moment that she heard her name and estate she made up her mind she would be antipathetic.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Only once more. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A graceful melody, which we think our young friends will be pleased with.

My Early Love. Music by Frank L. Moir. Words by Jessie Moir.—An interesting composition, easy as regards compass and execution.

Among the Lilies. Reverie. Words by H. B. Farnie. Adapted to the melody of the Stephanie Gavotte by Czibulka.—There is always a fascination about vocal dance music, and this well-known gavotte has been most successfully adapted to very interesting words. We anticipate it will be a favourite with many of our girls.

I told you so. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by A. L. Mora.—An agreeable song, both as regards music and poetry, with a great deal of playful humour, which is sure to find many admirers.

Once when a Child. Words by E. C. Ryley. Music by A. L. Mora.—A somewhat mournful composition; will be appreciated by the sentimental. It points a good moral.

The Cuckoo in the Orchard. Words by J. Jemmett Browne. Music by Malcolm Lawson.—A gay and humorous song, which is sure to find favour with many. The music is well adapted to the words, and the introduction of the cuckoo is well arranged.

The Hillocks o' the Hay. Words by F. Conway Lomax. Music by William M. Hutchinson.—A tuneful and agreeable composition, both words and music harmonising. Set in two keys, presenting no difficulties to singer or accompanist.

Had you but loved me. Words by J. D. Music by C. W. Bucherer.—A rather pretty specimen of the drawing-room ballad, without much originality either in words or music, but at the same time agreeable in character.

WEEKES AND CO.

Bright the night is, my beloved. Serenade. By L'Estelle. Music by Wordsworth Davies.—A melodious and good song; within the compass of most treble voices.

ALFRED PHILLIPS.

Longing Hearts. Song. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Leigh Kingsmill.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

The Storm-beaten Tar. Words by L'Estelle. Music by Wordsworth Davies.

CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.

Jasmine Flower and Jasmine Leaf. Words by Louis Moriarty. Music by Arther Moriarty.

These three songs are tuneful and of average merit.

J. B. CRAMER & CO.

The Knight's Guerdon. A song of chivalry. Words and music by Godfrey Marks.—Suitable for a baritone voice, and, like all the songs by this popular composer, written in a most happy vein.

Severed the Tie. Song. Written by Herbert Harraden. Composed by Ethel Harraden, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for violin, concertina, and violoncello.—Written for a contralto voice, and with the additional accompaniments will be found very effective.

La Caravane. By George Asch.—A descriptive Oriental March, illustrating a caravan crossing the Desert. Part I. The gradual approach. Part II. The march through the town. Part III. The caravan slowly disappearing. The opening is rather original, being very pianissimo and imitating the beating of an Indian drum. This composition is tolerably easy, and not too long.

Love's Wish. Words by Moore. Music by S. Auteri Manzocchi.—An exceedingly graceful and elegant song. Sung by Miss Santley, which in itself is enough to guarantee the value of the song.

The Past. Music by Lady Freake.—A pleasing and effective song.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Autumn. A Duet. By Ciro Pinsuti.

Beneath the Wave. Duet. By Caldicott. Two highly respectable compositions, which will please the ordinary musician.

Voices of Home. Words by Arthur Mathison. Music by Alfred S. Walter.—A beautiful song, with homely and sensible words. Easy too, and very effective.

REID BROTHERS.

Dear River. Words by Thomas W. Davidson. Music by Ernest G. A. Fowles.—A song in praise of the river—

"I've loved thy dear ripples,
Been borne on their breast,
Then drift, drift, my thoughts, on
To oceans of rest."

A very nice song, requiring a flexible soprano voice, and an able accompanist.

Soul Music. Words by G. J. Whyte-Melville. Music by E. M. Machell.—Pathetic and beautiful. With a refined and sympathetic rendering, "Soul Music" would be much liked.

When the mists have cleared away. Words from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Music by Barry M. Gilholy.—These beautiful words have been suitably set by Mr. Gilholy, and those girls who liked the words so much, and wrote to the Editor to that effect, may be equally pleased with the music.

ENOCH AND SONS.

This is my dream.—A very tuneful song in Mr. Willing's easy and popular manner. Sure to become a well-used song.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Home. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—The subject tells of a poor wanderer attracted by the voices of children singing and praying, recalling his early childhood, and leading his thoughts to home—

"Where the toil-worn hands are welcome,
And the weary are weary no more,
For never a prayer is uttered,
That angels do not hear,
Tho' earth be full of sorrow,
Yet Heaven is very near."

The composer has fully interpreted the sentiment of the poet, and the music, with its various changes, is admirably written throughout. We have pleasure in recommending it to our young friends.

The Love Flower. Song. Words and Music by Cotsford Dick.—A bright little song, written in the composer's happy style. The melody is pleasing, and the accompaniment not difficult—a good passport with many of our girls.

The Quaker's Daughter. Song. Words and music by Michael Watson.—A charming song, which will lay claim to popularity among our young friends. The two opening bars remind us of an old popular favourite.

The Old Timepiece. Words by Longfellow. Music by Michael Watson. Another interesting composition of this popular songwriter.

Fishing. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A sparkling song of a semi-humorous character, easy and effective, with a lively refrain. Would prove successful at small musical entertainments.



had subsided, she prayed long and earnestly. Though father and lover were taken away from her, there was One always there, to whom she might tell all her griefs; before Whom she could spread all the circumstances which perplexed and harassed her. He would not remove all the obstacles which made the six months before her seem like a hard and stony road, which she must tread with bleeding feet; but He would send the "Angel Help," of which Mr. Heath had read on that happy Sunday morning when Phil and she had listened together. An angel, such as the one who was sent to Hagar driven out by her mistress into the barren desert; one of those blessed ones, who came and strengthened our Lord Jesus in His dark and lonely hour of agony, did come to Carita, as she lay under the pines on the hillside, bidding her be of good comfort, and bringing to her mind a verse from one of Mrs. Carey's favourite hymns—

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way."

It was after five o'clock when Carita rose from the soft turf. How she wished that she might have lain there undisturbed, for an hour or two longer; but it could not be; hers was the double lot of working and weeping. Tom's voice, sounding clearly through the still evening air, reached her, just as she had roused herself.

"Carita, Carita! It's most supper time, and we're just awful hungry."
(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC

WEEKES AND CO.

Those Happy Days. Words by Mrs. Howard Watson. Music by Oliver Cramer.—An easily written and smooth song of moderate compass; not difficult for either voice or pianoforte.

REID BROTHERS.

Happy Memories. Song. By W. C. Newsam.—A fairly written composition, presenting no difficulties.

A. COX.

I love those dear old melodies. Poetry by James Simmonds. Music by Louis Honig.—A not very lively production; at the same time it is easy and singable; written in two keys, F and D.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Seguidilla. Spanish Dance. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—A very agreeable drawing-room piece; with good playing may become a favourite.

Le Printemps. Mazurka. Par Ernst J. Ruter.—A very charming mazurka, much above the average that come under our notice.

Album du Jeune Violiniste. Par Charles Dancier. Romance in C. No. 1 of twenty small melodies for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—A very interesting study for small players on this instrument.

R. MILLS AND SONS.

Voices of Nature. Words by Emily Bond,

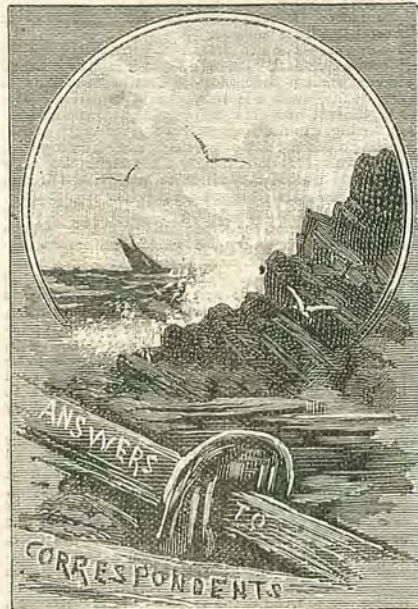
Music by Elizabeth Philp.—An extremely pretty song, rather in the florid style, giving ample opportunity to the vocalist to exhibit her powers of execution. At the same time the song may be sung by a less ambitious performer by omitting the variations.

Whether or No. Words by N. M. Hutchinson. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—Another simple and decidedly easy song.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Gentle Pity. Words by Maria X. Hayes. Music by Giacomo Ferraris.—An extremely pretty simple song—one we think that will please many of our young friends. We have also received from the same publishers, *At the Stile.* Waltz composed by Vassila Kollis. *My Bride.* Waltz by Alphonse Beck.—Both these compositions are beautifully illustrated; they are not very original, but will be serviceable in the ball-room. The latter has a vocal refrain.

Gentle Faces. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Theo Bonheur.—A very pretty singable song; not difficult for either voice or accompaniment.



EDUCATIONAL.

CYNTHIA.—We advise you to put yourself in communication with Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, Devon. Possibly she might take you on her staff, or put you in the way of carrying out your wishes. You must enclose a stamped envelope to her with your address, as she has so many applications, and some neglect to do so. We regret that we cannot give private answers.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your request is quite unreasonable. Were you competing even in one of our own competitions we should decline to assist you so unfairly to the disadvantage of your fellow competitors.

NIGHTINGALE.—The address of the London Hospital is Whitechapel-road, E.

EUPHELIA.—Æolus was the fabulous god or king of the storms and winds; Æolia, now known under the general appellation of the Lipari Isles. The poetical names of the winds are Boreas, the north wind; Notus, or Austere, the south wind; Eurus, the east wind; and Zephyr, the west wind.

FLORENCE.—The last "revision" of the Authorised Version of the New Testament is not a new translation from any original MS., but is simply what is termed a "revision." We advise you to procure "The Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, price 5s., in which the whole question is dealt with. It is one far too wide in its scope to be entered upon within the brief limits which we can devote to a single correspondent. Use a better pen. Your writing is too angular.

SPIDER'S WEB.—Your letter is well deserving of our best thanks, but you broke our rules by crossing it and writing on both sides of each page. We see no

reason for your changing to another school. By all means study geography and maps thoroughly. You are too young yet to think of taking a situation as a governess, and we could scarcely advise you, as we do not know what other openings there might be two or three years hence. Your mother should wear what are called "clearers," or she will soon injure her sight. An oculist (or an experienced optician) should test her sight, and discover whether any difference should be made between one eye and the other. We are much gratified by your assurance that our paper "always points you above the earth to a higher life, and rouses you to work for Christ more devotedly than before." May God bless you in such efforts as these. Bow politely, but without obliging your friend to speak to you.

NORA sends us the address of a reading society, which requires its members to read half-an-hour daily, and awards prizes in money. The hon. secretary is Miss Wyne Steel, Gold Tops, Newport, Monmouthshire. We thank her for it.

J. ALLEN.—We do not recommend our girls to go to foreign schools without very exceptional references, and then on the entire responsibility of their parents. But a new industrial establishment, recently opened at Dresden, appears to offer more than ordinary advantages. The education given seems to be unusually extensive in its scope and thorough in its practical application, and it has for its grand object the training of young women to be good and efficient housewives, mistresses, and mothers. The teaching is not merely theoretical, but thoroughly practical; and the students are taught to reflect and discover the principles of cause and effect, rather than to learn like parrots and work like automatons. Literature; art in all its branches, housekeeping, cookery, needlework in every department, book-keeping, etc., are included within the range of the education imparted. Foreigners are boarded on economical terms; exhibitions, testimonials, and diplomas are to be given, and the limit of age on entrance is fourteen years. For prospectuses, write to the matron, Frau Johanna Knipp, Frauen Industrie Schule, Elias Platz, No. 4, Ecke der Sachsen Allee, Zu Dresden.

MAYFLOWER.—Canadians are as eligible as home-born British subjects. You should write to Henry Bonham Carter, Esq., secretary of the Nightingale Fund, 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., and apply to be received as a Nightingale probationer. If you get in, you will receive £10, board and lodging, and uniform during your training, for the first year. During the three years following you must take a situation as a hospital nurse, when your salary will probably commence at £20. If you desire to qualify for superior appointments, you might be trained upon payment under two scales—£30 and £52—and in this case would also be required to take a situation during three years or one year respectively after completion of the training. The salaries for these are from £35 to £60, rising to £100. In your position in life, and one so well educated, you ought to be trained for the superior appointments last named. We do not understand why your entering on a study of medicine should be "impossible."

ART.

WOULD-BE ARTIST.—1. We believe the earliest known paintings were executed under the command of Osymandyas, in Egypt, as far back as 2,100 years before the Christian era. Perhaps our own earliest Saxon painter was the historian, the "venerable Bede," who died A.D. 735; but at Rome the art of painting on canvas was known in the year A.D. 66. William Dobson was one of our earliest English painters, and he flourished between 1610 and 1646, and since his time we have been able to boast of an ever-increasing host of English masters. 2. Spitalfields derives its name from the ancient priory of St. Mary Spittle, which occupied a site in that quarter, and was dissolved in 1534. The French Protestant refugees having settled there, they established the silk manufacture in 1629.

MAUDE AND LADY IDA.—1. The article of "Crystoleum" appeared in the Summer number called *Silver Sails*. "Crayonium" is quite a different thing. 2. We have not given any directions as yet for introducing beads into knitted cuffs.

"SWEET-TEMPERED GIRL."—From the description by which you mean us to know you, we should class you with those who call themselves "Sweet Seventeen," and think that "your trumpeter is not dead." We have given some suggestions respecting fancy or rustic frame-making, at page 335, vol. 1.

CRISP AND JOY.—You ask us to give you directions for making what has been patented. We advise you to read our article on "Crystoleum-Painting," which appeared in one of our summer numbers, called *Silver Sails*.

THEODORE (New Zealand).—We are gratified by hearing of the esteem in which our paper is held in the Colony from which you write, and while thanking you for so kind a letter, we regret we are unable to avail ourselves of your offer of designs as illustrations. To be of use, your drawings should be executed on wood ready for printing. Sketches on paper could not be used thus. Drawing on "blocks" is an art that has to be learnt, and very carefully executed, and artists who desire to dispose of their work to any illustrated paper send in a variety for selection.

Dot answered amiably, and I ran off, determining to be back as soon as I could. I wished Nurse Gill could sit with the children and keep them in good temper, but she was at work in Miss Ruth's room and could not come down.

My errands took longer than I thought; wool matching is always a troublesome business, and the books Miss Ruth wanted were out, and I had to select others; it was more than an hour before I set off for home, and then I met Nurse Gill, who wanted some brass rings for the curtains she was making, and had forgotten to ask me to get them.

The wind was rising again, and I was surprised to find Miss Ruth in the porch with her handkerchief tied over her head, and Dorcas running down the garden path.

"Have you seen them, Miss Esther?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Who—what do you mean?" I inquired.

"Miss Florence and Master Dot; we have been looking for them everywhere. I was taking a cup of tea just now to mistress, and she asked me to go into the dining-room, as the children seemed so quiet; but they were not there, and Betty and I have searched the house and garden over, and we cannot find them."

"Oh, Esther, come here," exclaimed Miss Ruth in agony, for I was standing still straining my eyes over the beach to catch a glimpse of them. "I am afraid I was very wrong to send you out, and Giles will be here presently, and Dorcas says Dot's hat is missing from the peg, and Flurry's sealskin hat and jacket."

Dot out in this wind! I stood aghast at the idea, but the next moment I took Miss Ruth's cold little hands in mine.

"You must not stand here," I said, firmly; "come into the drawing-room, I will talk to you there, and you too, Dorcas. No, I have not seen them," as Miss Ruth yielded to my strong grasp, and stood shivering and miserable on the rug. "I came past the Preventive station and down the parade, and they were not there."

"Could they have followed Nurse Gill?" struck in Dorcas.

"No, for I met her just now, and she was alone. I hardly think they would go to the town. Dot never cared for the shops, or Flurry either. Perhaps they might be hidden in one of the bathing machines. Oh, Miss Ruth," with an access of anxiety in my voice, "Dot is so weakly, this strong wind will blow him down; it must be all Flurry's naughtiness, for nothing would have induced him to go out unless she made him."

"What are we to do?" she replied, helplessly. This sudden terror had taken away her strength, she looked so ill. I thought a moment before I replied.

"Let Dorcas go down to the bathing machines," I said, at last, "and she can speak to the Preventive man, and if you do not mind being alone, Miss Ruth, Betty might go into the town and find Nurse Gill. I will just run along the beach and take a look all around."

"Yes, do," she returned. "Oh my naughty, naughty Flurry," almost wringing her hands.

"Don't frighten yourself beforehand," I said, kissing her and speaking cheerfully, though I did feel in a state about Dot; and what would mother and Mr. Lucas say? "I daresay Dorcas or I will bring them back in a few minutes, and then won't they get a scolding!"

"Oh, no; I shall be too happy to scold them," she returned, with a faint smile, for my words put fresh heart in her, and she would follow us into the porch and stand looking after us.

I scrambled over the shingles as fast as I could, for the wind was rising, and I was afraid it would soon grow dusk. Nothing was in sight; the whole shore was empty and desolate—fearfully desolate, even to my eyes.

It was no use going on, I thought; they must be hiding in the bathing machines after all. And I was actually turning round when something grey on the beach attracted my attention, and I picked it up. To my horror, it was one of Dot's woollen mittens that mother had knitted for him, and which he had worn that very afternoon.

I was on their track after all. I was sure of it now; but when I lifted my eyes and saw the dreary expanse of shore before me, a blank feeling of terror took possession of me. They were not in sight! Nothing but cloudy skies and low chalky cliffs, and the surge breaking on the shingles.

All at once a thought that was almost an inspiration flashed across me—the smugglers' cave! Flurry was always talking about it; it had taken a strong hold of her imagination, and both she and Dot had been wild to explore it, only Miss Ruth had never encouraged the idea. She thought caves were damp, dreary places, and not fit for delicate children. Flurry must have tempted Dot to accompany her on this exploring expedition. I was as convinced of the fact as though I had overheard the children's conversation. She would coax and cajole him until his conscience was undermined. How could he have dragged himself so far on his crutches, for the cave was nearly half a mile away from where I stood, and the wind was rising fearfully? And now an icy chill of terror came over me from head to foot—the tide was advancing! It had already covered the narrow strip of sand; in less than an hour it would reach the cliffs, for the shore curved a little beyond the cottage, and with the exception of the beach before the Brambles, the sea covered the whole of the shingles.

I shall never to my dying day forget that moment's agony when my mind first grasped the truth of the deadly peril those thoughtless babes had incurred. Without instant help, those little creatures must be drowned, for the water flowed into the cave. Even now it might be too late. All these thoughts whirled through my brain in an instant. Only for a moment I paused and cast one despairing glance round me. The cottage was out of sight. Nurse Gill, and Dorcas, and Betty were scouring the town; no time to run back for help,

no hope of making one's voice heard with the wind whistling round me.

"Oh, my God! help me to save these children!" I cried, with a sob that almost choked me. And then I dashed like a mad thing towards the shore.

My despair gave me courage, but my progress was difficult and slow. It was impossible to keep up that pace over the heavy shingles with the wind tearing round me and taking away my breath.

Several times I had to stand and collect my energies, and each time I paused I called the children's names loudly. But, alas! the wind and the sea swallowed up the sound.

How fast the tide seemed coming up! The booming of the breakers sounded close behind me. I dared not look—I dared not think. I fought and buffeted the wind, and folded my cloak round me.

"Out of the depth I have cried unto Thee." Those were the words I said over and over to myself.

I had reached the cave at last, and leant gasping and nearly faint with terror before I began searching in its dim recesses.

Great masses of slimy seaweed lay heaped up at the entrance; a faint damp odour pervaded it. The sudden roar of wind and sea echoed in dull hollowness, but here at least my voice could be heard.

"Flurry—Dot!" I screamed. I could hear my own wild shriek dying away through the cavern. To my delight, two little voices answered—

"Here we are, Esther! Come along, we are having such a game! Flurry is the smuggler and I am the Preventive man, and Flossy is my dog, and—oh, dear! what is the matter?" And Dot, who had hobbled out of a snug, dry little corner near the entrance, looked up with frightened eyes as I caught him and Flurry in my arms. I suppose my face betrayed my fears, for I could not at that moment gasp out another word.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

C. B. FREE.

Treasured Memories. Words by J. Willmot E. Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A simple and easy melody, without much attempt at novelty.

FREDERICK PITMAN.

A number of pianoforte pieces, styled the *Paternoster Row Edition*, consisting of Thal-Berg's well-known transcription of "Home, sweet home," Schumann's "Slumber Song," also "The Merry Peasant" and "Rustic Song," by the same composer; "Gipsy Rondo," by Joseph Haydn; "Melody in F," by Anton Rubinstein; "Air de Louis XIII.," gavotte by Henri Grys; "Les Cloches du Monastère," nocturne, by Lefebvre-Wely.

METZLER AND CO.

Andante by Beethoven, arranged for the American organ by Louis Engel.

Voluntary by Chopin, also by the same composer.

Intermède. Gavotte. Esquisse Symphonique. Par J. Goudereau. For Violin and Pianoforte.—An interesting, and not very difficult piece for either performer.

No. 1, Book of four pieces from the old masters by Frederic Archer.—All these studies are arranged in an easy and familiar style, and are well worthy the notice of amateurs on the American organ.

Parthenia. Waltz. By Andrew Levey.—This waltz is much above the average; the leading theme is the well-known song, "Love and Beauty," by the same composer. It is effective and melodious.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Sunshine. The words by M. J. Scott. Music by Thomas Hutchinson.—A very superior and melodious song. The andante movement in the second part, "Holy sunshine, smile of heav'n, In grace to weary mortals giv'n," should be rendered with great pathos and feeling. We recommend it to the notice of our girls.

The Nightless Land. The words by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone, the music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A striking and effective song. This eminent

composer's compositions are generally sure to please. The accompaniment requires good playing.

Staunch and True. Song. Written by G. W. Southey. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.—A very agreeable and bold song, of moderate compass; displays good feeling.

WOOD AND CO.

Waldstein's Giant Note Method for the Pianoforte is one of the easiest and best methods for learning the elementary part of music that has come under our notice. There is nothing confusing about it—everything is clear, distinct, and progressive; indeed, it is really what the title-page proclaims it, as easy as A B C.

A Practical School for the Organ. By Wm. Spark, Mus. Doc., F.C.O., Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds.—This elementary and practical Tutor by Dr. Spark will, in our opinion, greatly facilitate the work of the student. The introductory explanation treats

of the mechanism of the various stops, and organs generally. The exercises are progressive and examples well chosen. The direction for the feet, in the use of the pedals, is very clear, and, to our mind, superior to the former method of instruction by letters. We think the amateur will be greatly assisted by the study of this work.

BOOSEY AND CO.

When my Jim comes home. Words by William Black. Music by Theo. Marzials.—A sprightly, pleasing, and well-written song; cannot fail to please when sung with a little humour.

Music. Words by Matthias Barr. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—An agreeable and refined composition; may be sung with good effect.

Years and Years. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by A. L. Mora.—A fairly good and singable song; many of our girls will be pleased with it.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE EARLY GERMAN PICTURES.

In these our days, the speech of the Fairy Puck, that he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," seems not such a mere vain boast, after all; for what with railways, telegraphs, and telephones, distance is in a fair way to become annihilated.

Everybody nowadays goes everywhere and sees everything.

Everybody goes to London sometimes, however remote the country they may inhabit, and I think I may assume that everybody who goes to London, however ignorant of pictures, yet reckons on a walk through the National Gallery as one of the "sights of London" which they are in duty bound to see.

To the merest ignoramus such a fine gallery as we now possess, its walls covered with the rich and varied colours of the different pictures, is of itself most impressive; while to the genuine lover of art his appetite and taste will surely grow with all the beauties that it has here to feed on.

We all know the old story of "eyes and no eyes," or, to put the same truth in the words of a philosopher of our own day, "the eye sees what it brings the means of seeing."

The axiom applies in an eminent degree to great works of art, for without some acquired knowledge, some special training, the brightest intelligence and the quickest powers of observation will often be at fault.

Ordinary people may well feel disappointed, for they are apt to look for beauties which they ought not to expect, while on the other hand they fail to appreciate excellences which they have not learned to recognise.

Some general knowledge, at least, of pictorial art is necessary in order to perceive what the great painters aimed at; what difficulties they had to overcome; how far they achieved success in what they have left us; and what are the excellences of those great works of theirs which we lodge in palaces, and which kings count among their treasures.

Some knowledge, I repeat, is absolutely necessary before we can feel much real pleasure in contemplating their works, and more especially does this apply to the works of the so-called "Old Masters."

It has been wisely said, "It is not our business to love or to hate, but to understand." And Goethe, the great thinker of Germany, says truly, "To understand a thing

is to love it." In this spirit, then—and do not question but it is the right one—we will approach our subject.

First, then, let us seek to understand.

As we enter the great building, the flight of stairs on our left hand conducts to the works of those English painters whose fame during life has ensured their being represented in the National Collection after death; while the stairs on our right lead up to the rooms containing the works of the great men of the various other European schools of painting.

We ascend the stairs on our right hand that we may begin with the pictures earliest in date, and enter first a room full of very early German and Flemish masters.

Meister Wilhelm, or Master William, of Cologne; Master Stephan, his equally famous pupil; the Master of Liesborn; the Master of the Lyversburg Passion; and others, are here represented.

We know them only by their Christian names, these early German painters. They appear to have lived in times when manners were so primitive that surnames were dispensed with, or I should say, rather, had not yet been invented. And the fame of that Master William, who was living and painting in Cologne from 1358 till 1378, when he died, and of that Master Stephan who was living and painting in the same place a few years later, from 1430 till 1451, have come down to posterity only by their Christian names; while that other master, who painted, in or about the year 1465, a large picture of the Crucifixion for the Abbey of the Benedictine Monks at Liesborn, near Münster, in Westphalia; as well as another painter, who painted the Passion of Christ for the Lyversburg family in Cologne, have absolutely come down to us without any name at all, and are known to us only by the names of the places their pictures have occupied, as the Master of Liesborn and the Master of the Lyversburg Passion.

We glance round the room. I fear our first impression will be, How very queer! How odd! How ugly! How unlike any modern pictures!

Well, let us look again. Here is a little picture, the only one we possess, by William of Cologne, of whom Wornum (in his "Epochs of Painting") says, he was the earliest distinguished master of the school of

She had heard no news of Mr. Warner either. Eleanor had only written two short notes; she was absorbed in the distractions of Denver life, and said that as they would so soon be all together at home again, there was no need to write more. She would write again to tell her when to join them at the Maniton depot.

Carita had never written to Stephen, Mrs. Warner not having encouraged her to do it, so she did not think of doing so now; besides, it would be too late—he might have left those islands by this time.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE BROTHERS.

The Path by the Mill. Song. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Frank Swift.—A lively and joyous song.

Forget Me Not. Waltz. By Karl Muscat.—Is well marked and favourable for dancing.

Sweet May, by the same composer, is an easy arrangement for small fingers.

Romanze für Violine oder Violoncello, mit Begleitung des Pianoforte von Karl Muscat.—A pleasing and effective production.

Miranda. Mazurka. Composed by E. M. Bray.—Combines brightness and simplicity, which is a great recommendation.

Marche Hilarité. Composed by F. Croft.—A well marked and easily attained pianoforte piece.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Danse Bohémienne and Alpine Bells. By Etienne Claudet.—Two short and easy drawing-room pieces, fresh and effective, without any difficulties.

Forward. March. By E. H. Sugg.—An excellent march, in three parts, prefaced by a short introduction. The piece presents no difficulty of execution, and is likely to become popular as a good composition.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO. AND ERNEST KÖHLER AND SON.

La Marguerite. Polka. Composed by J. Petres Geoghegan.—As pleasant to dance to as any we know.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

May Breezes. Canzonette. Words translated from the German by Anna Boyd.

Autumn. Words from the German.

Call me over the mountains, Love.

The above three songs, composed by B. Lütgen, are remarkable for refinement and grace; they are full of feeling, and we can recommend them with pleasure to our young friends.

Les Guerrillas. Grand Marche pour piano à quatre mains. Par Henri Logé.—A very effective composition.

REID BROTHERS.

Thy dear Face.

The only Life for Me.

We'll meet, dear Love, again.

The words of the above three songs are by M. E. Winchester; the music by Sydney Hardcastle. They are a very fair specimen of the drawing-room ballad of the present day—pleasing and agreeable in character.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Saltarella. Composed by C. T. Speer.—A bright and sparkling piece, similar in movement to the "Tarantella." We recommend

it to our young musical friends as likely to become a favourite in the drawing-room.

Romance, by the same composer, is a very pleasing *morceau de salon*.

Polonaise, also by the same author, is a much more ambitious piece, and would require a more advanced performer to give it the proper effect.

CRAMER AND CO.

The Warrior's March. By Frederick Croft.

SPENCER AND CO.

The March of the Masons. By F. Julian Croger.

COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING CO.

The Egyptian Patrol. By Chevalier F. de Tregoyti.

Three good, stirring marches. The last-named will doubtless be appreciated by some of our brave soldiers who have been in that country.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

A Little Present. Sketch for pianoforte by Joseph Sherwood.—An easy and simple piece for small hands.

BANKS AND SON.

The Richmond Hill Polka. By the same composer.—A very good one, introducing the old song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

NOVELO, EWER, AND CO.

Caprice and March. For the pianoforte. Composed by George C. Richardson, aged 15.—We have particular pleasure in noticing this caprice and march, the production of a really talented young musician just entering, as we hope, on a career of distinction. The theme of the caprice is graceful, and the arrangement superior. The march is spirited and well marked.

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

Message d'Amour. Melodie pour piano. Par François Behr.—A smooth, singing theme, and nicely arranged; quickly learnt, and easily played by a moderately advanced performer on the pianoforte.

La Légère. Morceau de Salon. By the same composer. Written in the key of C and in three-quarter time.—Both these pieces will be found suitable, and agreeable additions to the stock of "memory music" for our young friends.

Marchal Niel. Waltz. By Enos Andrew.—A collection of four easy waltzes, with an andante introduction. Good in time, and honoured by being played at Her Majesty's State Ball, Buckingham Palace. The bouquet on the title page represents the sweet, perfumed rose.

Bon Jour. Polka. By Enos Andrew.—A very easy polka to play and dance to.

Auburn. Waltz. By J. M. Markham.—Another easy waltz added to the light recreation pieces, necessary as a distraction from too continuous study of more real and classical music.

Toujours Galant. Polka. By Philipp Tahrbach, junior.—A short and easy polka, with quaint frontispiece, for our young learners of pianoforte.

Stefanie. Polka. By the same composer. Is another suitable polka for young performers.

Im Herzen Tonstück and Sunday Morning. By Gustav Lange.—Are two very pleasing pieces of moderate difficulty and length, that will repay the learning by heart, and playing with care.

Liebesfrühling. By Alban Förster.—A short and expressive little composition, without any difficulties to a moderate pianoforte learner.

Glöckchenspiel Clavierstück. By F. Baumbfelder.—A nice pianoforte piece, requiring good and careful playing, attending to the

different marks of expression and touch, but not at all difficult to read.

A. COX.

Air à la Gavotte. By G. J. Rubini.—Suitable for small hands and young performers. Carefully marked and fingered.

La Villanelle. By Giacomo Ferraris.—A pleasing piece for acquiring a smooth and even touch, and at the same time gratifying the ear.

Les Echos des Bois, by the same composer, is equally useful, with rather more difficulty. Both pieces are good as pleasant studies.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Starlight. Waltz. Dedicated to the Countess of Limerick. By Ernest Birch.—Very easy for players and dancers, with a starlight view for its title-page.

Con Amore. Waltz. By Otto Roeder.—Simple waltzes, written in easy keys, with a "pretty picture" to tempt, in a heart-shaped setting.

Me Voilà! Polka. By Josef Meissler.—On the frontispiece is seen a merry brown-eyed face, bursting through a tambourine, making one almost hear the words, "Me voilà!" The music is easy and light.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MENDE.—We think that, as your education has been so completely neglected that you cannot spell nor express yourself in good English, and apparently (from writing "as" for "has") drop your h's also, you ought to hire a visiting governess, and learn in private. If "a lady," and "not young," you would be, under such circumstances, an object of painful remark were you to attend any class.

ONE WHO WOULD WORK.—A system of education carried on by means of correspondence is under the direction of the Council of Newham College, Cambridge. The fee amounts to four guineas for one year's course in the subject you name—harmony, counter-point, musical terms, and composition, both elementary and advanced. Address Miss Oliveria Prescott, 13, Oxford-square, London, W. 2. We are not acquainted with any charitable institution for the sale of ladies' work in or near Lancashire. Take it to a shop. We can scarcely read your writing, as the letters are so disconnected one with another, and the t's not crossed.

CATHERINE M. HEAD.—A thoroughly good knowledge of arithmetic is essential for a book-keeper, and vulgar and decimal fractions are included. We thank you for your very gracious letter.

ROY'S WIFE.—The St. John's Ambulance Association holds separate classes for the instruction of men and women; the lectures are given by medical men, and the number in each class limited to twenty-five. The fees are low.

EMIGRATION.

M. FRANCIS, GANYMEDE, LITTLE AND GOOD, and AN EARLY FRIEND.—We advise all of our girls who wish to emigrate to consult the Women's Emigration Society before doing so. The secretary is Miss Clune, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. Every information and assistance will be given to those who desire to emigrate in a sensible fashion to make their living in a new country.

FARMER'S WIFE.—The spring is the time for emigration to Canada. Many have returned home in a miserable condition, having gone out in the autumn, when the work of the farms, if not completed for the season, was being accomplished by hands already hired. No one should attempt to go out as a settler who has not got a certain amount of capital that will help them over the losses of a bad season (or more than one such), and who cannot begin with laying in a good store of potatoes, flour, bacon, and meat that will be preserved frozen through the winter; also a good quantity of wood ready for use, and a supply of thick, warm clothing.

WORK.

ETHEL.—There is a mistake in the writing-out of the pattern of the "Child's Crochet Gaiter," at page 516, vol. ii. The seventeen rows ought to be seven only. The pattern would stand thus: Make a chain of forty stitches, and work nineteen rows in ordinary tricot. Then work thirteen rows, diminishing one stitch at the beginning and end of each row. At the fourteenth row do not diminish at all. If you have

for the best and most economical stew; for the best soup made of lentils or haricot beans, without meat; for plain suet pudding, with several other plain and nourishing dishes. Only small plates of these had been sent in as samples.

My young companion, however, found these exhibits rather uninteresting, so we hurried past the table for patchwork, all made by competitors over seventy years of age, with its companion one for children under ten, as well as the children's exhibits of needlework and cookery. I was anxious to stay and examine a large table of drawings and maps; but these reminded Jackie so painfully of his lessons, for which he had a particular aversion, that we hurried on.

The crowd of people soon began to move towards another room, where we found the prizes were about to be distributed by a benevolent gentleman, who addressed a few words of friendly counsel to the exhibitors before calling up the prize winners.

The first prizes to be distributed were books, for the best essays on kindness to animals, on bringing up children, and on spending money. Then followed prizes in kind—teapots, coal-scuttles, materials for dresses, packets of groceries, and other useful presents for adult competitors.

At last Joe's turn came, and he marched proudly up to the table to receive the first prize for models by children—five bright new shillings. The applause which greeted each prize winner was vigorously assisted by little Jack as his new acquaintance passed us with a grin of triumphant recognition, on his way out to make room for others. Jackie's interest in the proceedings having come to an end, we followed Joe out, and found him gazing with affectionate admiration at his cork furniture.

"What shall you do with your money, Joe?" I asked.

"Don't exactly know," he replied. "Wants a new suit o' clothes werry bad. But there," he added after a moment's reflection, and gazing down at his dilapidated garments, "it ain't so cold as wot it was, and p'raps they'll do till the summer."

I felt considerable doubts about them holding together myself, but would not hurt his feelings by saying so, and he went on—

"You see, we ain't on'y got one chair, and it's werry inconvenient when father and mother both wants to sit down at once; and my boots is pretty well wore out, so I think I'll 'ave a pair o' boots and a chair."

I felt Jackie pulling at my sleeve while we were talking, and when I turned, he whispered eagerly, "Auntie, do let me give him that pair of boots I kicked a hole in the other day."

So, taking the boy's address, we promised that Jackie and I would go and call on him some day, and take him the pair of boots, and see his "ganier," which he was hoping to nurse through the winter, and to win a prize with at the summer flower show.

Here Jackie's interest in the "Home Improvement Society" ended; but mine was only beginning, and I took an early opportunity of calling on a friend whom I knew to be interested in the society, to get some further information in order to begin a similar exhibition in my own neighbourhood. She gave me sundry pieces of good advice, which I will repeat as far as I can remember them, for the benefit of others who wish to get up similar exhibitions.

Two shows are held during the year—a winter and a summer one. The neighbourhood is mapped out into districts, and a lady or gentleman undertakes the post of visitor to each. This duty involves distributing notices of the show some months beforehand, with the lists of prizes offered; and an occasional visit afterwards to encourage or advise the

would-be competitors; and on the last visit, a printed copy of the "Regulations for the Show" should be left at each house. These "regulations," state the place and time of the exhibition, the time at which exhibits are to be brought (usually the day before the show), and when removed, and whether or not the exhibits may be marked for sale; with any other particulars which circumstances may suggest. One invariable rule is that each exhibit must be plainly marked with the name and address, and, in children's competitions, with the age of exhibitor.

The committee and visitors usually act as judges, sometimes, if their number contains no one competent for the task, inviting professional carpenters, gardeners, and others to assist them. The judges should meet early in the morning of the show, divide the work amongst them, and then, before beginning, they should walk round the whole exhibition, so as to get a general idea of the degree of merit to expect, and should talk over their different standards of excellence, so that the prizes may be fairly awarded in each class. There is sure to be some grumbling, however carefully the judges have performed their task; they should be careful, therefore, to notice, and be able to point out to disappointed exhibitors, the special blemishes which have prevented their work from winning a prize.

New members must give in their names to one of the visitors of the society, not less than two months before the show at which they intend to compete; this precaution is necessary to ensure the exhibits being really their own work, and not bought or hired for the occasion. On payment of the entrance-fee (generally twopence or threepence), a card of membership is given, which holds good, without further payment, for all subsequent shows, and their names are enrolled in the books of the society, as well as in that of the visitor in whose district they reside, and who is responsible for them, receiving any notices which may be issued. To avoid any possible mistake, it is usual to have both prize lists and members' tickets for adults a different colour from those for the children. It is found advisable that numerous small prizes should be given for children's competitions, rather than few and valuable ones, as a reward, however insignificant, encourages them to try again.

In populous neighbourhoods, where there are many Board or Ragged schools, prizes are sometimes offered for class singing, in which the various schools compete together.

In addition to the judges at the exhibition, a number of gentlemen should be requested to act as stewards, to keep order, marshal the prize-winners to their places, answer inquiries, and do anything else that is required of them. They should always wear some distinguishing badge, that everyone may see to whom to apply in any difficulty.

These were the principal points of my friend's advice. The details of management must vary according to the neighbourhood and class of people amongst whom the work would be started. It can be undertaken without any difficulty, provided always an energetic manager can be found, with a few sensible people to form a committee. The expenses are, of necessity, rather large, as, in addition to the printing of prize-lists, tickets, and the various notices, a good deal has to be spent in prizes; but it is generally found that many tradesmen in the neighbourhood who do not care to subscribe in money, are willing to give presents in kind suitable for prizes.

We hear a great deal lately about the poor and how to improve them. There is an old saying that God helps those who help themselves, and a society of this kind just steps in to teach and encourage the poor to help them-

selves. A great deal depends upon the tact of the visitors, who should suggest work suitable to each member, if, as is often the case, they have no ideas of their own; and if energetically and sensibly carried out, it may be made a powerful aid in raising the condition of the poor. Comfortable homes, and something wherewith to occupy themselves there would do more to close the public-houses than any amount of talking; the object, therefore, to be aimed at by this society is to induce the women, by improvement in needlework and cookery, to make their homes more attractive than the public-houses, and to persuade the men to add to the comforts of their homes, and provide themselves with amusement in the evenings by carpentering, or any other useful employment they may fancy.

If in addition to the regular work of the society, classes can be raised for cookery, carpentering, fretwork, brasswork, sewing, or any other kind of useful and practical work, an enormous amount of good may be done, and one answer be found to the oft-repeated question, "What can be done to help the poor?"

NEW MUSIC.

JOHN B. GALBRAITH.

It was but a Milkmaid's Song. Words by Sarah Doudney. Music by Allan Macbeth.—Pretty verses, attached to a charming and appropriate melody; needs only to be heard to become a favourite.

Also by the same composer. Words by G. Clifton Bingham—

The Voice of the Waters.

Only You.

Morning Land.

Old Antwerp Town. Words by Claxon Bellamy.

The melodies are expressive and varied, and the accompaniments, though not difficult, are appropriate and masterly.

Sir George on the Storming of "Old Gibraltar." Written by W. D. Boston, B.A. Music by James McHardy.—A patriotic song, written in a vigorous and tuneful style; rather above the average of this type of composition. It is in two keys—E flat and G.

Intermezzo. "Forget me not." Composed for string orchestra, and arranged for pianoforte by Allan Macbeth.—An interesting piece; the effect greatly increased with orchestral accompaniment.

Dorina Valse. By Carl Volti.

Colinette Valse. By M. Nalla.

These waltzes, although not very original, are good as exercises.

Two Characteristic Pieces. By Peter W. Cassels. No. 1, March. No. 2, Gavotte.—Easily arranged; highly satisfactory compositions.

ALPHONSE BERTINI.

To-day and To-morrow. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Arthur W. Marchant. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*).—A sentimental song, but words and music in good taste, and with the harmonium accompaniment is sure to be appreciated.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Old Flag in the Abbey Nave. Words and music by J. Barrett Browne.—A patriotic song, words and music well expressed.

JOSEPH BISHOP AND CO.

Gavotte. For the pianoforte. By A. W. Sebastian Hoare. Worthy of recommendation; well written and tuneful.

BANKS AND SON.

Genevieve. Minuet. By George H. Smith, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A graceful and tuneful composition, well worthy of notice.

governess, but as her mother, and as my wife."

He was very patient with me, when he saw how the suddenness and the wonder of it all upset me, that a man like Mr. Lucas could love me, and be so clever and superior and good. How could such a marvellous thing have happened?

And mother knew it, and Uncle Geoffrey, for Mr. Lucas had taken advantage of my absence to speak to them both, and they had given him leave to say this to me. Well, there could be no uncertainty in my answer. I already revered and venerated him above other men, and the rest came easy, and before we returned to the house the first strangeness and timidity had passed; I actually asked him—summoning up all my courage, however—how it was he could think of me, a mere girl without beauty, or cleverness, or any of the ordinary attractions of girlhood.

"I don't know," he answered, and I knew by his voice he was smiling; "it has been coming on a long time; when people know you they don't think you plain, Esther, and to me you can never be so. I first knew what I really felt when I came out of the room that dreadful night, and saw you standing with drenched hair and white face, with Dot in your arms and my precious Flurry clinging to your dress; when I saw you tottering and caught you. I vowed then that you, and none other, should replace Flurry's dead mother," and when he had said this I asked no more.

(To be concluded.)

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

It is Better Farther On. Words by the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. Music by Ernest Ford.—Pretty words, easily and pleasantly set to music.

A. COX.

Le Chant du Gondolier. Serenade. Par G. J. Rubini.—This piece presents no difficulties, and, combined with its effectiveness, is likely to become a favourite.

Festival March. By Louis Honig.—A very attractive composition. The varied changes and grand finale, without any difficulties, will be appreciated by many.

ROBERT COCKS.

The Holy Land. By William Smallwood.

- No. 1.—"Jerusalem."
- No. 2.—"Rachel's Tomb."
- No. 3.—"Nazareth."
- No. 4.—"Bethany."
- No. 5.—"Lebanon."
- No. 6.—"Jacob's Well."

No. 5, which we have now before us, is a march, entitled "Lebanon." The time is distinct, and the air martial sounding. There are no difficulties. Dr. Westbrook has arranged it for the organ, the pedal bass adding much to the effect.

Sweet Thoughts. Waltz. By P. Fiandra.—A good waltz, easy and pleasing, with coloured portrait.

The Dean's Little Daughter. Song. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Charles Marshall.—A story of a little, sensitive child, alive to the voices speaking to her through the bells,

and filling the belfry with her imaginations of angels bringing holy messages to her. The music is descriptive and pleasing.

The Song of a Boat. Words by Jean Ingelow. Music by Alice Borton.—A poor widow looking out on the sea where her "sailor lad" was lost, and at the little nest, from which her nestlings have gone, feels that her only home now is where they dwell, and longs to join them there. The music is simple and appropriate.

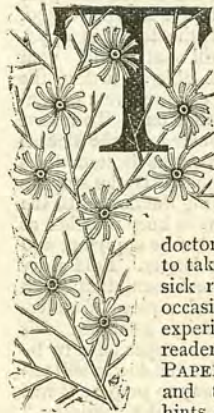
WEEKES AND CO.

A Soldier's Wooing. Words by M. E. Garth. Music by Frank H. Simms.—The air and accompaniment are easy and lively, without pretensions to high merit. The tale is of a maiden whose constancy is rewarded by the return of her soldier love, with riches to satisfy an exacting father.

Though thou art Far from Me. Words and music by the same composer and writer.—Of small compass and quite easy.

A FEW HINTS ON NURSING FOR OUR GIRLS.

BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.



THE fact that almost every woman has at some time to act as a sick-nurse is generally acknowledged, but only very little provision is made for training our girls to be intelligent and efficient aids to the

doctor when their turn comes to take the management of a sick room. I wish on this occasion, as a nurse of some experience, to address the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as young nurses, and to give a few simple hints which may be useful either in attending sick friends, or on meeting with some of those cases of accident to which we are liable every day of our lives; cases in which a little knowledge and presence of mind may avert a great deal of trouble, sometimes may save even life itself.

To begin with, I have a piece of encouragement to give you as inexperienced nurses, if you are suddenly called upon to act. Remember that loving care, unselfishness, and obedience will make up for a great deal. If you can get your patient to like your attendance, and not to object to receive your assistance when necessary, you may, by obeying your doctor in every point, carry through a case very creditably without regular training. Still, study and experience are not to be undervalued; for one thing, even if you have had but a little, it is a comfort to yourself to know that you have at least a fair idea how things ought to be done from having done them before, or having seen others do them. I know from personal experience that even when the patient and friends are satisfied, and the doctor complimentary, there is yet a keen sense of incompetence, or, at least, of uncertainty; a feeling that if so-and-so had been done otherwise it would have been better; a haunting fear of something absolutely necessary for the well-being of the patient being left undone. This is all very foolish. When we go into hospital for training, we learn that what we have to do is to carry out orders; not to originate, or to fancy that things have been forgotten.

However, we must come now to practical matters. Suppose you have a member of your family laid up at home with a bad knee and the doctor orders a blister, would you know how to apply it? First be sure you know the exact place where it is to go on. Some doctors mark it on the patient's body, and it is a very good plan. The place should be washed clean, of course, leaving the mark. When you get the blister-plaster, if there is a little bit of stuff like silver paper over the flies (the brown part), take it off before applying, unless the patient's skin is exceedingly tender. Warm the blister slightly, holding the back to the fire. The doctor will tell you about how long it is to stay on and the signs by which you will know when it is to be taken off. The ointment for dressing the blister should be spread upon a piece of lint or old linen cut to the right size *before the plaster is removed*. Have a pair of sharp scissors ready, or, failing them, a needle will do. Then take the blister off as gently as you can without dragging. The best way to do this is to take it with both hands and draw it towards the middle from the edges. Have a piece of cotton-wool or old linen to catch the "serum," as the fluid that runs out is called, and if the blister has risen much it may be well to put a saucer underneath to save the sheets. In hospitals there are trays for such purposes. Snip or prick the blister at its lowest part, and the fluid will run out. If possible, do not let any flow over the healthy skin, as it is apt to scald. You may help it out with a little gentle pressure. There will be some dead loose skin. Opinions differ as to whether it should be cut off at first or not. It will come away in time. It is always removed if the blister is to be kept "open;" but the doctor will explain this to you. By keeping it open I do not mean leaving it uncovered; this is never done. I mean keeping up the irritation by means of some smarting ointment.

A blister should be dressed at least every morning and evening until the place heals up. In some parts of the body the dressing will keep its place if laid on, but it is generally well either to bandage it loosely or to fasten it down with two or three strips of strapping or diachylon plaster. If you use this for any purpose, heat it first by holding the back—the linen side—to the fire, or by putting it round a vessel of hot water. Otherwise unless the skin is very hot it will not stick.

Sometimes a poultice has to go on when the blister comes off. In this case, if you have to attend to all yourself, you must open the blister first, and cover the place with a piece of lint or old linen, while you make the poultice, which would be quite cold if you made it first, besides, it does not take long to prepare, and ointment is often very tedious to spread.

If you are set to make a poultice and are not in good practice, do not be afraid of having it too hot. It is much more likely to be too cool with all your pains. Do not be afraid, either, of having it too big if for a surgical case. In poulticing the breast cut a hole for the nipple.

First spread out your linen or whatever you are going to spread upon so as not to waste time after the poultice is mixed, then scald out the vessel in which you are going to make it. Throw away that water and pour in some more, as much as you think will do, from a kettle hissing and boiling furiously, put your meal in by degrees, stirring it in quickly until you have a thick smooth paste with no dry meal at the edges of the bowl. Always stir in the same direction, not backwards and forwards. Turn out on your linen and spread it evenly, about a quarter of an inch in thickness; cut the edges straight, leaving a good margin of linen to turn in like a hem. The linen should be double. I have



CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.

La Prière d'un Vierge. By T. Badarzewska.
Ecoutez-moi. Romance sans Paroles. By J. Funke.
Edelweiss. Idylle. By Gustave Lange.
A Ray of Sunshine. Morceau de Salon. By Carl le Duc.
Carnival of Venice. By Th. Oestem.
The Battle of Prague. Descriptive sonata. By F. Kotsward.
 These pieces are edited and fingered by A. H. Brown.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Old Memories. Words by M. Powis Bale. Music by J. T. Musgrave.—A simple and flowing melody set to very pretty words. We recommend this to the notice of our young friends.
Camille. Waltz, for the piano. By J. T. Musgrave.—A well-written, melodious waltz, well worthy of recommendation.

ALFRED HAYES.

Liebe's Fraume (Love's Dream). Waltz. By C. E. Rawstone.—Is well-written, bright, and fresh.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Faust (Gounod). Pianoforte duet.—Mr. George Frederick West has arranged five of the most charming airs from this celebrated opera in a facile and pleasing style. We have pleasure in recommending it to the notice of our young friends.

Une Cascade de Fleurs. By Frederic Lemoine.—A graceful piece, requiring a little skill in the cantabile style on the part of the executant.

Standard Classical Pieces for the pianoforte:—

No. 32, *Le Tambourin et Rigaudon avec Double.* By J. Rameau.—A quaint and most effective drawing-room piece.

No. 36, *Moments Musicaux.* By F. Schubert. No. 1, in C major; No. 2, in A flat; No. 3, in F minor.—Three studies of moderate difficulty.

Three organ pieces. No. 1, March; No. 2, Air with Variations; No. 3, Pastoral. By Dr. W. J. Westbrook.

Autrefois. Allegretto. By Brinley Richards. Arranged for the organ by James Partridge, Associate R.A.M.

These organ solos will be specially welcomed by amateurs.

BANKS AND SON.

Ella. Tempo di Gavotta. By Arthur Sample.—A neatly-written and effective piece, which we have no doubt will be appreciated.

Corelli's Gigue in C. From the violin sonatas. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Walter Macfarren.—This charming composition has been most pleasingly arranged as a pianoforte solo, and will find favour with those of our young friends who have a taste for classical music.

Bourrée in D. Composed by Walter Macfarren.—A melodious subject treated in a masterly style, in which the special character of the dance is most faithfully preserved. We

recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Beethoven's Les Adieux.—His last composition. A soothing and expressive lullaby, indicative of the last moments of this great master.

PITMAN.

Mitcham Town. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by Placide Malva.—A little romance in connection with Mitcham Town put into words and set to music; both subject and arrangement of the music telling.

The Bud and the Flower. Words by B. Westmacott. Composed by George Buckland.—A simple little song, easy to catch and sing.

The Church. Descriptive Song. Music by J. W. Hobbs.—An effective song of moderate compass. There is accompaniment for the cornet with the pianoforte.

Unfading Beauty. Written by M. A. Barnes. Music by W. C. Levey.—The music is simple and the words truthful.

Christmas Carols, Hymns, etc.—A capital collection, amongst which we notice many old and valued friends, also some new ones, the greater number of which possess considerable merit.

Ruth. Sacred cantata. Words by A. C. Dey. Music by Alan Reid.—This short cantata is written for four mixed voices and chorus, with pianoforte accompaniment. The music is pleasing, although cut up into rather small numbers; but the simplicity of its harmonies will undoubtedly make it useful for class singing.

I will hearken what the Lord (Christmas anthem).

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh.

O clap your hands.

The harvest is the end (harvest anthem).

Great and marvellous.

All these anthems, of which the music is composed by Arthur H. Brown, will be found within the reach of ordinary church choirs. We prefer "Great and marvellous."

Sixty-six Country Dances. Arranged for pianoforte by T. Crampton.—All lovers of old dance-tunes, hornpipes, and jigs will do well to purchase these.

Popular Instructor for the Pianoforte.—A good instruction-book in the hands of a teacher, though we have our doubts as to the efficacy of self-instruction for any one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROSE.—The article, entitled "The Disadvantages of Higher Education," is to be found at page 333, vol. iii. A LONDONER.—We recommend you to read "How to Improve the Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. You should apply yourself diligently to learn spelling, and write small round-hand copies daily.

JANUARY BIRD.—1. It is not desirable to omit the "u" in "favour," "flavour," etc., as we should thus lose the trace of our old Norman derivations, and there is greater elegance of style in retaining it. 2. Do not say, "tell me to whom I would apply," but, "to whom I should apply." You are not competent to teach children while ignorant of how to employ your senses and moods. For all information respecting the Cambridge Local Examinations, we have often told our readers to apply to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. Your writing is good.

EDUCO.—We recommend you to apply to the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, W.C. No. 2 class is the one that would suit you. It is for non-resident students, terms £15 per annum, or £8 for six months. The object is to give special instruction in the "art of teaching." You will thus obtain all the information necessary as to the present course of high-class education. Address the principal, and papers giving full particulars will be sent to you. You are not at all too old to learn any new system. 2. The address of the College of Preceptors is 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Pupils' examinations are held

half-yearly, fee 10s. The certificates of the college are recognised as guarantees of a good and general education, but the Home and Colonial School Society is the best suited for your requirements.

M. J. WILLIS.—1. We have already given information to many of our correspondents respecting "reading societies," and must be excused if we decline repeating our answers an indefinite number of times. For one of the above-named societies, Miss McLandsborough is the secretary, Lindum-terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire. 2. We are not acquainted with any such society as the other which you name. FLOSSY.—1. Look at the key-board, of course, when playing without music. All the great pianists and composers do so. 2. The German character, in writing as well as in print, is different from our own and the Russian. In all other European countries there is but one character for writing and print respectively. You should inquire for the instructor you require at some library. We do not undertake to advertise the publications of other firms.

HARD WORKER.—Have you ever thought of nursing as a profession? Read our article at page 454, vol. i. Or else, would you like mission-work? If so, you might write for information to the Deaconess Training Institution, Mildmay-park, London, N.; or to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East (secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, London, S.W.), at which institution Englishwomen are trained for zenana work and also for school-teaching in the East, which would be a change from daily governess work here: You might get in as a letter-sorter if above five feet in height, should you fail to obtain a clerkship in the post-office; but you must write for information to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon-row, S.W. With reference to being a nurse, we think your age might prove a difficulty at present; but you must either go in person to see the matron at St. Thomas's Hospital, or write to Henry Bonham Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W., as he is the secretary of the "Nightingale Fund."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLEURANGE, ERIC, and TRIXIE are thanked for the kind thought that prompted the sending of valentines to the Editor.

DAMASK ROSE.—Whoever tried to explain away the miracle of the feeding of Elijah the Prophet, by the service of ravens, by representing the birds to be men (Arabs as you say), was what is called a "Freethinker," viz., one who would fain be "wise above what is written." We can only pity the want of depth of mind or lack of due reflection, in the individual who could not see that the Almighty Maker of both man and bird could make either of them do His bidding, as easily as He could form them at the first, and endue the one with a responsible soul and intellect, and the other with as much animal instinct as He pleased to bestow. We only employ our Blessed Lord's own simple argument when He said, "Whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say 'Take up thy bed and walk?' But vain man would be wise (in his own conceit) though he be born like a wild ass's colt, knowing little more than the way to his mouth!"

D. P.—Certainly; no one, employer or not, has the smallest right to take possession of another person's private letters, whether picked up in their house or obtained by other means, and whether with or without her knowledge. It is possible that, under certain peculiar circumstances, such as the recognition of a son's writing and discovery of a clandestine correspondence with one enjoying their confidence, thus dishonourably abused, they might be tempted to act in a manner equally dishonourable on their part. But this betrayal of their confidence confers no legal right on them to steal or read the letters. Their proper course would be to present them unopened and unread to the governors, and to say that the writing outside being recognised, they must request, for the sake of the mutual regard between all parties, that an explanation be given. But either to read, to retain, or to obtain any letter "privately," would be highly reprehensible. But we are only suggesting exceptional circumstances. In your case, you should write and say, that, "a third application proving fruitless, you would be reluctantly obliged to take legal proceedings." This you could do by sending them a lawyer's letter, for which they would be charged 6s. 8d. each time.

A YOUNG GIRL.—1. Minnie is a nickname employed, as being less formal, for Matilda, Mary, Wilhelmina, and other names. 2. The name Parry is a surname. Hubert is a German name, and means "bright in spirit." We are shocked at your contemplating the idea of walking out of doors with any man "who has never been to your father's house," or without the express permission of your parents. Your spelling and writing are wretched, and your English composition worse. It is well that you have two more years of a schoolgirl's training before you, as your education is so backward. You are not of an age at sixteen to begin thinking of marriage. When your lessons are over your first business is to endeavour to be useful at home and "requite your parents."

NESTA.—We call all girls "our girls," whether discourteous to us or not, whether British or foreign, old or young, correspondents or only readers. Certainly you may compete for any of our prizes with a

THE OBSERVER.

THE old rhyme about the cuckoo tells us that :

"In April, come he will,
In May, he sings all day,
In June, he changes his tune,
In July, away he'll fly,
In August, go he must."

The same rhyme is sometimes quoted of the nightingale, but it is especially true of the cuckoo, which generally begins its song about the middle of April. It has a particularly thin and delicate skin and seems less able to endure cold than other birds, and the first sign of waning summer drives it back to the warmer shores of Northern Africa. Its note is one of the most easily imitated by voice or instrument. Mitford says that it first begins with an interval of a minor 3rd in its song, and goes on "changing his tune," through a major 3rd, 4th, and 5th, but that its voice breaks before it can reach a minor 6th. Its usual note is a minor 3rd, sung downwards, though sometimes late in the season it seems to be reversed, and is a 3rd, or greater interval, sung upwards. Its voice is hoarse in drought, but becomes mellow again after summer showers. Its voice gradually dies away in the autumn, and its note becomes irregular, as another old rhyme says :

"At first koo—koo, sing still can she do ;
At last kooke—kooke—kooke, six kookes
to one koo."

The cuckoo feeds upon insects, and its eggs are always laid in the nest of some insectivorous bird, in order that the young ones when hatched may be provided with the kind of food they require. The nest chosen is generally that of a small bird, such as the hedge-sparrow, or wagtail. The young bird's ungrateful habit of turning out its little foster-brothers is too well known to need describing, but it is a curious fact, which should be pointed out to young observers, that although the full-grown cuckoo is a large bird, its eggs are quite small, very little larger than those of the bird in whose nest they are laid, and are marked very like those of the hedge-sparrow, so that they are at first not easily distinguishable from those of their foster-parents.

Nearly all the birds are singing by this time, larks, thrushes, blackbirds, and the other members of the "feathered quire," are all in full song. Almost without exception, our song birds are all small; none of our large birds sing, though many of them, such as the cock, crow, and magpie, as well as the sea-gull and other sea-birds, make various noises.

April is a good month for the study of sky and cloud effects; and one may become to a certain extent weather-wise by careful observation of their changes. Small cumulus clouds floating about the sky towards evening predict calm, fine weather; but if they increase much in size and number about sunset, it is generally considered a sign of rain. If they are dark and shaggy, and rolling over each other, cold and stormy weather will probably follow. They frequently appear silvery white before thunder. The approach of a thunder-storm is also often heralded by masses of clouds coming up against the wind, or at all events against the wind blowing on the surface of the earth. Other signs of rain are the sun going down into a bank of cloud; or dark clouds about the sky with white flecks passing across them, or light clouds with dark flecks. Strong winds speedily follow the appearance of anvil-shaped clouds, that is, clouds with a kind of thick stem and an overhanging, anvil-shaped top; they are frequently followed by a gale of wind, but not, as a rule, by rain. "Mare's-tail" clouds, with long thin tails, and varying a good deal in shape, betoken windy, unsettled weather; though when they

are seen during light winds, after stormy weather, they may be taken as a sign of a quiet, fine day. If currents of clouds are seen going in two opposite directions, rain will surely follow, probably accompanied, in the summer, by thunder.

These rules will serve as a basis from which girls can make their own observations, and rules are no use without observation and experience, which will be greatly aided by the practice of making notes of what one sees.

Many trees are coming into flower or leaf now. The ash, oak, and elm flower, in an ordinary season, towards the beginning of April, but the leaves do not open till the close of this, or beginning of next month; though all these rules are subject to exceptions, as trees are so much influenced by their situation.

This month is a favourable time for seeing the planet Mercury, which will be found in the north-western sky immediately after sunset. Saturn and Venus can be easily found, too, as they are both in the constellation Taurus, directions for finding which were given in January; but it must be remembered that though the position of these constellations with regard to one another is always the same, they are all moving gradually towards the west, so that they are in a slightly different position each month.

DORA HOPE.

HOW I FORMED A SMALL LIBRARY.

ONE of our readers (FELICIA CLINTON) has sent us the following for publication :—

IT will be a year this August since I first read in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER an article on "How to Form a Small Library," and I thought I should like to try and form one of my own. I immediately went round to all the shops to try to get a bookcase, for that was the first thing spoken of as being most necessary, as it would be no use getting books to let them lie about to get dirty. I was not able to purchase one small enough for my purpose at any shop, so I ordered one with three shelves, and folding doors; I had it made of deal wood, and then stained to imitate mahogany. This only cost me eighteen shillings, which I thought cheap, for it really is a very nice-looking piece of furniture. I then began to collect books, buying one now and then when I could afford it, with the article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for a guide as to what sort of books to get.

I have now collected about forty volumes, which I am still increasing when able. Amongst them I have books of poetry, standard novels, and a sprinkling of history and literature. One side of my bookcase I devote to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which I read continually, and have from the very beginning, and which now forms three nice volumes; in a little over two months I shall be able to add the fourth. My bookcase stands in my bedroom, and forms a very pleasant spectacle, for which I have to thank THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I would advise any girl who may be anxious to form a small library for herself to read the piece I refer to, which was published in vol. ii., page 7, and to take that as her guide, and I am sure that in time she too will have to thank THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for giving her the incentive to something so useful, interesting, and instructive, not only to herself, but to her home circle and friends. I would also advise her to get none but good and instructive books of all kinds, and, above all, not to get them with paper covers, for after a little wear they burst out, and look very untidy, being anything but an ornament for a bookcase; whereas if nice cloth covers are procured, they will last almost a lifetime if carefully used, and will always look neat, even though they may be well worn. I wish that all girls that possibly can would begin to form libraries; they have no idea how interesting and fascinating it becomes.

With every new book added, there is something to show how the life of the owner has been spent, and what sort of recreation she has preferred—in fact, a girl's character may be known by her occupations. Any girl will find that by thus doing she gains respect for herself in other people's eyes, for anybody is always glad to find a girl who prefers spending her money on something so useful, instead of frittering it away without anything to show for it. I have found, too, that many a kind friend will now and then add a volume to your library, and thus help you to increase your stock, which will both at the present time, and in the future, prove so interesting, and always be a source of useful information, both to yourself and others.

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Milkmaid's Song. From Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Music by W. H. Jude.—A lively, tuneful, and musician-like composition, set to the Laureate's well-known verses. We recommend it to those of our young friends who have a fairly good and flexible soprano voice.

Only in Play. Words by Lewis Macdonald. Music by Frank L. Moir.—An interesting song, set to a sympathetic melody.

The Reign of the Roses. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Caroline Lowthian.

My Own Familiar Friend. Words by the same author. Music by J. Stuart Crook.

Through all the Years. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Godfrey Marks.—Three very pretty songs, with a *tempo di valse* refrain.

The Golden Path. Song, with harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Words by Nella, music by Henry Parker.—A simple and pathetic story, set to a sympathetic and well-written melody; the effect is greatly enhanced by the addition of the harmonium.

Now and for Ever. Words and music by the same author and composer.—Simple and poetic verses, combined with expressive and pleasing melody.

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

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

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Heyday. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by Edwin St. Lemare.—A charmingly conceived and well-written song. We recommend it to our young friends, and think it will become popular in the drawing-room.

Answered. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Walter A. Slaughter.—A simple, but most interesting little song, presenting no difficulties.

Class Copies of Vocal Duets for Ladies' Voices.—No. 12 contains three well-known favourites easily arranged: "Fading Away," "Twilight Dreams," and "Beautiful Dove." The type is good, and they are especially adapted for the young. The price, one shilling each book, will attract purchasers.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

A Christmas Party. A tableau with music, suited for school and home gatherings. Music composed and adapted by Josiah Booth.

The Glad New Year. By the same composer.

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

J. AND W. CHESTER.

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

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Promise of Love (a Seville love song). Words by Hamilton Aidé. Music by William Fullerton.—A composition of very distinct merit, written in the composer's happiest manner; it is full of feeling, and the accompaniment is bright and characteristic. It will, we think, be received as a graceful addition to the *répertoire* of the salon.

cline, the arm chair was placed for her, dusted by Mrs. Snarl's apron, a cup and saucer was produced from an antiquated dresser and also wiped by the same garment, and she was seated at the board. But Sally had ideas, and brought from some hidden store a plate, which she placed before Priscilla with the words, "'Tis quite clean, teacher," as if she understood her repugnance to the cup and saucer. It must be confessed that when Mrs. Snarl's back was turned, Priscilla had wiped the cup with the corner of her mantle. When pressed to eat, she said she would prefer the potato which Mr. Snarl had kindly given her, and accordingly laid that brown-coated vegetable on the plate. It was a fine, mealy specimen, and having broken the skin, she had no compunctions as regarded the interior. She got through it and the tea somehow, resolving to inculcate in her pupils more and more strongly lessons of neatness, cleanliness, and thrift, for she knew it was the rising generation who would make or mar the future.

"Always glad to see you, my dear," said Mrs. Snarl, when she rose to take leave. "You'll come and tell us when you goes to the ospital? I feels like a mother to that poor child."

That Jack-off-all-trades, the apron, was now at her eyes, and finally wiped her hand before she presented it to Priscilla, who was not sorry when she left Goat's-gardens and found herself on her way to her lodging. She had a comfortable room in the small house of a married Board school teacher, and this was truly a contrast to the abode she had left. Here were her books, working-materials, photographs, and other treasures, which she had brought from her Kentish home to adorn her one apartment. She was not much in it, for she was active-minded, and found constant work the best antidote for weariness of spirit. Not only did she teach in the Board school as one who must thus earn her livelihood, but she devoted most of her evenings, and such portions of Sunday as remained to her when the church services were over, to helping to teach the ignorant or improve the condition of the poor. Bible in hand, she lost no opportunity of pointing out the only way of helping both soul and body to newness of life.

The following morning she met Mr. Monson, and told him what she had done for Allie. He said that he would not lose sight of the child, having promised her father to do what he could for her and Snip. "But," he added, "one sees how difficult it is even to keep one's eye on children who slip away from us in some imaginary alarm—at sight of a policeman, or instilled fear of the workhouse. It is awful to think what may have become of the boy."

"His parents were once God-fearing people, sir," said Priscilla, "and he will not be deserted."

In this simple faith she wrote to her mother an account of her meeting with little Allie, of Looson's death, and the loss of his boy.

Visiting-days at the hospital were not frequent, but she found that she might go on Sundays, and she accordingly walked there on the afternoon of the following Sabbath. As she entered the ward she saw many poor mothers and fathers seated by the side of their children, and heard a happy hum of voices as the young patients detailed their little histories.

She felt almost as if she were one of them when she was greeted by Allie with an emphatic, "Oh, teacher! I am so glad!" and sat down by her cot to talk to her. She had an album full of Scripture pictures and hymns on her bed, and looked calm and happy. She was so, in fact, for she did not suffer much. What they feared for her was consumption consequent on exposure, for she had a bad cough. It would be long before

she could leave the hospital, if ever, the doctors said.

"Teacher, have you found Snip?" she asked, rising and fixing her eyes on Priscilla.

"Not yet, dear. But we are looking for him. You must pray to God to bring him back to you."

"I do, teacher. I say, 'Our Father, take care of Snip.' He was a good boy, teacher, and only ran away 'cause father said we should never go to the workus. It was the bobby frightened us when we lost one another. May he go and see the pretty flowers with me, when you have found him?"

"I hope so, dear. You are quite happy and comfortable here?"

"Oh yes, teacher. Everybody is so kind, and there are pretty books and playthings, and thin bread and butter, and milk, and nice meat. I wish father had been here. But some of us are very bad, and can't help crying. But I haven't cried once, and Sister said I was a good little girl, and should soon get up and have tea at the long table up there. Them little girls that are better, come and play with me, 'ticular that one on crutches."

Priscilla looked at the child indicated, and saw that she was amusing one of the bedridden by turning over the leaves of a picture-book, and so calling up smiles from a wan face. She could not help musing on the many ways of usefulness opened out for young and old in this nineteenth century. Here were the stricken little ones cared for by Christian benevolence, and even means to divert them from their sufferings afforded by kind young people, who made them albums they delighted in; while the patient semi-convalescents tended the prostrate, and taught more forcibly than sermons how we may all help one another.

"Read me this pretty book, please, teacher," said Allie, and Priscilla read aloud of "Jesus and His love."

Then she told Allie of what her Saviour had done for her, and the little girl folded her thin hands, and answered—

"That's what father said gentle Jesus had done for him."

When Priscilla's time was up, and she rose to go, Allie put her thin arms round her neck, and whispered—

"I'm quite happy, teacher. Come again soon, please, and tell me if you have found Snip."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Little Wanderers. Song, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—The words are pathetic, but the idea is not original; the music is imbued with true pathos, and the refrain, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," is majestic and grand.

Reflection. Trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor. Words by Tom Moore. Music by Henry Guy.—A charming trio, the melody commencing with the tenor and taken up by contralto and soprano, ending with effective harmonies. The trio will be welcomed in the drawing-room.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Waggon Bells. Words by Miss D. Blomfield. Music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff.—We are much impressed with the characteristic style of this song; it is very tuneful, and free from all difficulties.

F. PITMAN.

The Forest Queen. Glee. Words from an old English ditty. Music composed by H.

Round.—A glee for five male voices, of a pastoral character. Melodious and well-written, with an obligato pianoforte accompaniment.

Hours of Beauty. Descriptive glee. Music composed by H. Round.—A glee likewise for five male voices, with obligato pianoforte accompaniment, reminding us rather of Sir Henry Bishop, than whom, however, a better model could not be found.

Mertin; or, the Charmed Oak. Cantata. Words by Mrs. H. Van Landeghem. Music composed by H. Van Landeghem.—A cantata for mixed voices with chorus, containing sixteen numbers of simple vocal writing, and a pretty introduction.

Twenty Popular Scotch Songs. Selected and arranged by T. Crampton.—A useful selection.

Gems of Moral Song for Home and School. Part II.—A very useful little book for simple choral singing, each number having the Tonic Sol-fa in addition to the ordinary notation.

Six Original Duets for Two Violins. By Carl Hause.—We can thoroughly recommend these duets, which are well-written and of moderate difficulty.

Collection of Celebrated Violin Duets in Eight Books. Selected, progressively arranged, and edited by J. T. Carrodus.—Nothing could be better than this collection, which contains gems by Spohr, Kalliwooda, Viotti, Pleyel, Gebauer, and Derckum. All violin students should have them, the progressive arrangement rendering them still more valuable.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Crowning the Seasons. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Joseph S. Roeckel.—A fresh, sprightly, and pretty song; both words and music deserve a favourable notice at our hands.

Children's Vows. Song. Written and composed by Cotford Dick.—A simple and interesting song; easy. Poetry and music harmonising as regards accompaniment.

The Brocade Gown. Words by Sydney Lever. Music by Charles Marshall.—A legend of an old chest, most appropriately and pleasingly set; the *Tempo di Minuetto* in the second part is thoroughly in keeping with the poetic sentiment.

Answered. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Walter A. Slaughter.—A very good and simple setting of pretty and well written words; will be welcomed by many of our young friends.

You Say. Words by Courvoisier de Courcelles. Music by C. Templeman Speer.—The sentiment of this song is well expressed, and the music is tuneful.

Message Bienvenu. Morceau caractéristique pour le piano. Par Louis H. Meyer.—A taking little pianoforte solo, which well sustains the reputation of the author.

Measure. Composed for the pianoforte by Michael Watson.

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,

"Now dance we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

Nanon. Impromptu pour piano. Par Michael Watson.

Both these pieces are effective, though not difficult; they are sure to be welcomed by amateurs.

LYON AND HALL.

The night has a thousand eyes. Words by F. W. Bourdillon. Music by Phebe Otway.—A most remarkable contralto song, not to be understood by a casual glance or a first trial. It requires some study both in the accompaniment as well as the vocal part, to bring out the depth of feeling evidently required by the composer.

glen to glen we journeyed, piercing between the hills, and gaining constantly changing views of peaceful villages, inhabited by the clock-making population that nestles in these Jura valleys.

At 8.45 a.m. our train drew into the Berne station, and we were glad to go across the square to wash, rest, and breakfast at our hotel.

"Oh, how charming! look at the women washing vegetables at the fountain!" cried Laura, running to the window. "Now, I feel I really am far away from home. Can you believe it is not twenty-four hours since we were at Victoria?"

"Just think that we are in a town from which the Alps are actually visible!" I cried. "Oh, Laura, do you think we shall have time to go to the Cathedral terrace?"

"Certainly not," replied Laura; "for we start again at twenty minutes past ten. Never mind, I know they wouldn't be visible. They never are when I go to see the view, and I have been six times."

"I should like to see the Bears for 'auld lang syne,'" I mused; "however, I don't suppose they are much altered."

"I am sure dear Esther will not mind going across to register our luggage and take the tickets," Miss Treherne said, after breakfast. So, feeling as if I were somebody else, or in a dream, I stepped across the square again, contrived, with a little stumbling in my German, to register the luggage that had just been unpacked from the van, and took places for Thun.

"In order to see the Alps, sit on the right as far as Münsingen, and thence to Uttigen on the left," proclaims Laura, from Baedeker, as we establish ourselves in the carriage. There are a few other English people; young men in knickerbockers, who all look at Beatrice; anxious mammas; portly English gentlemen, who have apparently requested their tailors to choose out the most ridiculous cloths in their stock and then make suits of them.

But I have no eyes or smiles for any eccentricities of my countrymen; I am straining my gaze from the window to see the snow. First of all this appears in faint, far-off patches, crowning the Stockhorn chain, a dark rocky wall guarding the horizon; then I rush to the left-hand window regardless of Beatrice's contracted eyebrows, and behold with indescribable delight the white wonder of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Blümlis-Alp; far away, it is true, and veiled in cloud, so that one can scarcely tell at first if the vivid whiteness be mist or mountain; yet a longer gaze reveals the truth, that I am indeed looking on the giants of the Oberland.

And now, after three-quarters of an hour, we reach Thun, fair quaint little town, with its turreted castle set on a hill, and the rapid river racing from the lake, whose blue-green expanse stretches peacefully below the mountains. Away on our right rises the dark cone-shaped Niesen; beyond spread the snow-fields of the Blümlis-Alp.

We are soon jolting along the principal street, in which the pavement runs about ten feet above the road, on the roof of cellars that abut on the causeway. And now, surely we have come to the sweetest haven that ever weary traveller could find! for we enter a shady garden, drive to the door of a large, cool, green-shuttered building, and are greeted by a tall, grave, gracious damsel, the daughter of our host, who might be the portress to the Palace Beautiful. She speaks English perfectly, welcomes us with dignified grace and courtesy, and has ere long established us in large rooms with polished floors, green jealousies, and the most enchanting view of lake, mountain, and snow, set in the window-frame.

The rest of the day (for as yet it is scarcely noon) passes for me in a vague, delicious medley of sleep, luncheon in a sort of conservatory, rambling with Laura through gardens that lose themselves in forest ascending the hillside, sleep again, and *table d'hôte* dinner in a charming cool room with a fountain playing in a circular alcove at the end. Fountains, indeed, are everywhere in this Eden of coolness and beauty.

After dinner I roamed away alone, and found my way to a pavilion of polished wood in the grounds, furnished as a reading-room, but deserted, in which I discovered a piano. It was just what I wanted to respond to my own unspeakable happiness. I sat down, and poured out my whole soul in one after another of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

As I played I became aware that one or two people had come in and were listening, but I cared nothing, and went on, with all my heart in the mingled joy and sorrow that the music conveys.

A soft, penetrating voice was heard close beside me—

"Auntie is looking for you, Esther."

It was Beatrice, in her evening dress of dull blue cashmere; a black lace shawl was daintily drooped over her head. I ceased, and went out with her, while the listeners contemplated us with curiosity.

"Well, you certainly are the strangest girl I ever knew," she observed, as we walked through the rustling shade. "You always professed to be shy; but to go and play unasked before a number of strange men in a public reading-room would have exceeded even my *sangfroid*, and I flatter myself I have a good deal."

"I began to play when no one was there; they came in afterwards, and I never thought of them!" I exclaimed, hotly, my cheeks flaming with indignation.

"There is no occasion for any display of excitement," replied Beatrice. "You cannot deny that it was a very odd thing to do; but it does not signify, as we leave to-morrow and nobody knows us. They will probably put it down as one of the freaks of the English feminine mind."

I am ashamed to say how much this trifling episode jarred upon me, and when we rejoined the others, Laura exclaimed:

"Why, Esther! your cheeks are all on fire!"

"We are going to the concert in the grounds of the Thuner-hof," interposes Miss Treherne. So we all wend our way to the terraces of the great hotel that fronts the lake, and there, under the light of lamps, with the dusky gardens spreading around, the waters before, and the dim mountains beyond, I am rapt far away from all petty worries and vexations by the strains of a German waltz that rises and falls in appealing tenderness, gladsome mirth, and ever and anon a hint of infinite underlying sadness. Music in such a scene—on such a night! The groups of people sitting at their little tables chattering in polyglot fashion annoy me; they seem careless and unappreciative. I should like to be alone, alone with the music and the mountains.

But it is growing late, the musicians are scampering through a noisy gallop, and we withdraw. As we pass through the grand hall of the Thuner-hof on our way to our own hotel, I behold Miss Treherne and her nieces suddenly in the midst of a little group of elegantly-dressed ladies, shaking hands and talking with great vehemence.

"So glad to meet you! No idea you had left town!" etc., etc., are the exclamations that greet my ear. I wait a little apart till the colloquy is finished, for I don't know these people, but can see from their dress and bearing that they are what Miss Treherne would call "very superior." Surely I catch the words

from Beatrice, who is talking to the tallest and most imposing of the ladies: "Orphan—teacher of music—like to be kind to her—sort of protégée of ours."

How my rebellious cheeks flame again, and how I should like to protest against the idea that is evidently being vaguely and falsely given, that I am conducted through Switzerland as an act of pure benevolence! Miss Treherne, who is not at all above that kind of general insinuation, whether it be true or not, looks kindly and noddily in my direction. Laura is fidgeting on one foot, and is evidently rather "out of it."

"Charming people, Mrs. L'Estrange and her daughters," says Miss Treherne, as we stroll back to the hotel. "I tried to interest them in you, Esther. She says she will recommend you if she can remember when they get back to town, and you must send her a prospectus. I told her that I didn't think you had brought any with you."

"Very kind of her," I reply, ungraciously.

Laura gives my arm a little pinch, and I feel rebuked for my over-sensitiveness, which I know is pride. Why should I mind people not speaking to me and being distantly condescending? But Beatrice's half-truths I do mind, and won't let them pass if I hear them again.

It is charming to rest after a night in a railway carriage, and dreamless and delicious is the sleep that wraps us round. We wake to find brilliant sunshine on lake and mountain, and to remember that this is the day which is to introduce us to our upland home at Gimmelwald.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Six Songs, composed by Blanche Gore, to words by Shakespeare, Tennyson, and other poets.—Several of these songs display talent of a superior order. We may mention No. 1 and No. 2, and especially No. 4, as well worthy the notice of vocalists. They are published at 5s.

May joy come to greet thee! Words by Marion Chappell. Music by G. A. Osborne.—A melodious and sympathetic setting to appropriate verses. This song is above the average of those sent to us.

There let us dream. Words by Clement Scott. Composed by Andrew Levey.—A singable and dreamy song, as the title implies, wakened in the middle of each verse by a refrain in waltz time.

The Dance at the Forge. Descriptive piece. Composed by E. H. Sugg.—A very clever and original solo; requires only to be known to find a place in the repertoire of most of our readers. We recommend it.

EDWARD CROSSE.

How cheery are the Mariners. Words by Benjamin Parker. Music by George Sothern.—These stirring verses are set to vigorous and effective strains. With a good baritone voice would be highly approved.

REID BROTHERS.

Oh, rest thee, my darling. Song. Written and composed by Mrs. C. Newsam.—A very interesting and simple cradle song, with chorus at the end of each verse; requires tender feeling in the interpretation.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Pilgrim's Progress. A sacred cantata. Words selected and arranged by Bertha Rogers. Music composed by Edmund Rogers.—A most praiseworthy cantata, both as to the selection of the words and com-

position and arrangement of the music. The introduction is dignified and simple, the first chorus is stirring and well harmonised. There are solos for tenor, bass, contralto, and soprano, with choruses and duets. We scarcely know how to make a selection; the cantata is good throughout. The angels' trio, "Peace be to thee," unaccompanied, is exceedingly tender and soothing. The duet

for tenor and bass is very effective. The final chorus is jubilant and bright. The vocal score, the chorus parts, and book of words can be had separately; the full score and orchestral parts can be hired from the publishers. We doubt not this cantata will be in great demand by the different choral societies, the music being so pleasing and easily rendered by trained singers.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Waif. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by Edwin H. Lemare.—A very good song, with telling accompaniment, written in the key of C. It is also written in the key of G.

No Dream. Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by A. L. Moir. Written in two keys, F and G.—A very easy song for a soprano voice of moderate compass.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was no lack of accommodation in the old hall at Fell Foot, and, as at Brinnington, Hilda had one of the best rooms for her sole use, whilst Gladys and Dorothy shared the adjoining chamber. Often enough the girls would linger together, talking over the events of the day before finally separating for the night. But for once, this was forbidden.

"You have all had enough to tire you, and must go straight to your rooms," was the mother's command, and no one dreamed of disobeying it.

Hilda's inclination was in harmony with her aunt's wish. Much to her maid's satisfaction she only glanced round her room, and said, "I have all I can want, Jackson. You need not wait; I am sure you are more tired than anyone, so go straight to bed."

The maid gladly availed herself of this permission, and left her young mistress to her own thoughts. These were fully occupied with one subject—the unexpected meeting with Geoffrey Penwarden, and the portion of his story told by her uncle.

The fact that he had been the friend of her childish days, and the knowledge that he had suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of those nearest of kin to him, roused all the romance of Hilda's imaginative nature. Like most active minded girls whose lives have been spent within a narrow circle, who know little of the real work of the world, and nothing practically of its trials, she indulged largely in day dreams. Her vivid fancy pictured scenes, and peopled them with

beings, on whose imaginary joys and sorrows she bestowed the sympathy which, if rightly directed, should have been expended on real ones. For once,

however, Hilda's feelings were excited, not merely on behalf of a fancied hero, but an actual one. Surely if ever man deserved to be called a hero, Geoffrey



"HANGING UP THE SPARROW'S CAGE."

There are other and more complicated exercises with the expander, but those I have endeavoured to describe are the most essential, and my space warns me that I must draw these remarks to a close.

In conclusion, I would add that the exercises I have described, and which I can so confidently recommend, should be practised for ten minutes every morning, while still in the dressing-gown and slippers, before leaving the bedroom.

NEW MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS.

Prize Day. A cantata for ladies' voices. Written by Jessie Moir. Music by Charles Marshall.—The first part is an introduction and chorus announcing the "Prize Day," when the Kaiser's prize is to be competed for by two equally successful students, who are crowned with flowers, according to an old Greek tradition. Solos for soprano and contralto, with duets for the same voices and choruses for the whole of the students, follow. There is also a pretty trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. The accompaniments are very good, and the cantata as a whole most enjoyable. It is printed well and clearly, although in a small-sized book.

Two Duettinos, for equal voices. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Ch. Gounod.—"Arithmetic" is the title of one, and "Our Letters" is another. Both are easy and of small compass.

METZLER AND CO.

Household Words. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—The song is written in three keys: No. 1 in D, for contralto or bass; No. 2 in F, mezzo-soprano or baritone; No. 3, soprano or tenor. Although this is by no means one of Cotsford Dick's best songs, it is smooth and pleasing.

Unbidden. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.—This song is also written for contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano voices. A simple song without pretension or difficulty for singer or accompanist.

Sunshine. Words by Alice Lowthian. Music by Caroline Lowthian.—A pleasant little song, both as regards words and music. The accompaniment is light and graceful.

Sing to Me. Ballad. Words by Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. Music by Lady Arthur Hill.—The words breathe a tone of sadness and disappointment, and the music is in Lady Hill's usual style. The song is written in three keys—E flat, F, and A flat.

Lingering Fancies. Words by Robert Anthony. Music by F. Rivenhall.—The usual love song, not very original, but one easily sung and of moderate compass.

Love must Make or Mar. Written and composed by William A. Aiken.—The style is bold and sustained, with an accompaniment to suit the words.

My Heart's Beloved. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Hugh Clendon.—A pretty song for a high soprano, with an accompaniment that requires smooth and skilful playing.

Rigaudon. Par Joachim Raff. Pour piano et violin.—A good study, and one that will be appreciated by the admirers of this popular artist.

Little Treasures. A selection of popular melodies arranged as pianoforte solos. By Michael Watson.—No. 13, "Au Printemps," is an easy arrangement of Waldteufel's charming waltz, especially adapted for small fingers. We recommend it to our young girls.

Ave Maria. By Schubert. Arranged for the American organ by Louis Engel.—This talented artist has been particularly happy in the arrangement of the favourite and well-

known melody before us. It is one of six from the old masters, all equally adapted to the lover of this instrument.

Three Melodious Sketches for the pianoforte. By Eugene Woycke. Morning, Noon, and Night are separately treated with musical expression. No. 1, "Morning" (*moderato cantabile* in G), is smooth and soft, as an awakening to the day's work and duties. No. 2, "Noon" (*allegretto gioioso* in A), is more stirring and brilliant, requiring good playing, but not difficult. No. 3, "Night" (*andante con moto* in D), is quiet and more restful, gradually passing from the time of activity to the time of repose. Each sketch is sold separately.

Die Fussgarde. Quick March. Composed by Alois Volkmer.—A brisk, clanking march, suitable for young pianoforte players, written in the key of C, without any unmanageable stretches or difficulties.

Pas de Pierrots. Pour le piano. By Hugh Clendon.—A very easy and pleasing little lesson for the student of the pianoforte, short and quickly learnt.

SWAN AND CO.

To a Flower. Poetry by Barry Cornwall. Music by V. H. Zaverall.—This is some of Barry Cornwall's pretty poetry set to suitable music. The accompaniment is very nice, requiring delicate playing and taste.

A Broad and Limpid Stream. From the Spanish, by J. G. Lockhart. Music by V. H. Zaverall.—A quiet song, with guitar-like accompaniment; without difficulty for either player or singer. The air is pretty.

Sunshine. Trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. Poetry by Mary Howitt. Music by V. H. Zaverall.—A well-arranged trio, needing good and careful singing.

Souvenir d'Helensbourg. Mazurka. By V. H. Zaverall.—A brilliant mazurka, well marked, the character of the dance kept prominently throughout.

Fantasia Scozzese. By V. H. Zaverall.—A collection of well-known Scotch airs, easily arranged and quickly acquired.

WEEKES AND CO.

Fantasia Brillante. By C. T. West.—A showy drawing-room piece in five flats, not difficult for a moderately advanced pianoforte player.

WORK FOR ALL.

CLERKS, BOOK-KEEPERS, ETC.



LERICAL work, being in its nature quiet and sedentary, is very suitable to young women; indeed, they do it with so much satisfaction to themselves and to their employers that a tradesman who has once had the services of a thoroughly efficient female book-keeper, not only desires to retain her, or, if she marries or for other family reasons has to leave, to replace her by another girl, but recommends his friend to employ a female book-keeper, assuring him that she will be found as efficient and more generally satisfactory than the young man he can get for the same salary.

For a book-keeper, accountant, or commercial clerk the most important qualifications are trustworthiness, punctuality, and steady discharge of duty, with a quiet and self-possessed deportment. Her handwriting must

be firm and legible, her figures well made and unmistakable. The value and importance of a good hand can scarcely be overrated; clerks almost invariably have to make application for a situation by letter, and the girl who writes the best letter is pretty sure to be selected—a carelessly written or ill-expressed letter being almost certainly fatal.

A clerk must be able to say what she has to say concisely and clearly: she should therefore be well practised in English composition, and accustomed to think clearly and accurately. It is a decided advantage to a clerk or book-keeper to be versed in the art of stenography, for employers not unfrequently prefer to dictate their letters, which the clerk takes down in shorthand, and copies out at leisure.

A knowledge of French and German is also a great advantage, as in many trades there is a large foreign correspondence. It will be seen from these observations that the subjects commonly taught in schools are precisely those which are most essential to the clerk or book-keeper—good arithmetic, grammatical study of language, and careful and accurate expression. In some of the middle class schools the technicalities of book-keeping are taught, and in all particular attention is given to arithmetic and English composition. It follows, then, that a girl who has successfully passed the Oxford or Cambridge local examination, or the third class College of Preceptors, is in a position to get up the technicalities of her calling without difficulty. There are excellent book-keeping classes in London at the Colleges for Working Women, 29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, and 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square; at the Birkbeck Institute, and in various other places; while the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, has for more than twenty years given a thorough and systematic training in book-keeping in all its branches, to girls who desire to seek employment as clerks or book-keepers, and when they have passed a satisfactory examination, the society does its best to find them suitable situations.

Trained women are, as a rule, quick workers, and the salaries of those who are skilled in office work average from twenty shillings to thirty shillings a week. The hours indeed are long, but as the occupation is sedentary, they are able to bear them without excessive fatigue.

The period necessary for the special study of book-keeping is from four to six months; and it is very desirable that the student should join a class, private study from a book seldom being so effectual. The learner should make her books, the items being dictated by the teacher, as they would occur in a house of business, and arranged by the student under their respective heads—an exercise of great value, as it familiarises her with the principles and minutiae of trade, and she can hardly attain skill in this exercise if she be teaching herself from a book. A certificate from a well-known authority is of immense advantage to a book-keeper when she is first seeking employment. Our witty neighbours' mot: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, is never truer of anything than of the book-keeper's start in life; a good introduction generally securing her steady and fairly remunerated employment for the rest of her business life.

Shorthand is taught at the School of Stenography, Lonsdale-chambers, Chancery-lane. Pitman's manuals, which can be procured of any bookseller, are very clearly drawn up, and it is not at all impossible for a student to acquire the art by herself; but her progress will be much more rapid if she can join a class, as the teacher will naturally explain difficulties as they occur, and will dictate distinctly at a steady rate a certain number of words a minute.

scold him and forgive him! She never told the story to my father, he heard it from other lips, but he says he knew it was always in her mind when she used to impress on him the duty and the beauty of a brave straightforwardness under any circumstances. 'Take wooden shoes when you go to rob,' she would say. 'Steal stealthily into no man's larder, upon no lord's land, into no lady's life.'"

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC

CRAMER AND CO.

The Time for Love. Song. Written by Nella. Music by Henry Parker. With accompaniment for violin and violoncello.—The song is written in the C, D, and F keys. The stringed accompaniment greatly adds to the effect of the song, which is pleasing and simple.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

God save our dear Princess. Words from "Farmer Bingham's Lawsuit," by Richard Harris. Music by Livesey Carrott.—The subject of the song will commend it to all hearts, and the music gives utterance to the sentiment. It should be popular.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Clingant. Morceau poetique. By Louis H. Meyer.—A bright and pleasing little pianoforte piece, easily committed to memory and played with good effect by a moderately advanced performer. It is written in three flats and well marked.

Murmuring Shells. A Romance. Composed by Cotford Dick.—A smooth singing air, with quiet murmuring accompaniment. Short, easy, and quite in character with its title.

General Gordon's March. Composed for the pianoforte. By Etienne Claudet.—The name and portrait given to this march will no doubt cause it to sell at the present time; nor will the music be without its recommendation to our young friends, who will find it quite easy and martial. The portrait of the great general is a good one.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

A Valentine. Song. By Maud M. Whitmore. The words of this song are supposed to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh.—A graceful, smooth little song, written in three flats. The accompaniment is easy, without being commonplace.

E. PITMAN.

Gavotte Album. By Arthur Henry Brown.—We have received two most interesting books, containing a selection of gavottes by the Old Masters. Among the composers may be mentioned Bach, Corelli, Gluck, Handel, and many others. The work forms a charming study for pianists. There are eight gavottes in each book. We recommend them to the notice of our musical readers.

WEEKES AND CO.

My heart ever faithful. Bach's sacred air. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.—The beautiful classical melody which has charmed so many hearts for so many years is here gracefully and suitably transcribed for the pianoforte. Those to whom this composition is unknown, should immediately become acquainted with it.

Weekes and Co.'s Editions. No. 508. Has six duets for teacher and pupil on airs of

southern nations. Arranged and harmonised by Myles Birket Foster.—The printing is good and clear, as should be the case with all music for beginners, and both parts are simple, and can be learnt by quite young beginners.

Irish Airs. Brilliant concert fantasia. For harmonium solo. By W. H. Jude, Principal of the Liverpool Organ School, Organist of the Blue Coat Hospital, the Belfast School Association, Ulster Hall, &c.—This is a more than usually good and brilliant arrangement for the harmonium.

B. WILLIAMS.

Tranquil Moments. Morceau de Salon. For pianoforte.—*Gentle Dew.* Morceau de Salon.—*Luneville.* Minuet, and *Twilight.* are four more easy and pleasing pieces by the same composer; worth learning.

Ballanchio. For pianoforte. By J. Pridham.—A brisk, sparkling little drawing-room piece, not requiring much execution, but telling if properly rendered. It is short, and can be easily committed to memory.



EDUCATIONAL.

GLADYS MURIEL.—Whether a girl may be able or not to apply a knowledge of geometry to any profession (as a teacher, for instance) in after life or not, there are competitive examinations which require an acquaintance with it, and the ignorance of a girl with reference to it would preclude her obtaining a certificate. We are glad that you appreciate the story of "Esther." Your writing is a satisfactory foundation for a good hand.

LE RESEDA.—For the addresses you require see answer to "Eadfyth," page 207, in the monthly number for December, 1883. Although your attainments might justify you in expecting a good salary, your youth (being only in your teens, and quite without experience in training the young) is against you. More is required of a resident governess than accomplishments. It is a situation of much responsibility. You would earn more by going out as a daily visiting governess and living at home, we should imagine. At the age of thirty or twenty-five you might obtain £35 per annum, or even more. You "might ask" what you like, but your obtaining it is another matter. If you want a home, you must be prepared to take any salary you can get at your age. "Conversational" French is what is wanted. 2. We cannot advise you as to your face trouble.

COOKERY.

RICKETY RACKET.—The choice of foods in vegetarian diet is a long one—wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice, sago, tapioca, cornflour, semolina, "manna kroup," &c., peas, beans, lentils, potatoes,

turnips, carrots, parsnips, and all summer vegetables, macaroni and vermicelli, with milk, butter, cheese, cream, and eggs. Very excellent dishes can be made of macaroni and cheese, macaroni and tomatoes, and of potatoes and cabbage mixed. Rice can be used in many ways also, the same as macaroni, and curried lentils, beans, and macaroni are all excellent.

MADONNA MARY.—Celery is curled with a knife, in the same way that you would curl a feather. Recipes for various buns were given at pages 126 and 669, vol. 1.

KETTLEDUM HOSTESS.—The following is the recipe generally used for making iced coffee. Put ¼ lb. of fresh-ground coffee into the *cafetière*, and pour on to it slowly a pint of boiling water. When this has run through into the lower pot, take out the grounds, and put in 2 oz. of fresh coffee; boil up the coffee you have made, and pour it slowly over the fresh coffee. When it has run through, mix with ½ pint of new milk and ½ pint of cream, which have been scalded; sweeten, and put half into the freezing-pot, keeping the rest on ice. When the coffee is lightly frozen, mix with the other portion and stir together. Keep some coffee frozen to mix, as required, with the liquid part.

WORK.

EMMA.—As there is no longer any novelty in the method of making patchwork called the "log cabin" pattern, it is not likely that you could get it into any exhibition. There was an illustration of it in the "G. O. P." two years ago.

QUEENIE.—1. Take specimens of your work to some large shops and try to obtain orders. It is the only way of procuring them. 2. In the present day maid-servants are generally addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs." but always write underneath, "at John Bull's, Esq., such and such a place." The prefix "Miss" has ceased to be a title denoting consideration or position in society, only that the bearer is unmarried.

INQUISITOR.—Velvet skirts are very much worn now, and will be for some time. The cashmere polonaise should be of rather a lighter shade, if possible.

RED CROSS.—The illustration and description of the Christmas card table will be found on page 363, vol. ii.

A HOOKE.—We do not know what you can do with the velvet, save steaming and brushing it. Stitch-marks are very difficult to get out. Each thread should be cut separately when taking trimming off, or unpicking velvet.

JANNETTE.—We should make a new bodice of black velvet, or of the skirt of the grey polonaise, and cut the grey skirt short, trimming it with bands of velvet. Or you might make a plain black or grey velvet skirt, and use the grey poplin for bodice and overskirt.

ART.

LURGAN.—The cork frames will need sizing first, and then varnishing with light copal varnish.

PUCK.—Pictures for any exhibition may be sent to your own framer to be framed, and he generally will act as your agent, and see them delivered at the gallery. "Unpacked" means not put into a box.

SIGN JAMES.—Lay the brushes in poppy oil to soak. If not successful, try a little spirits of wine, and then wash in warm soap and water.

TOMATO.—1. You should read the directions given for "Lustra Painting," and judge for yourself whether too difficult for you to attempt. See page 373, vol. iv. 2. Either oil or water-colours are used for the painting of magic-lantern slides, and transparent varnish.

L. W. W.—The origin of producing sun pictures or photographs is traced to Thomas Wedgwood in 1802, who was the first to try the process. In 1810 some discoveries were made by Leebeck, and by Bérard in 1812. In 1814 Nicéphore Niépce discovered heliography, or sun-drawing, and the art of fixing the photograph; and in 1838 Daguerre made his discoveries known, for which he received a pension from the French Government of 6,000 francs per annum. "My lodging is on the cold ground" is a ballad, introduced by Sir William Davenant in his comedy of *The Rivals*, 1668.

SIRINGA.—The varnish may be taken off terra-cotta with turpentine or spirits of wine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Q. P.—Procure the best canary-seed and the best sowing rape-seed for your canaries. Mix in the proportion of three parts of canary-seed to one of rape-seed; give plenty of fresh water, and a little green food in the summer.

LITTLE MURIEL.—Pigeons are grain-feeders, and eat peas, vetches, barley, wheat, and tares, as well as small beans. Supply them with plenty of gravel and fresh water daily.

TEDDY.—Banns of marriage take three Sundays to publish, and due notice must be given at the church. If you live in separate parishes they must be published in each.

DAISY.—The duties of a nursery governess and her salary vary in nearly every place, respectively depending on whether a nurse be also kept, and the ages of the children. The usual salary is from £20 to £30 per annum.

RUBY.—Neuralgia generally proceeds from a weak state of the general health. An entire change of

way of the hour's pleasure, whatever it might happen to be, settled their plans together, without giving that other member of the party a chance to put in a dissentient voice.

"Row round those points along there," instructed Rose, "and see what there is on the other side."

"All right," called up Merton, from the sandy shore of the small bay to which he had now descended. "All right, but mind one thing. I'm afraid you'll find it rather slow, but I hope you will stay about where you are now till I return, so that I may remember where it is safe to come in again, for the tide may be a little higher then, and if I ran this cockle-shell in upon these jagged rocks I should probably grind a hole in the bottom of it, and get a promiscuous ducking, not to speak of having to pay for the thing."

"All right; don't get drowned," laughed Rose in farewell, feeling too gay and glad just then to regard even serious things in a serious light. "If you do contrive to make a hole in the boat I'll subscribe half my pocket-money to pay for it, and Vi shall do the same."

And then Merton rowed off, and Rose danced upwards again to that same Vi, springing upwards with an ease that made her sister ask her, with an almost irresistible touch of envy, whether she had been borrowing Mercury's wings for her boots.

The merry, bright laugh rang out again at the compliment, and Rose put her arm round her sister's waist, with the loving words—"Poor old Vi! I wish I knew where he hides them up, that I might run and borrow them for you. But come, we've done quite enough tumbling about for awhile. Let's sit down and eat some of this enormous luncheon Mrs. Collins insisted on my bringing out. I am quite tired of its weight; and here is a first-rate seat."

And suiting the action to the word, she pulled Violet down beside her on to one of Nature's high-backed chairs of smooth, white granite, and began to take patties and fruit puffs out of the wicker basket.

Violet drew a deep breath of relief. For the past five minutes she had been so dreading that she might prove a kill-joy by saying she could go no farther, before her sister should be satisfied with the length of the ramble. Here came a seasonable respite.

"But Merton, where is Merton?" asked Violet, suddenly, after turning her eyes round on all sides in a vain search for her brother. "Surely we had better wait for him before we begin our luncheon."

"Then surely, say I, we had better not," retorted Rose, with a lightness of manner, half real, half affected. "That is to say, unless you feel inclined to wait an hour, and Merton's hours are very long hours sometimes, you know; and I, for my part, don't, for I am already so hungry that I begin to believe I must have only dreamt I had my breakfast instead of eating it."

Violet's soft, dark eyes began to look nearly as full of uneasiness as of curiosity, in spite of her sister's offhand tone; and the best edge of her unusual appetite was taken off when she learnt the real cause of her brother's absence from the picnic meal.

"Oh, Rose, if he should get drowned!" she almost sobbed. "Oh! what would mamma do if he should get drowned?"

"What nonsense!" said Rose, rather impatiently. "To listen to you one would suppose you imagined this was the first time he had ever been in a boat. I can tell you, Merton would not feel much flattered if he could hear you. He considers himself rather a good oar."

Poor girls! They little thought, either of them, that a couple of hours later it would be they, not Merton, who would be in danger of that swift, solemn, helpless death by drowning.

After luncheon, so much as she could eat, and a long rest, Violet felt strong enough for more climbing and scrambling, to while away the time until Merton's return. Rose forgot her promise to her brother, and joined her.

(To be concluded.)

NEW MUSIC.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Trois Petites Esquisses. No. 1, Promenade; No. 2, Polonia; No. 3, Petite Chacone.—Three ably-written and instructive little pieces for juvenile players: they have three qualifications that will recommend them, being short, easy, and very pleasing.

Handel's Romanza alla Pastorale. From the violin sonata in A.—Arranged in a very pleasing and facile style by D. Brocca.

A Lost Chord. Song. By Adelaide Procter. Music by Annie E. Armstrong.—We cannot help remarking that it is rather an ambitious attempt to set music to words that have been already made so familiar. At the same time the composer has shown considerable ability in writing music which is both melodious and well harmonised. This song deserves to become popular, and may be warmly recommended to our young friends.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Broken Vows. Words by Frederick B. Needham. Composed by Leonard Barnes.—A wonderfully taking and pleasing song, words and music harmonising well together.

Boadicea. Grand March. By Farley Newman.—A pianoforte piece original in style; the various changes from the minor to the major render it most effective. "Our Girls" will find this a pleasing addition to their repertoire. We can also recommend

Golden Days. A Gavotte. By the same composer. Two dances in Slavish style for orchestra. Composed by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Arranged as a pianoforte duet by Charles Rowland.—A most characteristic and effective pianoforte piece.

METZLER AND CO.

Fantasia on themes from Planquette's opera *Nell Gwynne*. By Sydney Smith.—A very agreeable reminiscence of some of the best melodies in the operetta, and forming a pleasing pianoforte piece, which will be welcomed in the drawing-room.

C. B. TREE.

Love in Season. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A charming little song, with a dash of true sentiment and poetic feeling. We recommend it to the notice of our musical friends.

My Maiden's Messenger. Words by J. W. Gilbert-Smith. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.

C. HERZOG AND CO.

Sweethearts Mine. Words and music by Percy G. Mocatta.

Two simple and melodious songs, which call for favourable notice at our hands.

REID BROTHERS.

Nightfall. Words by G. J. Whyte Melville. Music by E. M. Machell.—A prettily conceived and well-written song of a sentimental character, music and words suitably wedded.

Deuxième Tarantelle. Pour le piano. Par Josef Trousselle.—A remarkably fresh and interesting composition in the key of A natural, moderately difficult; in the hands of a fairly advanced performer would be brilliant and effective.

J. McDOWELL AND CO.

Crystoleum. Galop. Arranged by Alberta Caspar.—A very brilliant pianoforte solo, skillfully and easily arranged.

Ida. Chanson pour piano. Par G. Bachmann.—A graceful little piece of six pages, very effective, and by no means difficult.

Mazurka Elégante. Pour piano. By A. M. Draper.—Is tuneful and expressive; it likewise has the advantage of being short and easy; very suitable for a moderate performer.

B. WILLIAMS.

Pansy Bloom. Mazurka. For the pianoforte. By William Smallwood.—A nice, pretty, and easy mazurka for young learners. The style is good, and the time well marked.

By the Mill Stream. Idyll. For pianoforte. By Carl Waldimire.—A very pretty representation of rippling water from the mill stream mingling with the song of birds. The arrangement is graceful and flowing, sure to please, and only requires careful and steady playing.

Carnival des Satyrs. For the pianoforte. By L. Williams.—An exceedingly expressive piece of music, a very carnival of satyrs. The style is taking and dashing. The staccato bases and strongly marked air must be carefully attended to, and the piece is altogether suited for a brilliant player.

Blumenlied. Violin solo, with pianoforte accompaniment. Gustav Lange. Arranged by J. Pridham.—A very pretty arrangement. The music for the violin is well marked to facilitate the learner; and the pianoforte player has a copy of the violin notation in the upper stave to guide in accompanying the violin solo.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

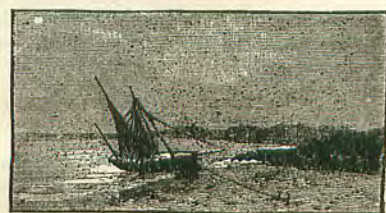
Ever Faithful, ever True. Words by Edwin H. Morris. Music by Anton Exonia.—A very charming song, with a simple, flowing melody set to poetical words. Warmly recommended.

Homewards. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Odoardo Barri.—A most interesting ballad, with a refined setting. The words begin as follows:—

"The village choir have sweetly sung
A peaceful evening hymn,
The organ's voice is hushed to rest,
The lights are low and dim.
Homeward, with a smile so sweet,
Granny goes with happy feet,
Clear before her shines the way
To endless day."

Queenie. The words written and music composed by Michael Watson.—The composer has associated a pleasant and melodious setting to his poetical verses, which we venture to think will become a favourite with many of our young friends.

The Silent March. Words written and music composed by Michael Watson.—A very graphic description is given of the march of our brave troops in the Egyptian campaign. The composer has set his verses in the most effective style; the melody and accompaniment at the end of each verse well represent the steady tramp of an advancing army.



capital to start it. A good pair of breeding ostriches is worth £60 to £80. In the new collection they may be seen grouped with their enormous eggs, baby chicks, and growing youngsters.

Those who assert that the ostrich lives on broken glass and iron nails are not quite right; but that it swallows pebbles to assist its digestion, as do many other birds, on a lesser scale, when in a state of nature, and pieces of wood, metal, or what not, when in a state of captivity for the same purpose, is most undoubted. The strength of the ostrich is quite equal to carrying a man on its back at a rapid rate of progression; the negroes often use it for riding purposes. Dr. Livingstone tells us that the legs of an ostrich running at full speed can no more be seen than the spokes in the wheel of a vehicle drawn at a gallop. The ostrich can run about thirty miles an hour, and the Arabs would never be able to overtake them but for the stratagems employed. They first follow them for a day or two, without pressing too closely, but sufficiently to prevent them taking food. When they have tired out the hungry bird, they pursue it at full speed, and, taking advantage of a fact well-known to them, that the ostrich always describes a curve in its course, themselves make a direct straight "short cut," and so gradually get within reach. Each adult bird produces about half a pound of white and three pounds of black feathers; those from the male bird are most highly esteemed, and all are in best condition when plucked from the living bird.

The last of the curious birds about to be mentioned, the toucan, is equally remarkable for its ugliness and for its beauty. See it "squatting," the only correct expression for its mode of rest, on a tree, with its enormous bill threatening almost to overbalance it, and nothing much more ill-shaped or clumsy can be found. But its beautiful feathers, long used for ladies' adornment in Brazil and Peru, are now greatly esteemed in Europe, and muffs made from the throats of toucans are quite valuable.

THE OBSERVER.

By DORA HOPE.

SUBJECTS of all kinds are much more interesting when they can be studied from real life and personal observation than when merely learnt from books, and happily there are very few girls so circumstanced that they cannot study animal life in this way.

A small but very interesting aquarium can be made by those who cannot afford expensive tanks from a wide-mouthed bottle of clear glass. It will do for either fresh or sea water, and is often as healthy as a more ambitious venture.

Girls living in towns can find many interesting objects for an aquarium in the lakes and ponds in public parks, especially where water weeds are growing, and the weeds themselves have much of interest about them. The only difficulty is to get the balance of life—that is, to get the right proportion of animal and vegetable life to support each other, as the weeds give out the oxygen necessary for the fish, while the fish exhale the carbonic acid gas needed by the weeds. In so small an aquarium it is necessary to add to the supply of oxygen by taking away a little of the water frequently and pouring in fresh from a height above the bottle, so as to force air down into the water.

Water snails are amongst the objects of interest always to be found amongst water weeds. They are necessary in even the smallest aquarium, to keep the sides clear of green growth. They have, in common with

their land and sea relations, a most wonderful set of teeth, or tongue, or "palate," as it is called. This tongue is like a ribbon, set lengthwise with rows of sharp flint teeth, shaped like hooks. The number of rows differs with the kind of snail. This ribbon, moving at the creature's will, cuts or scrapes off its food. You can watch one on the glass sides of your aquarium, the mouth opening regularly, and the tongue licking the glass at each movement. There is much more of interest in the water snail, such as the wavy edge of its body, by which it moves along, called the "foot," though anything more unlike a foot cannot be imagined, and the little towers or horns on its head, through which the eye runs up like a watchman. The eye has wonderful strong muscles to draw it up and down. Snails have ears, too, or at least something equivalent by which they can hear; but in water snails they are difficult to find. Their shells, too, are an interesting study, for, instead of leaving them when they become too small, as crabs and lobsters do, they build on another storey, and widen them out at the bottom.

There are many larvæ of flies to be found now in ponds and streams, and they are interesting objects when examined with a common magnifying glass, and much more so when a microscope is used; and the spiracles on both sides of their bodies can be seen, their gills keeping up a constant motion as they swim about; all their internal arrangements can be traced, and their fierce goggle eyes and ferocious jaws.

There are more plants in flower in July than in any other month in the year, and, as in the early spring, the majority of them are yellow. In a list of flowers compiled by Alfred Waller it is computed that during July there are ninety-four varieties of flowers to be found in different shades of yellow, while of white, the next in number, there are only seventy-one, and sixty-four purple. There are twenty varieties of blue more than in any other month, and twenty-nine of pink or rose-colour. Red flowers are most plentiful during June.

The moon will be full on the 8th of July. There is no real night during the early part of the month; for, besides the moon, there is either daylight or twilight all through the night till the 20th of the month.

NEW MUSIC.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Cousin Midge. Words by F. W. Waithman. Music by George E. Iles.—A simple melodious setting of well-written verses.

Forty Winks. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Arthur Carnall.—A very taking song, with a dreamy refrain, which is both agreeable and pleasing, likewise free from difficulty.

My Queen of Hearts. Words written and music composed by Edward Harper.—A well-written and pretty song of moderate compass. Although there is no great originality, it will find many admirers.

Beyond the Gates. Words by Lindsay Lennox. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—An able and musically setting of grand and poetical words. Ciro Pinsuti is always happy in his arrangement when given a worthy theme. It is written in two keys—compass B to D and C to E.

Epineuse. Rigodon. By Henri Stanislaus.—An interesting short piece for small fingers.

Dance Moderne. Composed by Sidney H. French.—A very pretty instrumental piece of four pages; will be welcomed by our young musical aspirants.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Primrose Lane. Words by Mary L. Campbell. Music by James J. Monk.—A lively, tuneful song; the modulation into A flat is effective and agreeable. We think it deserves to become popular.

The Evening Rest. With harmonium ad lib. Written by Edith Ramage. Composed by James J. Monk.—A very charming song; the verses descriptive of the repose at close of day—

"The cares and labours of daylight cease,
And all is peace, sweet slumb'rous peace."

The change of time from 4-4 to 6-8 is bright and sparkling; the harmonium accompaniment is most effective. We recommend this song to our musical girls.

Home Recollections. Written by Samuel Jones. Music by James J. Monk.

Love is a Wicked Boy. Words by Claxton Bellamy. Music by James J. Monk.

Both these songs are simple and pleasing, and may become favourites with many.

The Song and the Singer. By Henry Parker. Words by Nella.—Is a most effective song, and will help to sustain the composer's deservedly high reputation. It is published in three keys, and has also a violoncello accompaniment.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Inclusions. Written by Elizabeth B. Brown-ing. Composed by Annette Leigh Hunt.—A song of more than ordinary merit.

Gondoliera. (E. Geibel.) Translated by Claxton Bellamy. Music by Mary Carmichael.—An extremely pretty song; well sung, and accompaniment smoothly performed, will be a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of many a young singer.

Tommy and Barbara. Song, for one or two voices. Words by W. H. Wright. Composed by Carl Th. Kühne.—A lively composition, both as regards words and music. We give the preference to its being sung as a duet.

We have received a batch of new songs, including *Bygone Days* (Halldan Kjerulf), *Castles in Spain* (Lady Benedict), *Fettered, yet Free* (Antonio L. Mora), *Spring Showers* and a *Portuguese Love Song* (Emily J. Troup), *When all Around is Still* (William Harold).—We are glad to see Halldan Kjerulf's songs presented to English musicians, as has been done by Mr. Theo Marzials, who has set the Scandinavian composer's music to various English verse. We venture to think, however, that, in this instance, Robert Burns's lyric hardly suits the music to which it is here set. Kjerulf's celebrated "Brudeforden i Hardanger" has been given, we note, already in London this spring. The song, "Bygone Days," presents some of the same characteristics as the music of the "Brudeforden." "Castles in Spain," by Lady Benedict, has a pretty refrain, but is not very striking in other respects; the words by E. A. Allen are effective. The "Portuguese Love Song," by Emily J. Troup, has a well-written accompaniment, which will help to brighten a somewhat monotonous air. It has Portuguese as well as English words—not a very common language to meet with in the songs of the present day. More pleasing is "Spring Showers," by the same composer, an effective musical setting of Robert Buchanan's words. "Fettered, yet Free" is a sentimental song by Antonio L. Mora, who has written a rather commonplace air to the equally commonplace words of H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. "When all Around is Still," by William Harold, is a simple but very pretty song, best suited to a contralto or baritone, and though not, perhaps, strikingly original, will be a welcome addition to many port-folios.

much finer than that got while driving towards Balaclava—and we must not let her miss anything. Perhaps she will be able to find something to inspire a sketch."

When they were fairly off, Margaret and the minister were soon deep in the discussion of the affairs of a motherless family in whom they both took an active interest. The dead woman had left a tiny babe, and how it was to be reared in a lone cottage among a crowd of little brothers and sisters had been a burning question. The minister was now happy to inform Miss Stewart that the schoolmaster's young wife had charged herself with its entire care, and had actually taken it home to her own snug dwelling.

"In this island, Miss Castle," said William Thomson, knowing that she, as well as he, overheard these remarks, "in this island you will find us a very friendly people."

May assented fervently.

"We have our prejudices," he went on, playfully. "We hate lawyers; we have our doubts of strangers while they are strange; and our adversaries say that we don't care very much for saving drowning folk, and not at all for tending the fever-stricken. Fever is our bugbear, Miss Castle. We do not discriminate in fevers; whether it be typhus, typhoid, scarlet, or brain, it is just 'the fever'—something to be utterly avoided. Our friend the Rev. Mr. Grayne (that was the minister sitting behind) has frequently risen in the middle of the night and traversed miles of dark and treacherous moor to render help to some delirious patient, deserted by all but a worn-out wife or an ignorant child, and sometimes to do the last offices for the dead when the corpse was forsaken by all. Still, Shetland hearts are sound at the core; the very poorest need not fear dying from starvation, the rough fare of their neighbours will be readily shared with him; and also you may travel from end to end of the island with untold gold in your possession and have no fear of violence or robbery. At your knock any Shetland door will open to give you shelter if you require it, and from such houses as Balaclava itself, down through manse and farm, to the lowliest and darkest hut, where two or three aged paupers snuggle round a peat fire burning under a hole in the roof, you will receive whatever hospitality it is in the host's power to bestow."

"This is very beautiful and touching," said May Castle. "It is as if the people realise that where Nature is hard and stern human nature must be the softer."

"But there is really a great deal of kindness everywhere in the world," said William Thomson. "One finds that out the best when one is a wandering stranger, like I have sometimes been. It always seems to me that kindness shown to those who are quite unknown to us, and whose faces we never expect to see again, is about the most direct service to God that it is in human power to render. It must be done for His sake alone, even when it is done by those who seem not to know Him or to regard Him."

He paused for a moment, and then asked, rather abruptly—

"Have you travelled much, Miss Castle?"

There was something in the question which startled May. It was asked with a real interest, and not as a mere factor in a conversation.

"No," she answered; "I may say I have never been away from home before, or at least, never beyond a few miles from it."

"And where is 'home'?" asked the young man.

"At Fowlis," she answered, briefly.

There was something in this catechism which made her heart beat quickly. Where was it to lead?

"Have you any family connections in the Argentine Republic? Pardon the inquiry," pursued Mr. William Thomson. A red spot burned on May's cheek.

"No," she answered. It was the truth, and there was really no reason why she should confide more in a mere acquaintance, and yet her bald negative sounded to herself like an act of deception. She felt as if frankness demanded that she should say I have no relations anywhere. It is one of the inevitable saddest results of wrong, that the innocent, conscious of its existence, feel as if their natural reserve concerning it is itself a form of guilt.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Afterwards, by J. W. Mullen, is a very pretty song, of a decidedly sentimental character. The words are by Mary Mark Lemon. It will suit most sopranos, and is written in two keys—B flat and C.

'Twas Not to Be, by Carlo Ducci, is another song of the same type, and will doubtless be popular with many.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

The Cherries are Ripe. Harvest Hymn in *Claudian*, for soprano solo and chorus for female voices. Words by H. Herman. Music by Sir Julius Benedict.—This much admired solo and chorus, arranged for female voices by its distinguished composer, will, we think, be welcomed in the drawing-room by our young friends.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Shall we meet again? Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A charming little song, with a very pleasing and melodious refrain.

The Harvest Moon. Words and music by Michael Watson.—A merry and joyful song, full of dry humour and very amusing.

The Red Scarf. Written by G. W. Southey. Composed by Theo. Bonheur.—A bold and spirited song for baritone, both words and music harmonising; is sure to become popular.

Lassie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Theo. Bonheur.—The sentiment of this song is well expressed; it is intended, we believe, as a companion to *Laddie*. We wish it the same success.

My Maiden's Messenger. Poetry by J. W. Gilbert Smith. Music by Percy G. Mocatta.—An extremely pretty, simple song; both words and music deserve praise. We think it will be appreciated by many of our girls.

Thine. Words by R. Conrad Fraser. Music composed by Emily Phillips.—A well-written song; the refrain is tuneful and

pretty; there is also a violoncello obbligato, which is a pleasing addition.

Laddie. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Arranged as a vocal duet by A. J. Caldicott, from the favourite song by Ciro Pinsuti.

The Children's Home. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Arranged as a vocal duet by A. J. Caldicott, from the favourite song by F. H. Cowen.

These popular songs have been extremely well arranged as vocal duets, and we venture to think they will meet with the success they so well merit.

Morley's Part Song Journal. Edited by Alfred J. Caldicott.

No. 1. *The Children's Home*.

No. 2. *The Old Brigade*.

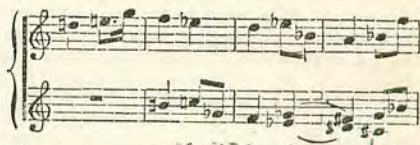
No. 3. *The Broken Pitcher*.

The above three favourite songs have been arranged for S. A. T. B. by Alfred J. Caldicott. They are well harmonised, and not difficult.

Laddie. (Ciro Pinsuti's favourite song) Transcribed for pianoforte by Boyton Smith.—The melody is prefaced by a short introduction, giving a skilful foretaste of what follows. The arrangement is altogether good, the melody being retained throughout. We recommend it to our young friends.

WEEKES AND CO.

À sera. Cantata for female voices. Written by Marmaduke Browne. Music by Isidore de Solla.—From the commencement of the overture we extract the following bars:—



which, we must confess, are perfectly unintelligible to us, either as regards melody or harmony, and for the instruments indicated to be used—viz., flutes and oboes—well-nigh impossible to play in time.

On page 3 the imitative writing on a pedal-point, as follows,



is as extraordinary as the excerpt first quoted.

On page 4 the bass clef is omitted in the last bar but one, which, of course, must be an oversight.

As to the vocal writing, we cannot conceive how the composer can reconcile the following passage with any accepted system of harmony:—



Taken as a whole, the work is too devoid of musical form, and too full of sudden modulations and inharmonic changes to be satisfactory to any ordinarily attuned ear.

Dorothy as the bride. Which, she could not tell, for she had seen nothing in his manner to indicate a preference for one above the other.

"But," thought she, "with such an understanding he would of course show none, but would be equally courteous to both. They might have told me, though it was not to be spoken of to those outside. I would have kept their secret, and been as a loving sister, if they would have treated me like one. But I am only the cousin, my uncle's ward, not a child of the house, as my father hoped and asked that I might be. If I were only not such a baby as to cry about these things, and let everyone, and especially Mr. Brooke, see how easy it is to wound me! I wonder if Aunt Lydia will have me with her for a while when she and her husband come to Treneweth. It would be a haven of rest—any place would until this is over and they are gone."

After a time the little storm of indignation had spent itself, and Hilda, instead of being angry at others, was displeased with her own want of self-command.

"A nice example of endurance I am," she thought. "I, that have talked so boldly about my wish to see something of hardship and trial. I profess to choose it, and then bend under the first contrary breath. I fancy myself an oak, and find myself agitated like the trembling grass in a meadow when the summer wind only sighs in its neighbourhood."

Hilda rose from her seat, determined to battle against the indignant feeling which possessed her. Having bathed her eyes, she resolutely occupied herself with a book until she heard the dinner bell, and then went downstairs gaily humming a tune. Mr. Brooke looked up as she entered, but Miss Cranswick met his glance with a smile which puzzled him as much as her rapid disappearance had done before.

Allan was absent, but was expected home in time for dinner. He, however, arrived too late, but said he had dined at Birmingham, as he could not complete his business so as to leave for Brinnington by the train originally fixed on.

Of course he had to hear the news which had produced so much surprise and excitement in the early part of the day, and he was no less delighted than the others had been.

"If ever a man deserved such a stroke of good fortune, Penwarden is the one," said he. "Now I trust this story which has such an unreal sound with it will close as all such stories ought to do, with, 'And they lived happily ever after.' It will make a considerable difference to two of this present company, will it not, Brooke?"

Mr. Brooke assented, and Allan continued, "I suppose we may as well tell them, unless you have already done so, father."

"I was going to reveal your secret this afternoon, but Hilda was missing, and I did not wish to tell the others without her. My dears, Allan has decided to try his fortune at the Antipodes.

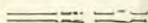
His adventurous spirit cannot content itself within the bounds of our little island, which he thinks can well spare a good many of her sons. It is a few weeks since he decided to return to Australia with Geoffrey, Lydia, and Mr. Brooke. Now these two young men will have to go together, without the others, unless Brooke has also changed his mind."

"Brooke wishes he were a free agent," was the instant response. "Unfortunately I must go back for eighteen months or two years. After that, I hope I may have the power to choose on which side of the globe I will live."

Again a bright flush suffused Hilda's face, but there was more of pleasure than pain in it, pleasure that she had not after all been treated as a child of the house. Some pain and self-reproach at finding how readily she had yielded to the temptation to judge and to condemn those whose thoughtful affection was so constantly manifested. And perhaps not a little gratification at finding that Robert Brooke's companion was to be one of her uncle's sons, rather than a daughter.

That warm-hearted Allan would be missed there was no doubt. But then no one had expected him to settle near Brinnington. To Allan the sight of Hilda's face as she heard the news was a sufficient assurance that, while regarding him as an adopted brother, he was quite right in thinking that she was, like the candle, in no danger—he, the moth, which might be singled when hovering round it.

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

School Series of Part Songs. Edited by Sydney Russell.—The six ballads before us are arranged for two voices, and include many well-known favourites:—*The Last Rose of Summer*, *Rose of Allandale*, *Trelawny*, and many others. They are arranged in a simple and easy style.

If ye love Me, keep My Commandments. Sacred song by Ernest Kiver.—The sympathetic music is quite in keeping with the words; it would be desirable if we had a few more such, as they are always welcome in the family circle.

Fireside Dreams. Words by Walter Spinney. Music by Conrad Sterling.—The words are poetical, and the music sympathetic. The changes from 3-4 to 6-8, and again the recitative in the last verse, give a variety that is pleasing.

Fond Memories. Song. Composed by Charlton T. Speer.—Considerable ability has been displayed in the composition of this song; the change from five flats to three sharps is most effective—

"Deathless dreams of fleeting gladness,
Mem'ries that can ne'er depart,
In a most harmonious sadness
Rest like music on my heart."

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Twelve Songs and Romances for chorus of women's voices. English translation by Constance Backe. Music by Johannes Brahms.—These twelve part-songs for female voices are thoroughly characteristic; many of them

are charming compositions. There are two books, six in each, for the small charge of one shilling.

Two Sketches for Pianoforte. By Dora E. Bright.—These compositions are both clever. No. 1, a slow movement, with sustained melody and flowing accompaniment, will require careful and smooth playing. No. 2, a movement in 6-8 time, must be well marked and briskly played. We would recommend both these pieces to our girls as good studies.

FREDERICK PITMAN.

The following familiar old favourites are edited and fingered by Arthur H. Brown. They are good standard compositions, and will, we fancy, be welcomed by our young musical friends:—

Overtures.—*The Caliph of Bagdad*, by Boildieu. *Le Cheval de Bronze* and *Masaniello*, by Auber. *Zampa*, by Hérold. *The Harmonious Blacksmith*, Handel. *Invitation à la Valse*, Weber.

Fantaisie sur des Motifs et sur la Barcarolle de "Oberon" de Weber, pour Piano, par René Favarger.

Maiblume, by Theodore Oesten.

Caller Herring. Scotch melody, by P. Knapp.

La Pluie de Perles, par G. A. Osborne.

Une Petite Fleur, par Charles Voss.

La Gaetana, mazurka, par E. Ketterer.

Gavotte de la Cour, par H. Fleige.

Also part 1 of "The Pianist's Journal of Original Compositions":—

No. 1, *Chanson Joyeuse*, in A major, by Kate C. Field, R.A.M.

No. 2, *Impromptu in B Major*, by Ernest Shattock.

No. 3, *Mazurka in A Flat*, by Ernest Shattock.

Twenty-Six Songs of Ireland, with pianoforte accompaniments. Arranged by T. Crampton.—They are all well-known favourites, and will suit most voices.

Violoncello Album, containing twenty-three solos and duets for violoncello and piano. Arranged by T. Crampton.—These pieces are well selected and easy.

The Children's Orchestra. A novelty for the home circle. Six easy and original symphonies for the pianoforte, with toy accompaniments. Composed by George Asch.—These little symphonies will prove most attractive and useful to children, who will derive pleasure as well as instruction from them.

Two songs, *Loving and Hoping* and *The Mystic Chime*, words written by Ogilvie Mitchell, music composed by H. Round, are both worthy of recommendation. The verses descriptive of the chimes at midnight are pleasing, and the melody appropriate and agreeable.

C. B. TREE.

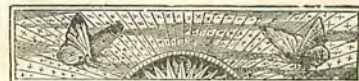
Love in Season. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—Lively and pleasing; sung with a little archness, would become a favourite in the drawing-room.

The Changeless Love. Also by the same composer. Words by Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, M.A.—An interesting song, and may be recommended.

Swiftly sailing o'er the sea. Words written and music composed by Robert Munro.

The Sailor's Joy. Words by Lord Lytton. Music by J. Horspool.

Two very agreeable songs for baritone of moderate compass. Will suit the brothers of some of our young friends.



Cranswick's imagination. A something which probably no longer exists, or, if it does, which may never appear in your presence."

It is hard to be tempted from without, but harder still when inclination seconds the arguments brought to bear by the tempter. Not inclination in one sense, for Mr. Oakley never for a moment entertained the desire to touch a penny of this money for any selfish purpose. He only thought of the sufferers around him, and grieved that he no longer possessed the power to relieve their need by his own unassisted efforts.

Mr. Oakley had already received a substantial loan from Geoffrey Penwarden, and more would have been forthcoming from the same quarter had he been willing to receive it. But this he positively refused, because, had he accepted a further sum, it would have prevented Geoffrey from assisting his brother Maurice, who was even in greater need of help to carry him safely over the "bad times" than himself.

He knew that, at the very worst, he was still a wealthy man, and Geoffrey's money amply secured; but without an immediate supply of ready cash the works must come to an absolute standstill, and the distress around them still increase.

Hitherto, though the tempting voice had been heard, Mr. Oakley's resistance had always succeeded in silencing it. True, it had spoken again, but temptation successfully resisted in God's strength means temptation weakened. Now, when Hilda's voice was heard on the same side, and she pleaded with her uncle on behalf of those whose sorrows were ever uppermost in his thoughts, the trial came upon him with double force. His niece asked him plainly, "Were my father living, would he not press this useless money upon you, and urge you to turn it to account for so good a purpose?"

With perfect truth the tempted man could answer, "I am sure he would."

"Then why not use it?" persisted Hilda.

There were evidences of a terrible struggle in Mr. Oakley's face, and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. The girl little knew the absolute torture her uncle was enduring, and how hard it was for him to summon courage to answer, "Because it would be a breach of trust."

"Uncle, answer me just one question. Suppose that every penny of the money were lost, would any person beside myself be affected by this?"

Mr. Oakley hesitated. "My dear child, your father revealed to me, and to me only, the purpose for which this sum was to be set aside. I cannot, at present, tell you."

"But you could answer my question, dear," persisted the girl, who, on this occasion, manifested that whatever change had taken place in Hilda Cranswick, she could be as pertinacious as ever, when her mind was set upon gaining any object.

"Yes," said Mr. Oakley; "I think I may tell you so much. No person would be affected by the total loss of the

twenty thousand pounds and the interest which has been added thereto, except yourself. Your father placed it in my hands to meet a certain emergency which may never arise, but it was done solely for your benefit and comfort in case it did."

"Then, Uncle Edward, you need have no scruple. I, the only living person interested in the safety of that money, beg of you to use it. You cannot say me 'No,' you ought not to do it when you consider all that depends on the keeping the men at work, even a short time."

Then the girl, with much of her old wilful manner, clapped her hands, and cried out in a tone of delight, "How charming it will be to think of the works being kept going with that money! When I first saw them, and the articles made there, how I used to turn my nose and talk contemptuously about the whole concern! And, now, it is the very dearest wish of my heart to see the hearths ablaze, and the men going in and out amid the strange lights and shadows as they used to do. There is no music that could sound so sweetly in my ears as the roar of the great fan, and the clink of hammers."

She waited, but Mr. Oakley did not speak or respond to her enthusiasm. At last a few rather tremulous words came:

"You must leave the matter for the present, Hilda, dear. I cannot answer you just now. I must have time to think over all we have been talking about."

"I will wait, dear Uncle Edward, all the more willingly because I feel sure you will come round to my way of thinking. You look very tired, and well you may, with so much to harass you; but the trouble will all go if you adopt my plan. I shall say good night to you now, and good night, dear mother!"

The girl kissed Mr. and Mrs. Oakley; but after the loving words she whispered to the latter—

"You must persuade Uncle Edward. If you take the same side, he will say 'Yes.' And he cannot long bear the weight that he is carrying—it would be quite wicked to let him, when it could all be lifted from his shoulders at a stroke."

Mrs. Oakley made no answer to these last words. She returned Hilda's good-night kiss, and the girl ran off to join her cousins for a little while, before retiring to her room, feeling very bright and cheerful at the thought that she had shown how to solve the difficult problem which had been puzzling everybody around her.

(To be continued.)



NEW MUSIC.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

My Woodland Prize. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A song charming in its simplicity both as regards poetry and music. We are pleased to recommend it to the notice of our girls.

My Child. Song, from *Within and Without.* By George MacDonald, LL.D. Composed by C. A. Macirone.—The charming melody to these words is imbued with true pathos, characteristic of this composer's style.

The Harp Unstrung. Words by Dr. Charles Mackay. Music by Charles Stiebler Cook.—A pretty and agreeable song, easy, and the effect good.

Will o' the Wisp. Duet. Words by George Meredith. Music by Florence Gilbert.—An appropriate setting of lively verses for two equal voices, written in the composer's happiest manner.

Peace I leave with you. Sacred Song. Composed by V. H. Zavertal.—An able setting of these comforting words.

Romance and Scherzo. For the pianoforte. Composed by Charles Stiebler Cook.

Murmurs Harmonieux. Pour le piano. Par L. M. Kerr.

We most cordially recommend these solos to the notice of our young musical friends. The *Romance and Scherzo* demands some skill on the part of the executant; the latter, being a presto movement, requires a clear and light touch.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Romance. Sans Paroles. Etude pour le piano. Par H. E. Warner.—A useful study for youthful aspirants.

Miniatures. By the same composer.—Is a pleasing gavotte of the old dance rhythm; having reached its third edition, speaks well for the merits of the composition.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

At the Stepping Stones. Words by Beatrice Abercrombie. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A very pretty ballad. The name of this favourite composer will ensure its success.

The Weaver's Daughter. Words Anonymous. Music by Annie E. Armstrong.—The sentiment of the words is most fully expressed in the quaint and melodious style of the music; the change from the minor to the major at the end of each verse is most pleasing. We recommend it to our young vocal friends.

Loving Hands. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Seymour Smith.

An Autumn Wind. Words by Dr. George MacDonald. Music by W. A. C. Cruikshank.

Both these songs deserve honourable mention; the music is tuneful, varied, and expressive.

Gavotte in C, by Ed. Reyloff, is an agreeable illustration of this style of composition which has become so popular the last few years. We recommend it to our young friends.

Pictures of Youth. Twelve progressive and melodious pieces for the pianoforte. By Heinrich Lichner.—These short pieces are particularly well adapted to juvenile aspirants. They are all extremely interesting, and made easy to the performer by being fingered.

Pur et Simple. Mélodie pour piano. Par Sydney Smith.—A bright and pleasing melody, with accompaniment working above the principal theme. The piece presents no difficulty of execution, but requires a clear and light touch to produce the effect intended by the composer.

had fallen into the mire, and wanted him to come and raise her out of it—as if corruption and baseness were splashed upon her very love, and all her aspirations and efforts. Oh, why had not these people come before he went away! Though her parting from him might be but for a few days, or a few weeks at most, how hard it was that the thought of them must come between her and her memory of him!

Down on the shore the fishermen were saying to each other "that the breeze was freshening." One old salt forebode "an ugly night." And two or three women, whose "men" were not at home, stood outside their houses, and gazed anxiously across the sea.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

The Voice I Love. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music composed by Lady Arthur Hill.—A very pleasing composition, both melody and accompaniment being happily sympathetic with the poetry; the change of time and arpeggio accompaniment in the words, "While the ocean ebbs and flows," is very effective.

The Child and the Angel. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederick H. Cowen.—The song before us is in every respect a charming composition, being in admirable keeping with the ideas of the poet, and well worthy the talented composer. The subject is a weary-hearted child watching from his hiding-place the bustling crowd. He is cheered by a sympathetic smile from a lovely girl as she passes by; he dreams that she had passed away, and his dream is realised, for

"The morning sunlight showed him her flower-crowned resting-place,
So he knew that the lips of an angel had kiss'd the beautiful face."

Palanquin. Marche Indienne. Par Georges Lamothe.—A very descriptive piece; a tolerably-trained executant will make this composition very effective in the drawing-room.

No. 10 of *The American Organ Journal*, edited by J. Munro Coward, containing six compositions by Barnby, Sullivan, Handel, Theo. Marzials, Gounod, and Rubinstein; also *Arrangements for the American Organ.* By Frederic Archer. Book III. Containing compositions by Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart.

All these pieces are well worthy the study and notice of our young friends. They are charmingly arranged, and deserve to become popular.

LAMBORN COCK.

Mother! Oh, Sing me to Rest. Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Music by F. R. Cox.—A plaintive melody, full of feeling and tenderness. The accompaniment is in keeping with the beautiful words.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Deux Marches Hongroises. Par D. Brocca. No. 1, en La mineur; No. 2, en Ut mineur; *Spicing Flowers.* Composed by John W. Gritton.

These three short pieces can be recommended to young students as being euphonious and agreeable.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Yesterday. Written by Ellen Miller. Composed by Theodor L. Clemens.—A very

telling song. The words are very charming, and the composer has succeeded in setting music which is both original and effective.

I Dream of Thee. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by J. E. Webster.—An easily-acquired song as regards singing and playing; it is written in two keys—compass E to A flat, and C to F flat.

Apart. Words by Alton Rode. Music by William H. Hunt, B.Mus. (Lond.).—A smoothly written song with a good accompaniment and pretty refrain, music and words flowing together harmoniously.

Mine Alone. Song with violin obbligato (ad lib.). Words by Archibald Cameron. Music by H. E. Warner.—A sentimental ditty, with waltz refrain. The violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition, and greatly adds to the effect of the song.

In Memoriam. H.R.H. the Duke of Albany. March. Composed by Leonard Gautier.—Solemn, grand, and well sustained, without any difficulties, and within the compass of moderate pianoforte players.

Silver Bells. Mazurka by Charles Rawlings.—A pretty and simple drawing-room piece, well adapted to moderate performers.

WEEKES AND CO.

Clytemnestra. Gavotte and Musette by Frank H. Cliffe.—A well-arranged piece, good style, easy of execution.

Weekes and Co.'s School Series of Part Songs, edited by Sydney Russell: *Rose of Allandale, Come, Gentle Sleep, Trelawny, The Last Rose of Summer, On the Banks of Allan Water, The Maid of Venice.*—These old favourites are simply arranged for two voices, and will be found most useful in schools and the home circle. The type is good and clear, and the price very moderate, being threepence each number.

Twilight Reverie, by J. Cecil Bell; *The Song of the Brook* (Fantaisie brillante), by Gavin McFadyean, are both pieces that require good and clear manipulation, and will be found good practice for young pianists.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Three songs composed by W. H. Hadow: *To Althea.* Words by Lovelace. *O Captain, my Captain.* Words by Walt Whitman. *The Lore of Love.* Words by G. Malcom.—These three compositions are highly commended; the treatment both for voice and accompaniment is most artistic. The first is the most simple, and, to our mind, the most interesting; at the same time they are all much above the usual conventional style, and require good singing and playing.

Past and Present. Words by the late Thomas Hood. Music by Edward N. Lewis.—A pretty, unaffected song, presenting no difficulties.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

A Village Story. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Jules Sivrai.—A charming and original little song, light and graceful. We would recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Valse Caprice, for two performers on the pianoforte. Composed by Kilvington Hattersley.—The theme is simple and melodious, within the capabilities of moderate performers, and will be found agreeable in the drawing-room.

JOHN PURDIE.

White Heather. Words by Keith Cameron. Music by C. W. Bucherer.—A pretty, unpretending song which may be conscientiously recommended.

C. B. TREE.

The Changeless Love. Words by H. C. Shuttleworth. Music by Arthur Briscoe.

Thoughts of Thee. Written by C. van Baerle. Music by H. Davan Wetton.

Both these songs are flowing and graceful. The harmonies and accompaniments are sympathetic and judicious.

Swiftly sailing o'er the sea. The words written and music composed by Robert Munro.—This is a bright and effective setting to appropriate words. It is suitable for a baritone. There is a swing about it which will render it popular.

Gavotte in D. Composed by Ernest H. Wadmore.—A short and interesting piece for small fingers.

A. COX.

The Windmill. Morceau de salon. For pianoforte. By G. J. Rubini.—An elegant and refined composition. The theme is tuneful; will be good practice for young pianists. We recommend it to our girls.

C. JEFFERY.

Sea Spray. For the pianoforte. By Aug. Le Jeune.—A light and characteristic little piece, easily acquired, and very effective.

WHITE BROTHERS.

Kyrie Eleison. From Mozart's 12th Mass. *He shall feed His flock (Messiah).* Handel. *He was despised.* do.

Arranged for pianoforte, by Karl Muscat.—These three well-known favourites will, we think, be welcomed by many of our musical young friends; they are well arranged, and will be found an acquisition to the Sunday sacred library.

Juvenile easy Gavotte, without octaves. Composed by Karl Muscat.—A very pretty composition for little fingers, short and effective.

The Bird has Flown. Song. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Karl Muscat. Pleasing and musicianly.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Morley's Organ Journal. Edited by Humphrey J. Stark, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

No. 1. Original Compositions. By H. J. Stark.

No. 2. Largo. By G. F. Handel. Arranged by H. J. Stark.

No. 3. Original Compositions. By H. J. Stark.

Morley's Voluntaries for Organ or Harmonium, containing thirteen original pieces. By Charles J. Frost, Mus.Doc., Cantab.—The popularity of harmonium playing amongst amateurs is a great incentive to excellent musicians like Dr. Frost and Mr. H. J. Stark coming forward to supply the lovers of this instrument with sterling music.

Also, Morley's Album of Duets for violin and piano (all in the first position), containing a choice collection of original pieces. By Arthur Carnall, Mus.Bac., Cantab.—A most useful selection for youthful aspirants.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

We have received six of a series of twelve organ pieces in various styles, commencing with No. 7. Composed by Edwin M. Lott. They are progressive and instructive. Direction is given for the use of the various stops and pedals. These compositions are well worthy the attention of organists.

