

Elspeth was an impulsive, effusive girl, who had wept passionately when she left the old place, but who had enjoyed herself very well at Inverness! She had been quite interested and amused during her long journey south, but her tears broke forth afresh when she saw Isobel's changed, familiar face, and these gusts of grief were renewed from time to time during her brief visit. Isobel, who measured this manifold grief by the grief she herself had restrained, yearned over her sister, especially when she had really departed to the foreign land, and she sent her long, faithful letters, which Elspeth was always glad enough to receive, but which she found it "rather a bore" to answer.

Had Isobel cast her seed on barren and on stony ground? No. It is true neither Kate nor Elspeth proved what she would have been in their places. Yet Kate gained a solid position as a mathematical teacher, and is a much respected woman, greatly consulted by young self-dependent people as to habits of providence, safe investments and the like; and Elspeth is a famous pianist, whose name figures honourably before the public, who is the constant guest in great houses, whose "people" do not know that her illegible writing veils a want of orthography! They do not call her "bouncing" now, but "buxom," and if she does fuss a little in very fine silks and satins, she has a warm and kindly heart, ever ready to respond to the needs of others.

Yet it was Elspeth who once deeply wounded Isobel.

Elspeth wanted her to give up "her place," saying "it was not nice that Isobel should be a servant." Elspeth could easily maintain her. She could earn as much in a night as Isobel could in a year. Isobel should be free to go where she pleased. Elspeth could not ask her to live with her, for Isobel would be like a fish out of water in the scrambling, prodigal ménage which suited the younger sister. But perhaps she would like to go to Kate. Kate would certainly like it, if Isobel would "share expenses," and Elspeth laughed.

Isobel fired up. Did her sisters imagine she had no life of her own, as real and as precious to her as their "careers" could be to them? Did they think she had only served for money, and had received no wages except those which she had surrendered so readily to them? Was she to have no loyalty to the employers who had enabled her to do as she had done? Ah—and her voice softened—had Elspeth been able to set her free in time for her to tend and cheer her parents' last days, then it would have been different! Then she would have felt herself consecrated by the family to discharge its filial duty. But father and mother were both in their graves now, and even the old schoolhouse was pulled down, and a new one built in its stead. She must live out her own life. She added proudly that she trusted Elspeth was not ashamed of her, but if she was, it could not be helped.

"I'd be a mean snob to be so," cried impulsive Elsie. "But what will other people think? They will say I have no right to let this go on."

Isobel smiled serenely, saying—

"I have often wondered why successful people seem to be the only success out of families of paupers. I see now that their vanity and their deference to the opinions of the world tempt them to turn all their relations into 'poor relations.' We two will be wiser, Elsie. As a servant, I am as wealthy in my place as you are in yours. You may repay me every penny I ever advanced for you, child, and I promise you I'll come to you before ever I'll go to the workhouse! And we will be always friends, Elsie; but we must each live out her own life."

Sometimes, as Isobel sits in her pretty

nursery, where her ageing master and mistress often come for a "rest," she thinks of some words which her mother uttered a long time ago. For at times it seems to Isobel that Kate's letters breathe a little dissatisfaction with the dry, mental atmosphere in which she lives; while as for Elspeth, she makes no secret that she is often heartily sick of the extravagance and dissipation attending her way of life, and is also very impatient of the indolence and indifference of the foreign husband whom she has chosen for herself.

And Isobel remembers how her mother had said—

"I should not wonder if you prove the best off of them all."

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

The Keepsake. Words by Adelaide Procter. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—A charming and touching melody, set to poetic and pathetic words.

The Bread-Winner. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—Both somewhat sorrowful, but words and music in good taste.

Happy Eyes. Written by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Jules de Sivrai.

The Child and the Shadow. Words by T. Malcolm Watson. Music by Alice Borton. Call for favourable notice at our hands.

My Lass and I. Written by A. C. Jewett. Composed by Michael Watson.—Is highly commendable.

We have also received from the same publishers some pianoforte music that is well worthy the attention of our young friends.

Will o' the Wisp. A characteristic piece by Herbert F. Sharpe.

Espoir. Mélodie variée. By Tito Mattei. *Gavotte in F.* By Gluck. Transcribed by Jules de Sivrai.

WEEKES AND CO.

Merry Spring. By Crosby Smith.—A pretty, unpretentious piece, adapted to little fingers.

Evening Memories. Nocturne.—Is worthy of recommendation.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Tryst. Written by W. Davies. Composed by Mary Carmichael.—A charmingly conceived song, replete with tender sentiment, and much above the ordinary type.

M. A. K. MORLEY AND CO.

Only a Story. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by W. Hamilton Evans.—A pretty little song for mezzo soprano.

Also, by the same publishers, two pianoforte pieces—*Danse Gracieuse.* By George Manton King. *Fairy Frolic.* By W. Hamilton Evans.—Very suitable and pleasing pieces for our rising pianists.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Hearts are Trumps. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pleasing song, and one which will find favour with many vocalists.

Harp and Crown. With violin and violoncello obbligato (*ad lib.*). Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Berthold Tours.—A song by this esteemed composer is always acceptable; the care and finish with which he endows his work cannot fail to be interesting to all.

The Drummer and His Lass. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Row-

Sweethearts Still. Words by Kate Taylor. Music by Arthur Greenish.

At the Spinnet. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Suchet Champion.

These three songs may be recommended as pleasingly melodious and free from difficulty.

The Silent March. A transcription of the celebrated song. By Michael Watson.—A very taking and interesting composition.

Danse des Courtiers. Gavotte Majestique. By Theo. Bonheur.

Bewitching. Gavotte. By E. Boggetti.

Two short pieces; may be recommended as an agreeable illustration of the old dance rhythm which has become so popular.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Reaper and the Flowers. Words by Longfellow. Music by S. Corbett, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—A tender and sentimental song, full of melody and expression.

THE QUEEN-BEE.

IN an instructive and interesting little book entitled "The Honey-Bee: its Nature, Homes, and Products," by W. H. Harris, B.A., B.Sc., just issued by the Religious Tract Society, we find the following information as to the life of the queen-bee, which we think will interest many of our readers:—

"All her wants in the way of nourishment are supplied by her subjects. She mates once in her life, when she is a few days old, with a single drone, and on the wing. That is the only occasion of her leaving the hive, except when she leads forth a swarm. Her grand function is to lay eggs, and every part of her structure and every power she has is more or less related to this all-important duty. She is, as we have implied, freed from every other office. The hatching, the tending, the rearing, the instruction of her progeny, are entirely taken out of her hands, and it is doubtful whether she has any affection for her children. She is constantly attended by a retinue of ten or twelve 'maids of honour,' who all keep their heads turned towards her, clear the way for her, prevent all crowding round her, and supply her with the most nutritious food, previously half-digested by themselves. They caress her with their antennæ, and seem to find a real joy in mere proximity to their monarch. Should she, by more rapid movements than usual, outstrip her retiring attendants, the bees with whom she thus unexpectedly comes in contact appear excited and alarmed, and move hastily from her path. So long as she remains sound and well in the hive, all the varied works go on peacefully and incessantly. Should she die or be removed, immediate consternation is manifested. Her subjects rush about in excitement and distress. They buzz around the neighbourhood of the hive, but all active and productive work ceases. They know that unless the disastrous loss can be repaired, their community must perish for lack of new progeny, and when despair seizes them, they seem to act upon the motto, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A. B. B., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Eva Clerke, £1 5s. 6d.; Louisa Ada, 2s.; Collected by Miss M. Hurwood, 10s. 2d.; Sissy A. L., £3; the proceeds of a sale of work, done at fortnightly sewing meetings, by Mrs. Scrivener, the Misses Scrivener, and friends, £8 14s. Total amount received to the end of August, 1884, £897 3s. 3d.

in request in England in the middle of the seventeenth century.

So wide at last did the fame of the glass of Venice spread, that rulers of England, Spain, and Flanders enticed workmen from the Venetian State to introduce the manufacture into their various countries. The Government of the City of the Lagoons tried by every means in its power to retain the secrets of so profitable a trade in its own keeping, and not only ordered home all those workmen who had been tempted abroad, but kept their families in prison as hostages for their return. It is even said that emissaries were employed to assassinate the rebellious workmen if they did not obey the summon of the State to quit the service of foreign princes. But the crafty republic did not rely on threats alone. It granted the glassmakers many privileges, among them the much-prized patent of nobility, by which "their daughters were considered equal matches for the sons of the best patricians."

On nights of high festival, the halls of some of the Venetian palaces were lit by huge lanterns whose richly carved and gilded framework was filled with a very peculiar glazing. Instead of panes of plain or engraved glass, the spaces were filled with twisted rods of glass placed closely side by side. To those who have not seen them, the wonderful brilliancy which this method of glazing gave to the light within can scarcely be imagined. Then, too, the mirrors, adorned with elaborate glass frames, and chandeliers of the same material, their branches covered with flowers of every hue, must have made the ballrooms of the Venetian nobles a very fairyland of joyous light and colour.

Competition arose, however, in other countries, and this trade as well as much else died out at last, and the principal branch of the glass manufacture finally practised at Murano in the last century consisted chiefly in the making of beads of all kinds in enormous quantities. Large consignments were made to Liverpool about that period, and no doubt many a ship trading from that port to the African coasts bartered away these products of the Venetian lagoons with the savage negro tribes of the Congo, the Gold Coast, and the Gaboon, and the hundred-hued beads made by the deft fingers of the Murano workmen became the royal treasures of savage slave-hunting kings.

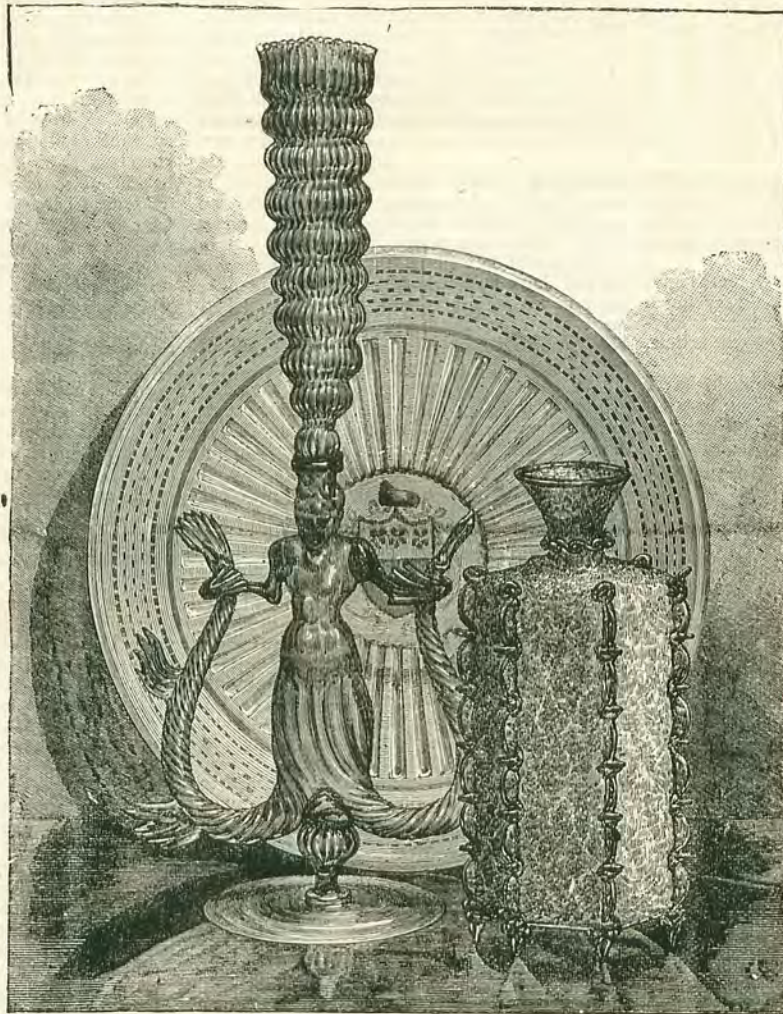
The making of beads has survived to this day, but the beautiful vases of Murano glass work, in imitation of those of the sixteenth century, of late years brought to our notice, may be considered a revival of the ancient manufacture due to the enterprise of Signor Salviati of Venice, and others.

These modern copies yield in no respect to the old originals in beauty of form and colour. Even the strange forms of the old vases, of which some examples are shown in our illustration, have been successfully imitated. Not only the forms but the colours of the different vessels are very varied. We have, besides clear white glass, blue, purple, green, amber, ruby, and a semi-transparent opal white, the most beautiful of all. Also clear glass covered with the most delicate network of gold or milk-white lines, called "Vitro di trina;" crackled glass, whose surface is ridged and intersected by minute divisions like tiny cracks, and the lovely variety imitating all kinds of

there, where they will find also many examples of old Murano work.

Of course, very many of these modern vases can only be considered in the light of ornaments, and very exquisite ornaments they are. But as it is always pleasant to combine utility with beauty, we may press some of the simpler forms of this glass from the lagoons into our service for the dinner table. Wine glasses of clear glass dotted with tiny coloured beads like jewels, tumblers of the lovely milky hue of opal, and flat dishes of the speckled gold kind, or of the "vitro di trina," will add brilliancy to our feasts and sustain and heighten the effect of the flowers, which must always remain the most beautiful ornaments of our tables. Discretion, however, is required, for too lavish display of colour in the various vessels is to be avoided as too glaring. Those of opal glass we are inclined to think the best, and are tempted to fancy that it is of goblets such as these the wondrous tales are told that they had the quality of changing colour and breaking if poison was poured into them—an invaluable quality at the banquets of princes in the treacherous times when the Venetian glassworkers made their great and deserved reputation, a reputation amply sustained by the lovely shapes and images of delight their descendants have brought again before us within the last few years.

GEORGE E. FOX.



VENETIAN GLASS.

precious stones, such as jasper, calcedony, and lapis-lazuli, and including the kind called "Mille fiori" (the thousand flowers), a little bottle of which is shown in our illustration. This is an opaque glass, sometimes with a ground of dark blue, speckled and dotted over with tiny flowery spots of all sorts of colours.

This latter kind may be considered as a direct descendant of the magnificent cups and vases which the ancient Romans prized above silver and gold, and deemed worthy to be buried in imperial tombs. To those who love the sight of beautiful colours, we could not offer a greater pleasure than a visit to the great glass room at the British Museum will afford, and we recommend to our readers a few hours' study of the splendid collection

this eminently successful composer quite come up to the expectations we had formed from his previous compositions.

LAMBORN COCK.

Réveries Caractéristiques. For the piano-forte. Composed by Claudius H. Couldery. —Mr. Couldery seems to possess a special faculty for writing reveries, for certainly the book before us contains twelve charming examples of this style of writing. We believe that we have before praised these reveries when they were sent to us separately, but now that they are published together in one portable volume, we can but reiterate our praise and advise our readers to purchase the book. Each piece is effective, simple, and carefully fingered,

NEW MUSIC.

DUNCAN, DAVISON
AND CO.

Twilight Fancies.
Words by Mrs. M. A. Baines. Music by W. C. Levey.—Is eminently vocal in character and pleasingly melodious.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Till the Breaking of the Day and Patience Rewarded.—Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. —Both these songs, by

be my wife has been each year more fondly cherished. My darling, don't you believe me now?"

"But if you have loved me so long, why did you not speak before?"

I asked the question with difficulty, but until it was answered how could I answer him?

"You knew my mother. She idolised me, and expected a like proportion of affection in return. It would have been hard for her to learn that I loved another before herself. Knowing that, I long ago resolved never to marry as long as she lived. I owed her more than most sons owe their mothers, remember that, dear."

"I do not blame you, Donald," I said. "What you have told me only increases the honour and esteem which I have for you."

"But, Jennie," he went on eagerly, "you have been my only love, and I have been dreading that somebody else might step in before me and win my darling's heart. Perhaps I ought to have spoken in the spring, but I thought that respect for my mother should keep me silent just a little longer. Your letter, however, told me I had not an hour to lose. I dashed off a reply, and this is the consequence."

"But you have business in London."

"You know the business; there was none other. It was only that you should not be startled, and that I should ensure a meeting without loss of time, that I invented that plausible excuse. What have you to say to me now, Jennie?"

I told him I should make an unfitting wife for one so clever and prosperous as himself, and that some day, perhaps, he would regret the choice he was now making. But at these words I saw by the pained look about his mouth and in his eyes I had hurt him. At that I uttered a little cry for forgiveness, and then—Well, I hardly know what happened, but I was weeping once more on Donald's shoulder, only now they were not tears of sorrow but tears of joy.

"I cannot expect you to love me yet," he said, presently; "but if ever a man tried to win a woman's love, I will yours."

"Not love you, Donald?"

At his words there came a revelation to me. Whatever I might have hoped and believed, I knew at that moment I had never ceased to love him. The blaze had been extinguished, but the embers were still burning, and now, suddenly taking fire, they leaped into flame. My eyes must have told him that, and more, for after looking at me a minute, his own grew misty, and his encircling arm drew me yet closer to him as he said, huskily:

"The poor wee bit lassie! God bless you for it, darling, and make me worthy of the love of so true and good a woman."

We spent a fortnight together in London. Donald introduced me and himself to some distant relations of his mother's. They seemed very pleased to make our acquaintance, and having heard the story of our engagement, asked me to become their guest until Donald had made arrangements for our marriage. So far as I was concerned, I should have preferred remaining at my lodgings. I longed for quietness and leisure in which more fully to realise my great and unexpected happiness. But that Donald wished me to accept the invitation was sufficient, and accordingly I packed up my boxes, and was driven the short distance which lay between the little house—now so dear to me—and the more important-looking abode of our new-found friends.

To get my passage money refunded was Donald's first endeavour. He succeeded, and a long letter of explanation was written to Mrs. Forbes. Mrs. Drayton had an epistle from both of us. Her reply was full of heartfelt sympathy and congratulation. Her sister,

she said, would be sorry for the loss of so good a friend as she was anticipating in myself; but apart from that, she was sure she would rejoice in the happiness which had fallen to my lot.

Only one thing troubled me. Donald would spend his money so recklessly. I grew wiser at last, and refrained from admiring the pretty dresses, trinkets, etc., which caught my fancy in the shop windows, for no sooner did I admire an article than he would either purchase it on the spot, or be vexed and grieved that it was not in his power to give it me.

Donald left me at his cousin's on the understanding that, as soon as he had completed the arrangements for our wedding, I was to follow him to Sunniehead. I expected two or three weeks to elapse before I received a summons. He had only been gone one clear day, however, when there came a telegram saying a letter would bring details, but that I was to be in readiness to start for Sunniehead on the next evening. Donald, it seemed, had gone straight to his friends at the parsonage, and told his story to the good minister and his wife. They said there was no reason why our marriage should not be solemnised immediately. As soon as it was possible for me to arrive, Mrs. Bruce would meet me at the station, take me to her home, and, on the following morning, the wedding could take place in her drawing-room.

What could I do but carry out Donald's instructions? Mrs. Bruce met me as he had said. Had she been my sister, she could not have welcomed me more kindly; and in her pretty drawing-room, adorned for the occasion with a profusion of flowers, Donald and I were married. I wore the ivory satin dress he had himself chosen for my wedding gown. Mrs. Bruce's two little daughters were my bridesmaids, and one of Donald's partners acted as best man. Very impressively did Mr. Bruce read the words of the marriage service; but clearer than aught else in my memory is the proud, satisfied look with which Donald bent down, and for the first time kissed his wife.

Raising my head, I see my husband sitting by the fire with our first-born, our three years old Edith, in his arms. Her golden head and fair face are a constant reminder of my little sister Eppie—only, thank God, in our darling's plump form and glowing cheeks there is no indication of constitutional delicacy. Catching my eye her own becomes troubled; and slipping down from her father's knee, she runs across the room to where I am sitting.

"What you crying for, moder?" she says, fondly. "Eddie is sorry you mis'ble."

Stooping to kiss her, I reply—

"When my darling grows older, she will know that women sometimes cry for no other reason than that they are so thankful and so happy."

[THE END.]

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Ten two-part songs. Poetry by Longfellow. Music composed expressly for the use of classes in schools (boys' or girls' voices) by Francesco Berger.—This charming collection of two-part songs is full of melody, the music being almost equal in value to Longfellow's exquisite poetry. Several of them are really beautiful. They are not to be confined to the schoolroom, as we fully expect they will find a place in the repertory of the drawing-room.

MORLEY AND CO.

The Altar and the Throne. By Berthold Tours. With violin, 'cello, and harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*—A bold and martial

style of song, set to words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. The genial theme and elaborate finish cannot fail to interest most vocalists.

For Aye.

Whisperings of Spring.

By Emily Phillips.—Two very interesting songs.

Why not To-day? By T. Hutchinson.

The Will and the Way. By Louis Diehl.

Two extremely pretty songs within a moderate compass. We recommend them.

Book No. 12 of "Morley's Voluntaries for Organ or Harmonium" contains twelve short original pieces by Humphrey J. Stark. We recommend this book to our young friends who are performers on the American organ.

Dolly's Revenge. Written by Nemo. Composed by Henry Pontet.—Is written in his usual pleasing style.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

We select the following pieces as being likely to suit our young friends:—

Paroles du Cœur.

Le Carillon du Village.

Two charming and graceful pianoforte solos, by Victor Delacour.

Marche des Ménestrels. By Seymour Smith.

A Midnight Reverie. By Michael Watson.

Fleur des Champs. By Reinhold Müller.

Bergers et Bergères. Gavotte. By Paul Beaumont.

Diavolina. By Gustav Lange.

These are all worthy of commendation.

Childhood's Hours. Twelve Characteristic Pieces. By A. Loeschhorn.—We are glad to recommend these charming compositions to the notice of our young aspirants; the subjects are well chosen, and have the advantage of being short and melodious.

A Lullaby. Words and music by W. Monk Gould.

A Little Bird Told Me. Words by E. Oxenford. Music by Charles Tibbutt.

Both these are above the average, and may be recommended.

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

AGNES and Lillie, 2s. 6d.; Alison, 10s.; Rufus, 2s. 2d.; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; L. G. W., 1s.; Scilla, 1s.; K. M. B., 2s. 6d.; J. W., 5s.; Collected by Miss Ethel M. Hewitt, £10 os. 4d.; Miss Annie M. Ancill, 1s.; Two Sisters, 2s. 6d.; A lover of the "G. O. P.," 2s.; The proceeds of a bazaar, per Miss Ethel Wheeler and Miss Mildred Jacobs, 4s.; Collected by Miss Baverstock, 14s.; L. B. H., 1s.; Bunny, 1s. 3d.; Collected by J. K. Stead, Esq., 5s.; Miss E. W. Smith, 1s.; Collected by Miss Bertha Bradshaw, £1 3s.; Mrs. Saleeby, 1s.; Miss G. E. Cathie, 1s. 6d.; Collected by Miss S. Aldred, 12s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Ella W. Garsed, 8s.; Collected by Miss A. R. Oakley, 6s.; Collected by Miss K. F. Murphy, 8s.; Miss F. Farley, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Gertrude Fell, 11s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Dorothy Fell, 9s.; Collected by Miss Adine F. Wright, 12s.; Wych Hazel, 5s.; Rowmore, 5s.; Jockey, 2s. 6d.; For the prosperity of the undertaking, 11s.; Chriemhild, 2s.; Susie and Daisy Matthews and Miss Jackson, 5s.; Bertha, 5s.; Collected by Miss Mary Hall, 6s. 6d. From the Editor's Subscription Card—No. 1.: E. Rawlins, Esq., £25; Maria Sharp, 10s.; F. E. B., 10s.; Anonymous, 10s.; G. Atkinson (Georgie), 10s.; Mary E. Caesar, 10s.; T. C. Lamb, 10s.; A. M. Lamb, 10s.; R. Lamb, 10s.; A. A. Arnott, 10s.; A. S. A. G., 10s.; Burlington School Old Pupils' Association, £11-3s. 2d. Total amount received to October 31st, 1884, £948 18s. 9d.

produced nearly three times as many blossoms, and five times as many seed capsules as the unfed ones; and on drying them afterwards, found that those which had luxuriated on aphides were more than three times the weight of the others. Other experiments satisfied the patient naturalist that the luxuriance of the plant's growth did not depend greatly on the liquid or soil in which they had been cultivated, but that, under fairly equal circumstances, the fed plants thrived by far the best.

The castor-oil plant is not unfrequently cultivated in English gardens for its showy leaves. An intelligent French naturalist has discovered that one of these plants, raised in a pot, and placed in a room infested with flies, will clear it as though by magic. On investigating the cause, he found a large number of dead flies scattered about one of these plants, while the bodies of others were stuck under the leaves, which apparently exude a combination of oil, gum, etc. As the plant grows to a large size it might prove invaluable in many localities during the "fly season." A decoction of the leaves has been recommended as a wash for plants and fruit trees, to clear them of blight and other insects.

Everyone is more or less acquainted with the various forms of the cactus, all of which originally came from the American continent, and which vary so greatly in size. One of the most useful—a veritable "soap tree" or plant—is known locally as the Amole; it is found pretty generally distributed in New Mexico, Texas, etc. Its flower stalks are destitute of leaves, but have a plentiful supply of branches about eighteen inches long, from which white and yellow flowers hang in their season. The bulbous root is the valuable part of this plant, for from it a saponaceous juice is expressed, which is said to be a most excellent substitute for soap, and which also makes a capital hair-wash. The Mexicans and Indians have long been acquainted with its virtues, which do not end with soap. Cattle physic themselves in spring by eating its leaves, which, if cut up and thrown into the water of ponds, lakes, or streams, will also effectually stupefy any fish that may be there, rendering their capture easy. And lastly, from its fibrous portions, mattresses, cushions, and chair seats are woven.

One of the most poetically, and it might even be said, in some countries, one of the most practically useful plants, is that so beautifully described by Longfellow in "Evangeline":—

"Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head
from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as
true as the magnet;
It is the compass-plant that the finger of
God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the
traveller's journey
O'er the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste
of the desert."

Alas, alas! poetical description will not always bear the pure cold light of scientific fact. The compass plant—variously known, also, as the pilot weed, polar plant, and turpentine weed—is a vigorous perennial, from three to six feet in height, to which the terms fragility or delicacy are hardly applicable. But its main characteristic is correctly described, and was well known to the Indians and white hunters of Texas, Oregon, and other parts of the United States, long before the scientific world believed in it. It mattered little to them how dark was the night on the prairie or in the forest, for they could always find their bearings by feeling the direction of its lowermost leaves, which invariably pointed north and south. The researches of travellers and others have now put the matter beyond a doubt. The most superficial observer of the habits of plants has noticed the fact that their leaves have a tendency to turn their upper surfaces towards

the light. The reason appears to be that these said upper surfaces possess a much larger number of pores than the lower ones, and it is through these pores that the plant, under the influence of the light, takes in its nourishment from the air, and performs other functions. In the compass plant, these pores are equally divided to the upper and lower sides of the leaf, and this is more especially true in the lowermost leaves, which very naturally therefore turn their surfaces east and west, so as to obtain an even amount of light and heat, while they point north and south. This is, putting it in its simplest manner, the explanation given by high scientific authorities, all theories involving magnetic or electrical influence having long been abandoned.

Most of us are familiar with the so-called ice-plant, the "ice" of which is simply a gummy alkaline substance, insoluble in water, and which in some countries is used in the manufacture of glass, and in others as an ingredient in soap-making. It is not generally known that the ice-plant is often cultivated in French kitchen gardens, where it is termed *glaciale*; it is used in soups, salads, and as a substitute for spinach.

And, in conclusion, this casual mention of vegetables may serve as an excuse for a few lines on those of some new countries, the recorded size of which would seem fabulous, but that they are well authenticated. In Manitoba cabbages of 20lbs. in weight are common, while examples weighing nearly 50lbs. have been known. Turnips of 25lbs. or so in weight are everyday occurrences; some have been known of upwards of 32lbs. Carrots and onions, beets, melons, and squashes grow to sizes which would make the largest of their respective kinds in our markets appear veritable babies by comparison. California, however, excels even these examples. Hittell, a careful writer and good authority, gives a list of the largest specimens of vegetables and fruits which had been recorded. The champion cabbage was 53lbs.; one was noted which was 7 feet wide, the leaves being 3½ feet long. The turnips and carrots did not quite come up to the Manitoba standard, but the Californians claimed a tomato 26 inches in circumference, a beet-root of 118lbs., and a squash, or soft-skin pumpkin, of 260lbs. One pumpkin vine yielded 130 squashes, aggregating a total weight of 2,604lbs. And finally, not to weary the reader with too many of these "big things," a grape vine in Montecito has a stem 15 inches in diameter, and spreads 115 feet in one direction; it has yielded as much as four tons of grapes in one year.

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS AND WEBER.

Frühlingsgefühl (Springtime). Music by Anton Rubinstein.—A charmingly conceived song—one that, we think, will give pleasure.

Sunshine and Sorrow. With violin accompaniment. Words by Maura Drummond. Music by Thomas Threlfall.

The Song of the Bird. Music by Beatrice Davenport.

Dawn talks to day. Words by William Morris. Music by Mary Carmichael.

All especially excellent, and a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of our young friends.

Haunted. Words and music by Michael Watson.

The Merry Miller. Words by A. C. Jewitt. Music by Michael Watson.

Both these songs are melodious and worthy the attention of moderate vocalists.

Maude Valérie White's *Album of German Songs*, containing sixteen charming and ele-

gant compositions.—Most of them are full of tender feeling. The purity and originality of this talented musician's work may be seen in each of these sixteen songs. We particularly recommend this work to the notice of young aspirants.

Willkommen. Gavotte by T. H. Klubs.—Is worthy of recommendation, being tuneful and effective.

C. JEFFREYS.

The Sylvan Stream (Barcarole); *Anita* (Morceau de Salon). By Grace M. Hime.—Two graceful pieces, within the compass of moderate performers.

Again. Song with English and Italian words by G. W. Southey.—A pretty little song with a waltz refrain, easy compass.

W. J. WILLCOCKS.

A Spring Love Song. Words by Florence Percy. Music by Sir Julius Benedict.—A clever song, well worthy of its illustrious composer; the accompaniment requires smooth and skilful playing.

WEEKES AND CO.

Ingleside. Words by Eliza Cook. Composed by Mary A. Duckham.—A pleasing little song for small voices.

F PITMAN.

Come unto Me all ye that labour. Composed by William H. Welsh.—A sacred air and chorus, most sympathetically and effectively set to these familiar words.

REID BROTHERS.

Sailing. By Godfrey Marks. Arranged by Josef Trousselle. *Fern-leaf*. By Esouder. *L'Heure du Soir*. By W. F. S. Pianoforte solos.—All worthy of recommendation.

A. COX.

The Silver Wedding March.
The Rivulet.

Both by G. D. Rubini.—Two easy pieces, sufficiently showy to suit and interest juvenile pianists.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

A Cradle Song. Words by Maggie Macdonald. Music by J. T. Musgrave.

A Dream of Long Ago. By the same composer. Words by M. Powis Beale.

Both these compositions are extremely pretty; melody and accompaniment are alike admirable, and they may be warmly recommended.

Longfellow's poem of "The Reaper and the Flowers" has been very ably set by Ellen B. Richardson.

Music, when soft voices die. Words by Shelley. Music by W. H. Hadow.—A most charming composition, full of sympathetic feeling with the poetry.

ROBERT COX AND CO.

I mean to wait for Jack. By Cotford Dick.

Grandmother's Sweetheart. By Michael Watson.

My Little Man. By A. H. Behrend. These are all commendable in their respective styles.

Il Bolero. Pianoforte solo in the Spanish style. By Cotford Dick.

Buon Giorno. Rondo. By the same composer.

Two characteristic pieces, and will be acceptable to the repertory of drawing-room music.

The Complete Scale Tutor. By Adolphe Schloesser. In two books.—No. 1, the part before us, contains the diatonic and chromatic scales in single and double notes in their different positions, and in parallel and contrary motion. We would strongly impress upon our young friends the necessity of a careful study of this work, the scales being essential to good pianoforte playing.

Millstead warehouse. It was always the best that money could buy, without particular reference to the colour, and was made up by degrees for all three girls until the piece was exhausted. Thus Amy, though she was a woman over twenty years of age, had no voice in choosing her own attire save a third vote as to whether the merino should be green, blue, dark red, brown, or purple, the five "serviceable" colours for wear. There was not much choice, and in what there was Amy's share counted for little, because her two sisters usually out-voted her.

With stammered expressions of gratitude Amy escaped into the garden with Helen, and became at once more animated than she had ever appeared before to her friend.

"Oh, I was so frightened! I am so glad it is all over. Do you think papa will let me go to London? Where should I live? What should I do?"

Meanwhile Mr. Gascoigne had sought out Mrs. Paget, upon whom his unusual appearance produced a marked impression. He began the interview by introducing, as if by chance, a reference to one or two published critiques by himself in an Art Journal, and this gave his opinion added weight in the county matron's eyes. He then told her with much good sense, though in unusual language, what he thought of her daughter's productions, and dwelt with extreme insistence upon the need for instruction and study, which, he allowed Mrs. Paget to guess, would make Amy into an artist. Then he mentioned the School of Art in a south-west suburb of London, to which she should at once be sent; and recommended that after a course of study there she should join the pupils in the studio of an artist whom he knew.

"But it is impracticable, Mr. Gascoigne. Where could she live? I could not send her to London unless I knew where she was to go."

An idea flashed into Aubrey's mind. "My dear madam," he observed, "there is one home where life for your daughter would be pure delight. The idyllic beauty of an old-fashioned garden, the benefit of a cheerful home atmosphere, the society of good and cultivated women, the charms of music, all would be hers. I speak from experience, but without consultation with the members of the family. Still, I doubt not that your daughter would be welcomed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, of St. Martin's Close. Why not allow her to return to London with the daughters who are now visiting The Woodlands?"

Mrs. Paget was greatly bewildered, and would not at first express her opinion of the scheme. But Helen had prepossessed her greatly; she liked both Maggie and Lilian, and guessed that their home would be a happy one. Oswald Thorne, she knew, had lived there, and it was to be supposed that her daughter might do so on similar terms. Amy was not happy at home. This strange gentleman with the fair hair and clearly-cut profile said she had talent; it would be delightful if the girl's life could be made different. For Mrs. Paget

was a good though not a demonstrative or a sagacious mother.

Helen, to whom the idea of Amy's living at St. Martin's Close was speedily mooted, was astonished, but pleased. She was sure there would be no difficulty, and Maggie said the same. Therefore, when the mother and daughter went away after five o'clock tea, the problem had been resolved into one condition only: "If we can persuade papa."

A day or two afterwards Helen was reading with Adela some of their sadly-interrupted Italian author, when a ring was heard at the door and a voice was heard asking for Miss Brooke.

"Amy Paget again—how dreadfully rude of her to ask for you and not for me!" cried Adela, peevishly. "It shows how ill-bred she is to do such a thing in my house."

"I am very sorry," replied Helen, meekly; "she does not go out much, and is not versed in these small observances of etiquette."

"Well, I really don't think you can go, we have been so dreadfully interrupted lately. Your time is scarcely mine at all, now."

Helen thought that every interruption had been by Adela's own arrangement, but said nothing, and did not move when the servant entered to announce her visitor. Her pupil grumbled a little longer and then said uncivilly—

"Well, I suppose you must go, but make the stupid thing understand you can't stay long."

The "stupid thing" had never looked less deserving of the title than when she started up to meet Helen in the drawing-room, radiant with delight.

"You are really looking pretty to-day," reflected the latter as she kissed her.

"Oh, Helen! it's all settled: papa has given me permission! and we have written to your mother, and I am really going to St. Martin's Close with your sisters."

Helen was heartily delighted to hear it, on everybody's account. Here would be a help, she reflected, to her hard-working father, though the last thing that had entered her mind in suggesting the scheme had been to obtain a boarder for the family. She congratulated Amy with all her heart, and contrived to educe a moral lesson, not altogether unnecessary, on the gratitude that was owing to her father and mother.

"Papa was very hard to persuade," said Amy; "but at last he said that, as everything had happened so strangely together for it, he thought it *was* to be, and he would let me go for a few months to see how I got on."

"Would you not like to thank Miss Adela Gascoigne for the share she had in it?" suggested Helen, nervously aware that Adela was fuming in the study at being neglected.

"Oh, yes, if you think I had better," responded the girl, and Helen took her to the young mistress of the house, who received her rather ungraciously. Amy's nervous thanks soon, however, thawed the ice, and Adela condescended to congratulate her very heartily upon the change she had in prospect.

So another life had been brightened by Helen's efforts. Widely apart as were Bobby of the "Polygon" and Amy Paget, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, the fate that, but for Helen, would have befallen each, was of a like nature. She had aroused and brightened them to new possibilities of life by her direct or indirect influence.

What of the other life that she longed to influence? She told herself over and over again that it was hopeless; that Oswald—though here and there, as in the secretaryship of the Broadrain Club, he responded to her appeal—must in the end lead an indolent easy life, as a prosperous do-nothing man, with the wife he had chosen for himself. It cost her many a bitter sigh in the loneliness of her own room at night; but she knew of nothing more she could do. Over and over again some touch of kindness or practical skill in the young man made her think how admirably the possibilities of his nature might have been utilised in the medical profession. "But that is over," she reflected, mournfully, and turned away perforce to other thoughts.

She little dreamt how circumstances in a way that she knew not, were working to change Oswald's future; and if she had known, she would have cried out in distress to avert them. For we know not the way that is best; and would sometimes even turn away from the angel who is coming to meet us as a merciful guide.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

A. HAMMOND.

Sänger in den Zweigen.
Aus Tiefster Seele.
Tanzscene.

By Gustav Lange.—Three brilliant piano solos adapted to the capabilities of moderate players. We recommend them to the notice of our young friends.

Berceuse.
Près d'un Monastère.
Two pieces of average merit.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Bagatelle. By E. J. Reiter.—A very agreeable pianoforte solo; will prove acceptable to our young pianists.

Zwei Clavierstücke. By F. Lichtenstein.—The same may be said of this as the preceding.

Reine de Cœur. By Tito Mattei.—A pianoforte solo with a melodious and pathetic theme. Requires a little skill and careful playing to insure a welcome in the drawing-room.

March of the Forty Thieves. By Michael Watson.—Simple, characteristic, and agreeable.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Joy Bells in the Air. Words and music by Lady William Lennox.—A melodious theme delicately accompanied; music and words sympathetically recalling pleasing recollections of the past.

A. COX.

Water Lily's Answer. Words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pretty, unaffected, and melodious song; both

melody and accompaniment are gracefully blended together. We strongly recommend this to the notice of our young friends.

Biondina. By G. J. Rubini.—A graceful and characteristic piece, within the capabilities of our rising pianists. The same may also be said of—

Alumblatt. By Frederick F. Rogers.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Gavotte in F. By Charles B. Ingham.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

Murielle: une Bagatelle. By W. Bowling
Both these compositions may be recommended.

F. PITMAN.

Meeting. Wait. By Franz Abt. Words by E. Oxenford.—Two pleasing vocal pieces that lie well for average voices.

The best of friends must part sometimes. My love has set sail. By Placide Malva. Words by Oliver Brand.—Two songs, replete with tender sentiment and full of expression.

Love and the Locksmith. Music by George Asch. Words by Claxon Bellamy.—A very spirited and highly commendable song. Will sure to please.

Ulrica. By George Asch.—An agreeable and pleasing pianoforte solo—not difficult, but sufficiently showy to please our young pianists.

Six New Duets for Violin and Pianoforte. By Angelo Costa. Parts 1, 4, and 5 before us are especially euphonious and particularly adapted for amateurs.

Fantasia Violin, with accompaniments for Piano on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. By A. P. Voitus van Hamme.—An agreeable reminiscence of old favourite airs, most ably arranged for violin and piano. Brilliant, without presenting any difficulties. Will be much appreciated by amateurs.

Pitman's Musical Monthly, the first volume of which is before us, is replete with musical information, songs, duets, glees, and instrumental pieces. It is wonderfully got up and bound in the best style for the small sum of 3s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN IRISH GIRL.—You should say, "The House of Lords has," or "The Lords have," and "Which is considered the greater, Lytton or Dickens?" not "Which is Lytton (?) or Dickens considered the greater?" You ought to study Dr. Angus on the English tongue. Write for the handbook to Mr. Tarn, at our office.

ASH, C. W.—You must make inquiries at the school in your neighbourhood, and try to hear of what you want.

QUEEN MAB.—Write direct to the society for information respecting their rules. Of course you should learn the language or dialect of that part of the country to which you are likely to be sent. We heard of a man who went to India as a missionary, and had to return after some time, finding himself quite incapable of learning the language. You need other training besides. Apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W. (Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.)

LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX.—1. You should read advertisements for governesses, and advertise yourself. No one can "command" any salary. The market is overstocked, even with those that are certificated. The question is, what you can get as such. Read our articles on the "Duties of Governesses," so as to judge of the qualifications most essential to render them worth a good salary. 2. The ends of twine left over in making macramé lace might be knotted into fringe. You write fairly well.

MAY GIRLING.—Yes, there is a Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence—English, French,

German, and Italian. It gives two prizes half-yearly; the half-years commence respectively in February and August, the first of each month. Apply to Miss M. Hedge, East Gates, Colchester, Essex.

ENA.—1. We think your spelling, grammar, and writing will have to be much improved before you offer yourself for training as a nurse. The Nightingale Probationers are trained at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, S.E. Apply between 10 and 12, on a Tuesday or Friday, to the matron, or by letter to H. B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W. As a rule candidates should be from twenty-five to forty years of age. At the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, a girl, otherwise eligible, might be received for training at twenty. You may take or drop any Christian name you please. In your position in life we think you have no reason for troubling yourself about it. In domestic service fancy names are often employed instead of the baptismal one.

DANTE'S BEATRICE, WOOD-SORREL, A WEARY WORKER, C. WINNIFRED.—Teaching is an art of itself, and is too often undertaken without due consideration. Those who have a natural gift for it can rivet the attention of their pupils with little effort. Others have to acquire the art by careful study. If your class be composed of boys, consider what subjects and stories would be most interesting to them, having a due regard to their age, and only employ such words as they clearly comprehend. See page 282, vol. 1., where there is an article on "Sunday School Work" (there are two parts).

HOUSEKEEPING.

NANCE.—Clean the plated spoon with plate powder. Perhaps a little chloride of lime carefully rubbed on the vinegar stains might take them off.

BLURGLIE.—Wash the linoleum or floorcloth now and then with milk. A soft cloth and lukewarm water are all that is usually necessary.

KNOWLEDGE SEEKERS.—Any appliances requisite for keeping the house and furniture in proper condition, such as soap, soda, and furniture polish, should be provided by the owners of the house for their own benefit. Board wages for servants retained in the house to take care of it usually amount to eight or ten shillings a week while they are so engaged. If they do not act as caretakers, but go away for holidays to please themselves, their wages continue; but they are considered to be lodged and boarded at their own or their friends' expense, and they pay for their own journeys. It is otherwise if sent away for the convenience of their employers only. While in charge of the house, they should be supplied with bedroom candles and kitchen fire, matches, and gas. For the home study of medical matters, send for "Sick Nursing at Home," 1s. 3d., 170, Strand, London, W.C., often recommended.

WORK.

MARION and B. M. C. should read our article, "The Fairy of the Family," for directions respecting her soiled dress. A friend staying in the house may always be taken by her hostess to pay visits with her.

M. A. B.—For cleaning crape, see "The Fairy of the Family." You will have to steam it.

CORALIE.—The tea-cosy does not need a stiff lining; the wadding and quilting are enough.

JOSHUA.—The colour most in vogue for the winter appears to be green in dark rich tones.

K. L. S. P.—Many thanks for your letter, which we have read with interest.

HOPE will find the newest patterns of patchwork in vol. iii., pages 330 and 340.

TOTTENHAM.—There is a stall in the Soho Bazaar for Lairitz's fir-wool clothing and oil.

LYN.—Ferns and grasses can both be dyed with Judson's dyes, and with little trouble.

KATE LEES, CREWELL.—Full instructions for crewell-work were given in the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

DOROTHEA ELIZABETH.—We never give long patterns for work, which take up much space, and which can be obtained in the shilling work-manual, to be found in fancy shops.

MADCAP NELL.—Such situations are only to be obtained by advertising, and we doubt whether you are quite suited to it. Why not study farming, gardening, dairy work, etc., as you are on a farm? Ladies are turning their attention to these things now with great success. Longfellow says—

"That is best which lieth nearest;
Take from thence thy work of art,"

and it is much the same in everything.

LANCASHIRE LASS and MILDRED OLIVE.—The fancy for eating white paper, dry tea, coffee, rice, or slate-pencil, indicates what is called "a depraved appetite." Try plenty of exercise, sea bathing, tonics, and change of air; consult a doctor as well, and keep such a diseased condition of health as private as possible. Never indulge such unnatural cravings.

WASHDAY must clean the copper with bath-brick and water. It has probably been much neglected.

MAUD BADDELEY.—We shall remember your wishes, and perhaps have one in future.

SERVANT ANNIE.—You will find "toilet ties" at the

nearest fancy-work shop, ready traced, and at very moderate prices.

JESSIE (Ardeonaig).—Finger-glasses are still used at dessert. You will obtain the pattern better by consulting one of the many shilling knitting books.

RUYL SANDS.—We know of nothing better for fastening shells than glue; but it must be carefully and tidily used, or else it will not look nice.

TEACHER has never considered, perhaps, what a valuable record of the manners and habits and materials of a period we possess in dress, and what an indication of character also.

LOUISVILLE (Melbourne).—You must make the alum solution of cold water. We should think you had not used it sufficiently strong to succeed in making your basket.

A. M. R. C. H.—We should advise you, if you desire to make your own dresses, to take a bodice that fits you, and, having picked it, sleeves and all, paste the lining on sheets of brown paper and cut it out. It will last you for some years as a reliable model for your gowns.

A. H.—We recommend that such dresses as cream veiling and lace be sent to a cleaner's; washing them at home is hardly wise, especially if they be intended to be worn as best dresses again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Queen Elizabeth's last words had reference solely to the succession to the throne.

EXCELSIOR.—You should give your frog small snails and woodlice if he cannot find slugs enough in the fernery.

NARCISSEUS.—The first knight made in England by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was Athelstane, by Alfred, A.D. 900.

J. C. W.—We do not think that the gloves would shrink, but you had better clean them only if they are so small.

I. E. A. R.—You had better consult a doctor, as your liver is evidently out of order.

MINSTREL.—The right hand is generally used to pass or hold everything. There is no rule about bread-and-butter. For a formal afternoon tea it is generally "rolled."

EDITH (Hobart, Tasmania).—There is no such thing as an orthodox lawn tennis dress. Members of clubs generally have a costume of their own, and wubs serge is a very favourite material. Some y hite ladies have affected fancy dresses—peasant's, oung girl's, etc. Many thanks for your kind letter. flower A. E. T.—Not poetry, but excellent in feeling and taste.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS must continue to give her dog what it will eat, unless she chooses to starve it into eating dog biscuit, which would be better for it than anything else. She can tame her rabbit only by kindness.

ISOBRO.—We do not think black satin cloth would look had when trimmed with crape. There is no objection to wearing silver jewellery in slight mourning.

FLOS.—Tortoises require no feeding if kept in a garden or lawn, and there is no way of doctoring them.

1. 2. 3.—"Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God" (St. James i. 13, 14.) It is blasphemous to say that the great Creator and Benefactor, "God, placed upon this earth, to tempt mankind, that most cursed of things"—"drink. He hath made "all things very good," but "man has sought out many inventions" (Eccles. vii. 29) and does not "use the world without abusing it." Still, we feel much for you, in respect to your mother's drinking. Could not your father induce her to go into one of the homes for inebriates? There is one at 4, Ebenezer-terrace, Kennington Park, S.W. (St. James's Home), Lord Shaftesbury President, at 15s. a week. For a private Home, apply to Miss Macpherson, 60, Commercial-street, E. The almond trees were given us by our great Creator, and most valuable medicine (prussic acid) is produced from the fruit; but you cannot accuse Him of "tempting men" to commit suicide, because it is a quick and deadly poison also, taken in too large a quantity. Consult your doctor, (or ask your father to do so) as to what you might safely put into the spirits taken by your mother, to give her a distaste for it; and be very careful as to the amount.

RUBY.—You appear to have some congestion of the optic nerve. Go to the hospital, and obtain advice from them; and avoid reading or working at night, and the use of gas, if possible.

ALL ALONE.—Go to a hospital for skin disease, such as that in Leicester-square, and obtain advice. You need immediate treatment.

C. E. PUCKLE.—We should recommend Mr. Hardcastle to tether his imbecile boy to some safe spot, where he can do no harm to himself nor anyone else. As a station-master, surely the father's business is to take care that no one gets upon the line. We regret that we cannot give a vote for the admission of the boy into the Earlswood Asylum, nor publish appeals to the public of such a character in our magazine. They should be sent to some daily paper.

SALLY.—Refer to "The Fairy of the Family," where you will find much about spots and stains; also you will find your query answered many times in our correspondence columns. See the word "Iron-mould" in our indexes. Write roundhand copies.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—We know all about the Christian

my company, and I would not have him go down to Richmond on any account. That young Somers was such a bad friend for him, and Ralph is so easily led. It was a great grief to dear mother that he had taken up so much with several young fellows who were always enticing him to billiards and gambling, and giving him theatre tickets, and I promised her solemnly the day before she died that I would take her place as far as possible. Ralph loved mother dearly, though he often grieved her, and I am sure her words often stand between him and temptation now, though he would not own it. I have found, Florence, that I cannot fulfil my promise unless I set it before everything else, and so that is the reason that sick-visiting and missionary work has to come second, and I am found at a concert or an entertainment much more frequently than in visiting the poor or at a week-night service. You see, father and Ralph do not get on quite well together, and if Ralph gets into any trouble father is so stern with him. But Florrie," she added, softly, "I have never felt so happy in any service. God knows I would be willing, did He appoint, to carry His gospel, as I am so thankful you will do, to the distant heathen; but there is room for an Andrew, too, among His disciples, who bring not three thousand strangers, but one brother to Jesus. And it isn't in vain," she went on, "that I have given up something for Ralph's sake. I am sure I have a great deal more of my brother's love than falls to the share of most sisters, and he doesn't like me to know now if he goes anywhere, or joins any companions which would grieve me. I am always at his disposal in the evenings, so he can't very well keep his whereabouts a secret, and so associations which have been the first steps in the ruin of so many are gradually losing their influence, and being broken off."

"I have noticed," Florence replied, "that Ralph is very fond of music, and how your voice has improved, Nellie. You never learnt singing at school, and your practising was always such a burden to you."

"You must thank Ralph for that," said Nellie. "For the fact is, I never did care for music a bit, and should have dropped it entirely when I left school if I had taken my way, for father doesn't know a dance from a dirge, and you know I never had any ambition to shine in society. So all my spare time was spent over my easel and brushes, and, until the last year, I scarcely touched the piano. But now I can't afford to set anything aside that will help me to please Ralph; and, after a few months of most distasteful drudgery, I found that my much-abused music-mistress having laid a good foundation, I really could play very fairly, and, moreover, a few singing lessons revealed the fact that I had quite a powerful voice; and, do you know, Florrie, instead of a task, singing is a positive delight now; and though I shall never, of course, play brilliantly, none of the accompaniments of Ralph's songs or my own have baffled my powers at present."

"No, indeed, Nellie, nor are they likely to," said Florence. "I was astonished when first I heard you play and sing."

"So you see that is part of my 'mission,'" returned her friend, "just as it is yours to unravel the mysteries of some strange language."

The two girls joined Ralph at the Rose Show the following day, and greatly they all enjoyed it, for Nellie threw her whole soul into the admiration of the exquisite display just as she would have done into the planning of a charity garment, or the reading of a missionary letter, and Florence forgot the zenana working-party altogether.

While Nellie and Ralph were gone to Lady

MacIvor's 'musical evening' Florence had a nice quiet time for writing home-letters. She told Phœbe Statham something of her friend Nellie's patient self-denial and faithful fulfilment of her sacred promise to her dead mother. "Just the work you would approve, Phœbe," she wrote, "and very good and proper, of course; but I am glad I haven't a brother like that to keep me from higher and greater work, and tie me down to music and visiting on his account. Having no such claims as these is in itself a call for me to the wide missionary-field. Nellie is so pleased that I am going to give my life to it."

Wider, more conspicuous indeed, might be the work Florence had chosen, but whether really "higher and greater" must be decided only by Him who said alike to the traders with the five and with the two talents, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

A Shadow. Words by Adelaide Procter. Music by Arthur Sullivan.—These genuinely poetical verses have been set in a sympathetic spirit; both melody and accompaniment are worthy of the gifted composer.

Pack, Clouds, Away! Words by Thomas Heywood. Music by Jessie Botterill.—A very pretty and agreeable song; there is an originality of style about the music which will greatly aid its successful performance.

On the River. Words and music by Michael Watson.

Dearer than Life. Words and music by the same composer.—This prolific writer well maintains his reputation in the two songs before us.

Vieni, che poi sereno. Cavatina per contralto dell'Opera, *Semiramis*. Chr. von Gluck.—We are very pleased to see an old favourite so ably arranged, and so well adapted to the capabilities of our young rising vocalists; we would like to have a few more come under our notice. We recommend this cavatina to our readers.

Sister Agnes. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—This is worthy of recommendation.

Spagnoletta. By Herbert Sharpe.—A pleasing pianoforte piece of a Spanish character.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Fisher-girl's Song. Poetry by J. C. Wollaston. Music by John E. West.—A well-written and charming song; the arpeggio accompaniment and change of keys is most effective.

A Proverb Song. Written and composed by W. E. West.—A simple little song, with a bright refrain in six-eight time.

METZLER AND CO.

Three Drawing-room Pieces for Pianoforte.

Composed by J. Hoffman.

No. 1. Gavotte.

No. 2. Love Song.

No. 3. The Amazon.

"The Amazon," which we have before us, is a very showy, taking little piece, short enough to be easily committed to memory, and certain of appreciation if proper attention be paid to the carefully-marked expressions and time.

If we may take "The Amazon" as a specimen of the "Gavotte and "Love Song," we can most confidently recommend these drawing-room pieces to our young friends.

C. B. TREE.

The Tyrolese Valse. By H. Davan Wetton.—A well-marked melody, with good introduction. There is no difficulty for a moderately advanced reader of changing keys.

Cleathorne. Gavotte in B flat. By the same composer.—This is a spirited, bright gavotte, suitable for a more advanced pupil with a wider span, the chords requiring firmness and decision. The fact that this gavotte is in its tenth edition proves it to be a favourite.

Capital Polka. By Nicoli.—A very easily-arranged polka, fully realising its title; it is written in one flat.

The Electric Light. Schottische. By Frederick Croft.—Short and easy; written in the key of C, and quickly learnt.

Pédora. Gavotte. Composed by A. H. Harvey.

Claire de Lune. Schottische. By the same composer.

Two pleasing, moderately difficult pieces, repaying the learner for the time used as a recreation from more severe musical studies.

The Greenwood. Valses. By J. W. Robinson.—Four good waltzes with finale; well marked, and easily learnt.

Leave it all with Jesus. A sacred song. Words by J. N. Selman. Music by T. T. Smith.—We have great satisfaction in recommending this sacred song to our friends with soprano or mezzo-soprano voices. The tone of the words, as well as the melody of the music, render "Leave it all with Jesus" a graceful addition to our library of "sacred songs."

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Sonata in F. For the pianoforte. By Edwin M. Lott.—An excellent study for small hands (for which it is expressly written), varied in its arrangement; carefully fingered, and interesting. We recommend this sonata to the patient and steady practice of our young friends who desire to become good pianoforte players, rather than the scrambling performers to whom we are frequently doomed to listen.

Marjorie. Maypole Dance. For the piano. By Louis Diehl.—A bright, sparkling little drawing-room piece. If played with understanding and attention to the most clearly marked expressions and fingering, it cannot fail to gain pleased listeners.

Floating. Barcarolle. By Barry M. Gilholy.—A smooth, quiet, andante movement, soft and dreamy. Not at all difficult; just the music for twilight.

Venice. Waltz. By W. F. Taylor.—A good and quiet easy waltz, written with an introduction and finale.

The Gondolier. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—The idea of the gondolier's song mingling with the pealing of the vesper bell is worked out pleasingly, the accompaniment being suitable and easily played.

The Rovers. Words by Miss Sarah Doudney. Music by Seymour Smith.—The song is written for a contralto voice; a pathetic tale, told as Miss Doudney is so capable of writing. The melody is telling and well harmonised.

A Sea Song. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—Another sailor's song, written for a baritone. Very easy and unpretentious.

Why do I Love Thee? Words by Charles Mackey. Music by Cécile Hartog.—A nice little song for soprano voice, with easy but not commonplace accompaniment.

By Celia's Arbour. Words by Thomas Moore. Music by W. Monk Gould.—The well-known words by Thomas Moore have been smoothly and pleasingly set to music within a moderate compass, with a nicely-written accompaniment.

the ancients); "they think only of conveying the impression of nature into the mind of the spectator, and chiefly of forcing upon his feelings those delicate and refined truths of specific form which are just what the careless eye can least enjoy, because they are intended by the Deity to be the constant objects of our investigation, that they may be the constant source of our pleasure."

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL,
EDINBURGH,
ART CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.



In addition to their other classes in which instruction is given, oral or by correspondence, in all subjects included in the Edinburgh University Local Examinations and in the St. Andrew's University LL. A. examinations, the committee of the St. George's Hall Classes

have for several sessions carried on with great success, as a separate branch, Art Correspondence Classes, practical and historical. These classes have been formed for the purpose of meeting the wants of students, especially of two kinds. First—Young students who are being taught at home, but who have got the length of requiring in drawing something beyond the general instruction of the schoolroom. It was feared at first that it would be useless for very young pupils to join a correspondence class, as personal superintendence was absolutely necessary to progress; and this is no doubt true as a general rule; but personal superintendence of a prescribed lesson is in most families possible, though time and ability to give the lesson are not to be had; and it has been found practically that with a very little care and attention on the part of an older head at home, most satisfactory progress can be made in a correspondence class by pupils of twelve or thirteen years old and upwards. Second—Older students who have left school, and are desirous of continuing their art studies began at school, or of beginning them, because in the press of other work they have been omitted from their school course. The history of art especially is a subject which is rarely, if ever, touched upon during school years, and many students return to their homes "finished," without knowing so much as the names of the great painters and sculptors of the world. For such students the History of Art Class proves a most helpful and interesting supplement to their education. It has also been found very useful as a preparation for foreign travel, as infinitely more benefit can be derived from a short visit to a great gallery if the visitor knows beforehand, from reading and from photographs, the subject and design of its great masterpieces.

By the practical students of art the study of its history ought to be regarded as a more

essential branch of training than is the case at present. The technical difficulties of art are so great that they are apt, in many cases, to absorb the attention to the exclusion of the intellectual side; and when, after years of work, proficiency is attained in drawing from the antique and from life, the student is brought to a standstill by finding that now that the power of expression has been acquired there are no ideas to express, and that all the years of plodding toil at externals have stifled, instead of stimulated, the imagination. This sad contingency can best be avoided by greater attention to general culture, and especially by the study of the meaning and purpose of art, and of what can be done in it, and has been done in it, by the great painters of the past, of the circumstances in which they worked, and of the influences which guided their development.

A great obstacle is frequently thrown in the way even of students who are most anxious for instruction in such subjects by the fact that lectures and classes generally take place during the day, when it is impossible to spend precious daylight in attendance on them. This obstacle is completely removed by correspondence classes, as students in them have the work at their own taking, to do when they can best find leisure for it.

In the elementary drawing class some of Harding's lessons in drawing are used, and are found particularly useful in a class of this sort, where great attention has to be paid to bringing the pupil's mind to bear upon the lessons, and to the explanation of the principles on which they are founded, in order to counter-balance the loss of the hand-to-hand and eye-to-eye training of the ordinary drawing class. Free-hand copies are also given, and drawings of real objects, such as boxes, chairs and tables, and of flowers, are prescribed. In the more advanced classes some of Winsor and Newton's handbooks are used as text-books, and subjects are prescribed for original drawings by the students, in colour or black and white, of still life, landscapes, or figures. A very careful selection of copies has also been made. These include many of Messrs. Goupil's beautiful reproductions from charcoal drawings of landscapes by eminent artists, which can be copied by the students in charcoal or water-colour; outline and shaded drawings of the figure in various attitudes; animals, &c. Plaster casts are also supplied; bas-reliefs of flowers, groups of fruit, heads of animals, hands, feet, &c.; and a duplicate of each is kept by the tutor, from which to correct the student's drawing.

Great proficiency cannot, of course, be attained in a class of this sort in so difficult a subject as figure drawing, but a very good foundation may be laid for future study, or the student's powers may be tested in order to decide whether such future study is desirable, by thoroughly mastering the proportions of the figure in the lessons from the text-books, in drawing from the very excellent copies supplied, and then in drawing from nature figures or parts of figures set in the same positions as the copies. The chief difficulty in a correspondence class seems to be that from not seeing others at work each individual does not realise that the mistakes she makes are more or less common to all. Some are apt to expect that lessons will work a charm, and others that with text-books they can learn alone. Experience seems to show that regular criticism of the work done is in most cases the impetus required for steady progress, and that a little guidance will often suffice to keep the pupil in the straight road, when without it much time would have been wasted in the application of mistaken methods for the realisation of mistaken aims.

In the History of Art Class the text-books for next session are "Architecture: Gothic

and Renaissance," by T. Roger Smith, and "Classic and Italian Painting," by E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Percy R. Head. General reading connected with the history of the time under consideration, the subjects of pictures, and the biographies of eminent painters, is also prescribed, for which students can be supplied with books out of the very excellent library of works on the history and theory of art, which has been formed in connection with the classes.

The classes are open to both male and female students, and as in many cases some guidance in drawing is desired during the holidays, arrangements have been made for giving practical instruction at all seasons.

All information may be had from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Houldsworth, Springfield House, Bolton, near Edinburgh.

NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Old Sailors. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Edwin M. Lott.—A regular "Jack Tar's" song, suitable for a tenor voice; very easy.

A Lullaby. Words and music by W. Monk Gould.—W. Monk Gould has also felicitously added another good tenor song for the lovers of smooth and graceful vocal music.

Dear Bird of Winter. Expressly composed for, and dedicated to, Mme. Adelina Patti. Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by Wilhelm Ganz.—This song is written in three keys, E flat, F, and in G. Although by no means a difficult composition for the voice or pianoforte, it requires a good singer if the cadenzas are to be attempted. These, however, may be omitted without destroying the smoothness of the melody.

With the Daisies at Her Feet. A love ditty. Written and composed by Frank Austin.—A very simple little song, which can be easily learnt by any of our young singers.

METZLER AND CO.

Day-Break. Serenade. By Joseph Barnby. Words by Victor Hugo.—A very well-written song, in three keys, B, C, and D flat. The air is fresh and pleasing, and the accompaniment good.

Lessons Sweet of Spring Returning. Words by Keble. Music by Maria E. H. Stisted.—The music is expressive of the words, and the accompaniment very appropriate.

ROBERT COCKS.

Grandmother's Sweetheart. Words by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Michael Watson. Written in the keys C and D.—A homelike little episode, prettily written and gracefully set to music. The accompaniment is simple.

J. B. CRAMER.

The Early Leaflet. With French and English words. Music by G. Lefort.—An easy little song, for voices of small compass. The accompaniment is very easy.

KEPPEL AND CO.

In After Years. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—An agreeable and pleasing song, words and music harmonising well together.

We've said Farewell. Words by Mme. Rosita Foli. Music by Tito Mattei.—A contralto song of more than ordinary merit, the accompaniment, rather intricate, requiring careful playing.

Apropos of curtains, I always have white curtains made with a three-inch hem at the top, and run the curtain-rod through it; they keep much tidier than with hoops or rings, and do better, as one never requires to draw white curtains backwards and forwards.

Thursday morning we commence the dining-room, proceeding in the same way as in the other rooms, except that we must take down the pictures to clean the paper; this we do with bread thus:—Take a household loaf a day old, cut off the top and bottom crusts, cut the loaf in half, and beginning next the ceiling rub the walls all over; it is generally best to rub round with the bread, it sometimes makes the paper look streaky, if you rub up and down. It is quicker and less wasteful to use the half loaf to rub with than small pieces. A moderate-sized room, if the paper is really dirty, will take a quarter of bread.

We have some oil paintings in our dining-room; I only dust these with a silk handkerchief. I clean any frames that need it. There are many preparations sold for this purpose, but I have not found anything as good as cold water and a camelhair brush, removing as I go on as much of the water as I can from the frames with the brush, and draining them afterwards. They must not be dried, as a cloth might injure the gilt.

The paint in our dining-room is grained and varnished, so we wash it well with soap and water, and rub it with dry cloths afterwards. The mantelpiece is black marble; it is polished with the furniture polish; which, of course, must be well rubbed off, so as not to remain greasy.

The brass window pole and rings are washed in plain hot water, and polished with a leather; they look quite new again. As soon as we finish in the dining-room, our little maid goes down to clean the stair-rod; these she does with brick-dust and droppings of sweet oil, as they last longer without tarnishing than when cleaned with brick-dust and water.

Meanwhile the cook goes to prepare her kitchen, which must be whitewashed; every possible thing is taken out. The man comes on Thursday evening to wash the dirt off the ceiling, as that must always be done, and the ceiling allowed to dry before it can be whitened. Friday morning the sweep comes before breakfast, and the whitewasher directly after. While the man is doing the ceiling the servants sweep the staircase walls, clean the stairs, polish the handrail, put down the carpets, beeswax the oilcloth in the inner hall, beat the mats, face down on the grass, and scrub the tiles in the doorway with soft soap and silver sand.

By the time they finish in the hall the whitewasher has gone, and they begin in the kitchen. As I am very particular about things being always kept clean in the kitchen, there is not really very much more than the ordinary work to do, excepting that all the paint has a good scrub with soap and water, or rather we generally use washing powder and hot water for kitchen paint.

Our coppers are kept bright with soft soap and silver sand. I fancy some of my young readers will be astonished at my preference for plain water for so many purposes, and so they would be if I were to mention all the things for which we use silver sand; there is nothing better for scrubbing platters, kitchen tables, dressers, etc. Saucepans we clean by boiling ashes, soda, and water in them. The metal dish covers are all washed inside and out with hot water and soda, and then cleaned with brass polishing paste. We use the same kind of paste for the brass door handles.

The kitchen, pantry, larder, scullery, etc., are finished on Saturday, and I go through the house and paint all the black stoves and fenders with Berlin black, so that during the

summer they need only be dusted. I prefer Berlin black to Brunswick for this purpose, because it is comparatively dull. Brunswick black we use to paint the insides of bedroom pails and cans; it dries much more quickly than paint, preserves the can equally well, and does not make the water taste after once or twice using the cans. Hot vinegar removes ink marks from mahogany and other polished furniture. Sometimes we have done a little whitewashing ourselves round the sides of the larder, or other small places. The following is the way to make whitewash:—Take a lump of whiting, break it, and put water enough to it to form a thick paste. Melt half a pound of size with half a pint of water; when quite hot stir to the whiting. If you want the whitewash stone-colour, add a little blue black and a little yellow ochre. Home-made whitewash smells less than bought.

I think in mentioning what is wanted for the spring cleaning, I should have put down "good temper," for certainly it is impossible to get over the most disagreeable week in the year quickly and well without this. I do not forget to show my servants how I think they have done their part, either by a little present or by taking them to some entertainment.

NEW MUSIC.

KEPPEL AND CO.

At the Fair. Written and composed by Luscombe Scarelle.—A pretty, lively, and effective composition, presenting no difficulties.

A Passing Cloud. Song. Written by A. W. Music by Harriet Young.—An attractive and pretty song, the melody agreeable, and the accompaniment ably written.

Bright Days of My Childhood.—Can be well recommended as a pathetic and expressive song of moderate compass.

Can You Forget?—A song of average merit. Would suit a contralto.

A Regal March. By the same composer.—Is well worthy of notice by our young friends as a drawing-room pianoforte solo.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

There came a little child to earth. Sacred song. Written by Emily Elliott. Composed by Franklin Peterson.—A charmingly-conceived song set to beautiful words, which we have pleasure in recommending.

CHAPPELL AND CO.

The Singing Brook. Capriccio. For piano. By Barry M. Gilholy.—A pleasing solo, suitable for small hands.

Scottish Melodies. Arranged by F. G. Randallson.—Twelve of the most familiar Scotch airs arranged in an easy form to suit young pianists.

WEEKES AND CO.

Chanson Anglaise. Mélodie originale. Par George F. Vincent.—A showy and agreeable pianoforte solo, with a melodious theme, and brilliant arpeggio passages.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING Co.

Danse Espagnole. Par George F. Vincent.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Staccato and Legato. Capriccio. By the same composer.

Both these pianoforte solos are worthy the attention of fairly able pianists. The *Danse Espagnole* is rather impregnated with Spanish character, and is a charming composition.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Love that hath us in the net. Words by Lord Tennyson. Music by E. Hatzfeld.—An interesting and singable composition, considerably above the average merit.

Arise, Beloved. Written and composed by Kate Ralph.—This song displays a great deal of talent; the accompaniment is most effective, and in keeping with the words.

At the Feet of my Love. Composed by Kate Ralph. Words by Hamilton Aidé.—This is a charming and uncommon composition, refined and wholesome.

Fourth Tarantella. By Walter Macfarren.—This will be received with much favour; it is characteristic, and not too difficult.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Beyond the Stars. Words by J. S. Lyons. Music by Edward Marlois.—A graceful theme, perfectly in consonance with the poetry. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Mai tout en fleurs. Music by Edward Marlois. Words by Victor Hugo.—This is also worthy the attention of young vocalists.

Birds of Balm Woodlands. Tyrolienne. By J. B. Wekelin. Words by W. Czerny.—A sparkling and brilliant composition; may be recommended as a good vocal piece; requires a good soprano and flexible voice to render it full justice.

The following instrumental pieces will be found worthy the attention of our youthful pianists:—

Repose. Sketch by Berthold Tours, with violin and violoncello accompaniment.

Canzona. Par J. Raff.

Fragments Favoris de J. S. Bach. Transcription par D. Brocca.

Viola. By Max Schröter.

Also an excellent and useful arrangement of all the major and minor scales in double notes from thirds to octaves, with all the major and minor chords by Czerny.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Jeu d'Esprit. By H. C. Burnham.

The Minstrel's Harp. By Farley Newman.

Souvenir d'un Bal. Par Henri Logé.

Valse de Salon. Par Frank Austin.

These compositions are all worthy of notice.

The Daisy. Words by J. Montgomery. Music by Frank Austin.—This is a pretty, simple song, very suitable to a small voice, and is of easy compass.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

At Prayers. Words by M. Summerling. Music by Berthold Tours.

The Orphan's Prayer. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Berthold Tours, with *ad lib.* harmonium accompaniment.

Both these compositions are full of feeling and pathos, and charmingly sympathetic with the words.

Only a Memory. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Key.

Unseen Singers. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.

The Realm of Bliss. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Arthur Briscoe.

These songs are far above the average, and we cordially commend them to the attention of our young vocalists.

Glistening Waves. Morceau de Salon. Composed by Henri Stanislaus.—A melodious and acceptable little piece, presenting no undue difficulties to young pianists.

The Vesper Voluntaries. For organ or harmonium. By Arthur J. Greenish.—Book No. 5 before us contains a series of twelve progressive and original voluntaries; they are very pleasing, and have the merit of being within the compass of moderate performers.

sky, she sees the red sunset burning through the wood above her father's fields, and the well-known figures coming homeward across the pastures.

"Ah," she sighs, brushing away a tear, "I wonder whether I shall indeed find everything just the same when I go back! How glad—how very glad I should be to lift the latch of the old door and look in on them all to night!"

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Love-Lily and other songs. Words by Dante G. Rossetti. Music by Edward Dannreuther.—These songs are most æsthetic and advanced in style, and no one but a highly cultivated and exceptionally intelligent musician should purchase them. They are well worth study as being specimens of the ultra-modern school fashionable at present in our London drawing-rooms. There are six songs in the collection, and those most preferred by us are:

Autumn Song.—A most delightful poem, albeit of the sentimental and doleful order, set in a musicianly and highly sympathetic style. The second,

Plighted Promise, is more difficult, and full of exceeding great passion; while

My Father's Close is at once dainty, tuneful, original, and beautiful.

WEEKES AND CO.

Six Songs (separately issued), by Joseph F. Duggan.—Certainly a most wonderful collection, but full of interest and sometimes of great beauty. They are very varied in character, but all wild, and, generally speaking, uncanny. As Mr. Duggan is the composer of the quiet and charming song, "Many a time and oft," which used to be sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby in a sincerely pathetic manner, it seems all the stranger that he should issue these. The collection is called "A First Series of Rhythmic Tentatives," and the motto employed is "rhythm alone is sufficient to recast the entire fount of musical idea." The first song of the series,

Anacreon, is a temperance song set in a bombastic spirit resembling the old drinking ditties, and reminding one of the Amen Chorus in Berlioz's *Faust*, sung in ridicule by men "in their cups." It is clever, though very trying to sing. Bass voice required. The next song,

Elleree, is the best in the collection, and when sung after much study is sure to be liked. It is weird and grand, with a splendid verse of a religious character at the end.

The Lily of the Lake is the third song, and is intended for a tenor. As it is written in 7-4 time, our readers will see that the song is of an original character; apart from this, however, it is a lovely composition, and one which will haunt the singer for many a day. The remaining songs we must beg our readers, who care to do so, to read and judge for themselves, as we are much limited for space this month.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Album of Six Songs. Words by Shelley. Music by Ernest Ford.—These songs are sure not to become popular, for they are too refined and thoughtful. Some of them, notably "Heart's Devotion" and "Bridal Song," are at once powerful and full of choice phrases. Every lover of advanced modern songs is recommended to try them. Written for soprano or tenor.

VARIETIES.

A LOST DONKEY.

An Italian rustic used to carry corn to a neighbouring town on asses, which he frequently hired for the journey. Once on his return home from market he felt fatigued, and mounted the best donkey he had with him. When getting near his cottage he counted the asses that were in front, but took no account of the animal he was on, so that he fancied one was missing.

Full of anxiety, he left the asses with his wife, charging her to take them back to their owners, and forthwith returned to the market town, seven miles distant, still riding the same beast, and inquiring of all those he met on the way if they had not found a stray donkey.

All answered in the negative, and he came home at night, sad and grieved at the loss of the donkey. At last he dismounted, and found that he had before his eyes the animal he had taken so much trouble to look for.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

A gentleman who was on his way home one dark night was encountered by a footpad with the demand, "Your money or your life!"

"Alas!" said the gentleman, "you can't have any money; I have just been to a bazaar."

The highwayman immediately recognised the force of this reasoning, and even offered a contribution out of his own pocket.

THE JUDGE AND THE BANDBOX.

The famous chief justice, Lord Ellenborough, was on one occasion about to start on circuit when his wife expressed a desire to accompany him. "Very well," said he, "but remember there are to be no bandboxes tucked under the seat of the carriage, as I have too often found when honoured before with your ladyship's company."

She promised to meet his wishes, and they set out together. They had not gone very far when the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had expressly forbidden.

Down the window went with a bang, and out went the bandbox into the ditch.

The startled coachman at once pulled up. "Drive on," said the judge, sternly, "and let the thing lie where it is."

They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court.

"And now where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been found.

"Your wig, my lord," answered the servant, tremulously, "was in that bandbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along."

THE DOGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—It is an interesting fact that Shakespeare had not only no love for dogs, but a real dislike to them. Horses he could admire, but for dogs he had no good word. He evidently looked upon them all more or less as curs, snappish and cowardly, and in having no corner in his heart for dogs he stands almost alone amongst large-hearted men.

FRIENDLY TALK.—The world has few greater pleasures than that which two friends enjoy in tracing back, at some distant time, those transactions and events through which they have passed together.—*Dr. Johnson*

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

PROGRESS is one of the watchwords of this nineteenth century. We are in duty bound to "report" it. We have already chronicled that this is the jubilee year of the Princess Louise Home—its fiftieth birthday—and we have now to tell what is being done to celebrate it. In the first place, there are great projects concerning the amendment and consolidation of the Home itself. When its excellent founder, Mr. Talbot, inaugurated it the house at Wanstead was in better condition than it is now. It is not inaptly called "Woodside," for not only is it at one end of Epping Forest, but one wing of it is built of wood. This said woodwork is crumbling away, worm-eaten during this past half-century, and causing constant alarm on account of its inflammable character. An incautiously-dropped lucifer match, or carelessly-placed lamp, may set it alight, and cause a serious conflagration. The dining-hall and schoolroom are also in a very rickety and dangerous condition, and altogether Time has set his foot on the place, and left marks that need effacing. It is therefore proposed to keep this, our fiftieth anniversary, by repairing and building. Already the Marquis of Lorne has kindly presided over a meeting to consider the best means for effecting this. Of course "funds" are the means. One of the dreams of the secretary and his coadjutors has been to add a proper laundry to the establishment, so that the elder girls may aid in their own maintenance. This, as well as the reconstruction of the dilapidated hall and schoolroom, and the replacement of the woodwork by stone and plaster, has been well talked over by the meeting aforesaid, the results of which have not yet transpired. We will hope success may attend them.

Everybody is musical nowadays, and no festival is complete without the aid of the divine art. Accordingly the Fisk Jubilee Singers have generously promised a concert for the benefit of the Institution, and that patron of noble deeds, the Marquis of Westminster, has opened Grosvenor House for the occasion. It is to take place on the 20th of April—a date, we fear, prior to the publication of this paper, though subsequent to the writing thereof.

Of one date, however, we trust our readers will take heed. At 2 p.m. on Saturday, May 30, the fiftieth annual meeting of the Princess Louise Home will, D.V., be held in Exeter Hall. This is truly a great event in its annals, since such assemblies have usually taken place in the Home. But golden birthdays can only occur twice in a century. Those friends of unprotected girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have promised to be there; the former as chairman, the latter to present the prizes to the girls, transported from Woodside to the Strand for the occasion. And another friend of all the poor, our good East-end Bishop—of Bedford, so-called—will be there to speak for the Home and the waifs and strays of his unique diocese, of whom some of our girls form part. It must be a pathetic and interesting meeting, therefore we say to our readers, old and young, "Come!"

We are asked to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of a parcel of stockings from Cumberland, knitted by the Misses Nixon, and 5s. contributed by Miss Nash.

my part I had no idea how sorely I should miss my little pupil."

"I always knew what her loss would be to me," returned Miss Carrington, with some emotion; "that is the worst of isolating one's affections. I have so few who are absolutely necessary to me; only you and Greville and Ailie—three out of this worldful of millions; it seems wrong somehow."

"The fewer to love—the fewer to leave," replied the old man, somewhat dreamily; "but," rousing himself, "I believe you are right, Miss Diana. We ought to open our hearts wider, and compel the many to come in. There must be something niggardly in our natures if we find it so difficult to care for people. Love begets love, so they say. We lose both principal and interest if we lay up our talents in a napkin."

"Do you know," observed Miss Carrington, a little abruptly, "that Greville is very angry with me for sending Ailie away?"

"Oh, he has written to you, has he?" with a half smile, for he had already received a stormy letter from his grandson on the same subject.

"Yes; he is as indignant as possible about the sacrifice, as he terms it. He calls me shabby for not letting him into the secret; he declares he shall go round by Chesterton on his way home and have it out with Alison, but I have put a stop to that."

"What! you deprived him and Sunny of that poor little pleasure? What a hard-hearted woman you are, Miss Diana; and yet you were young yourself once."

"My dear friend, it would not do at all," returned Miss Carrington, in her most resolute tone. "You spoil that boy so dreadfully that you give in to all his whims. You want me to keep you all in order."

"But where would be the harm?" persisted Mr. Moore, smiling. "Just a call and a chat; why, it would do Sunny good."

"No, no; it would only unsettle her. Greville shall go down to The Helms some day, but not just yet. Ailie will get on better if we leave her entirely to herself the first few months. Why, unless things go very wrong, I do not intend to go down myself until next spring. But Greville, oh no; I told him on no account to do it."

"And you expect him to obey you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he will obey me now. Later on, perhaps—but we shall see. I am sure it would be only cruel kindness for Greville to unsettle her. She frets enough after us, I am sure of that, and seeing him will only bring us more vividly before her. Besides, there are other reasons; but, my good old friend, you do not often distrust my wisdom."

"Nor do I now," he returned, slowly. "I was only putting myself in my boy's place, and thinking how he must long for a glimpse of Sunny. Have it your own way, Miss Diana; Greville is almost as much your boy as he is mine, and I know you would not cross him if you could help it."

"No, indeed," she replied, very

gently, "I think you, and Greville, too, may trust me." And then the conversation dropped.

It was an odd thing, but when Greville read Miss Carrington's letter, his face first clouded with disappointment, but after a second perusal it suddenly cleared.

"All right, my dear old Carri," he said to himself. "I understand more than you think, perhaps more than you intended; well, you shall be obeyed this time, and without much grumbling; but next year, if I pass this examination, you and grandfather shall see." And then he took up his straw hat, thrust the letter into his pocket-book, still smiling, and went down to the lake, where his boat was waiting, whistling as merrily as a blackbird all the time.

"Ailie," asked Roger, suddenly, as they sat together in the timber-yard one evening, "what has become of that fellow, Greville Moore? I never hear anything about him now."

"He has joined a reading party at Keswick this vacation," returned Alison, throwing a stick into the canal for Otter to find; "and after that I believe he and Mr. Moore are going to Cornwall. Aunt Diana said something about it in her last letter."

"And Aunt Di is going to the Swiss Tyrol, is she not?"

"Yes, I believe so," returned Alison, turning her face away. Roger thought she was only interested in Otter's movements, and he rose lazily to find another stick.

But Alison's dark eyes were suddenly full of tears. Roger knew nothing of those long winter talks in the twilight, when she and Aunt Diana were having blind man's holiday until the lamp was brought in. How they had planned out that delightful trip that Aunt Diana was now to take alone; the weeks that were to be spent among the Swiss mountains when she and Alison were to fill their sketchbooks, and Aunt Diana was to find a scene for her new picture. Alison had never been abroad, and the previous year Mr. Moore had been ill, and Miss Carrington had refused to leave him, and they had only gone to Hastings later on with him and Greville. It was a happy time, she remembered, and full of pleasant recollections; but Greville would have joined them in Switzerland.

Miss Carrington had said very little about it in her letter; it was a painful subject to both. She was going quite alone now; some friends of hers were in the Engadine, and would join her, if she wished it, but she would miss her dear little companion all the same.

"Come along, Ailie," exclaimed Roger, drawing her arm through his. "It feels cold and damp. It is hardly prudent to sit so long. Come into the schoolroom and give me a lesson."

Alison rose silently, and in the dim light brushed something from her cheek, but Roger noticed nothing amiss when she asked him in her usual voice what song he would try. "It would only vex him if he knew how disappointed I am," she thought, "so I will not tell him, and perhaps some day, if I am very good, Aunt Diana may still take me to

Switzerland." And with this thought she resolutely set herself to play Roger's accompaniment.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

We have received the following interesting drawing-room pieces of moderate difficulty, which, we think, will prove acceptable to many of our young friends:—

Maritana. (Wallace.) Sydney Smith.

Antwerp. E. M. Loit.

Bruges. E. M. Loit.

Puck, Romeo and Juliet. Nos. 1 and 2 of "Pianoforte Illustrations from Shakespeare." By Seymour Smith.

Lesbia. By J. Pridham.

Gavotte in G. By J. S. Anderson.

Sleep on, my Heart. Lullaby. Translated from the German by the Rev. J. Kingston, R.N. Music by J. Baptist Cattlin.—An exceptionally good song, melodious, expressive, and delicately treated throughout.

Fleur-de-lis. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by H. A. Muscat.—A pretty little song, well written, and of moderate compass.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

My Love Loves for Ever. Written by E. Oxenford. Music by Henry Pontet.—A melodious theme, with a pretty and bright burden in triple time, sympathetic with the poetry.

Just for the Old Love's Sake. By Mrs. Henry Shield.—A tranquil melody, with an appropriate accompaniment, presenting no difficulties.

Nos. 2, 5, and 6 of *Lieder Ohne Worte.* By Ed. Heinrich.—These three compositions are highly meritorious. Nos. 2 and 6 are especially graceful, and worthy of commendation.

DAVISON AND DAVISON.

Beethoven's *Largo*, from first concerto, arranged by Henry Klein.

The Cloister. March. Composed by Carl Zoeller.

Minuet and Trio. By the same composer. These may be recommended to our young amateurs as worthy their attention.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Nos. 13 and 14 of "Morley's Voluntaries for Organ or Harmonium."

The two numbers before us are not behind their predecessors; they are well-written, and both pleasing and satisfactory.

The following six songs, by favourite composers, can be well recommended:—

The Light of the Land. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.

Fen. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Cotsford Dick.

If you Marry. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Thomas Hutchinson.

Home Dreams. Words by M. Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.

Heart to Heart. Words by M. Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.

The Clang of the Hammer. Words by G. W. Southey. Music by Theo. Bonheur.

HENRY KLEIN.

The Last Muster. Words by Juba Kennerley. Composed by Henry Pontet, with accompaniment for harmonium.—A thoroughly vocal theme; expresses the words most sympathetically.

A Shilling and a Kiss. Written by Frederick Wood. Composed by Henry Pontet.—Lively and amusing; very likely to become popular.

Can He Forget. Words by Omagh. Music by Harold Gordon.
Saved by a Child. Written by Nemo. Composed by M. Piccolomini.
 Both are worthy of commendation.
Réverie. By E. Parsons.—A brilliant pianoforte piece, will suit the capabilities of a moderate performer, and requires clear and firm playing.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. By Henry Klein.—An old favourite very pleasingly arranged as a pianoforte solo, presenting no difficulties.
Rosa. Gavotte. Composed by Frederic Burgiss.
Buxton Promenade March. By the same composer.



MISCELLANEOUS.

We have received the following letter from one of our readers:—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been reading your *Answers to Correspondents* in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for February, and saw the reply given to "Annie May" to the effect that if she had only ten shillings a month for dress she must make it do. I suppose I may gather from that that she has been, and perhaps is, of the opinion that it is not enough. If you will pardon me for taking up your time, I should like to tell you how I make the same sum answer very well indeed for my own dress expenses. I am in service, and have very good wages, and have always been in the habit of keeping a strict account of every penny I spend; but it was not until I read the articles on "Girls' Allowances" that I adopted the plan of having what I call a "guide list of expenditure." On comparing my accounts year after year, I found that I usually spent £6 per annum upon dress; but, of course, as I had no fixed rule to go by, it was only by chance that I kept to that amount; but now, by the help of the above mentioned article, I have a list which I keep to as much as possible. Of course, it needs revision according to the state of my wardrobe at the end of the year. I am my own dressmaker and milliner, and knit my own winter stockings, and make it a rule never to buy anything I can make. Of course, it is needless to say one does not want the same things every year, so as I bought a fur cape for this winter, I intend, if I am spared, to buy a jacket for next. Last year I bought a nice cloak for 16s. 6d., which will last me for years, so that, taking one year with another, the expenses are pretty well balanced. Perhaps it will be thought that some of the sums mentioned in the list I have enclosed are almost too small, such as gloves and handkerchiefs; but a girl with only 10s. a month cannot afford to indulge in any expensive whims. With regard to gloves, I may say that in the warm weather I always wear black taffeta; they are less expensive and more serviceable than kid; and as to the handkerchiefs, one can always buy them in twos or threes at a sale, and they are better, I think, than one would get in buying them in the ordinary way, as the drapers are generally anxious to get rid of the odd ones, and will sell really good ones at a reduced rate.

List of Expenses for One Year.

	£	s.	d.
Stays	0	4	6
Undermen	0	4	6
Petticoat	0	2	6
Stockings	0	5	10½
Handkerchiefs	0	1	4½
Print dress	0	4	0
Boots and shoes	1	9	6
Summer dress	0	14	6
Winter dress	0	19	6
Fur cape	0	14	9
Hat	0	5	6
Gloves	0	6	0
Sundries	0	7	6
Total	£6	0	0

Of course, expensive frilling and lace cannot be indulged in; a little good frilling for the best dress is all I ever indulge in. That, with buttons, cottons, &c., is included in the "sundries" in my list. I may also add that any edging I may require for trimming I make myself, either in crochet or tatting. I do not know, Mr. Editor, whether you may think this short account of how I manage my dress allowance will be of any use to your readers, but if you do, you are quite at liberty to make what use you like of it, and also the list. I should like to say, in conclusion, that, although I have good wages, yet I do not think I have any right to spend more than is necessary upon dress, and it is quite possible to dress nicely upon the sum I have mentioned. With warmest thanks for your delightful paper, which no girl can value too highly, I am, dear Mr. Editor, Yours sincerely,
 ALPHA.

ALPHA.—We are much obliged for your list and your carefully written account of your yearly dress expenditure. The managers of the Lairitz Pine Wool Products Company are anxious we should say that their manufactories are situated in Germany—not in Norway.

A GREAT ADMIRER.—In the new price list of coins we find the value of George III. half-crowns given as from 3s. 6d. to 6s. There are two varieties, dates 1816 to 1817, and from 1817 to 1820, inclusive. We could not give addresses; they will be found in a directory.

NAUGHTY GIRL had better go home and make friends with her aunt, to whom she seems to have behaved very badly, and on whom she appears to have little or no claim. She does not state who paid for her mother's last illness and funeral, nor what claims her aunt had on the various articles.

RAYMOND DI PROCIDA.—The Summer and Christmas numbers are, we fear, out of print, but you could inquire for them, and for the covers, of Mr. Tarn. The rate of book and newspaper postage is a half-penny for every two ounces.

E. W.—You would have to employ proper workmen to fix your aviary, or you could purchase a large cage to begin with.

NANCY.—We feel much sympathy with you in your troubles; but we think your immediate duty is to go on with your education, and your parents seem to agree with us. When that is finished, a way will be opened for you to assist them as you wish to do. Meanwhile, you can only reward those that help you by your attention to your studies. We regret we cannot take the puzzles, as they would not suit us.

ANNIE.—There are homes for working girls at 135, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.; at 14, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.; and at 83, St. John's-street, E.C. We believe that another has been recently opened in Mortimer-street, W.

J. H. C.—We do not remember the letter for which you apologise. We most willingly excuse what you so much regret to have written. We see no enclosure in your letter dated February 27th, or would send you a reply to any question contained in it.

XREFA.—We cannot be "wise above that which is written," and we know no more about the mark that was set upon Cain than you can find in your own Bible.

BLUE HYACINTH.—The Sunday called Mothering Sunday is Mid Lent. It is said that it received this name from the ancient custom of visiting the "mother church." It is a great holiday, and children in many parts of England go home from service on that day to visit their parents. Rub flour or bran well into the hairbrush to clean it.

LILY LEAF.—Pulaski was a noble Pole, who served as a volunteer in the American War against England. He appears to have fallen in a skirmish in 1779.

TRUE SINCERITY'S poems show some talent so far as they are copies of other people's. It is, however, most difficult to find out where she has engrained herself on several well-known authors without reference to their works. She probably takes great pleasure in writing, and there is no harm in her doing it; but she must try to be quite original, and also to use a capital "I" for the first person singular instead of a small one, which looks illiterate.

DELTA.—If the pearls be valuable, consult a good jeweller.

GAK'S DARLING.—We are much obliged by your kind letter and its good wishes, which we warmly return, and we are glad to hear that you find our paper so useful.

YARN FERGUAM.—If the aged relative with whom you live, and from whom you expect £3,000, had purchased an annuity, you would now have been in a very different position. If it be a case of "doing as you would be done by," we advise you to invest the money, and consider those whom you will, in your turn, leave behind you.

PASSY may clean pampas grass by placing it in clean cold water for a few hours to soak the dirt off, and, after lightly shaking it, placing it to dry by the fire or in the sun.

A MAORI PRINCESS will do well to avoid lying on the grass after dark, for in this English climate the grass is seldom dry enough to trust.

AGNES B.—V (Australia).—Your kind letter is acknowledged with our best thanks. We are always glad to hear from our colonies, and usually reply first to those whose letters have had to travel so far, whether they be British or our foreign girls. You have our good wishes.

ALICE H. (New Zealand).—We thank you warmly for your kind letter, and for telling us that our paper was pronounced by a leading journalist of New Zealand to be well worth reading to anyone, and far superior to any other journals he has seen. This is very encouraging, and it was kind of you to write and tell us of his opinion. Your handwriting is pretty, and we offer you our best wishes.

SHUTTLE.—We recommend you to show your eyes to some oculist in a hospital, as it may be necessary to use some drops for your eyes. They may be a little congested. In working, you should place the light beside or behind you, not so as to fall on the eyes. Possibly you may need spectacles to relieve the strain upon them. We do not know to what your education amounts, nor what abilities you may possess. Thus, we could not advise you as you desire.

STARLIGHT.—All white linen and cotton articles would become slightly discoloured in lying by. The place where they are kept should be perfectly dry.

BLUE RIBBON MATTIE must consult a surgeon, as the obnoxious mole could perhaps be removed so as to get rid of the trouble to her sight.

IRRENE.—You would be obliged to speak to the clergyman of the parish, and be guided by his advice at the time.

DOT.—The maid would precede the visitors upstairs to announce them at the drawing-room door. The lady of the house in taking a visitor to the drawing-room or bedroom, would say, "Shall I show you the way?" or some words to that effect. It is not needful to introduce people to each other in society; it is optional.

JANE DISTIN.—Judging from the letters we receive, most of our girls are very faithfully trying to do all the good they can; but they must all be guided by the circumstances of their individual lives, and the state of life to which God has called them.

PRECEDENCE.—We should consider that C., as the senior deacon, would take precedence of D. The question of a majority of votes would have nothing to do with it.

PICKLE.—We must refer you to our article on "Good Breeding in Receiving Hospitality." The duties and obligations of a guest are all fully considered—servants' fees included—with other questions. For a week or ten days' visit you may give 2s. 6d. to the housemaid and the parlour-maid. Women do not, as a rule, see men servants; but were the coachman to give you drives alone, without being accompanied by a member of his master's family, you would give him a couple of shillings or half-a-crown on leaving. See page 363, vol. v. (number for March, 1884). The manner of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" must be determined by the taste of the performer. Of course you cannot be guided by "words" when there are none.

ALMA GREEN.—Cramp is usually the result of too much acidity in the system. Bicarbonate of potash, as much as would cover a sixpence or less in a wine-glassful of water before going to bed might prevent its coming. You must attend to your diet, and eat but sparingly of sugar and sweet things. A little dose of citrate of magnesia might be sometimes of service to you. You write fairly well.

IVY tells us, judging from the happy marriage she has herself made, though on limited means, that it is "better a thousand times to have a nest of your own than that dreary waiting for a nicely furnished villa, and one or two maids!" What a lugubrious picture of "Love's young dream," as dreamed by the prudent girls, who do not wish to risk the spectacle of "the wolf at the door." You congratulate Ivy, however, on her felicitous union, including "daily bread," and understand also that, in her case, a home of her own was not purchased at the expense of leaving the old parents' nest. The "gipsy chairs" covered with crewl work would look well. We should go to a good draper's, and ask for remnants of dark woollen material, with a bright stripe, for the fire-place curtains.

M. A. L.—Possibly Broadstairs might suit you. Provisions are cheap and good, and apartments moderate (except in the very height of the season, which lasts from July to the end of September). The beach is both sandy and sheltered, and bathing good. The town stands on a cliff, and the cliff parade extends from one end of the town to the other. You may go there either by train or a steamer from London Bridge. It is 77 miles from town, and the climate is bracing and healthful, and very pleasant in June.

E. F. F. C. is referred to the answer quite recently given in our correspondence department to a person likewise suffering from a flat foot. Certainly it should be shown to a surgeon, or it may grow worse. You should not spell "whether" as "wether"—a sheep.

ELFIE.—You have written a very nice and gratifying letter. This much we clearly understand; but you do not quite so well express what you mean by your "throat not being clear on special occasions." Perhaps your throat is relaxed, and your voice husky. Tannin lozenges might be of use to you, or a gargle of burnt alum, half a teaspoonful; half a wineglass of vinegar, a small tablespoonful of honey, and half a pint of water. If a singer, beware of over-straining or fatiguing your voice.

NOLDA.—The Holborn Viaduct was opened by the Queen for traffic November 6th, 1869.

worth taking we should feel relieved. It is very old and dirty, and cannot be worth much, but we have nothing better to offer—and—and—I don't know how much a dokter should have for his fee."

The dokter looked at her, looked at the picture; it was dark, grim with age, here and there a face or a patch of colour standing for a figure; he had a notion it was hardly worth carrying home.

Presently he muttered to himself—

"Thou wilt not rob the orphans of much if thou dost take it, Zacharias; thou mayst lift a load of obligation from the honourable young shoulders. So let it be."

His open assent was a little differently couched.

"Well, well, my dears, if I must be paid, I must. Doctor Zacharias will hang his fee upon the wall instead of putting it in his pocket. It will serve to keep a mark of gratitude and integrity before him."

"I will carry the picture home for you," cried Joanna, rising with alacrity from the seat by the table at which all three had been at work on his entrance.

"Nay, nay, Zacharias is not too proud to be his own porter."

Bertha was already pushing aside the white work upon the table, to clear a space for papering up the picture. In doing so, the heap of linen caught the dokter's keen eye at once. Placing a long lean finger upon it, he said:

"You told me you had no money. Am I right in supposing you are sewing for a livelihood?"

Again the crimson flush rose on Bertha's brow, as she answered in the affirmative.

"Have you done so for any length of time?"

"Only since we came to Katwyk, dokter. Moeder was afraid to leave us unprepared—and—"

"Well?"

"Now we have only our own industry to depend upon. Moeder had a little money every year, but it was very little, and we do not know where it came from. She was not able to tell us anything at the last."

"Ach! Ach!" sighed Zacharias, compassionately.

Bertha continued—

"Joanna is afraid that people will not trust us with their needlework, because we are so young. You do not think so, do you, dokter?"

"No, no, my dears; you have only to be good girls, trust God, and fear nothing. Work will come to keep your hearts and fingers warm, never fear."

And away he went with the papered picture tucked under his arm, resolved that work should come to the orphans, if his voice could serve. It was not merely in private mutterings to "Zacharias" that he expatiated on the rare filial piety, integrity, modesty, and industry of the bereaved girls. Patients approaching convalescence heard their praises rung, and if some were only curious, others were compassionate, and others promised a helping hand; so that by the time the dokter deposited his pictorial fee in his room he had settled Joanna's question for her.

Old Anna turned up her nose at the picture, and decided that both it and the frame wanted a good scrubbing before they would be fit to go upon a clean wall; but as she found no dust upon either, the said scrubbing was deferred by the dokter's directions. It was, however, a sad eyesore to her as it stood in all its dingy indistinctness reared upon the top of a pile of books and papers, in tacit admission that it was not worthy a fixed place amidst the spic-and-span brightness of a room all fresh paint and polish, in anticipation of Herman Van Voorst's final home-coming.

She grumbled no little behind the dokter's back at his taking such a fee.

"It is worth nothing to him," she murmured, "and the poor girls will miss it if it was their grandfather's. It has been prized for someone's sake. It's not worth keeping for its own."

Either her grumbling or the picture itself kept the Westerholts and their probable struggles in the dokter's mind. One day in October he and his housekeeper had a conference.

Two or three days later, Anna, with a basket on one arm and a parcel on the other, took her way by the river and over the hard pebbles of Inner Katwyk towards the sandy dunes and sea-lapped shores of the other Katwyk, grumbling all the way at the weight of her burden, but keeping steadily forward until the bright yellow cottage of the Westerholts was gained—not, however, without a nod to passing acquaintances, or even a stoppage to gossip and "rest her old arms."

"Grumbling Anna," as she was called, was almost as well known as Doctor Zacharias; and so from the baker, and the grocer, and even from the blue-skirted fish-wife, who offered to carry her basket for her, she could learn that the three orphans were the talk of the village. No dwelling was cleaner than theirs, no one got up earlier or went to bed later, no one kept so much indoors, no one went more regularly to the kerk, and no one bought so little in the way of food. How they contrived to live was apparently a puzzle to the people.

"Ach!" cried Anna, to one and all. "You can talk, and talk, and puzzle, and think, but not one of you could stretch forth a hand to keep the poor motherless things from starving. Don't tell me: there are ways of helping if folk have the will. Give them sewing or knitting to do, and pay them well for it. They're not too proud to work, if they are to go into debt. Here's some linen to keep their fingers going," and she held up her parcel, but she did not say what was in her basket.

As she expected, she found the three girls sitting at the deal table hard at work, under the small-paned window, across which was drawn a short muslin blind as white as foam. Bertha was cutting out some under-garment from a large piece of calico, whilst Joanna and Lena (who had foot-stoves under their feet as a protection from the cold tiles, though there was no fuel within them) were stitching away as if their lives depended upon it—as, in truth, they did.

She had purposely lifted the latch without knocking, and took them by surprise.

The sober young faces lit up on the instant, though the light soon faded. It told how welcome she was, more than their words.

"Ach, Anna!" they exclaimed, simultaneously, "you are welcome. And how is the good Dokter Zacharias?"

"Here is poor moeder's chair, do sit down," added Bertha. "You must be fatigued, and you are the only visitor we have," and a sigh pointed the sentence.

But Anna must first deliver her messages. The basket had to be emptied. No wonder she had grumbled at its weight. There was more than half a peck of apples, "with the dokter's compliments—they were of his own growing." There was a chicken and some eggs from their own poultry, also "with compliments." There was a small jar of butter, which Anna "thought they might like because she had salted it down," and some hard-looking sausages which she had made, and therefore thought they might accept. And then, scarcely waiting for acceptance, and without once looking up at the blank faces of the three girls, as they stammered out some sort of thanks, the old woman proceeded, with unwonted volubility—

"You must know, meisje Bertha, that the

young dokter, Herman, is coming home soon to help his vader, and when he do come he will want a new set of shirts, and ach! my old eyes, I can no longer see to thread a needle or to sew fit for the fine jonkbeer; so my good measter bade me bring the linen to you, with his compliments, if you would make them for him to save my poor eyes. You will find an old shirt in the parcel for a pattern. You will have to make them a small bit larger, for, ach! he has grown such a big fine man, the Herman I nursed when a baby, so long, twenty-four years ago."

Bertha, again thanking her, with her heart almost too full for speech, opened the long parcel before Anna could interpose her wrinkled brown hand. In doing so something fell out with a chink, something small in a bit of thin paper.

All three looked from one to another curiously. The sound was rare enough there.

"It is only the gulden to pay you for your work. Dr. Van Voorst said it was not well to keep you waiting until the sewing was all done."

Lena cried, "Oh, Bertha!" with a sort of gasp.

Joanna clasped her hands, and breathed a low "Thank God."

But Bertha, whose nerves had been strung to the uttermost in her attempts to seem hopeful, broke down utterly. She sank back in her chair and sobbed aloud.

"Ach, meisje, why is this?" said Anna, with a pitiful touch of the bowed head.

"Oh, Anna," Bertha sobbed out, "you are our guardian angel. Our Father has not forsaken us. We had neither money nor food in the house when you came."

"A queer sort of angel," quoth Anna, in response. "But I told you before, God does not choose His messengers by the skin or by the clothes. 'Twas He moved Dr. Zacharias to send me; so you must thank Him."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Why so? Written by William Daniels. Composed by F. Sewell Southgate.

Prithee, Madam. Words by Claxton Bellamy. Music by Frederic Rivenhall.

We have pleasure in recommending these two songs to the notice of our young friends; they are quaint and pleasing, and decidedly above the average.

Two Sketches for the Pianoforte. No. 1. Rondino-Scherzando in F. No. 2. Novelette in C. Composed by G. W. F. Crowther.—Two meritorious compositions of moderate difficulty.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

My Heart's Message. Written by Mary Mark Lemon. Composed by A. H. Behrend.—A charming song, full of poetical feeling and grace.

'Twas not so long ago. Words by Brunella. Composed by Henri Logé.

Two Lives. Written by Clifton Bingham. Composed by J. E. Webster.

Both these songs display great feeling, and are written in good taste.

An Old Maid's Heart. Written by Helen M. Burnside. Composed by Michael Watson.—Very agreeable verses set in a tuneful and singable style.

The Angels and the Lilies. Sacred Song. By Mrs. Hernaman. Music by Alfred Redhead.—A pretty, effective, and simple song; music and words both harmonising.

Sieg-Lied. Song of Victory, for the piano-

forte. By Alice Boston.—A spirited and effective composition, distinguished by strong character.

Tip-toe. A Fairy Dance, for the pianoforte. By Henri Logé.—A charming and graceful drawing-room piece; carefully and brilliantly played, would become a great favourite.

Two Songs. Words by Henry Vaughan. Music by Paul Rodney.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Alone on the Raft.

Brave Sentinel.

These may both be commended.

Danse des Paysans. Gavotte for pianoforte and violin. Composed by H. J. King.—An attractive theme, characteristic of the dance it is intended to represent; the violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

D. WILCOCK.

Song of the Wandering Harper. Words from Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby." Music by C. H. Booth.—A pretty, singable song, presenting no difficulties.

W. REEVES.

A Bunch of Violets. Song, with piano and violin accompaniment. Words and music by H. R. Couldry.—An agreeably written song, within the capabilities of a moderate singer; the violin accompaniment is a pleasing addition.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Aurora. Composed by Louisa Hawkins.—Pretty, and within the capabilities of our young pianists.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Adagio Religioso. Violin and piano. By Charles B. Ingham.—A tasteful piece of a religious character, with an accompaniment for the piano, demanding taste and some skill in execution.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Edith. Gavotte. By J. T. Musgrave.

C. B. TREE.

Evening Thoughts. Written by Wilmote Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A pretty, sentimental song. Words and music in good taste; of easy compass.

The May Queen. Morceau de Salon. By Arthur Briscoe.

J. BROWN.

The Village Fête. Rustic Dance. By Fred. W. Lacy.

These pieces may both be recommended as agreeable studies for our young pianists.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

TIP or LIB.—Unless your fingers be unusually stiff, you might learn to play the piano fairly well after being grown up, especially if you have any natural taste, a good ear, perseverance, and a judicious master who will give you easy as well as pretty pieces to play, such as would not make you feel nervous when playing for others.

ADELA.—We have no prescription to offer you for strengthening feeble hands for instrumental performances. You are very young, and in the course of nature you will grow stronger as you reach maturity. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

GERTRUDE C.—In speaking of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" by their German name, say "Leeder-ohne-Vor-te," but the final e's are clipped in a manner that should be orally taught; letters, according to our English alphabet, will not give the sounds which they are used to represent in either German or French. For such instruction you should apply to natives, and learn by ear, or else learn the alpha-

bet of each language, and then we could direct you by letter with ease.

CONSTANCE.—The voice should not be much used as long as the girl is growing; and should not be cultivated before she is sixteen or seventeen.

FEDORA.—Do not mind about your hands; they will grow. But you can inquire at any good music publishers for the instrument. If you strain your hands while growing, you will have big knuckles to grace you after years.

MILLICENT.—Do you keep your harp-strings in a tin box, and keep them well oiled, and preserve the instrument from draughts? Change of weather makes strings crack.

IVANHOE.—*Technique* means technical terms in music. It is a French word.

ETA.—The Rev. Sabine Baring Gould is the author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It would be quite possible to learn harmony without a master, if you have sufficient determination.

MARIGOLD wishes to know "if a boy of twenty could learn to play an American organ?" Why not? What is the matter with this somewhat "elderly" boy? Has he lost all his teeth, or his hair? What prevents his learning to perform on either the hurdy-gurdy or the French horn, unless the tips of his fingers were frost-bitten? Foolish Marigold, those chilblains of yours must have affected your head.

WORK.

JUMBO'S FRIEND.—You might use a little black bearded lace to trim your apron, and add some silk embroidery.

DI and DAISY.—Many young girls now never wear corsets, but have a well-fitting cotton bodice, with bones that can be taken out when it needs washing. We always advise our girls to obtain some training before they begin teaching; the latter, like all other sciences, requires to be learnt.

LENT LILY.—We do not know the address of the "Waste not, Want Not Society," but we have heard of it. Their motto is "Gather up the fragments," we believe.

TROUBLED EIGHTEEN.—You should not have mixed several things together in that way, but have sent your competition sentence, articles, and questions apart. You will see the report of the alphabet competition.

AN INVALID could wear a lace frill at her neck. Why not try the brass repoussé work, if well enough to do it? Although you cannot go to school, there is nothing to prevent your writing copies and improving your education by good reading at home.

S. J. S.—Polish the fretwork by rubbing with linseed oil or turpentine and bees-wax, first rubbing it with sand-paper to render the surface smooth.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.—If your dress be cardinal, trimmed with black, use black gloves; but if there be more black, you will find cardinal silk the prettiest.

ART.

A VICTIM OF WALLACE.—Use veloutine with the colours, and do not varnish the painting.

IGNORAMUS.—We give the School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings again for the benefit of other readers:—Two ounces of methylated spirits and half a drachm of gum mastic; apply with a spray diffuser or odorator.

ECILA.—There is no book published on the art of poonah-painting. Varnish with white hard varnish; paint the terra-cotta with oil colours.

ARTIST.—Veloutine is the best medium, or what is sold as Florentine medium.

PRINCESS IDA.—The tools required for leather work are moulds, patterns, scissors, stiletto, thimble, and a knitting needle. We gave an article on leather work in vol. iii., page 26r. Leather is not suitable for imitation barbotine; use gutta-percha instead.

BARBOTINE.—You must varnish both the flowers and the jar on which they are.

ETHELFREDA.—Clytie was a daughter of Oceanus and Tethys; she was beloved, and afterwards forsaken, by Apollo. In consequence of his faithlessness she pined away, and was finally transformed by the gods into a flower—heliotrope, the sunflower—which is fabled to turn its head always toward the sun in his course, in pledge of her faithful love. Apollo, called Phœbus, was the sun-god.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Does your mother know of your engagement to the young man with whom you take walks? If taken with her approval, that is sufficient. At the same time, never say anything to deceive your mistress; and should she inquire whether you were walking with a fellow-servant, take care to speak the truth.

CONVERSATIONE.—Pronounce your name as "Con-ver-satz-e-o-nee." What you mean by "viagatz" we were quite at a loss to know, until it was suggested that it might be a corruption of the German words *wie gehts*, which should be pronounced as "vee-gates."

MARIE.—To arrive at the true meaning of any "hard sayings" of our Lord you should be acquainted with the style of phraseology of Eastern countries, and the habits that obtain, severally, in each. For instance, in greeting a friend or a stranger of importance you

would not go down on your knees and prostrate yourself, as in the East, yet it does not necessarily mean an act of divine worship, as Westerns might suppose. The language and forms of expression also are far stronger than ours, yet mean no more to an Eastern's apprehension. In reference to "hating" your parents, you should refer to St. Matt. x. 37 for the explanation of our Lord's meaning. A Jew becoming a Christian had to count the cost of being "cast out of the synagogue," cut off from his friends, and turned out of the parental home.

LOVE OF BEAUTY.—We refer you to our indexes for advice respecting the complexion. We have long declined repeating it.

FRIENDLESS, BOOKLESS.—Poets and authors look just like other people. Some are men, some women; they have each a head, and, generally speaking, two arms and two legs. If you "wish to know something about them," you may safely accept this information. You desire also to "know something of all things that would be an advantage in society." We really have not space to touch on half as much, but consider that it would be to your advantage to have a good dress for visiting and another for evening wear; and likewise to study our articles on "Good Breeding" and "Dinners in Society." But, judging from your writing, spelling, and mode of expressing yourself, should you receive an invitation to the latter, we should say, "Do not go."

EXCELSIOR.—"Sin repented of is sin forgiven." No one ever repented of, nor repudiated and prayed against, the "unpardonable sin." So you have in yourself the proof positive that you have not committed it. Read what St. Paul says in Rom. xii. and 1st St. John i. 7, 8. Your sensitive apprehension of offending your Divine Master proves that your "heart is right with Him," notwithstanding all your weakness, infirmities, and, possibly, frequent misdoings and shortcomings.

POP.—It is not necessary that you should ask for the consent to your engagement of anyone but your own parents or guardian. Your proposed husband should ask that of his; and you would do well to inquire whether he has obtained it. 2. Of course, you should not walk home with any other man (not a brother) when engaged. It is to be hoped that you were only conditionally engaged until your parents' approval was obtained. Your lover should have asked their consent without one day's delay; and if you were under age (a minor) should have asked their permission to propose to you before he ventured to address you personally on so serious a question.

BEDWAEN (India).—Your letter interested us much, and we regret that your former letter should not have received a reply. Certainly, a girl's mother has a right to control her actions; but when a daughter willingly and lovingly confides her little wishes and plans to her, few mothers would cross those wishes, if really harmless and unobjectionable in every respect.

UGLY DUCKLING.—Domestic servants are wanted in New South Wales, but there is no opening there for governesses at present. Free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended. We write under the authority of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. We have deciphered your letter with difficulty.

FELINE FUNNOSITIES.—Write to Mr. Tarn for what you require. The 1st of January, 1865, was a Sunday.

I. DE VALNEGE (Paris).—We have read your letter with great interest, and wish you God-speed in your endeavours to serve your heavenly Master in labouring for the sick and the needy around you. We are sorry to hear of your sad accident; and we shall always be pleased to hear of you and of your work.

E. W. H. FOWLES (Queensland).—We are obliged to you for the item of local information contained in your letter in reference to the wreck of the "Dunbar," and the "Gap" into which Captain Green entered being situated on the south side of Port Jackson. We are gratified by the terms in which you write of our paper.

GHUNTA (India).—We acknowledge your kind letter with our cordial thanks and good wishes. Your writing is very good, but would be greatly improved by your attending to the distinction that should be made between the "m," "n," and "u."

TROPICAL (Barbados).—We cannot promise to insert any amateur article, unread; but your belonging to a far-off portion of our British Empire would form no hindrance to its acceptance. We should, at least, like to see a brief sketch of what the island "really now is," if you care to send us one.

L. A. BAILEY.—Women have risen in their social position, through the good providence of God, by means of their own zeal and praiseworthy efforts, resulting from a clearer perception of their duties, privileges, and intellectual powers. The necessities of the times, resulting especially from the enormous increase of the population, constrains many to strive after a high degree of mental culture, as well as to practical exertion in almost every department of science, art, and ordinary industries.

J. C. W.—We see no harm in your sharing your hymn-book with your next neighbour; nevertheless, if your family be scandalised by your so doing, why not keep a spare book to lend instead?

SAM.—We do not see why anyone should laugh at you when you pay your just debts.

against the cliffs on the farther side of the lake of molten fire, then rushing back to form a mad whirlpool in its centre, and thence, as if with a new impulse, flinging themselves headlong into a great cavern which undermined the lava-terrace just below the spot where I was now standing."

Not only had the great lake utterly disappeared, but a mountainous crag, several hundred feet in height, had also vanished. For some three hours, while Miss Gordon-Cumming sketched the newly-created scene, there was little visible but a chaos of crags looming black and awful through the ever-shifting clouds of white vapour.

"Now and again, however, volumes of dense smoke came rolling up from the cavernous depths of the awful funnel down which the fire-waves had retreated; and though happily the crag on which we stood was well to windward, the fumes of sulphur and hydrogen were sometimes almost suffocating. When clearer moments came, we could see flickering flames of fire flashing from narrow fissures, as if fiery gases were at work within. These fiery tongues changed colour from one moment to the next, ever varying with the gases that gave them birth: but, for the most part, they were flickering flames of a pale weird blue, which appeared and disappeared like the Will-o'-the-wisp as it dances over a reedy marsh. Presently we perceived that the lake had not altogether vanished; for patches of the grey lava became incandescent, and we saw that what at first appeared to be a bed of cold hard lava was actually fluid, and crossed here and there by moving lines of crimson. Now and again some internal fire seemed to explode, and upheaved a dome-shaped mass of molten rock of a glowing rose-colour, which burst like a rocket, and continued to play for some moments."

The river of fire, forty miles of molten lava, which, in 1881, threatened a large district of the island with absolute destruction, is now matter of history. On the night of November 5th, 1880, the people of Hilo observed that the cloud resting on the summit of the volcano of Mauna Loa reflected that fiery glow which they knew from sad experience told of renewed action within its mighty furnace. Soon the fire-flood forced an opening for itself on the side of the mountain facing Hilo, and shortly afterwards three huge cones, one of them 400 feet in height, were thrown up from the bowels of the earth in a spot where nought of the kind existed before, very perceptibly altering the form of the main mountain. Meanwhile the lava stream poured downwards till it reached a comparatively level plateau, where, after burning many hundreds of acres of forest, it formed a great lake of fire, fifteen miles in circumference, and varying from 10 to 300 feet in depth. In a letter quoted by our author, it states that when the moon set, it was still light enough to read: the liquid lava was brighter by far than fire, as they could see how pale a fire looked in comparison whenever it reached a bush, and set it ablaze. "There lay before us," says the writer of this letter (dated November 11th), "a stream at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of liquid lava. . . . It divided about a mile from the top, and ran down, forming an island, joined again, and ran five miles below. The whole front edge, about three-fourths of a mile wide, glowed with a most intensely brilliant light; and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge." Its advance was marked by explosions as of cannonading, occasioned by the heating of air under the new lava in the olden lava caverns. It bore on its surface huge rocks and immense boulders of tons weight, as water would carry a toy boat.

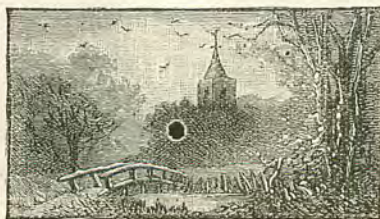
Indeed, the whole front edge, so to speak, was one bright red mass of solid rock, a wall sometimes thirty feet in height, constantly being driven forward, buried, and again advancing. The island was at times so enveloped in dense clouds of smoke that vessels nearing it could not make out the land, and submarine eruptions also occurred off the coast.

Six months glided on, and still the fiery streams continued to flow, getting nearer and nearer to the town of Hilo, sometimes running at the rate of half a mile a day, and destroying much cultivated land. On July 4, 1881, the fate of the town still trembled in the balance; the flow had then divided into several streams, and one of them was advancing directly upon it. Many of the inhabitants had already forsaken their homes, and all were prepared for flight at a moment's notice. How people may become familiarised with danger is shown by the fact that the end of the stream was constantly surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, the boys picking out specimens of soft lava, which they made into vases and other curiosities, when the stream was within two miles and a half of the town.

The poor distracted people of Hilo had almost given up hope, and appointed a solemn day of humiliation, in which even the Chinamen, who had previously burned their joss-sticks, and made offerings to their fire-demon, joined, coming in a body to attend the Christian service. From that very hour, we are assured, the fire-flood was stayed. It had terrified the islanders for nine long months! It had reached a point only fifteen minutes' walk from the town, having travelled full forty miles from the summit of Mauna Loa!

Miss Gordon-Cumming had seen the curiosities of many and far-distant lands, but it was not until she reached sunny California that she came to be regarded as one herself. While halting for luncheon at a pretty cottage covered with trailing hops, she took out her sketch-book to make a drawing of a great fallen tree. "Why," said the good woman of the house, "you must be the lady I hear them talk of *who makes pictures, just like a man!* And—why, dear me! you wear a man's hat! Why, I do believe you *are* a man! Come, now, do tell me—aren't you a man, really?" Our traveller tried hard to make her believe that it was quite correct for English ladies to wear wide-brimmed, soft felt hats; and was rather glad when, as she herself says, an essentially feminine and golden-haired countrywoman arrived there, wearing a similar one. Possibly the narrator of the story may have become somewhat sturdy in appearance, thanks to her constant travel and adventure, and open air life. Though she does not seem to understand why her little water-colour paint-box should be deemed masculine, the explanation is very simple. Few American ladies ever sketch in the open air, though their number is slowly increasing. Miss Gordon-Cumming is an accomplished sketcher, and to this we owe the number of graphic illustrations that adorn her works,* which have been produced in excellent style by her spirited publishers.

* "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War;" "At Home in Fiji;" "Fire Fountains;" and "Granite Crags;" all published by W. Blackwood and Sons.



NEW MUSIC.

C. B. TREE.

Sunbeams. Words and music by G. Hubi Newcombe.—A tuneful and singable ditty, melody and words harmonising well together.

Evening Thoughts. Written by J. Wilcott Page. Music by Arthur Briscoe.—A pathetic and agreeable song, written in two keys; compass easy.

March in F. By Arthur H. Harvey.—A bright and spirited composition; will be welcomed by our young aspirants.

Technical Exercises. Consisting of finger exercises, the scales, and a concise explanation of intervals and chords, illustrated by practical examples, by Alfred Gilbert.—We strongly recommend this book to the notice of our young friends; it will be found extremely useful, and, indeed, necessary to those who are desirous of becoming good performers. All the examples and explanations are thoroughly satisfactory. We would call attention to the concluding remarks and general directions for practice.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Morceaux Lyriques. Pour la violin avec accompagnement de piano. Par Guido Papini.—We have before us Nos. 3, 4, and 6; these compositions are especially adapted for young violin students; they are pleasing and melodious.

Also by the same publishers No. 26 of "The Lute":

Lord Ullin's Daughter. Descriptive choral song. By Alfred Gaul.—Most effective and descriptive.

Under the Snow. Song, with violoncello accompaniment, *ad lib.* Words by Lady C. Elliott. Music by R. B. Addison.—A refined and highly effective song, free from the conventional style; the addition of the violoncello will be found a great improvement.

ROBERT COX AND CO.

No Cross, no Crown. Sacred song. Words by Mrs. Hernaman. Music by Alfred Redhead.—An agreeable setting of interesting words, which we have no doubt will find favour with many.

Also by the same composer, No. 1 of six school songs:

The Holiday. A solo and chorus.—Bright and pleasing.

S. DACRE, CLARKE, AND CO.

Our Watchword. Words by H. Leonard Cleere. Music by W. C. Levey.—A spirited song, highly effective.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

First Series of German Two-part Songs set to English. Words by A. J. Foxwell. Symphonies and accompaniments by John Kinross.—We cannot speak too highly of the volume before us; the selection is well chosen, the poetry charmingly adapted, and the accompaniments highly musician-like. We would recommend to our young vocalists this collection of fifty duets at the small cost of 2s. 6d.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

My true love waits for me. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Walter Brooks.—A meritorious composition, wedded to genuine poetry; would suit mezzo-soprano.

Gavotte in D. By Ilyton Martel.—A spirited and fairly well written piece; will suit little fingers.

A. COX.

At Sunset. Words by Rosa. Music by Arthur W. Marchant.—Smooth music, and agreeably written.

Anna detained her longer than usual—she had so much to say on the subject of Eva's approaching marriage; and while Alison was still talking and listening, Miss Leigh hurried downstairs with a very pale face.

"I wish you would come," she said, in much agitation; "Mabel is so very hysterical I can do nothing with her. Perhaps I have been incautious, but she questioned me so closely what the physicians said about her father that I could not avoid telling her."

"Oh, dear, what a pity! I meant to have told her myself when she was better," observed Alison somewhat reproachfully.

Miss Leigh's tact was often at fault, and she had chosen an unlucky moment

for breaking the news to Missie—just when she was weary with the fatigue of dressing.

Alison found her in a sad state—sobbing bitterly, with her head hidden in the pillows—and for a long time she refused to allow Alison to raise her into a more comfortable position. To her relief, Roger entered the room and asked immediately, in his downright manner, what was the matter, and why Missie was making herself ill.

This brought on a fresh burst.

"Oh, Roger! what shall I do? Poor papa!"

"It is poor Mabel, I think," observed Roger, kindly; and he raised the sobbing little figure in his arms and brought the wet face into view. "I declare,

child, you are a perfect Niobe. Allie, what are we to do with her?"

"He will not get up for months—perhaps for years—and it is all my fault!" cried Missie, passionately.

"Perhaps so, my dear; but do you suppose all these showers of tears will do father any good?"

"I must cry—I ought to cry when I am so unhappy," returned Missie, impatiently, and trying to free herself.

"No, my dear, no," was Roger's quiet answer; "you have given us all so much trouble that you ought to spare us any noisy repentance; the best thing you can do for us all is to get as well and happy as you can, and help to nurse father."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Two Bells. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Michael Watson.

Good night, Robin. Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.

Moments of Peace. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Otto Sondermann.

These three songs are of average merit; they will prove acceptable to many of our young friends, as they present no difficulties, and are published in several keys.

Peggy o' Yarmouth Town. Words by M. Ingle Ball. Music by Frederick Bevan. Cheerful and pretty. In two keys.

The Soldier's Call. Words by Digby Seymour. Music by William Spark, Mus. Doc.—A striking and effective song of the patriotic type.

Characteristic Sketch for Pianoforte. By Allan Macbeth.

Danse de la Cour. By Ernst J. Reiter.—Much charm and a good deal of merit are to be found in these two little compositions, to which we are pleased to call the attention of our young pianists.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Easy Two-part Songs for Ladies' or Boys' Voices. Written and composed expressly for schools. Words by Somerville Gibney.

Music by Myles B. Foster, Assoc. R.A.M.—A series of four very clever and charming two-part songs, and although intended for schools, the refined style would ensure them a cordial welcome in the drawing-room. We heartily recommend them, and congratulate Mr. Foster, whose talents are already well-known and appreciated by the readers of this magazine.

BANKS AND SONS.

Tarantelle. Composed by G. J. Rubini—An extremely meritorious and sparkling composition; not difficult.

Gabrielle. Morceau de piano. By Cotford Dick.—The musician-like and melodious compositions of Mr. Cotford Dick are always acceptable, and we feel sure the piece under notice will find favour with many.

Fidélité. Morceau mélodique. By J. L. Roeckel.—An easy and elegant little piece for small fingers.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Distant Voices, with obligato for violin, flute, or 'cello. Words by C. Beresford. Music by H. E. Warner.—A singable and agreeably written song, with the inevitable change of time, which, however, is pretty. The obligato for 'cello, flute, or violin would greatly add to the attraction of the song.

Old English Melodies for Violin and Piano. Arranged expressly for young performers. By J. E. Mallandaine.—A series of six parts, each containing two or three old favourite English airs set in a pleasing and flowing style, especially suitable for the young.

Viola. Intermezzo for the pianoforte.—A most interesting piece in the key of F, which we can recommend to our youthful friends.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Years Agone. Words by Magdeline Wycombe. Music by C. Flavell Hayward.—A charming and well written song, full of piquancy, sure to become a favourite.

A. Cox.

My Lady Barbara. Composed for the pianoforte by T. Merton Clark.—A bright and exceedingly well written piece, presenting no difficulties. We recommend it to our young rising pianists.

LAMPO AND CARMELA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ENRICO CASTELNUOVO.

CHAPTER II.



HE moon had disappeared behind the mountains; the air was fresh and invigorating; the birds, quitting their nests, flew from branch to branch, to the tops of the firs, to await the dawn which already whitened the extreme edge of the horizon. At first they only uttered low notes, timid calls; then, from right, from left, each call was answered, and by degrees a lively chirping, accompanied by a fluttering of wings, filled the greater part of the wood; but further on it was as dark as ever. Carmela hurried along the steep path, and wearily mounting the steepest bit, finally reached the summit, astonished at seeing the tops of the firs beneath her feet. Tired out, she threw herself on the soft dewy grass. The mist was still hanging over the valley; only the outlines of the hills were seen distinctly against the grey background of the sky. The keen air had awakened the child's appetite. Taking the slice of polenta from her pocket, she first broke off a piece for herself, giving another piece to Lampo, who, having fasted for so many hours, seemed very grateful, and looked for more; but remembering she had no other provision for the journey, she thought it as well to keep a small reserve.

Meanwhile all the wonders of the awakening dawn spread before the child's delighted gaze. She had often risen before daylight, but in the narrow valley of Isoletta the early morning was very different to here, where the eye commanded so vast an horizon. The dark uniformity of the sky took by degrees different aspects and colours. Where at first there was only a thick mist, a hundred

light and rosy cloudlets had formed themselves, and in the uttermost east glowed a vivid tint of pomegranate. The mist which lay at the bottom of the valley seemed gradually to tear asunder like a veil, revealing a thousand hidden beauties; and out of it emerged the dark masses of the trees, the carpet of the meadows, and the few huts scattered over the hillside.

A group of houses nestling round at all church spire, and, seen from this height, not appearing bigger than toyhouses of coloured wood, caught the child's eye. Could this be the village of Riviera? But the illusion only lasted an instant; for in the tall spire Carmela could not fail to recognise the *Campanile* of Isoletta!

Her heart sank within her. Surely her father and grandmother must be about walking and calling, "Carmela! Carmela!" Whilst following the current of these thoughts, the sun, appearing between the gorge of the two mountains, enveloped her in a flood of golden light; and with the sun, faith, and hope in the success of her enterprise returned to the child's heart, and she decided to continue on her way, repeating to herself her aunt's instructions:

"After this hill comes a valley, and after the valley another hill, and after that Riviera."

Carmela had ascended the first hill, and it was evident that she had now to descend it. And then? Doubts and fears arose in her breast, for there were many hills on the other side of the valley, and it would not be easy to decide which was the right one.

She did not, however, lose much time in speculation, and fixed upon the easiest descent. At first the incline was gentle enough, but ere long difficulties arose. The hillside was dry and rough, the earth gave way under her feet, and at every step she slipped over a stratum of loose sand, so that, to avoid falling, she was obliged to cling to the stubble till her poor little hands were all scratched and bleeding.

For one moment she paused in doubt. Was it possible this could be the road indicated by Zia Norina? Lampo stopped also, on his four paws, with eyes intent and ears pricked up, as though considering the position; then, without going far away, and constantly turning to look at his young mistress, he continued to reconnoitre, until, having found a more commodious path, he returned, evidently begging her to follow him. So they descended by an easier path down to a limpid brook which ran murmuring between the stones and grass. Lampo, who was thirsty, pushed in his nose and drank deeply. Carmela, too, bent over the stream, taking up what water she could in her little palms to refresh her parched lips; after which, taking off her shoes and holding her petticoats up high, for the water reached to her knees, she crossed safely to the other side, Lampo following with one bound.

Weary and exhausted, she sank upon the ground, but finding after a few minutes that the murmur of the water made sleep almost irresistible, she started quickly to her feet in order not to be overcome by it. The country was again wooded with firs and larches, from which the sun drew out a strong odour of resin. Where could she be? Was she nearing her goal, or only getting further off? Oh, were there but a hut at which she might knock, a living creature of whom she might ask the way! Here and there large trunks of felled trees witnessed to the hand of man, or signs of wooden sheds betokened where the woodcutters had during many weeks passed the night, and a few blackened chips indicated the trace of charcoal-burners. But all work in the woods had ceased for a month past, and for some days yet all would remain in solitude and silence. So the child went on, stumbling

over the fallen cones of the firs, and the fungi, which grew by thousands in the moist ground, with no sound besides the humming of the insects which surrounded her, and the whisper of the trees caressed by the breeze.

By degrees the wood became thinner, and Carmela found herself at the foot of a hill, which, by its soft verdure and gentle incline, seemed to invite her to ascend. When she had got about half-way up she saw spread out before her a vast meadow which ended almost imperceptibly at the foot of sharp perpendicular rocks, like a granite wall. Not the shadow of a path, no sign by which the poor child could tell her whereabouts. Giving way to a moment of despair, she once more threw herself down upon the grass, and this time really fell asleep. Lampo lay down beside her with half open eyes and gently moving tail, ever on the alert.

At last he uttered a short suppressed bark, and Carmela, having rubbed her heavy eyelids and succeeded in rousing herself, saw, some fifty yards off, a white heifer, fixing on her its large pensive eyes. Behind this one were three or four more. They advanced with measured steps, the bells tinkling as they slowly moved their necks right and left, saluting others, who were quietly grazing a little further off, with long lowings. A little cowherd about twelve years old was guiding the whole flock, which counted about thirty head; and at his side walked a big collie dog, who, on perceiving Lampo, rushed at him, barking and growling angrily. But Lampo was not a dog to be easily frightened. Taking up a position of defence, with his eyes shining, his teeth showing, his tail erect, he kept his enemy at bay. Thus the two beasts stood looking at each other, about twenty paces apart, ready to commence the fight. Carmela, who had by this time risen to her feet, was trembling all over, and unable to stir from the spot. Meanwhile, the little cowherd, attracted by the noise, hastened his steps, calling to his dog, "Turco, Turco, come hither!" The ferocious monster reluctantly obeyed, upon which Lampo, seeing that his adversary had abandoned the position, took up a less hostile attitude. A truce having thus been established between the rival powers, the boy approached Carmela, and asked whence she came and whither she was bound. In a faint voice, she informed him she came from Isoletta, and was on her way to Riviera, which place she wished to reach as quickly as possible.

"Riviera!" repeated the boy, as though trying to understand. "But this is not the road to Riviera!"

"Oh, which road then?" she inquired, turning very pale.

(To be continued.)

OUR FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

By DORA HOPE.

SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION: HOW TO DECORATE WALLS.



IF we had been systematic, I suppose we should have studied the subject of wall decorations before anything else in the house, but it falls to my lot, as secretary, to arrange the subjects, and, as I am unfortunately not systematic, it did not

occur to me till too late. My mistake in the proper order called forth a ridiculous tale from Tom about some foreign country or other, where the inhabitants always put on

Who lives far away in the mountain's fresh air,
Of laws and the rod he is not aware;
His friends call but rarely, no landlord has he;
From the sword, dearth, and illness he ever is free.
He tills his own field, and the mead for his cows,
And wears the rough cloth that is spun in his house;
Than he with his wife, the girl of his mind,
Not one upon earth can a happier find."
B. O. S.

This evening the gentlemen proposed a concert. We were rather shy of performing, but when they declared themselves to be passionately fond of music, and commenced by singing what they could remember, Kate and I determined to do our best, and recalled everything we possibly could, vocal and instrumental. Everyone was so generous, not in the least quizzical, and the hours flew by delightfully till eleven o'clock. Naughty "Miss American" cheated us, and retired before the concert began, so that she should not be asked to sing; the two married ladies bravely sat it out, so we did not feel quite deserted. Some of the gentlemen sang remarkably well.

S.S. "Rollo," Sunday, August 17.

5 o'clock p.m.

An unanimous raising of hats when we came on deck this morning, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation with the "Major," who has been in India and Tel-el-Kebir, and is full of information; Mr. "Hamilton," who is well up in London news; the "Melancholy Dane," who is full of fun; a clergyman, who has kindly presented us each with a copy of the New Testament in Norse; and others. Captain Pepper asked me to play the hymns for morning service, and at the same time handed me a paper with the numbers 257, 193, and 370, saying that if I liked to select something different, I might. I chose "The Pilgrims of the Night," which he laughingly suggested was not quite orthodox, being an evening hymn. The service was very short. Captain Pepper did most of it; he only accepted assistance from the clergyman present to read the lessons. The manner in which the steward rang the bell for service was truly comical. All the gentlemen attended naturally enough, and I wondered why in England men seem to think that women have souls to be saved and men have not, that the absence of the latter is so often conspicuous in churches.

We dined at half-past two. The weather is most glorious. We have made a tour of the

ship, examining the quarters of the emigrants. The "Major" is so tall, I was constrained to ask him how "long" he is. He replied by asking if I desired his measurement by the yard, and added that he is 6ft. 3in. in his socks. By the bye, he sings very prettily "sotto voce."

We supposed we should reach Hull about half-past seven, and arrive at Ranmoor to-night, but we are still far from land, and not likely to get in till ten or eleven. Some advise us to stay on board all night, but the general impression is that doing so would be very uncomfortable, and that we should be wiser to go to the Station Hotel, Hull. We have all become so friendly, and the voyage has been so pleasant, that the pang of parting is again bitter.

Station Hotel, Hull, 12 p.m.

About half-past ten we left the "Rollo," in a small tug, for the pier. The Custom House officers came on to the "Rollo," and despatched the luggage in a very few moments.

This is a fine hotel, and we are thankful to be safe once more on the shores of dear "old England." We can scarcely forbear a secret wish to be going home direct, to tell our tales, although we are sure of a hearty welcome at Ranmoor.

	£	s.	d.
Bill on S.S. "Rollo" ..	1	11	6
Stewardess and waiters ..	0	5	0
Omnibus to Hotel ..	0	1	0

Ranmoor, Monday, August 18th.

Back again. This morning, at 7.30, we had a pleasant meeting at breakfast at the Station Hotel, Hull, and numerous farewells. "The Melancholy Dane" (he wished to be called this) was invaluable. What a genuinely kind, good-natured face he has! He accompanied us to the office of Messrs. Wilson, procured us our portmanteau and wraps, which had been so kindly conveyed by Captain Soulsby, of the "Domino," from Smeby's Hotel, Bergen. He, "the Melancholy Dane," then obtained a cab, and drove with us to the station. Not content with assisting us so much, he conducted us safely to Sheffield, and did not leave us till he saw us and all our belongings comfortably placed in little Lizzie's brougham. Not till then did we say goodbye! Is any language adequate to convey our gratitude to this young stranger? We must show our appreciation of such unselfish kindness and care, when he comes (as we hope he will) to see us in our English home, where we live unceremoniously, but happily, and are ever ready to give a welcome to those whom we have met in our delightful summer rambles.

	s.	d.
Bill at Station Hotel ..	13	0
Tickets to Sheffield, 3rd class ..	9	1
Porterage, &c. ..	2	6

We consider that the whole trip cost £30 each.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received the following from various publishers:—

STANLEY LUCAS AND WEBER.

Maytime in Midwinter. Words by A. C. Swinburne. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—An agreeable and prettily conceived song of moderate compass, presenting no difficulties.

Golden Grain. Words by Mrs. Charles. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A truly artistic and charming song, in which the composer manifests her usual fluency and elegance of style. The music carries out the spirit of the words, and there is true musical poetry in the treatment of the last words of each verse,



A DUET.

which is lingered over with unexaggerated pathos. We sincerely hope that this beautiful composition will be adopted and much sung by our intelligent girl-singers, for it will afford real pleasure to all lovers of music.

Liebe, Liebe, ach die Liebe. Words translated from the Hungarian of Alex. Petrófi. Music by Maude Valerie White.—The song before us is a pretty and simple composition, both melody and accompaniments being in admirable keeping with the words.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes. Serenade for a choir of mixed voices. By Henry Leslie.—A charmingly descriptive part song. There are no difficulties to be surmounted by tolerably trained executants. The treatment requires great delicacy.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Song of the Wood. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Mrs. Arthur Goodear.—A melodious setting to verses by the popular song-writer.

True as of Yore. By the same composer. Words by Clifton Bingham.—An agreeable song of average merit in the conventional style.

A Whispered "Yes." Words by Spencer Henry. Music by Edmund Rogers.—Pretty and vocal, and very nicely accompanied. Published in three keys.

The same may be said of *Not Alone.* Words by E. M. A. F. S. Music by R. W. Lewis.

C. B. TREE.

Songs for Little Ones. Words by F. A. R. Music by Merelina Gopp. Illustrations by C. L. Hardcastle.—In every respect a charming gift book. The rhymes, illustrations, and music are equally attractive. It contains twelve simple airs, most of them pretty. The book is got up in a most charming style, price 4s.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Our Darling. Words by Ray Lotinga. Music by Lindsay Proctor.

My All in All. Words by E. Oxenford. Music by Theodor Bradsky.

CONRAD HERZOG AND CO.

A Love Lost and Found. Words by Arthur Holloway. Music by Thomas J. Mallet.

These three songs may be commended as being interesting, tuneful, and well written.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces.



BECAUSE women's work is done for the most part in the privacy of home we are not for that reason to undervalue it, or regard it as of less importance than the more public work of men. In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, Napo-

leon Buonaparte remarked, "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing; what is yet wanting in order that

the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," replied Madame Campan. The reply struck the Emperor. "Yes," said he; "here is a system of education in one word." Is there any work done by men so useful as that which is done by a good mother? The work of the Prime Minister or chief servant of England is no doubt very great, but it may be that the best mother of England, whoever she is, serves her country even more. One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. She influences far more than does the father the action and conduct of the child. When people grow up and get fixed habits, clergymen can do comparatively little to reform them, but a mother can harden in goodness the pliable character of her child. Thus it is that posterity may be said to lie in the person of the child in the mother's lap.

After the work of training children, the next noblest and most useful employment of women is, in our humble and old-fashioned opinion, the skilful and economical preparation of food. If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who makes two stalks of corn to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economises and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skill and labour.

"The man may spend,
And money lend,
If his wife be aught;
But he may work,
And try to save,
And will have nought,
If his wife be naught."

Call cookery a department of chemistry, and cook herself a scientific chemist, and you can see at once the dignity of her work. Indeed, it would seem that the only reason why good cooks do not occupy the social esteem now enjoyed by medical men is the universal forgetfulness of the fact that "prevention is better than cure." Trained cooks prevent ill-health, while physicians, though they drive in carriages and appear much grander, only cure it. Nor is it only the physical nature that is benefited by good cookery. Its effect upon the temper and moral nature generally of a husband and children is very great indeed. Waste, impatience, quarrels, ill-health, are prevented when girls come to their husbands with a practical knowledge of cookery and other household duties.

Another department of woman's work which rivals in usefulness the physician's calling is the work of nursing the sick. The most skilful practitioner gives instructions in vain if they are not carried into practice by an intelligent nurse. In the majority of cases good nursing has more to do with the patient's recovery than good doctoring.

Mr. Ruskin said a girl's chief virtues were dancing, dressing, and cooking: he might have added teaching and training children. What did he mean? Dancing meant a girl was happy. It was her first business to be happy—a sunbeam in the house, making others glad. Dressing meant not buying only, but making dresses, and seeing that others had them: dressing the poor, and teaching them how to dress. Cookery included knowledge of botany, herbs, balsams, all sweet things that grew in the fields and woods for food—in short, the economy of our great-grandmothers, wedded to the science of modern chemistry.

No one who has an eye for beauty of form can avoid seeing the difference between an artistically dressed person, however simple the toilette, and one who is ill-dressed. The human shape is beautiful by nature, and ought not to be disfigured by its covering. Thus the work of dressmaking is really a form of art. It has been well said that "to throw a

pot of paint at a canvas does not make a picture." So it is not making a gown to throw a quantity of material together in any slipshod fashion. The value of a gown consists rather in artistic make than in costly material; a velvet gown ill-made is a bad gown; a serge at 1s. 6d. a yard skilfully made is a gown that might be worn by the highest lady. A girl should desire to do her best on the simplest thing. It may be said of dress-making, as of other work, that true greatness consists not so much in doing extraordinary things as in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

We often speak of "business men," but are there not business women too in the world? Certainly; for the management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or of a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organisation, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends. All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits ought to be cultivated by girls who aspire to succeed in life. Mr. Bright has said of boys, "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly, and he is a made man." Why? Because it teaches him method, accuracy, value, proportions, relations. But does not a girl require to learn arithmetic as much as does a boy? She does; for when she becomes a wife, if she is not up to her business—that is, the management of her domestic affairs in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic—she will, through sheer ignorance, be liable to commit extravagances which may be most injurious to her family peace and comfort. Method, which is the soul of business, is also of great importance in the home. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time. To the business man time is money; but to the business woman method is more: it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

We might go into other departments of women's work and show that they are quite as useful, and ought to be considered as dignified and as honourable as men's; but these few illustrations are enough if they set girls thinking on the subject. In all kinds of work a good woman can earn esteem and can find an opportunity of doing her duty. Only let her put conscience into her work, and remember that there is no work or position in life which cannot be raised, and none so high that it cannot be degraded. Is your work occupied with uninteresting trifles? Think what Michael Angelo said about trifles. One day a visitor at his studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue, "But these are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

We conclude with a few practical words of Rev. H. R. Haweis in reference to a girl's preparation for woman's work: "Order, neatness, cleanliness must first be learned. A slovenly girl will make a slatternly wife. Go home and look at your cupboards. How many things can you find without a hunt? Peep into those corners—drawers—nondescript places, where everything gets stowed away. Do you notice grease-spots quickly? Do you take them out or merely fold them over. A lady said to me, 'What can be worse than a glove that has been mended?' 'A glove that wants mending,' I replied. Every girl should be taught some trade or handicraft. You can never tell how soon you may want it. How do you know that your father is not spending his capital—has not speculated, and will not leave you all penniless? Half the women in the United Kingdom have to support themselves somehow, and not a few of them, I blush to own it, support the men."