THE SINGLE LIFE.

know, dears, seeing he ain’t dead yet. (No loss if he was, perhaps,) she muttered to herself. "Anything, you have no call to feel. You seem a good little lamb."

"Oh! but, Hannah, mamma said it was nice to die, because she would see papa and be always well and happy, and — " But that gentleman said — " cried Kitty, still trembling and crying bitterly.

"Never you mind what that gentleman said!" interrupted Hannah, huskily. "You mind what your ma told you. Here’s a bit of cake for you, my dear. Wipe your eyes, and make haste down, or else your aunt will be cross."

From that time Hannah was kind to her in her rough way, and the only speculations of brightness in her dull, uneventful life were those the old servant created for her.

Miss Spencer would have been rigorously indulgent if she had been accused of being unkind to her niece. She would have answered that she did her duty by her, that she was fed, clothed, and cared for as carefully as her own mother could have done. What more would the child have?

Had Kate been asked the question, she would have said, "A little love, a little praise when I do well." But, then, she was not consulted, and such a reply would have been thought most unreasonable.

When Kate Morton had come there, she was only eight years old, and naturally a happy, merry child. Her only grief had been her parents’ death, and though that loss had been a very heavy one at her age, the feelings are elastic, and had she had a pleasant home, she would have been a thoroughly cheerful girl.

As it was, as she grew up she became a quiet, reserved, but accomplished young lady. Her aunt had been her instructor—a position for which she was excellently fitted, as her talents were of a very high order.

Very few persons visited Miss Spencer. Of these, the gentlemen were like Mr. Green, the ladies like her aunt, and of each and all of them Kate was much frightened.

They greatly pitied her Honor for having the care of so strange a girl, and did not scruple to say so, but felt they had a perfect right to criticise her conduct.

As these remarks were invariably made in Kate’s presence, they did not tend to make her less strange or quiet, but they did make her very unhappy.

Kate lived entirely in a world of her own. She peopled her dull surroundings with radiant splendour, and wove bright fancies of a fairy prince coming to free her from her bondage.

She wondered, sometimes, how it would have been if anyone had loved her, and sympathised with her, or tried to be kind to her, and hoped for happier hours to come.

But as that time did not come, only the weary days dragged on in the same monotonous way, without any great trouble, but without the slightest joy, her dreams faded; she simply became a handsome machine, doing whatever she was told to do in a listless manner that would have warned anyone who cared for her that there was something greatly amiss.

But at this sad time a change was coming, and brightness was, at last, to enter into her dull life.

(To be concluded.)

THE SINGLE LIFE.

There are precious and beautiful things that are enjoyed by but a limited number, such as costly jewels, rare pictures, rich stouts; there are other things, which are very fair and sweet, which bring blessing and profit to many, such as the herbs or flowers whose extracts are used to make medicines or perfumes; the sunbeams, which creep into desolate, gloomy places; the breeze, that carries health to palaces and to cottages alike. Such a part in God’s world as the healing herb, as the kindly, warming, cheering beam of light, as the refreshing breeze, does the single woman play, if her heart and mind are right, if they are true to the pure and the noble; she is, or should be, the salt of society, which is scattered broadcast by Almighty love through the length and breadth of the land.

In these days, when so many men have only small incomes, which almost prevent their marrying, at least for many years; when money losses are so frequent, even in families of limited means, that the daughters, as also the sons, have often to
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

shift for themselves; when, above all, so many fields of high and useful work for God and humanity are to woman, she should be doing at once very foolishly and very wrong if we did not educate our girls in such a manner that they may be able to fill the single, unbroken, long and yet tenuously, bravely, and for the good of others, and their heavenly Master's glory. Let us tell our girls, from their very childhood, that very early they must learn to keep out of their young minds, as we keep a poisoned plant out of a wholesome herb-garden, the pernicious, old-world idea that there is an abiding shadow of the cloister; but that she, by a God-given right, is above all such laws. It may be her queenly will and pleasure to live a single life devoted to the care and culture of others, all the more so when this is the case, let her take fearlessly her Christian woman's privilege, and as a single woman do brave, good work for God. When this is the life, she must be careful that she does not fall into the temptations which especially beset it for women. One of these is the narrowness of interests; everything in single life must enlarge her sympathies and affections, must broaden her views, must be many-sided in her tastes and work; must keep her open to the fine side of life, to the grace in—in the eating, the sorrowing, and the suffering. And besides narrowness, another common failing of single-womanhood is the growing small and tending in aims and pursuits; the deliberate, apathetic wasting of time and powers. The single woman must remember that she has no more right than the married woman to the quiet of life by life's highway, or to squander precious hours and minutes in useless fancy-work and petty gossip. She must be up and doing—here in the schoolroom, in the study, in the school-yard, in the class-room, now at the desk, now at the easel, according as the gifts given her by God call her.

A single life, also, often inclines a woman to become self-absorbed and selfish. She makes for herself a warm, soft nest, full of her own ease and comfort and convenience, in herself and the exclusion of others. Other women, all the world besides. Outside the nest she frequently builds, to justify herself fully in her own eyes for her proceedings, a high fence around her own cloister, and then, in the end, she finds, and is thus entangled, she leads a life of calm, self-complacent indulgence, without the smallest bit of work done for her. Master in heaven, without so much as a kindly thought given to her fellow-men and women who are in the midst of the struggle and the noonday heat. Very different from this is the picture of Christian single-womanhood. The single woman who is a true servant to her heavenly Master places herself, of her own free will, in the midst of the thickest trouble and trial of the world; she knows how to help, and how to heal, and how to comfort. To her, bruised hearts are brought for binding up; at the flame of her burning Christian love and charity, she will sometimes reveal secrets that have never been opened before, and this, no one has to do, but everyone, if possible, leaves undone. While we use our single women in this manner, it is vain, and worse than vain, to expect them to take any good and fair position in the community. Let all single women employ calm but steadfast strength of will against those who would thus take away from them their right to freedom of action; they should always retain in their own hands the power of choosing their own work and useful calling, of living themselves, if they have the talent for it and the energy, to any special vocation.

A single woman should never be careless of her dress and appearance. It is important that one should see and be seen; when one appears, one is known; when he is known, he is to be received. At first sight this may seem a small matter, but in reality it is far from an unimportant one. A single woman is just as much a person as any other; she is often seen, and observed by men for her dress, for her manner, her looks, in her ways, and, words. For women always have, and always will be, somewhat more judged by outward and variegated dress, and our judgment by them themselves. However high a position a
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Dar—There is a very good and instructive article in the "National Review" of November 5th, by Mr. R. H. De Quincey, on "The Art of the Poet," which I think you will find interesting and instructive. It is the best and most complete exposition of the subject that I have ever seen. It is also well written and has a great deal of substance.

Lo—We think the press would look very well in the form you propose, but I think it would be better if the green leaves were not used. The green leaves are not as good a substitute as the black leaves, and they are not as durable. It is better to use white paper and keep the leaves as white as possible.

Mau—Make the bird's plumage with long stitches, and keep the knots as large as possible, and make the string as strong as possible. The recipe is the same as in the "Great Fairs," except that the leaves are not used.

PRECESSION OF THE CARDINALS.

The precession of the cardinals on the Thursday of the week before Easter is a solemn and impressive ceremony. It is one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies in the Catholic Church, and is a symbol of the triumph of the Church over the world. The cardinals are arrayed in their robes of gold and silver, and carry their crosiers and crosses, and are followed by theProcessional of the cardinals, which is a beautiful and impressive sight. The procession is led by the Pope, who is followed by the cardinals, and is accompanied by the clergy and people of the city. The procession is a solemn and impressive ceremony, and is a symbol of the triumph of the Church over the world.

MRS. R.—We should advise you to try St. Mary's Hospital, where the treatment is excellent. The hospital is well equipped with the latest apparatus and methods, and the nurses are kind and willing to do their best. The hospital is open all day, and the nurses are on duty all day. The hospital is open all day, and the nurses are on duty all day.

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