THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

should, however, be noticed, as a distinctive mark of the style, that the shafts are not cut out of the solid slab, core, or column, but are composed of a hard kind of stone or Purbeck marble, and are only attached to the core of the column at the capital and base. This is occasionally the case in Transitional Norman, but is a mode of construction never met with after the thirteenth century.

Early English sculpture is remarkably noble and dignified, and it is said that Plaxman considered the figures in the west front of Wells and the Angel Choir at Lincoln worthy of the greatest period of Greek art; yet to show how little this style depended upon sculpture or any decorative kind of ornament, we must call attention to the remarkable fact that some of the very grandest and finest Early English churches were erected by the Cistercian Order—a religious order which, by its rules, entirely forbade the use of sculpture, carving, painted glass, pictures, precious metals, towers, spires, and organs were also forbidden; yet with all this the Cistercian Order built some of the most magnificent churches erected during the thirteenth century, not only in England but all over Europe. Those glorious Yorkshire abbeys, the ruins of which are so exquisite, were mostly works of the order. Fountains—see illustration—Byland Abbey, Kirkstall, Rievaulx, and Jervaulx. There is a noble and dignified simplicity, and a beauty of line and proportion about these buildings, which has not been surpassed by any of the noblest cathedrals. Being allowed no ornament, the whole attention of these Cistercian builders was turned to the study of proportion and outline. Their churches may have gained in softness by the change, but they lost in that harmonious simplicity and severe dignity which distinguishes their twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth century buildings.

We must now say a few words about the domestic and civil architecture of the thirteenth century. There can be little doubt that the general run of town houses during this period were of wood, and were rather low and narrow, and that in the country no examples of thirteenth-century town houses to be found, but on the Continent they are occasionally to be met with. The great Imperial city of Rathbone, once the most opulent city in Germany, possesses many town houses of the thirteenth century. They are, however, peculiar to the place, since they consist of a massive tower, pierced by large Gothic windows divided into lights by columns. Now the frames and glass do not fit into the window, but are placed behind the mullions of the window, which thus stands free of the glass. I dwell upon this point because it explains a remarkable fact. It is this: that amongst the baggage of King Henry II, when he went from France to England, glass windows are mentioned. Now, until one has seen the arrangement of the thirteenth-century house windows at Rathbone, it seems absurd that a man should be travelling about with ready-made glass windows, without considering for a moment whether they will fit the apertures of the house he is going to visit; but when these frames of glass are simply placed inside the window apertures like a kind of glazed screen, the thing is quite comprehensible. The theory that the thirteenth century glass windows were a part of the furniture of a house, and could be removed from house to house at will, is absurd.

We should not advise any of our readers who happen to be tenants to try to revive this old custom, as the landlord might not respect its antiquity, and would be likely to send in a little bill for dilapidations.

Of course these houses at Rathbone were the residences of the wealthiest and most powerful citizens of the city, and the court of the Emperor, who held his Diet at Rathbone. Although this was the case, it would now considerably astonish any middle-class family if they were to live in one of these "mansions." On the ground floor is a stone-vaulted hall, like the crypt of a church, sometimes (where large) supported by columns. There the lord and his retainers, servants, etc., dined, supped, and the servants probably slept of a night. A narrow, coke-stove staircase led from this hall to the upper rooms. On the first floor was the lord's chamber, which served as drawing-room, ladies' sitting-room, and chief bedroom. Probably in earlier times this was the only room in the house provided with glass windows; the other chambers had only wooden shutters. Of course paper hangings to the walls of rooms which formed such a charming feature in medieval houses was not in use at this time. Queen Eleanor of Castile, when she went to Edward I, appears to have introduced the practice of hanging private rooms with tapestry; and although she was naturally delicate and unwilling to bear the cold of our climate, yet the good folk of London looked upon this innovation as a most criminal exhibition of luxury and ostentation. They regarded hangings as a thing only to be used in churches or grand and solemn ceremonies, such as coronations, etc., but that it should be used by a young queen for the hangings of her bedroom was an unheard-of piece of extravagance, and it absolutely led to an insurrection.*

There was no distinction between bedrooms and reception-rooms; every room, in fact, was a reception-room by day and a sleeping-room by night. The young dandy of the period had to contend himself with a trust of straw, that always uphill, when he went to bed. This has arisen the common English expression, "Give me a shakedown for the night," meaning that he does not expect to be treated with ceremony the next day on rising. The gentlemen of the house in the morning had to take their turn at what Sam Weller calls a "Rince at the pump." Our girls can imagine what would be the brothers' feelings now in similar circumstances, while they can well understand their own habit of sleeping in a room with unglazed windows, and no looking-glass to blow up their hair by.

The dwellings and surroundings, in short, of our thirteenth-century ancestors were rude and rough enough to satisfy the most exacting ascetic, yet they worshipped in temples which have never been surpassed for grandeur and sublimity. To a religious man, whatever his particular views may be, there must be something very striking in this contrast between the rough houses they erected for themselves and the glorious temples they built for the worship of Almighty God.

* See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."

** CALLED TO THE BAR.**

BY ANNE EALE.

motto for the Young Women's Christian Association Combination for 1888 is "Go Forward." It is satisfactory to find that the Association is acting on its principles and motto, and throwing out branches in all directions. One of the latest offshoots of this good work is the Young Ladies' Guide. This is brought within its grateful shade the young women who work for long and weary hours at the restaurants and railway bars of our province. Some thousands are thus employed, and Miss Gough has been appointed by the Y.W.C.A. to seek them out, and to offer to all the right-hand of sisterly and Christian love. Here is truly a strange, eventful, and stirring life. She has to travel, if not exactly from Dun to Boonshaven, from one point of the London circuit to the other, both above and below ground, and to bear with her not only a kindly heart and temperate judgment, but a strong moral fibre, a large store of literature, a body of unchangeable principles, and a capacity for consecrating herself to the service of their Heavenly King. Two days in her company will suffice to show us the arduous and dangerous life of one who serves, and the need they feel of kindly sympathy under the temptations of a career little appreciated or understood.

Will the readers accompany us on these expeditions, and learn for themselves how many a weary sister wears out her days in an occupation that would be, it would seem, better filled by men? In America the stronger sex do minister to their brethren the spiritual compounds that tempt both sexes to lose their virtue and abide till it is too late. In our moderately enlightened England, employers find that women are the more attractive, and, consequently, they are subjected to long days were unknown, and the temptations by dull flattery, and excited by temptations too often irresistible. This mission, however, would fail them to help them both flattery and temptation.

A short journey by Metropolitan brings us to our first suburban hostel. What would our forefathers, who were so wont to refresh themselves in the hostels and alehouses of the rural taverns, say to this? Underneath the foundations of London, quadrupled since their day, below whose streets and its gas-pipes, they would gain an impression on the marble slab of the
ever-open window of a so-called bar covered with edibles, behind which stands a young woman. She passes the day in a small, dark, close vault inside this bar, ministering to those who, in their daily or occasional transit by underground railway, require refreshment. té and cream. Beverages, both imbibrating and uninimbibrating, are at hand, and the imbiber is too frequently men who look on her who waits on them. At one time this was a fidgety jest. She needs to have the armour of proof mentioned in Scripture to withstand much that she has to undergo during twelve or fifteen hours. A woman, no matter how expected to make herself agreeable, and not to be "prudish or sanctimonious," or her custom may fall off. She must be ever on the watch, stocking the whole day, and not otherwise occupying herself than by this perpetual sale to such as pass and repass before her. In most places she may neither work nor read in the intervals of leisure, if she have any, but must devote herself, soul and body, to her employers. All the railway officials are overwork; to them she is all, and in addition, those of the Metropolitan Railway to moyo, x to breathe an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke highly prejudicial to the health.

Our new friends, suffering from throat and chest complaints that pour through the ever-open window and door behind which they stand. Therefore, their entertainers, a philanthropic doctors, have presented for their bodies, while she brings kindly counsel and pure literature for their minds. Together with an invitation to a drawing-room meeting at the house of a lady interested in the mission. "I can go, for I shall be off duty," says one, gladly. "I cannot accept it," says another, "till twenty-nine," and a third responds another: "but I greatly enjoyed the concert at Lady Brabazon's." It may be permitted us to mention here that those devoted friends of unpretentious girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have lent their dining-room on Sunday afternoons for a Bible class for these and other employment, and given tea to all who take advantage of their kind invitation. Miss Gough, or some other good lady, holds a Bible class for their benefit, and thus probably provides for them the only spiritual food they have. In most of our cities only one Sunday in three is allowed for recreation of mind or body. The Lord's Day cannot, therefore, be kept "holy." As regards the meetings, these are arranged in the private residences of kind ladies, who offer a pleasant and profitable evening once a month to such as are able and willing to attend.

We have been privileged to share in one of these enjoyable reunions, and can vouch for the hearty welcome, the abundant meal, the fragrant bouquet with pretty tests, and the happy faces of hostess and guests. Moreover, the songs, hymns, and recitations were enlivening, and the conversation anything but dull. And also, to each, and to all, we appreciated some short and kindly addresses by two deacons, at the close of the conversation, and were ready to join in prayer and praise to the Giver of all good gifts, before we separated.

Returning to our substantiuous expecation, we have improved acquaintance, and the refreshments placed within the station-room instead of on the marble windowsit. Some we choose, also, to enjoy in the street, and do we appreciate the subdued blow-hole; but everywhere the young women stand the livelong day inhibiting the very presence of these combined odours of sulphur, smoke, and alcohol. Happily they do not sleep below ground, but when "off work," such as have no private

homes seek such quiet and air as they may find in the nearest above-board stations, or in lodgings provided for the purpose, and find one or two young women attending to the wants of a score of men. It is almost impossible to gain the ear of the former until their work is over, when, as in similar instances, they do as some special train comes due, and gather again before another. We never longer wonder at what was said by more than one of the workers to the effects that, if members of this mission could have some small voice in the matter, they would, and they do as some special train comes due, and gather again before another.

I shall believe it when the visitors will come and speak to us across the bar, and shake hands with us in presence of our customers.' A small group forms, and during one year's work between five and six hundred girls of this particular class have been visited, many of whom have joined the Y.W.C.A., subscribed to wholesome societys, belong to the penky bank, and have become total abstainers. It is well to make a point of total abstainers, because the temptations to drink are so great.

"I was so tired that I could not resist a small glass," says one, to whom the tempter comes all too often; "but I really will sign to drink no more.""

"Tired! This is the word for all. We find some passing their interval of relaxation in their sleeping apartment right above the railway, and think to "kick off their fatigue in the centre of so much noise and bustle. But they do, until the brain becomes irritated by the constant excitement, and the doctor considers the time has come to take a rest, until it regains its equilibrium. To these, also, invitations are given in really "sisterly" fashion to the drawing-room meeting already mentioned, and most of those who can, gladly promise to be there.

But there are many difficulties, to say nothing of the way that the fulfillment of these promises. Occasionally the broken guest fights shy of the invitation, and looks upon it as a sort of trap to religio into which she does not choose to fall; but such rebuffs to Miss Gough's kindly overtures are, happily, rare. Genuine sympathy, whether with the griefs, temptations, or misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, is generally appreciated in the long run, and the half a million of young women who tell for a livelihood in this large city are learning to understand the Christian spirit. They have other things to think of, a woman, older, maybe, or blessed with large store of wealth than themselves. We wish their employers could give them one day of rest in every week, to relieve their "Christian interest." Also one large firm does allow four hours daily "off duty" to each employee, but the Sunday has no special consideration.

As we wander from refreshment bar to refreshment bar, we are struck with many things, but principally with the powers of endurance of the young women, and with their reception of the stupid and insane civilities of these masculine customers. We hope that they get used to them, for some take them in their stride, and are working while they fill or wipe the ever-needed glasses. It was well if all could be strengthened to resistance by prayer to Him who gives His grace to every individual, and not least of all, to her station in life. We are also struck by the amount of beverages consumed, and believe total abstainers a marked contrast of the consumers, whether men or women.

Our powers of endurance, however, are not so great as those of our new acquaintances, and we wonder what they must feel after they toll on. "The wind has blown us west to-day; we shall wait till it changes to blow us east," says one, and slacking hands with the last "off duty," we withdraw from the bustling scene.

The east wind soon comes, however, and in a few days the indefatigable Miss Gough is ready to lead us to "pastures new," if the streets of the city of London can be called "pastures new." We are crowded into them that they have neither space nor time for grazling. "Whence do they think they are going?" is the natural question, repeated in the ear of the great restaurants and railway bars of the City proper. We must say, and that without any reservation, that many of the women we welcome warmly, and we learn that three members of the Y.W.C.A.; most wear the blue ribbon, and all are interested in Miss Gough and her work. Many of them hope to be at the drawing-room meeting, others, who live out of London, cannot manage it. These latter reach their homes late and leave them early, yet would not for worlds relinquish that interval of "fresh air" gained in the comparative country. What a safeguard it is to soul and body."

"I've had a good news for you!" begins Miss Gough, enthusiastically, who has not been idle since we were "blown west." The dinner hour being over, she is able to address them all together. It was a great delight when this one promised me one hundred pounds a year for two years for an institute. I have been here, there, and everywhere, and at last have found the proper house to be the use of all the young ladies connected with our mission. Who will help to furnish them and send books, ornaments, and money, to help their friends? There is only one way you can, for I want them ready at once. We can have classes, and social evenings and a library at our Musley Rooms, 18 John Street, for women only. This is the burden of her song whenever she can gain a hearing, and we are amazed to find that she has accomplished so much since we met last. May the same song pierce to willing ears beyond the circuit we have been traversing; for a temporary haven of rest is good for all.

We thread many streets, wander in and out of numerous railway terminuses, and make our way through concourses of people in our round about the East End. They are on a previous occasion, only there is more difficulty in approaching the objects of our call. As in the monster "at homes," which are the mode of addressing their friends, there is a select set, whom we desire most to see are unapproachable. We speak to the management of one crowded hostelry through the open window, and to her "helps" between the acts. Navigation is difficult, but our vessel disemarks and receives cargo at most ports. Although we would not make merchandise of the histories we hear, some of them are profoundly sad, and only too often we find that the young friend to whom we speak has lost both parents, and has taken the first situation that offered to maintain herself. There is no such "hitting the stump" as we do this in embark on a less tempestuous sea. To all we would affectionately urge, "Watch and pray." None of them actually complain of their lives being "worn out," but we see others who are. As a rule, complaints and redress arise from without, and it is the public outcry that would "hit the stump." The young couple, the young woman, and others abuse. Numbers of these young people, attracted by the doubtful charms of the town, come from "the sweet and blessed homes of the country"; and think the Sabbath is at first an "astonishment and a hissing;" finally, alas! a matter of course.

So will we candidly repeat the oft-given advice. "Show me your occupation, if possible, in or near your native place, or where your friends live," Hundred
of girls come to London thinking to find an
El Dorado, and are ruined in the search for it.

Enough girls are born in the metropolis to
supply all its needs, and they, being accus-
tioned to town life, accommodate themselves
to its requirements more readily than those
who have been bred in the country. The
stories of numbers who wander away from
their natural surroundings and manage to
come to London are simply heartrending, and
hospitals, homes, penitentiaries, and even the
London streets, could tell tales of wrecked
lives that no ear has heard but that of the
stranger. The other day a girl walked from
Scotland and found herself alone in London.
Happily she fell in with an honest woman who
took her to a "home," where a lady con-
nected with the Y.W.C.A. received her
as a temporary servant. Had she met with a
woman of bad character she would have been
lost. This is only one of hundreds of instances
daily recurring; but, unfortunately, young
girls will not take warning, and too often
learn by bitter experience the truth of what
they have been previously told. They are
happier and more respectable in their native
sphere than they can be when transplanted
from it; and we would urge on all classes to
strive after contentment in the state in which
God has placed them. It is difficult without
standing the restless spirit of the age, but those
who do so are best and happiest.

We will, however, wind up our second day's
peregrinations hopefully by a visit to Crosby
Hall, Bishopsgate-street. We had never before
seen this curious old palace, once the royal
abode of King Richard III, and the scene of
many of his ambitious schemes. It was built by an anonymous writer, who only survived its completion four years. It
was his widow who sold it to Richard, Duke
of Gloucester, and the pair are buried in the
neighbouring church of St. Helen, where their
relics and figures may still be seen in that
stone which outlasts our flimsy tombs.
The hall was formerly chronicled as "Ye
highest and fairest of ye citie." As a palace
it is more than once mentioned in the third
act of Shakespeare's magnificent
tragedy of Richard III, when Richard bids the harelip murderers "repair to
Crosby-place." Since those times it has
undergone many changes, and been occupied
by various tenants; now it has returned to
a certain extent its character as a city palace,
inauthor, "Lov ing Service," "Nora's Stronghold," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSA was sitting alone in the room
downstairs on the following after-
noon, feeling disconsolate and
lonely and dreary.

Miss Elton was away, or she would have
been sure of her sympathy
and help; but she was absent nursing a
sick married sister, so that there was no
knowing when she would be back.

Rosa was utterly alone, bereft, as she felt; of
everything; those last remaining relatives gone, even
the shelter of Ivy Cottage
Although it was not
written, yet she fancied it might be
indeed a dark hour, and a look of hopeless
dejection came into her face as she sat
there in a low chair, with her hands lying
idly on her lap.

She shivered every now and then, and no
wonder, for it was a cold
December day, and in her misery and absorption she had forgotten
the fire, which was burning so
brightly, that it seemed on the
point of going out. But she heeded it not.
What was physical discomfort com-
pared with the mental anguish she was going
through?

If she had had anything to occupy her, to
demand her thoughts and attention, it would
have been better for her. It was as if she
were without anything from her. There
was not even any mourning to see about, as
she was already in black for her Aunt
Mary; and Mrs. Reeve had seen to all the arrange-
ments for the funeral.

In utter weariness she lay back in her
low chair and closed her eyes, while some stray
tears trickled unheeded down her cheeks. At
that moment she felt how glad she would be
to flee away and be at rest.

But such thoughts as these must not be indulged
in. The comfort and help she needed she
knew she could obtain adequately only
from one source, and surely it would not
be withheld if she sought it. Reaching out the
other hand, she took up her little
Bible and turned over its leaves. Stand-
ing out clear and distinct—the more so that
they were under the eyes of her own eyes—
"My God shall supply all your need."

It was like a ray of light flashing through
all the gloom. There was One still left to
care for her, to provide for her; One who
knew all about her and her needs, and know-
ing, had also power to supply them all.

"Trust in Him at all times, ye people; pour
out your hearts before Him." God is our
refuge and strength, a very present help in
trouble. Then she would trust, she would
look to Him. What David had found Him to
be, that let her find also; refresh her, give her strength, help, guidance—all she needed so sorely was to be
found in Him. And He always cared for His
weak and desolate children; those who had
been brought low He would exalt and set
them on high. She would lay her burdens, her
cares, her sorrows upon Him. He would
never fail nor forsake her.

Once more she leaned back in her chair and
shut her eyes, but now it was to muse
in thankfulness upon the loving-kindness and
tender mercies which were so sure to follow
her all the days of her life. God would
not forget her; He had not forgotten her.
He had doubted already gone before to
prepare her the next halting-place, and in due time He would lead His people to rest, was
it not time to wait and trust and ask for grace
to be willing to follow in whatever path He
should indicate?

The gloom was gone, and a peaceful
look stole over her face as she lay down, so to
speak, in the overarching arms that were folded
about her, so warm and close, so tender and
strong.

"Why, Miss Rosa, you've nearly let
the fire out, and such a cold day as this is, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeve, breaking in upon her
musing. "I thought perhaps you'd like
to have tea a little earlier than usual, as it's such
a dark, cheerless afternoon. Will you bring
up the lights now? the room will seem more
comfortable when it is shut up for
the night."

"Thank you, Mrs. Reeve. Yes, I should