WOMEN'S WORK: ITS VALUE AND POSSIBILITIES.

Master Jack's pet vanities, whereas she had only seen his future through his own eyes, and had been so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his dream, that she had been impelled to make the sketch. But how could she explain this to Jack if poor Jack's feelings were hurt, how sorry she should be! For the moment she longed for courage to claim and keep her sketch. "I shall tell Jack that you did not mean to make fun of him," said Ellie, softly. "Do not mind the laughing."

"I don't," said Marion; "only Jack is always so kind, and I could not bear him to think I was so rude as to ridicule him."

"I will explain it," said Ellie, kindly, and Marion's distress melted away before Ellie's gift of thought-reading;

for all of fun though she might be, this same little fairy had a perfect genius for smoothing out snarls, and clearing away pitfalls which endangered the happiness of other people.

So the "caricature" was included with the other sketches and taken by Mrs. Trelawney into her own especial care.

Cousin Rufus meantime had accompanied Ruth to the end of the garden which bordered on the marsh, and was hunting all about the new departure; asking many questions, and thoroughly ventilating the subject.

"I wish Frank were here," he said, at length. "He's your man. But—but you know how it is if you take small part at a time, for a year or two."

Yes, yes! I quite see the uselessness of trying to grow anything in that sand up there, and better get the fields lies fallow, than work them at a loss. Now about the drainage—I must help you there."

"The next hour was spent most profitably for it was during this period in hand, took down every practical suggestion advanced by Cousin Rufus, for future assimilation. The whole party then went into the house for early tea, after which the room was filled with its load, and Cousin Rufus took the reins. There were last farewells, and wild waving of handkerchiefs so long as the road lay in the valley, but all too soon the hills hid the carriage from sight.

(Wo continues.)

THE WORKING WOMAN.

The work of domesticity or profitless self-occupation, when there is every need of her contribution, at least to her own maintenance. But every effort to be of use, to be an actual asset to him, he is unable to make. Otherwise, women are engaged only in the following occupations, in foreign and in private houses, where they were necessarily placed at the mercy of caprice or unkindness.

The ideal woman of that period is far removed from the ideal woman of to-day as genius is from mere ability, or Jane Austen's heroines from those of Thomas Hardy. The young lady with sloping shoulders, gazelle-like eyes, and unchanging unification of features, and hands and mouth at the pit of her mouth, seamstress and charwomen; it was never held to include those who took refuge in the arduous paths of governness and lady-companion life, or in the few practically useless occupations that open to English women. These were on an entirely different footing to their humbler sisters, but they were less fortunate, since their work was only to be obtained, with rare exceptions, in fashionable private houses, where they were necessarily placed at the mercy of caprice or unkindness.

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are many: it gives scope for an individuality and originality, generally denied to women in private life. There are some subjects peculiarly their own, and this editors have not been slow to discover. It is not generally to say that the press is not a newspaper in the Kingdom which has not at one time or other given employment to these matters. "Writers' Clubs," formed exclusively of lady journalists and authoresses, is sufficient proof of the secure position women hold in the world of letters.

The depression of women-journalists is Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the Daily News and of several other prominent journals. Mrs. Crawford's comments are set on her favourite theory, "There is nothing that a man can do, that a woman cannot do, and there are some things that would be more difficult for a man to do, than it would be for a woman." When she was very young, some letters of hers fell into the hands of a London editor, who was so struck by their vivacity and originality that he engaged her as a contributor to his paper. She promptly set herself to master the science of politics—a subject usually avoided by journalistic women as too complicated and uninviting. The successful experience of her writing has always required the consideration it deserved. Mrs. Crawford has done many things, and many to do. During the Commune in 1871, she entered Paris, interviewing the Communist leaders as they sat in Council, escaping all harm and insult by her sympathy, her courage, and her ready wit. She has walked the wards of cholera hospitals amongst the dead and the dying, and more than once has rushed through a thunderstorm to the nearest telegraph office from a hall, in satin slippers and an evening gown, to send a description of the dresses to an expectant editor. And yet with all this hurry and rush of her other domestic life has been of the happiest.

The names of women-authors are legion, the majority of their work bearing more than favouritism with that of men. But what George Eliot said of feminine writing is still applicable: "It must be plain to everyone who looks impartially and extensively into feminine literature, that the great defects are due hardly more to the want of intellectual power than to the want of those moral qualities that follow from literary excellence, patient diligence, a sense of propriety, an interest in publication, and an appreciation of the sacredness of the writer's art."

The presence of women in the literary world is removed from egotism, whilst a tendency to verbiage, a strain affecting after effect and the glorification of the commonplace are the greatest blot upon the majority of the literary work which women produce, although there are unmistakable signs that a finer and purer style is being sought after.

Publishing is only one step removed from writing, and many women do well to follow the example of Madame Gautier, a Frenchwoman who is now publishing her own novel. Madame Gautier, like Madame Guillaumin, was the sole proprietor of a successful publishing business for twenty-six years, conducting the Revue des Economistes. She was an old maid, and used to boast of never having quarreled with anyone she had ever employed. Her literary stock, as a woman, is one she has always invited the women working in her establishment to evening entertainments. She used to declare that, "Men are never actuated by jealousy, but women are. Women, and sooner women get rid of this delusion the better it will be for them."

A department in publishing by two young girls in Clapham, who has been a journalist and the other a book illustrator, will be watched with the keenest interest by those who admire new departures. It is said that there is only one woman in England who is proprietor, editor, and manager of a newspaper. This is Mrs. Comyns; the paper is the Father of all. She is the number of women who elect to follow the medical profession. On the Continent, the conferring of a medical diploma on Mademoiselle Clémence Favard at La Sorbonne is a daily matter. There are many doctors in Belgium, Mademoiselle Van Deist, who was educated in Switzerland and merely received her diploma at Brussels, sharing the honour with Mademoiselle Garnier, who was educated in Belgium. These women possess a "Doctor of Literature and Philosophy," the equivalent of having already been conferred on any Englishwoman. It is an age of advancement, however, and as we already possess women's colleges, not as Tennyson described them in the prologue to "The Princess":

"With prudes for provokers, dowagers for deans,
And women-graduates in their golden hair,
But for the object of making women worthy of their higher nature, the future may possibly bring such an honour to pass.

Dentistry is not an alien occupation, but now, instead of giving or withholding it under the forearms, women are willing them, both in London and Birmingham; whilst a large number of women are making lucrative incomes by massage, the West End School of Massage annually giving certificates to students, who are sent to all parts of the world.

The urgent need for medical women in India is constantly being instilled upon by missionaries, military men, and civilians alike. It would be a benefit to India, a benefit which could not be exaggerated. The English medical women, educated completely in England, could settle in the chief towns of India, said an eminent Hindoo; and Doctor Sophia Jex Blake, the Nineteenth Century's, maintained, "It is impossible to fill up the demands of so vast a country as India."...
WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.


It was a cold, gusty March morning; grey clouds were drifting across the sky, trees swayed and creaked ominously, and the snowdrops and crocuses that had found their way through the brown earth seemed in danger of being exterminated.

The breakfast-room at the Cedars was a pleasant contrast to the outside world; a wood fire crackled and blazed on the tiled hearth, shining on china and silver that adorned a table at which two persons were taking their morning meal. The lady who sat at the head of the table was unmistakably mother to the young man at her right hand; her grey hair was parted from her unruffled brow, and her finely dark eyes had as much life in them as those of her son, who glanced out of the window from time to time with a very discontented expression.

"The letters are late this morning," remarked Mrs. Gillingham as she gave her son his second cup of coffee.

"Tell of in—where they are," he said, and in a few minutes a servant entered with a muddy pile on her waiter.

Young Mr. Gillingham sorted them out, but only two were for his mother, the rest being "mostly bills," he said, and pushed them aside for future consideration, turning his attention to his mother.

One of Mrs. Gillingham's letters was quickly disposed of, the other caused her some surprise, for, with a little explanation, she looked across at her son.

"Well, mother," he said, "something interesting?"

"Just listen to this, Percy—no, you will soon find out who it is from, I won't tell you yet."

"My dear Mrs. Gillingham—"

"I am in distress for my young friend Edith Lambert, and I have a plan for her good fortune. If you begin reading you will only give the principal part. You may remember that little Dick Lambert had rheumatic fever from which he recently recovered, but he has since developed serious heart disease, and his only chance for comparative recovery lies in perfect rest and quiet, which, among the four other children, he cannot get at home. They cannot send him to a convalescent home; he would not be happy without his sister, and they cannot afford to take lodgings anywhere for any length of time."

"This is the plan that has occurred to me, and if you at all object, my dear friend, please do not mind saying so—would you have Edith at the Cedars ostensibly as your companion now that Mr. Percy is away, and let her bring little Dick? The child does not look ill, and I think would be no trouble, and Edith could have home comfortably now as they have a cousin with them.

"Please let me have an answer soon, and by all means refuse if you would rather do so."

"I hope Mr. Percy is well and enjoying his trip."

"With kindest regards,"

"Yours very sincerely,"

"Julia Browning."

"Well, that is cool!" exclaimed Percy; "it is just like Miss Browning to expect people to do such a thing for them.

"She does so much good herself that it does not seem to her a great deal to ask; you see, she does not know that your trip is postponed, and thinks that I am alone."

"Then she will soon find out that you don't want a companion—really, mother, I believe though you want to do it."

"I really believe I do," said Mrs. Gillingham clearly out if they are unbearable. I suppose Miss Lambert will have no fun in her, and the youngsters is breakable—but ask them by all means you like."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Gillingham in answer to the not very gracious speech. The ones of entertaining the prospective guests would not care to fall on her, and she could not help dreading it; but the thought of the anxious girl decided her, and she wrote to Miss Browning that afternoon. Mrs. Gillingham put the letter lying on the table and offered to post it. "I say, mother," he said, pausing with it in his hand, "how did you put it?" You could scarcely say that as you are too poor to pay for lodgings, you will graciously take her in."

"Sincerely," said his mother, "I have written to Miss Browning; it is not a very easy thing to do."

A week later Percy drove to the station to meet the expected guests, his mother having been detained at the last minute. He did not object to her crandr, and even felt some interest in the corner. Life at the Cedars was quiet, and though he did not expect much pleasure in the society of Miss Lambert and her brother, their coming was a change.

He had not started any too early, for the train was coming into the station, as he drove up, he gave the reins to a boy and he went on to the platform. There was no chance of his making a mistake; less than a dozen people had alighted, amongst them a young lady dressed in a suit, holding the hand of a small boy in a sailor suit.

Percy introduced himself, and the girl's rather anxious face brightened, and he noticed that it was really pretty, its sweet expression being perhaps its greatest charm. She was chiefly occupied with her brother, whom she was glad to get settled in the pony-carriage.

"How do you feel, little chap?" Percy asked as he tucked rugs round the small legs.

"Quite well, thank you," the child said, so gravely that Mr. Gillingham put him down for a pigr, yet in another moment the little face changed, and the boy sat up clapping his hands. "Look, Eddie, look, I thought the trees were getting their leaves on, isn't it lovely?"

"Fush, Dick, dear, sit still!" Miss Lambert said, adding by way of explanation to Percy, "The two trees in our garden at home have not begun to bud, but Dick thought the country ones would be sure to be earlier."

"So they are," said Dick triumphantly. The child did not look ill, scarcely delicate; there was a healthy colour on his cheeks, and he gazed with side to side with eager interest.

He was a nice-looking little fellow, with loose light hair and dark blue eyes. Percy began to think he might be rather a nice little companion.

Mrs. Gillingham was waiting to receive them, and Edith was reassured as she felt her
TWO BY-PATHS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

With his bill against the window. I am always accustomed to attend at once to any such appeal from a bird or animal, since I generally find it means that they urgently require something.

In this case, as the evening was chilly, I let the three doves into their cage and brought in the two young doves. As it was raining, I immediately got out the little hen in the cage and put her in the window of the room, and away she flew. Presently I heard Peace cooing loudly, and, following the sound, I found him under the veranda with the young dove that was missing. He was evidently trying to show me his treasure child, and as soon as I took them both up and carried them to the cage, Peace was quite happy and contented.

When the weather became warm and sunny the little pair decided that their next nest should be built in some clematis growing up the pillars of the veranda. It was a charming spot to select, for the little mother-bird had flickering sunbeams shining upon her whilst she sat, and leaves to shelter her from the sun. To find that I offered one, the little builder took it gladily, and flying off to the nest presented it to his wife, and she wove it into the family dwelling.

Later on in the day it seemed to me that the comfort of the home would be improved by some softer material than interlacing twigs, so I added a little flannel. The young ones were amused to find that when I offered one, the little builder took it gladily, and flying off to the nest presented it to his wife, and she wove it into the family dwelling.

Two snowy eggs soon appeared, and then the parents took it by turns to sit upon the nest for about four hours at a time. This should teach us a beautiful lesson of unselfishness, for it must seem a little hard to have to sit all night after hour and see another bird able to fly about enjoying the air and sunshine. I think my dove was well named Patience, but doubtless the strong feeling of mother love was sufficient to make the affectionate little father-bird seem always ready to take his turn in the domestic duties.

The first heavy shower after the nest was built made me rather anxious for the comfort of the sitting bird; she would soon have been soaked with rain, so I racked my wits to devise a shelter. With some contrivance I managed to fix a shining roof of stiff cardboard so as to keep off rain and reflecting sunshine.

By talking quietly to my pet she seemed quite to understand that she was not to be alarmed, and sat calmly on her nest whilst I fixed her shelter.

The bird that is off duty is fond of coming to visit me in the house, I am quite accustomed to see a dove sitting amongst my working materials, I have even found an egg lying on my writing-table as a modest gift and a token of affection from my gentle Patience.

Peace looks very pretty when he perches on a white marble bust in the drawing-room. He dearly likes investigating corners, and wash-basin, and I once found him in the museum busily pulling an old nest to pieces, because it contained the materials he would be desirable for his own home.

I learn many lessons from my little doves, I see how affection begets confidence, and how these little creatures trust me perfectly, and that gives me true pleasure, and makes them very dear to me.

I think it is thus our Heavenly Father would have us show our love to Him. He says, 'Love them that love Me.' And shall we not go on to say, 'and those that seek Me early shall find Me.'

Let all the dear young people who read about my doves try to learn from their history, how they can please God by showing their love and trust in Him, by going to Him continually with all their difficulties, not doubting that He will hear, and abundantly answer their prayers.

E. BRIGHTWEN.

TWO BY-PATHS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

French, and play on the harpsichord," has entirely justified the recognition made by the country of her right to equal mental development with man. But there are many women who, perhaps for monetary reasons, perhaps because prejudice and old-fashioned notions have held them from sharing in the new advantages placed before them. But, be the reason what it may, there are women who, fairly well-educated, and with parents in a good position, find it necessary to work. The sterener occupations, for which lengthy training is required, are closed to them; literature, art, the City, business, the many avocations within their reach, are overcrowded; they need occupation. The world does not seem to need their labour.

Perhaps such women, anxiously seeking work, and meeting only failure and disappointment, may shrug off the old femininity ideal, whose "education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak

with our sons?" the majority of the professions and occupations, once exclusively reserved for the bread-winning male, have been thrown open to women of all classes. From an educational point of view girls share equal privileges with their brothers. Step by step, from the beginning of the college system, and the college course, we may climb the mountain of knowledge through the pleasant fields of culture on precisely the same level with men; each year the wisdom of this equality may be learned from the most cursory glance at examination results all over the kingdom. The advancement women have made upon the old feminine ideal, whose "education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak

no way connected with one another, nor do they follow the same system. Priority is given to the ladies of the travelling public, and country residents of finding suitable rooms in London, formed themselves into a well-organized, extremely efficient and business-like society for the protection of good apartments not only in private houses but in hotels. Thus, a lady living in the country and wishing to stay for a few weeks in London, by sending with her a statement of the room she requires, she can have the description of rooms by the agent sent to her; the travel she is prepared to pay, would find on her arrival the arrangement made for her comfort, and, when it is impossible to get a room, the worthy landlady, the agency engaging no rooms of which they have not personal knowledge. The percentage, paid according to the value of the hotel, is very small, which the travelling apartment-seeking is remembered. This agency exists practically for the benefit of the travelling public, complete arrangements being made for families passing through or staying for a short visit in London, but it also engages furnished houses both in the country and in the City. An unusual and one venture proved to be that during the
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

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THE GIRL'S OWN

GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study—The Bible Handbook (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., s.j.); Bible Cyclopaedia (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') Aids to the Study of the Bible, 1a. or 3a. ed., the Revised Version of the Bible.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guineas. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, i.e., from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

131. What period is embraced in the 1st Book of Kings? by whom is it supposed to have been compiled? Name some of its sources. Into what natural divisions does it fall?

132. The history of what two great prophets does it contain?

133. Briefly describe David in his various aspects, as king, warrior, statesman, poet, musician, prophet, and as an emblematic type of Christ?

134. What event precipitated the recognition of Solomon as the successor of his father? And where was he anointed?

135. Who were the Cherethites and Pelethites, and where are they and their captain mentioned? On what three occasions was the captain sent as an executioner?

136. In what respect was the prayer of Solomon remarkable? And where do we find that David predicted his great wisdom?

137. Who were the two Hirams of whom mention is made in the history of David and Solomon, and in what connection did they severally stand in regard to the erection of the Temple?

138. Give the two names of Solomon and their respective significations, and state by whom the second name was given?

139. Give the three allusions to Solomon in the New Testament, and show by a reference to Deuteronomy, that Solomon violated the principles of the Hebrew constitution, and the laws laid down for future kings.

140. When was God's last manifestation of Himself to Solomon? and how were His judgments fulfilled by His message to Jeroboam, through the Prophet Ahijah?