

Had it been possible for the gentle girl she had educated to have entertained a feeling of hatred towards any living creature, it would have been to her former governess. From her earliest years she had never liked the Frenchwoman; neither indulgence, praise, nor severity could win her love.

Children have strange instincts.

Previous to the return of the captain, Mrs. Dalton and her daughter carefully removed every little memorial that might remind him of his loss; these Isabel conveyed to her own chamber. Not even mademoiselle suspected the tears she shed over them.

Shortly after the return of Captain Brandreth to his home, a certain change became apparent in the manner of the governess. It was not joy—that would have been an outrage upon the feelings of those who mourned—or even cheerfulness, but was noticeable chiefly in the absence of those sudden fits of abstraction and nervousness from which she formerly suffered.

A close observer would have decided that some painful or oppressive feeling had been removed, and that her mind had recovered its former elasticity.

When the sorrow-stricken, repentant father related to his sister the manner in which her nephew had perished, her tears flowed fast and freely.

"Poor boy!" she murmured; "poor boy! so noble, young, and brave!"

"Do not tell Isabel," said her brother, gloomily; "she will hate me."

"No, no! pity you, George—pity you."

"I tell you she will hate me," repeated the captain, bitterly. "She is changed to me already. She tried to look kindly, and speak kindly, on my return; but I perceived the effort it cost her. She shuddered at my embrace as from the kiss of Cain. He only destroyed his brother!" he added, with a burst of passionate remorse; "I—yet more cruel and unnatural—sacrificed my son! Have you not heard of oracles and tokens sent in the olden time to warn men against ill deeds?—but they must have been a fable, or Heaven, in pity, would have sent some sign to prevent a father murdering his only child!"

"Murder!" repeated Mrs. Dalton, faintly.

"The world will not call it so," exclaimed the captain, wildly; "it has softer words—accident! unfortunate occurrence! combination of circumstances!—with which to give the lie to simple truth. But I know that I murdered him, and he knew it. His last words, as he sprang into the sea, warning me that henceforth I was a childless man, ring in my ears,—I hear them in my sleep at night; the winds brought them to me on the deck of my own vessel, as I paced the night-watch through. My officers and crew must have heard them, for I could see they shrank from me. Would you believe it," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that more than once, on my voyage home, I saw his pale face rise through the foaming spray, his blue eyes glare upon me; and yet I kept my reason?"

"George," sobbed his sister, "you terrify me!—this is madness—delusion. Oliver would have smiled forgiveness on his father. If Heaven permitted the dead to visit this sad world, it would not be to mock us. You must shake off these sad impressions—return once more to the active life of your profession."

"Never!" interrupted her brother, firmly. "The man who cannot command himself is unfit to command others. Would you believe it—I sentenced poor old Jack, who sailed with me since I was a middy—who saved my life, to the lash! the lash!" he repeated, with a shudder.

"Travel, then," suggested his sister.

"I cannot fly from myself!" was the gloomy answer. "Sometimes the unhappy man would appear more composed, and dwell upon the death of our hero with a calmness common observers would have mistaken for apathy."

Few can imagine the volcano, when snows have capped its burning crest.

Alarmed at the increasing despondency of her brother, Mrs. Dalton exerted all the influence she possessed, and at last drew from him a reluctant promise to seek relief from his sad thoughts in foreign travel.

Sailors, like ghosts—not that we ever pretend to any peculiar acquaintance with the habits of the latter—are said to be fond of returning to the scenes they have long been familiar with. At any rate, it proved the case with Jack Shears; there were certain haunts, in the neighbourhood of Wapping and Rotherhithe, which he preferred to the hospitable abode of John Compton, although the butler allowed him to smoke in his own room, and he had the society of Peter Marl and Philippo.

The fact was, pipe-clay and tar did not exactly hit it. There was a feeling—only a slight one—of jealousy between them. Each considered himself as

exclusively entitled to wait upon our hero: Jack, because he knew him first and had sailed under his father; Peter, from past service and affection.

The day after Oliver's return from Richmond, the old sailor rushed into the room where Oliver was writing, in a state of great excitement.

"I have seen Tom, your honour!" he exclaimed. "The Aggy's paid off, and the skipper returned to London."

"In England!"

"True as the Nore light. Then rascally pirates took our rigg'n' aboard, and told the captain as we wor both drowned and buried. Love my eyes, you should have seen Tom's figger-head when he first clapt eyes upon me; he changed like a dolphin—looked as if he had been on the doctor's list six months, and kept on three-quarter grog."

"My poor father believes that we are dead," said our hero; "the retribution must have been fearful. Come with me."

"Where?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"To seek him!" replied the generous youth; "not for an instant can I leave him with such an impression upon his mind. I tremble for his reason. You need not fear him now."

"Fear him!" repeated the seaman; "love my eyes! I never wor afraid on him. I knowed his heart wor right; it was only the upper rigg'n' that wor queer at times."

The old man touched his head significantly. "Besides," he added, "he could not flog me now. He has struck his flag."

Had Oliver Brandreth given himself time to reflect, the probabilities are, he would have pursued a more prudent course. His impetuous feelings got the better of his judgment, and, without calculating the effect his sudden appearance might produce upon his father, his aunt, and Isabel, he quitted the house, accompanied by Jack Shears, and directed his steps towards the villa in the Regent's Park.

It was the day preceding the one on which the captain was to leave home upon his travels.

The desolate man was walking in the grounds with his niece and sister, discoursing on the past with that regret which derives double bitterness from being hopeless.

"I have yielded to your wish," he observed, "against my judgment. We cannot fly from the heart's malady—it accompanies us like our shadow."

"Hope better," said Mrs. Dalton; "there is a balm in time and change."

Her brother smiled bitterly.

A faint shriek from Isabel, who had lingered to weep over a rose-tree Oliver and herself had planted when children, attracted the attention of her uncle. The apparition that met his gaze might have startled stronger nerves than Captain Brandreth's—the son he mourned as dead, and the faithful seaman he had driven to desperation by his mad passion, stood on the walk, pale and agitated, before him.

"Will you believe me now?" he exclaimed, frantically. "There, there! I told you how they haunted me. How my brain swims—reason is crushed by the terrible reality—my boy, my murdered boy—pardon, pardon!"

"Father," said Oliver, "from the waves in which I madly plunged Heaven has returned me to you; speak not of forgiveness; the parent can have no forgiveness to ask his child. I return to you with love unbroken. Will you reject that love?"

"Living!" faltered his parent; "God, can this be real? To my heart, Oliver—the heart that pined for your affection, even when it misjudged you most—to the heart that beats as it would break from this tortured breast to meet you."

Our hero sprang to the arms that opened to receive him, and was folded to the heart of the repentant parent.

It was a picture of no ordinary interest to behold father and son thus locked in the embrace of affection and reconciliation; Isabel, clinging, half fainting, to her scarcely less agitated mother; whilst Jack Shears, unable to contain his joy, threw up his cap, indulged in a succession of gyrations a dancing dervish might have envied, and finally gave vent to his feelings in a hearty English cheer.

And yet there was one person who, unobserved, being screened behind the door of the conservatory, witnessed the scene with anything but feelings of satisfaction—Mademoiselle Marelli.

Her nervous fit had returned.

"Send your father to the house, Oliver," sobbed his aunt. "This joyful surprise has shaken him beyond his strength."

Hasty kisses were exchanged between our hero, Mrs. Dalton, and Isabel, who led the captain, weak and prostrate as a child, into the villa.

There is a happiness, too deep alike for words or

tears, to describe which would be impossible; all that is left is to draw the veil of imagination over it.

As the agitated relatives disappeared, the governess advanced from the conservatory towards Jack, who still continued his antics.

"How is this?" she demanded. "Tell me—what has occurred?"

"Love my eyes!" exclaimed the sailor; "can't you understand it? His honour never wor in Davy Jones's locker, and never will be!"

Here he broke into one of his favourite songs—

"Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be."

"What do you require?" said the Frenchwoman, who imagined that the information she sought was only to be obtained by a bribe.

"Require!" repeated the old man; "a fiddle and a dance—lots of grog, and a smiling partner."

Throwing his arm round the waist of mademoiselle, Jack Shears would fain have indulged his feelings in a jig upon the lawn; but the Frenchwoman released herself with an air of offended dignity, pronounced the word "Monster!" and walked into the house.

"Monster!" repeated Jack, looking after her: "maybe I am, but I wouldn't change feelin's with her; she's as cold as the north wind, and almost as uncomfortable. Huzza! huzza! if the crew of the Aggy wor here, wouldn't we have a day of it? There'd be no stoppin' the liberty boys now."

An hour afterwards, Isabel, with still tear-stained cheeks, sought him; she had known him from childhood, and her regard had been increased a hundred-fold by the account her cousin had related of his devotion and courage.

Mademoiselle Marelli would have been inexpressibly shocked had she seen the kiss the fair girl imprinted on his weather-beaten cheek.

"How you must love Master Oliver!" exclaimed the old seaman: "that wor on his account."

"And your own, Jack," answered Isabel, blushing. "Come with me; my uncle wishes to see you. He has been sadly broken. I am sure you bear no malice," she added.

"Malice against my old commander, whom I sailed with when he was only a middy! Love my eyes! what do you take me for, miss—a shark?"

"A true-hearted blue-jacket," replied the young lady.

When Jack entered the library Captain Brandreth held out his hand to him, and tried to speak.

"All right, yer honour," said Jack, who began to feel uneasy about the scuppers. "I knowed you'd forgive me when you came to fathom the rights on it. Don't speak to me; you wouldn't like to see an old seaman blubber like a porpus. I'm off to the caboose" (he meant the kitchen). "I can navigate my passage. God bless your honour, there ain't a lighter heart than old Jack's."

With a bow to his commander, and something very like a wink to Oliver, he disappeared, satisfied with those he left behind, himself, and his *novation*.

(To be continued.)

John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

LABOUR AND RELAXATION.

ESSAY VII.—By ERNEST G. T. HARTMELL, SHIPWRIGHT, CATTEDOWN, PLYMOUTH.

To whom was awarded the first prize of £5.

RELAXATION NECESSARY TO HEALTH.

OUR physical nature is so constituted that labour and recreation are alike important and indispensable to health, and, unless a discreet proportion be maintained between them, permanent injury to the system will ensue. Yet, though this is well known, few act in accordance with the rules it would naturally suggest, and therefore have to pay the penalty of their remissness in a diseased and debilitated constitution.

The importance of relaxation in connection with labour is seldom realised by working men. True, amusement is sought and indulged in with avidity, whenever opportunity offers, but the inquiry is seldom made whether it is likely to prove beneficial or exhaustive in its effects; because amusement is sought merely for its own sake, and not as a means of necessary and healthful relaxation. Recreation being necessary for the full development of moral and physical manhood, those amusements most conducive to that end should be preferred; whereas the pleasures of the majority are as toilsome as their daily labour, and followed by similar weariness and depression.

CHOICE OF RECREATIONS.

Recreations which require brisk, manual exertion,

though needed and highly beneficial to those whose employment is of a sedentary nature, are scarcely needed by artisans and mechanics, whose ordinary labours require the active use of all their physical powers; light and cheerful pleasures are therefore best suited to their wants, and will be found most promotive of their health.

Those which are in themselves innocent should never be indulged in too freely, to the prejudice of the ordinary duties of life. Such as give a disrelish to the common duties of life should, as a general rule, be avoided, even though they may not be positively evil.

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

Railways and excursion trains render it now comparatively easy for the inmates of our city workshops to seek pleasurable enjoyment amidst the hills and dales, the lanes and fields, and under the shady tree, and by the bubbling brook, in the open, healthy, and invigorating air, to be found only in the country. Every workman should value this means of enjoyment so easily within his reach, and at the right seasons seek opportunities for indulging in these healthy and purifying pleasures. In cities amusements can easily be found, or rather they are thrust on the attention of all, whether they will or no, and some little care is needed in choosing such as are both harmless and profitable.

HOME THE PROPER SPHERE OF ENJOYMENT.

The source from which the pleasure and enjoyment of the working man should chiefly flow is home. Unless that be the centre from which his cheerfulness and joys radiate, other and external means of attaining happiness will most probably fail; but a happy home is still the exception, and not the rule. It is strange that such indifference should prevail on this point. The working population generally know not the real significance and value of home; but those few who rightly value their home, esteem and make it the source of their sweetest joys, and a witness of their happiest hours.

WHY SOME UNDERVALUE HOME.

One reason why the workman's home is not so attractive to him as it should be is, that he does not exercise enough care in the choice of it. There is no reason why mechanics earning from £1 to £2 per week should not possess a somewhat superior residence to labourers, who get but from 10s. to 18s.; yet they are mostly content with such a home as is found in the narrow alley and crowded lodging-house. Possibly, healthy and well-ventilated homes for working men are not very easily procured in cities; yet, as such homes are possessed by some, others, by exercising the virtues of prudence and self-denial, could, in many cases, also obtain them.

HOME UNATTRACTIVE TO THE DISSIPATED.

Again, when the working man neglects his home, and seeks recreation and amusement elsewhere, it is not surprising that it should look cold and uncomfortable to him when he returns to it at meal-times and at night. "It is in the gin-palace and the beer-shop that the tired artisan seeks his recreation. There he finds anything but recreation: there his powers are wasted, his wages squandered, and his morals degraded," says a recent reviewer; and the words are not more sad than true. The remedy of this evil is threefold: education, purer places of resort, and removal of the temptation—that is, the drink-shops. Neither of the first two moral forces will prove effective, without the aid of the third; but all combined will most assuredly uproot the monster evil with which they have to contend. When the publican has the money which should be devoted to home necessities and comforts, it naturally follows that the workman's home looks cheerless and neglected, and the reverse of attractive.

PLEASURE DERIVABLE FROM FLOWERS.

As mechanics and artisans mostly reside in cities, their possession of even a small garden is somewhat unrequited. Yet, if a dwelling is procurable with a dozen square feet or yards of garden attached to it, it should be preferred to one in a crowded and ill-ventilated locality for sanitary reasons alone; the fresh air, and freedom from grime and smoke, would be ample compensation for any little extra inconvenience or expense. With a little care and ingenuity, this could be quickly transformed into a miniature arcadia.

A small greenhouse could be constructed by running up a brick wall, about eighteen inches high, and parallel to the side of the house from which it may be at a distance of about five feet, and then placing some sashes on it, in an inclined position. Such a place would not only be useful to grow such flowers in, as will not flourish well in the open air, but will also serve the purpose of a storehouse in the winter, wherein the geraniums, fuchsias, and other plants, which have made the garden look beautiful with their gay colours, can be safely preserved from

winter's cold and frost. Again, at a small additional expense, this greenhouse can be transformed into a hothouse; and for a mechanic to be able to grow some of the most beautiful exotics and orchids, is surely worth devoting thereto some of his spare hours, and a little of what would be otherwise, perhaps, spent in drink.

THE AQUARIUM.

Few things have become so popular and well known, in so short a time, as the aquarium. The simplicity of its construction and arrangement, the pleasure derivable from observing the movements and habits of its living inmates, and its inexpensiveness, have combined to render it a general favourite. There are two varieties of aquaria—the marine and fresh water; the former is rather more difficult to manage, but, when properly contrived, will yield a greater amount of amusement than the other; which, however, is itself amply worthy of the attention of those who cannot procure a salt-water collection.

The great danger to guard against, in the marine aquarium, is overstocking, when some of the fish die, and are nearly certain, by tainting the water, to kill all the rest. The water should never require changing. Should it ever show signs of putridity, the only thing to be done is to quite empty the vessel of its contents, thoroughly cleanse it, and commence operations again. Such mishaps as these are less likely to happen to the fresh-water aquarium, which also possesses the advantage of being easily procurable anywhere; whereas the marine collection is only to be had near the sea. The arrangement and general management of both is much the same, substituting, of course, fresh-water vegetable and animal life, instead of seaweed and fish.

GRATIFICATION DERIVABLE FROM DRAWING.

Though the mechanic may not at first see the utility of his possessing a knowledge of drawing, yet, if considered only as a pleasing amusement, it is worthy of attention; and a little thinking on the subject will convince him that it is more closely allied to his daily work than he has generally imagined. The stately man-of-war, the noble mansion, and the intricate steam-engine, must each first exist in a drawing, by which means their designer is enabled to judge of their shape, appearance, and dimensions with faultless accuracy; and, to go a step lower, the smith, in forging a hammer, and the joiner, in making a table, will each be able to execute their work with greater facility and ease if, among their acquirements, they can reckon a knowledge of straight and curvilinear lines. In things which require artistic skill, the English artisans cannot compete with those on the continent, where a knowledge of drawing is more appreciated and general. By the establishment and multiplication of schools of art, a knowledge of drawing is rapidly extending among the working classes; still, they do not avail themselves as much as they should of the means of instruction thus within their reach.

CULTIVATION OF MUSICAL TASTES.

The cultivation of a taste for music should be considered of more importance. As tending to refine and purify the mind, it is worthy of the working man's regard; and, as a softening and elevating home pleasure, it will be generally found conducive to domestic peace and happiness. Though excellence in music requires a peculiar bent of the mind, there are few who could not obtain sufficient knowledge of it to enable them to value it as it deserves, intelligently. As a tranquillising sedative, after severe bodily or mental exertion, its tendency is to soothe and restore our exhausted powers.

LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

Of all means of recreation within the reach of working men, reading should be valued most. A taste for it can scarcely fail to conduce, more than any other means, to their social welfare and moral elevation. Reading furnishes both amusement and instruction, refines the taste, and strengthens the mind. The benefits conferred on man by books can hardly be exaggerated. Through books, the best thoughts of the best men have been handed down to us from earliest ages, for our instruction and profit. How rapidly books have multiplied lately! and what a mass of literary matter now exists, compared with that of a few hundred years ago; even in the youth of the generation now passing away, books were comparatively scarce—or, as Thomas Cooper pleasantly expresses it, "books were books in their days."

CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Books are usually divisible into two classes—the amusing and the instructive; while many may be said to possess both these qualities. In choosing books of amusement, care should be exercised, and those of a morbidly exciting kind be avoided. Fiction is not to be wholly condemned, for much of the choicest language and finest writing is to be found in novels and

tales. Many of them are also useful, as a means of conveying historical information, exposing evils, and advocating benevolent objects. At times, when the mechanic is tired and weary with the day's toil, some book, light and entertaining, and which does not require concentrated thought, will prove more beneficial, as well as more agreeable, than "Euclid" or "Bonnycastle." But fiction should ever be handled with discretion, and never be allowed to gain such an ascendancy over the mind as to make more solid and useful reading distasteful.

There are books, however, preferable to the best works of fiction, and which are worthy of all the spare time a mechanic can command—on poetry, history, philosophy, and science. At the outlay of a few pence, good books on each of the above branches of knowledge can be obtained. A large library, to one who has but little time to devote to reading, would not only be a "learned luxury, without either elegance or utility," but also, by offering a multitude of things to his attention, would probably prevent his attaining a knowledge of anything in particular. The devouring of a large amount of miscellaneous reading does not imply a corresponding acquisition of knowledge.

THE BIBLE WORTHY OF CHIEF ATTENTION.

Among all the mass of existing literature, there is one book which, from its peculiar and distinctive character, claims especial notice and attention. It is a book which has never been excelled, or even equalled, in ancient or modern times. It once existed in a few copies only; its circulation now extends over the whole globe. It is translated into every known tongue, and distributed in every part of the world. It is read daily by millions, from youth to manhood and old age. In the cottage of the poor and the homes of the wealthy it is equally to be found. The knowledge to be gained by reading it is attainable by no other means; it is therefore, most truly, an instructive book. It is a Book of books—it is the best book—and it is the BIBLE. Where shall we find another such a book as this? Nowhere. What reason have we, then, to reject the happiness it offers us? Truly, the man's reason which induces him to do so, must be either self-deceived, or blinded by passion. Until another book appears, more worthy of credence than our good, old-fashioned Bible, let us hold fast the promises it contains, with our whole strength and mind, and accept that life and happiness which shall know no diminution or end.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN CAROL.

CAROL singing is in our days confined to street wanderers, who, in shrillest treble, proclaim "tidings of comfort and joy." It was not so in the old time. Then the bishops carolled with their clergy, and carols were sung by properly trained performers in the royal palaces and homes of the chief nobility. The following Anglo-Norman Carol is derived from a MS. in the British Museum, and is an excellent example of its kind:—

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty—
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care.
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassell keeps to-day;
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

Lordings, in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas yearly dwells—
Deals out joy with liberal measure—
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels.
Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
Fill the hall and grace the board;
Mirth and beauty—peace and plenty—
Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy must bestow,
From Heav'n a sure reward shall find—
From Heav'n, whence every blessing flows.
Who largely gives with willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart,
His fame shall spread throughout the land—
His memory thence shall ne'er depart.

Lordings, grant not your protection
To a base, unworthy crew;
But cherish, with a kind affection,
Men that are loyal, good, and true.
Chase from your hospitable dwelling
Swinish souls, that ever crave;
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave.

THE CHORUS.

Hail, father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honour'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures, wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

scription, for the South American markets. Several large purchases have already been made in London; one eminent firm, we believe, has already sold off an immense amount of old stock."

The next time the stranger called he was invited to a private conference.

"You are a sharp trader, signor," observed Mr. Masters, "but I have found you out."

Something like a shade of anxiety appeared upon the countenance of his customer.

"Had I known there had been such a demand for the articles you have bought up, I should have raised the price."

He handed him the newspaper containing the paragraph our readers have just read.

"I paid you what you asked," replied the Italian, quietly.

"Quite fair," said the speaker—"quite fair; I have nothing to complain of. I have invited you to a private conversation, because I am in a position to deal largely with you."

"I believe I have already selected the principal articles I require from your stock," observed the gentleman, with a smile.

"Trifles, my dear sir—trifles to what I can show you!" answered the tradesman.

"You forget I purchase nothing modern."

"Or for the English markets?"

"Or for the English markets!" repeated Alfred Belgioso.

"I possess a collection of jewels of the character you seek—unique, I believe, for their antique cuttings. They were the property of a distinguished family, now extinct."

"Can I see them?"

"I will read you a description of them first," replied the jeweller, drawing a paper from his pocket—"First, a necklace of table diamonds, set, in the Italian style, in enamel and gold; the pendants supposed to be the work of the unrivalled Benvenuto."

"How many stones?" inquired his customer, gravely.

"Thirty-six."

"With the pendants?"

"No, exclusive of them," replied the dealer.

"Next, a collet of Oriental pearls, mixed with ballas rubies, four opal and diamond stomacher pins, an etui with watch and appendages, the enamels remarkably fine—portraits of the beauties of the court of Louis XIV.; several very ancient rings, and a cross of matchless beauty, composed of sixteen brilliants of the finest water, said to have been the property of the Countess of Essex."

"The articles you have enumerated might suit me," said his visitor, thoughtfully, "but everything would depend upon the price."

"Eight thousand pounds—not a shilling less," replied Mr. Masters; "and the reason I fix so low a sum is, that, when I purchased the property, a stipulation was made that it should be broken up—family pride, you understand."

"Perfectly," answered Alfred Belgioso. "May I examine the articles?"

The jeweller unlocked a large iron safe, and placed them one by one before him. The Italian examined them eagerly, and uttered more than one exclamation of delight at the beauty and rarity of the workmanship.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Masters, I will be frank with you. In an affair of such importance I should wish to consult my partner. How many days will you give me to decide?"

"Four."

"Quite sufficient. In four days you shall have my answer. Of course," added his customer, "I consider that I have the refusal of them till then?"

"Undoubtedly."

"May I take the list you read, to refresh my memory with?"

The jeweller handed it to the Italian, who carefully placed it in his pocket-book; and, politely wishing the trader "Good morning," quitted the shop.

(To be continued.)

LARGE ORGANS.—One of the largest organs in England is that of Christ Church, in Newgate Street, London. It has above 4,000 pipes, and above 100 of those can be sounded by touching a single key, or in other words, from a single note. The organ of St. Paul's has 1,797 pipes; Westminster Abbey, 1,524; St. Sepulchre, in Skinner Street, 2,500; Exeter Hall, 2,187; Birmingham, nearly 3,000; York above 4,000. The largest pipe of the organ (producing the lowest C of the scale) is 32 feet long, and of proportionate diameter; and a current of air to produce the sound must rush through such a space with the force of a tempest.

John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

LABOUR AND RELAXATION.

ESSAY VIII.—By H. J. FORREST, FORMERLY A COMPOSITOR, 3, HEATON-PLACE, PECKHAM, To whom was awarded a prize of £5.

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A HOBBY.

To possess a hobby is a great blessing to the working man. We have always found that those who have a taste for something beyond their actual means of bread are the best members of society. No matter whether it conduces to his pecuniary benefit or not, let the man whose lot it is to toil for his daily bread have something beyond it to which he can look forward in his hours of relaxation.

If some of our wealthy brethren possessed no hobbies, we should not have had a Howard, a Worcester, or a Stanhope, to confer their benefits on their species. If Stephenson had not had a hobby for clocks and watches, we should probably possess no railroads at the present day. If Hugh Miller had not had a hobby for examining stones which came across his labours in the quarry, he would not have enriched the world with his contributions to geological science. Numerous similar instances might be cited were not the fact apparent to the most limited capacity.

The mere idle man, whether in an exalted or a humble position, is the man without a hobby. We care not whether it be flowers, books, birds, languages, literature, music, painting, or any other occupation, so that it be not absolutely debasing; we care not whether it benefits society at large, or the more limited space of his own microcosm—the man who has a taste for something beyond the drudgery of his daily toil, is more likely to be a good man than the one who goes through life as a horse in a mill—round and round, *ad infinitum*.

BENEFITS DERIVABLE FROM INNOCENT PASTIMES, SUCH AS FLOWER-CULTURE.

Innocent pastime is not only beneficial to the mind of the workman, but it is conducive to health. The dreary round of occupation to which a working man is oftentimes consigned requires something to cheer him onwards. If he possess nothing, the world is a blank—a desert; he flies to drink, and settles down into a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water." On the other hand, look at that man tending his flowers after he has left off work; transplanting, pruning, propagating, and forcing; tying up this picotee, and training that honeysuckle. His mind is occupied in a pursuit which arouses none of the bad passions; perchance he is vexed when he finds his pet fuchsia broken down by the wind, or children, or the frop and clothes-line of the housewife, but that is a thing which rarely happens, and, if you were to take away his flowers, you would destroy one of the greatest blessings which it has pleased God to confer on him. See him on Sunday in his little summer-house, with his child on his knee, surveying the labours of the week, and watching the progress of every plant as if it were an offspring from his loins. The fresh breath of heaven blows on him while he is tending his little stock of choice plants, and he returns to rest the more contented, because he has devoted his spare time to the purest and healthiest occupation which man can pursue.

INTELLECTUAL ENJOYMENTS ATTAINABLE IN A CITY.

But we think we hear our detractors say, "the town workman is debarred from enjoyments like these. He cannot possess a garden in a great city; he has no flowers to cultivate except a few straggling geraniums, or sooty auriculas, and, perchance, a pot of stoncrop." True; but he has the library, the cheap concert, and the lecture room; he has the opinion of the wisest and best men the world has ever produced in the great republic of books; he can visit the museums and picture galleries on holidays; the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, the Polytechnic Institution, the Museum of Practical Geology are within his reach. Certainly the occasions on which he can visit these places are not so numerous as we could wish, but we have known many working men who have attended all these institutions again and again. The money wasted in various ways by the working classes would place all these things within their grasp. We have known working men attend the lectures of Jermyn-street and the Gresham College, visit all the picture-galleries, and see the beauties of art in every available place, and yet be in a better social position than their fellow-workman who squanders all his hard-earned money in a betting and brutal manner. We have seen working

men with libraries which would not disgrace the home of a merchant, and yet they fulfilled all their relations to society in a manner creditable to themselves and those around them. The country workman is denied benefits which the town mechanic possesses—and *vice versa*. The one revels in the wealth of nature, the other of art. There is a balance struck by Providence betwixt the two.

STUDY OF NATURE.

"God made the country, and man made the town;" but we can lead the country into the town by introducing the Wardian case, with its little group of ferns, at our windows; and by possessing a vivarium, with its snails, crumlech, fountain, and little stock of fish. There is also much enjoyment to be obtained by the possession of a microscope, which opens a new world to the untutored eye.

ASSOCIATION OF WORKMEN IN SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.

The introduction of penny banks in workshops may prove a practical means of obtaining many scientific luxuries at present confined to the few. Let a man be appointed to go round the shop every week, and collect the pence from his mates according to their means; if it be but a penny per week, it will soon amount to a considerable sum. This system is adopted in many workshops with respect to the art unions, and the subscription is thus paid without much apparent sacrifice. A good serviceable microscope can be obtained for about eighteen shillings, and there is a world of wonder and delight opened up to the mind which may lead to something useful in the arcana of science.

FOLLY OF CARD PLAYING.

The time that is wasted by the workman in mere brutal pleasures is in every way lamentable. If we are not conducing to health in instruction, we are merely killing time. What can be more barren in its results than card playing? The mere card shuffler is in the same position at the end of fifty years' practice as at the beginning. He knows nothing of the wonders of foreign lands, the beauties of nature, the great heroes of antiquity, the Hampdens, Russells, Sidneys of his own country; his world is confined to fifty-two pieces of paper, with red and black cabalistic figures on them. What a wonderful world for the human mind to contemplate!

TIME WASTED FREQUENTLY IN DISSIPATION.

The monotony of the lives of most men whose lot it is to labour for their daily bread, is to be modified by those who desire it. Let us take the case of the man who works from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. He has at least three or four hours per day to devote to relaxation of some kind. The public institutions are nearly all closed, but he has the library and classes of the mechanics' institutes; and in summer months, if living in a rural or suburban district, he has his flowers to cultivate, and his birds, or fowls, or silkworms to tend.

The common cry of the besotted or lazy workman is, "I have no time!" He leaves work at 6 p.m., and goes direct to the public-house, where he remains till 12—that is, six hours—when the house closes. He then goes home to bed, and rises in the morning with bleared eyes, a clammy mouth, and a disordered stomach. Now, if that man were to devote that six hours every day to some instructive mode of relaxation, what might he not effect in a long course of years? One hour per day will achieve great good in a twelvemonth, if a certain object be steadily pursued.

MODERATION IN STUDY RECOMMENDED.

We are not of those who think that the severer forms of study ought to be invariably adopted in the hours of relaxation. There is too much cant about that matter at present. It is all very well for those who do little or nothing in the world to descant pleasantly about the vices of the working classes, but it is next to an impossibility for a man who has exhausted his faculty of vision at his daily labour to devote much time to abstruse study; he must be guided by circumstances in this, as in all other matters. The writer of the present article had his eyes weakened some years since by excessive reading. What did he do? Certainly not continue a pursuit, however pleasurable, which might result in blindness; he studied music for a while, and at the end of a twelvemonth his eyesight was sufficiently restored to enable him to follow his favourite hobby.

IN WHAT CASES GAMES OF CHANCE SHOULD BE FAVOURED.

The out-door pleasures open to a workman are almost wholly confined to the rural and suburban populations. It is impossible for a man working ten or twelve hours a day to avail himself much of them.

Draughts, dominoes, and chess, and a few experiments in chemistry are available; skittles, quoits, and bowls are good and healthy games, but they almost invariably—though not necessarily—lead to drinking and gambling. If you wish to get the workman from the public-house to the mechanics' institution, you must introduce all these games at the latter place. There are some men—and a large class, too—who cannot find pleasure in any elevating pursuit; the mere time-killing games of chance are their only solace in the hours of relaxation. Now, if we could get them from the public-house to the institution, if only to kill time in the same idle manner as before, we should be effecting much good, for the very atmosphere which surrounds the latter might be the means of bringing out much latent ability for better things.

CONNECTION BETWEEN RELAXATION AND THE HOME.

How much is this question of relaxation allied with home! A dirty, improvident housewife will oftentimes drive a man to those debasing excitements which require but little allurements to a mind already predisposed to evil influences. Inasmuch as we cannot climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

except by an impetus forward, so does it require a succession of steps backward ere we arrive at the noisome and unhealthy valley of debasing pleasures. The home influences have much to do with this question of healthy relaxation. We seldom find a man tending a small plot of flower-garden, whose wife is a slattern. Now, there is one pursuit, however, which we have found conducive to the improvement of all who have studied it, one which is universally appreciated—music. The introduction of vocal and instrumental music into a family may be the means of elevating and purifying a whole family; it is an amusement for the wife, the husband, and the child; it may be diversified in a thousand ways; it can open up the whole fund of sacred and secular poetry to the student; there is nothing so universal in its application, or more innocent in its pursuit.

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

THE most universal effort of all those who wish to enjoy flowers in dwelling-houses, is that of growing hyacinths in glasses. They are the most graceful of ornaments—interesting, the instant the silver fibres strike into the water; exciting, as the foliage commences its growth; and daily increasing in beauty until the flowers have attained perfection and commence decay. Young ladies exert their ingenuity in various ornamental stands, which increase the effect and give an air of elegance to the plainest glasses and the simplest flowers. But, easy as the cultivation of hyacinths in glasses may be, they require particular attention to two or three points, which, if neglected, lead to mischief. How frequently do we see the foliage tall, leaves lopping over and hanging down, and the flowers rising up so high that, without support, they topple over. All this arises from a deficiency of light and air. It is a very common practice to place them on the chimney-piece, where they are highly ornamental. This is as good a place as any until the tips of the leaves appear, but from that moment they must be removed to the full light—the window-ledge or seat, and advantage should be taken of fine days, to give as much air as possible. The green spike will open before it is an inch high, and the bunch or spike of green buds will appear, and these, with constant air and light, will continue to swell, the leaves will spread out, and the flowers will open before they are six inches high. We cannot prevent the stem, however, from continuing to lengthen, nor the leaves from drawing out longer; but the plant will bloom and decay before it becomes unmanageable. Those of our readers who have grown hyacinths in glasses have often experienced the difficulty of supporting the lanky bloomstalks, or of keeping the plant symmetrical, through the tendency to grow tall and weak. Some who have, for the sake of show, kept them in the windows all day, naturally enough put them on the mantelshelf at night, warmed as it has been by the fire, and thus has been caused all the mischief. The stem of the hyacinth will in a warm atmosphere draw up weakly, and every hour it is so situated it gets weaker. Far better is it to remove them to a room where there has been no fire, or to grow them altogether where there is none. We ought not to risk a frost; but the chance of it is the only motive we have for removing them from the window at all. Let it be borne in mind, then, that the more light and air you can give the hyacinth the better

it will grow and bloom. When they begin to decay, and are no longer ornamental, dig up a small space in the garden; make a sloping trench deep enough to take the fibres without bending; lay the bulb on the sloping side below the surface, and the fibres straight down, spreading them a little; cover up with the loose earth, gently pressed on the bulb and roots; water to close the soil about them, and there leave them until the leaves have died down; then take up, clean them, and lay them by in a dry, cool place, till they are wanted again. Much has been said about the early treatment of the hyacinth. It has always been recommended that, as soon as they are gassed, they should be put in the dark, until the roots have made considerable progress. We have never been able to discover the advantage of this; nor can we understand the theory any better than we can see the benefit. We have grown half of ours each way, without seeing that one was a shade better than the other. It is pretended that it keeps the upper growth back; as if a plant would not grow as fast in the dark as in daylight. Then, with regard to the changing of the water: we have changed it weekly, fortnightly, and monthly, without finding that one was better than the other. We know, however, that rain-water is the best to use, river-water next, and well-water the worst. The practice we recommend is to fill the glass up to, but not into, the cup; place the bulb so that the bottom touches the water; and as, when the roots grow, the water is gradually absorbed, fill up with fresh; but every fourth week change it, without disturbing the bulb or the roots, hold it while you pour out the old, and let the fresh water be filled in as at first, up to the cup, but not in it. Let the fresh water be the same temperature as the old. This is easily managed by getting the jug of water in the kitchen, or the same room, twelve hours before it is used. A trifle warmer would not be injurious; but to have it any cooler would be wrong. We have been rather particular upon this subject, because we have seen the drawn-up, weakly plants in almost every dwelling-house the rule, and not the exception; and, in general, the growers are not aware of the cause. It is not too late now to prevent the mischief, because very few are forward enough to have yet suffered; and it is well worth the attention of every grower to secure fine symmetrical plants, short flower-stems, and healthy bloom.

The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

LESSON II.

BEFORE we proceed to the accents on the German vowels, we must tell you something about the effect of a combination of consonants. *Ch* has the sound of "k" at the beginning of a word, and also before *s*. Thus, *ochs*, "ox," is pronounced as in English. *Ch*, at the end of a word, has also a sound similar to that of "k," but rather softer. The sound of the final *ch* in German words will be more easily understood by the Scotch than the English, for the pronunciation of these consonants in German is the same as in the Scotch word *loch*, "lake." *Ch*, preceded by *s*, is pronounced like our "sh." *T* is sounded as in English, but before an *i*, followed by another vowel, it becomes *tsee*. Thus, the word "nation," though written in German with the same letters as in English, is pronounced as if written *nah-tsee-ohn*. *Th* sounds like our "t," and *tz* like our "ts."

In English, when a word begins with two consonants, the second only is sounded. In German the case is different, and in words beginning with *ps* and *gn*, both the consonants must be heard. To effect this, slightly pronounce an *e* between the consonants. Thus the word *gnade*, "mercy," sounds as if written *genade*.

The accents, when placed over the vowels *a*, *o*, or *u*, give quite a different sound to these letters: *ä* accented, instead of being sounded *ah*, is pronounced like our "a." Both *ö* and *ü*, accented, have very much the sound of the French *u* in *musique*, "music;" and those who have followed the French Lessons in this paper will easily master it. To those who know nothing of French, the best way to give them a good idea of the sound of *ö* and *ü*, is to beg them to bear in mind the sound of our "u" in "flute."

The Germans make a slight distinction between the accented *ü* and the accented *ö*; but this distinction is one of the refinements you can only acquire by conversing with the natives. Only study attentively the few simple rules we have given you on pronunciation, and we answer for it you will be understood by the Germans; and you must perfect yourself in the pronunciation as opportunity offers.

In the next chapter we intend giving you some of the accented words. We have purposely avoided them in the first lesson.

VOCABULARY OF WORDS NEARLY ALIKE IN THE ENGLISH AND GERMAN LANGUAGES.

A man.	Ein Mann.
The arm.	Der Arm.
The hand.	Die Hand.
The finger.	Der Finger.
The foot.	Der Fuß.
The blood.	Das Blut.
The heart.	Das Herz.
The hair.	Das Haar.
The shoulder.	Die Schulter.
The chin.	Das Kinn.
The lips.	Die Lippen.
The father.	Der Vater.
The nephew.	Der Nefte.
The niece.	Die Nichte.
The friend.	Der Freund.
A fisher.	Ein Fischer.
The dance.	Der Tanz.
The school.	Die Schule.
A class.	Eine Klasse.
A book.	Ein Buch.
The paper.	Des Papier.
The bank.	Die Bank.
The hospital.	Das Hospital.
The post.	Die Post.
A coffeehouse.	Ein Kaffeehaus.
A palace.	Ein Palast.
The cellar.	Der Keller.
A word.	Ein Wort.
White.	Weiß.
Red.	Roth.
Brown.	Braun.
Blue.	Blau.
Grey.	Gräu.
The weather.	Das Wetter.
The wind.	Der Wind.
The fire.	Das Feuer.
The frost.	Der Frost.
The ice.	Das Eis.

WILLIE'S CHRISTENING.

O FATHER in heaven, to thee have we come,
In meekness of heart, with the light of our home,
And offer to Thee, on thy great throne above,
The stainless and sinless—this bud of our love!

The life that hath now neither shadow nor sin,
The page that is spotless from tracings within,
To Thee we would dedicate now, evermore,
To guide and to guard on Life's perilous shore.

The waters baptismal are laid on his brow,
Oh, keep it, our Father, as stainless as now!
To truth and the Master, his life may it be
Devoted henceforward—kept sacred to thee!

In pastures of thine let these tender feet stray,
By streams that are living, in light that is day,
A lamb of thy flock, may he dwell on the earth,
Re-christened at last with a heavenly birth.

Scientific Notes.

PURIFICATION OF SEAWATER.—The discoveries of Mr. Spencer afford some elucidation of a hitherto inexplicable fact. The coast of Florida, as is generally known, is encircled by a barrier of coral reefs and irregular groups of islands, frequently hilly, and very lovely, but often devoid of streams or natural springs. But it has been observed that, on making an excavation in the beach, beyond the reach of the waves, it rapidly fills with water divested of any brackishness, the level of which varies with the tide. A mechanical process of filtration through a stratum of triturated shells and coral will not suffice to account for this elimination of its saline properties from the sea-water, and certainly the water accumulating in the pits alluded to, is no other than the ocean-water percolating through the beach, being the only source whence the inhabitants are supplied. In connection with this, it may be mentioned, that

John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

ON LABOUR AND RELAXATION.

ESSAY XVI.—BY ELIZABETH MORPETH, 13, HIGH BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

It is scarcely necessary to quote the numerous sentiments of the physician and philosopher to prove the utility of relaxation, when we all know and feel that rest is as requisite for the maintenance of health as the air we breathe. The human frame closely resembles a beautiful piece of machinery, every part of which is so admirably adapted to the other, that if one is injured the other must suffer. There are four hundred muscles in the body, and each one has a particular duty to perform. Every time we move, a number of hinges and ball and socket joints are put into motion, while the blood circulates with greater rapidity, and we perspire more freely, consequently health is maintained and improved.

It is very natural for the mechanic and artisan to imagine that, after ten or twelve hours' labour, he has had sufficient exercise. But such is not the case; for frequently while working, only part of the muscles are called into action, while the others become stiff and contracted, causing many serious complaints to ensue. A good state of health depends on the exercise of all the muscles; therefore, walking, or some other athletic exercise, should be resorted to as often as possible, and more especially by those who work in close and confined rooms or shops. Every machine at certain periods requires setting and lubricating. So it is with the human body; rest is its great renovator and improver.

Rest is a natural institution; therefore, its efficacy cannot be doubted. The Almighty, who created nothing in vain, caused that calm, soothing influence, sleep, to creep over the whole frame; drawing us, mentally and physically, from the cares and turmoils of the world, in order that we may commence another day refreshed and invigorated.

Too many of our large manufacturing towns are without any fitting place for out-door exercise and recreation. There appears to be a mania for building; for every piece of spare ground, where the grass once grew and refreshed the weary eye of the people, is now seized upon by the speculator, and in an incredibly short period a mansion springs up as if by magic. Consequently, in many cases, the tired mechanic contents himself with having a stroll within the precincts of the town. But, where it is really possible, nothing can surpass a good game of cricket. Cricket is an English pastime, and in many counties a favourite one, and its popularity is ever on the increase. It is really a delightful sight to watch the joyous, eager countenances of the various groups of men and youths scattered over the green plain. It is a game in which all classes can and do join, from the mightiest lord to the humblest hind.

There are many other healthful games we could enumerate, but not one that lends such dignity to the bearing or health to the system.

We have frequently observed female operatives who, after being confined in an impure atmosphere from sunrise to sunset, have hurried off to some crowded dancing-room. There are hundreds of young men and women who pass the hours of relaxation in dancing. Now this is wrong; not that dancing in itself is offensive or sinful, but the effects which follow in the train of such a practice prove it to be an improper pastime for females. In the first place, it entails a useless expenditure, for dress must be kept up in order to attend quadrille parties; therefore, something that is really necessary must be neglected; for wages earned by women are generally small, and admit of no extravagance. Secondly, a young woman must mingle and associate, in many instances, with persons wholly unknown to her; and supposing she does not recognise them in other places and at other times, we all know that "evil communications corrupt good manners." And, lastly, she who devotes her leisure to dancing, keeps improper hours. It is morning ere she quits her companions, and, supposing she reaches home in safety, she is heated and fatigued; then, when she rises to resume her labour, she feels unhappy and discontented. Now, is such a woman capable of rendering home happy? She is not—home pleasures and fireside enjoyments are unknown to her, she cannot bear the restriction of home, nor content herself to pass a quiet evening there. Many young men, attracted by the gay attire, and light, joyous manner of these ball-room butterflies, marry them,

and, by so doing, condemn themselves to a state of poverty and misery.

There are now open to the public many places of intellectual amusement; and concerts, where first-class music, vocal and instrumental, is produced at terms within the reach of all. Such entertainments are more suitable to the taste of a modest, virtuous woman. But woman's province is home; her throne is there, it is there she reigns supreme, there that her conduct controls and influences every member of the household. Home should be a golden casket, and woman its brightest gem.

After toiling all day, how refreshing to the weary limbs and benumbed senses is the peaceful quiet of home! Let a man labour as long and as diligently as he will, or let his earnings be ever so great, without a careful economist at home it is impossible for him to be truly happy, or for his home to be attractive. A woman ought to study, in everything, the comfort of those who are passing their days shut out from the pleasant green fields and shady lanes, toiling where the sunbeams cannot reach them, to cheer their sinking hearts, in order that she may live in comfort; such a thought should guide the actions of every English mother, wife, and sister. If such was the case, the public-house would not receive such a large share of public support. If a woman was to be found at her post, clean and cheerful, with a bright fire and clean hearth to welcome the weary one, many a man would never think of stepping beyond the hallowed precincts of home. Yet cleanliness and a judicious expenditure of funds do not constitute entire happiness; they are only part of the ingredients employed in forming domestic happiness. Many women never think of conversing on any subject beyond dress and flirtations, so the father, husband, or brother, goes out in search of a friend with whom he can discuss some important political question, or new discovery in the scientific world. It is a great loss to females not to be able, on all occasions, to converse on such subjects. We are happy to state that the children of the working-classes are now, in many towns, amply provided with the means of securing an excellent education, despite pecuniary deficiency; an education that will fit them to hold, with credit, superior situations. They are taught to think and to reason upon all learned subjects as children, so that in the days of maturity they may enjoy and add to the enjoyment of an intelligent circle of friends.

(To be continued.)

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

ALMOST with their earliest breath the tortures of the sensitive begin; in the very dawn of their existence the first foreboding signs of shrinking and of suffering are apparent. The bright eye of infancy will suddenly fill with tears, the rosy lip curl and quiver, the soft cheek flush through wounded feeling. A chiding word, a mocking laugh has pierced the tender soul—it recoils instinctively from blame or ridicule—ay, even before the child knows the meaning of the words. Who can note these touching indications of acute sensibility without a sigh at the thought of the rude blasts the beating rain, the pinching frosts that must blow about, and prostrate, and wither that delicate shoot of humanity, in its upward struggle through life?

Now and then these sensitive natures are blunted and hardened by contact with the world; now and then, through severe discipline, they learn to resist the cruel blow, or to draw, with resolute hands, the veil of seeming indifference over the bleeding wound, and hide the throes of anguish from the most penetrating gaze. But more frequently their sensitiveness increases, until it becomes a daily, hourly instrument of torment. It is usually coupled with an imaginative temperament, and more than half the hurts it receives are fancied, or not dealt with intention. Sensitive people are always ready to be wounded; always expecting to be wounded; always attracting casual shots their way, and often draw down unpremeditated smiting by their evident anticipation of the stroke.

Though the possessors of these highly-sensitive organisations may excite our tenderest sympathy, though they may win our love, and must move our pity, yet they are not pleasant companions. Their constant distress disturbs the general serenity; their imaginary wrongs destroy all harmony; and the effort to guard them from random arrows prevents all freedom of communion. If a humorous anecdote is related, satirising peculiarities of character which they chance to consider their own, they are certain the narrator meant to be personal; if they perceive a knot of friends conversing in a low tone, they are sure the conversation is about them; if they are not

treated with distinguishing attention, they fancy themselves slighted; if they receive particular consideration, they imagine that they are pitied and patronised; if an opinion of theirs is combated, they colour with mortification; if they are brought forth in any conspicuous manner, they are pale with alarm; in short, they can never agreeably make one of a social circle, and contribute to the general enjoyment by that ease and self-forgetfulness which is the charm of refined intercourse.

And yet, though their companionship is so unsatisfactory, these sensitive spirits are almost always rich in lovable attributes; their sympathies are quick—so quick, alas! that they are often wasted; their affections are ardent—so ardent that they are too readily excited and too easily betrayed; they are delicate instruments—Æolian harps—from which even a passing wind can draw forth strains of tender or mournful melody. But this lamentable sensitiveness is not the evidence of weak minds, nor of dwarfed intellects. Full-statured souls, lavishly dowered, have ever been the most vulnerable to petty arrows—arrows which, though hurled by despicable hands, have fallen with the violence of thunderbolts upon these finely-moulded and receptive natures. Sensitiveness is often the handmaiden of Genius, and gives sweetness to the world's approval, even as it imparts poison to the dispraise of fools—leading to both a fictitious value and an undue power.

It is fabled that when the bosom of the nightingale is pressed against a thorn she sings most melodiously, and often it is the poet's susceptibility to suffering, his very crisis of pain, that becomes his inspiration; his most glorious songs gush forth in his moments of suffering; his brightest flowers of thought are tinged with heart's blood. Even his most charming sports of fancy have been produced under the writhing of such mental agony as only sensitive spirits are capable of experiencing. We all know that Hood, the prince of humorists, convulsed the world with laughter when he was tortured by the deepest melancholy, and that Cowper's mirth-provoking "John Gilpin" was produced under a state of dejection that bordered on insanity. He himself compares the entrance of that poem into his brain to a harlequin intruding himself into the gloomy chamber occupied by a corpse.

One sensitiveness of great minds has always been inexplicable to us—the sensitiveness to *censure*. Censure, which pierced the heart of the philosophic Newton; which slew Racine and Keats; which drove the Italian Tasso and the English Collins mad. Alas! how could they have forgotten that only insignificance escapes condemnation?—that he who outstrips others in ascending the hill of fame becomes the most tempting target to be shot at by every puny archer beneath?

And in these days, as in those of Keats and Collins, noble minds groan and writhe under the lash of rebuke, often lifted by unworthy hands—by Malice, by Envy, by Revenge. And the more apparent the sensitiveness of the great, the more frequently and violently they are assailed. Better far to cover Sensibility with the armour of Tact, and conquer Censure as Julius Cæsar did of old. When Catullus satirised him, the hero disarmed the satirist by cordially inviting him to supper, as if in recognition of an act of friendship.

Possibly the pains which spring from a high degree of sensitiveness are the meet alloy to the intense pleasures that emanate from the possession of glorious gifts, and thus Sensitiveness may be the fitting attendant of Greatness; but to lesser minds we dare venture to say, Struggle against a morbid sensibility until your claim to genius entitles you to pardon for the weaknesses of genius.

CHARITY.

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

His faith God sendeth, when thick darkness shrouds

The sun and moon, and when the pent-up rain,

Roused by the voice of whirlwinds, all amain

Breaks through the brassy bindings of the clouds,

And leaves the river, when its wrath is done,

Shaking his watery shoulders in the sun.

His hope He sendeth in the corn that lifts

Its many-pointed spikes along the hills—

In the glad singing of the golden bills

Of the young blackbirds—in the snow that drifts

Out of His hand so white, and in the flower

Pressed open by the breathings of His power.

His love He sendeth—sometimes through our pride,

Through prayer, through pain, and all of sorrow's crew;

Through our self-sacrifice, but oftentimes through

The uncertain issues of all things beside;

For faith may fail, and hope grow sick and die,

But love is steadfast as eternity

little white hands will never do for coarse work, or earn her bread at any drudgery."

"Well," Keziah would say, "if I ever heard or zeed the loike. But it warn't to learn foine work or house work that I bringed thick lass here. All moy hopes is to get her into the Orphan Asylum at Ashley Down."

"Well, and though I should be very sorry to part with her," replied Tabitha, "I can't object, for I've been over the asylum myself, and I thought when I left it, that orphans there are never reminded of their loss, or only so to feel how much wiser and better their Heavenly Father is than many an earthly one. I remarked, too, what good manners and proper language every child I spoke to had; and though for the sake of cleanliness, and to save time and trouble, the girls' hair is kept short up to a certain age, yet it is not cut with a vengeance as it is in unions, but with some little consideration for the child's looks and feelings, and is left long enough in front to braid across the brow, and turn behind the ears."

"Lawk-a-daisy," said Keziah, "how you be tooked up with the vanities of this world, I never zeed the loike. I sposes it's all along of having been all your loife a dressing and undressing one foine lady or t'other. Whatever can it matter to poor hungry norphans whether their hair's cut one way or t'other?"

"It matters a great deal," said Tabitha, offended about the vanities, and drawing herself up; "and that little mark of kindness which you despise—for ignorance, child, is full of presumption—reconciles me to Miss Rose Primm's going there, if we can get her admitted; not but what it will go to my heart to see those beautiful, long, glossy curls that I like so to arrange, cut off; but it's a rule of the asylum, and, as I said before, it won't be done with a vengeance, as it always seems to me it is, by parish scissors on pauper heads."

"Well, I never heard or zeed the loike in my borney days," said Keziah.

"Wednesday," continued Tabitha, with great dignity, "is a day on which we can all go over the asylum from two to five. It is shown to rich and poor. Let us all go on Wednesday. Miss Primrose will then see the place, and we shall see whether she takes a fancy to it or not."

"She can't afford to have no fancies. Fancies is expensive things," said Keziah; "but I'm willing to go over thick peace. I'd loike to see the goings on there, anyways. And Primrose's neame has been down in the books ever since I feart thinked of getting her there."

At the time this conversation took place, little Primrose and old Keziah had been living for more than three months as guests—welcome guests, too—in old Mrs. Tabitha Crowe's tiny almshouse, with its small latticed windows, its ornamental miniature frontage of dark-coloured fancy bricks set in patterns, its stone mullions and dentated gables, and the large lawn and broad gravel walks, before, inclosed by high walls and iron railings, and common to all these almshouses, and the neat little garden at the back peculiar to each.

All the inmates of the almshouses were more or less aged and infirm, and few of them ever went abroad. They were very kind and sociable to each other, and little Primrose was a general favourite; but having all her life been used to the society of her cousins, Harry and Seymour, and to that of little girls of her own age at "the day-school for young ladies" which she had attended, the company of none but very old people, who lived in the past rather than the present, and who never looked forward except to a world beyond the tomb, was beginning to affect the delicate health and sadden the gentle spirit of sweet little Primrose.

It was as natural for Primrose, at nine, to look forward to bright days, when she should once more ride on Harry's shoulder, or sit by Seymour's side, or play at a doll's party with other little girls, as it was for these decrepid, kind old women, over their tea, and between their pinches of snuff, to go back, in thought, to that remote fairy-land where golden youth and roseate first-love reign together over an enchanted isle. There was not one old woman there who had not loved, scarcely one who had not been loved.

But the pleasures of memory are always tinged with regret, if not darkened by remorse; and though Primrose used to listen to each old woman's stories of bygone days—with her large, soft, grey eyes wide open, her faintly-tinted pretty lips apart, her pale cheek waxing paler as she heard how Jem had broken faith, or how Tom had died abroad, or Luke got up in the world and forgotten old times, or Dan taken to drink and gone down to destruction—yet all this was not wholesome mental fare for the little orphan girl.

(To be continued.)

John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

ON LABOUR AND RELAXATION.

ESSAY XVI.—BY ELIZABETH MORPETH, 13, HIGH BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

To whom was awarded a Prize of £2 10s.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 292.)

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

WHEN the mind has been trained and cultivated, the love and appreciation of all that is beautiful soon begins to show itself. For the unfolding of such feelings and aspirations, the individual does not wait for better days for the fulfilment of his wishes, but begins to-day. If a man, earning very small wages, is desirous of cultivating flowers, must he wait until he can earn more money, in order to satisfy his desire? No; let him transform a piece of unsightly timber into mignonette-boxes, fill them with soil, and sow his seeds, and before long he will have a miniature garden of his own, at a very small cost. To see the bright green leaves and pale flowers of the myrtle, the gay geraniums, and the fragrant rose-bush, peeping through the window-panes of the homes of the poor, seems to proclaim the inmates happy. To see the humble scarlet-runner twining its vine-like tendrils around the casement bespeaks a woman's love of nature. Woman and flowers appear to mingle together in harmony; their natures seem to blend with each other. Flowers generally enlist the attention and care of the females of the household. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," beautifully describes Eve's love and regret for the flowers of Eden:—

"Oh, flowers,

My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I have bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun? or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

A working man cannot really possess a greater treasure than a garden. If he loves to cultivate flowers, and to pass his leisure in watching and promoting their growth, he will soon weary of his tap-room associates; consequently, domestic misery is mitigated, and happiness restored.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

In order to render home attractive, the heads of families should encourage innocent enjoyments. Scientific recreations ought to be practised by the fireside on winter evenings—such as magnetism, optics, and chemistry—which would afford great pleasure and instruction to every member of the domestic circle. There is a very important accomplishment, which we think ought to be studied and united to scholastic duties, as being part of education. It is music. The salutary effect of music upon the human mind can be seen every day and in every station of life. It seems to creep into the heart and melt all the stony particles that are there. Its influence calms the rebellious, and inspires with zest and energy the diffident. One day, while passing along a busy thoroughfare, we observed a group of boys, pressed closely together, with their heads inclined towards the centre, from which proceeded most beautiful strains of music. With some difficulty we caught sight of the musician, who proved to be a poor little chimney sweeper, sitting cross-legged on the pavement, looking as grave as an eastern grandee, and as earnest as if his future reputation quivered in the melodious tones that issued from his tin whistle. Happy child! at that moment he forgot that his little delicate limbs were clothed in sooty flannel, or that he gained a scanty subsistence by following a perilous avocation. He was happy; the world and its dark trials had passed away, and he wandered, as it were, in the land of enchantment. There are women who do not like to have their husbands or children playing upon a musical instrument, simply because they weary with hearing the learner repeat, again and again, the same piece of music. But could they perceive the future evil it would save them from, they would willingly sacrifice present comfort. Music is a gift from God, therefore it ought to be cultivated and encouraged, for the gifts of heaven are blessings.

THE JUDICIOUS SELECTION OF BOOKS.

Drawing is an agreeable and elegant amusement, being useful as well as attractive; for it is the foundation of painting, architecture, engraving, and carving—arts which greatly embellish civilised life. Reading is an advisable employment for leisure hours. Few are so busy as not to have an hour or two at their own disposal, which could be employed

in the pursuit of knowledge. The necessities of life will not allow reading to be more than an occasional employment; but even when such is the case, much may be done in the course of years to improve and adorn the mind. Reading must be solid and select; otherwise the mind becomes perplexed. Light reading, though it amuses, will relax and weaken the mind. We should begin to acquire a knowledge of the history, the laws, and commerce of our own country. Geography should pilot us through strange lands; astronomy should teach us to view the bright shining bodies of light above us as so many familiar faces; history will make us acquainted with the rise and fall of mighty empires—of liberty and laws; of despotism and bondage; of loud, destructive war; of gentle peace, and all the sublime arts that follow in her train. We must study nature to become acquainted with the formation of animals; the structure of vegetables; and with the precious minerals that are found beneath the surface of the earth.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Above all, we should seek to unfold the treasures of Divine truth and grace. The knowledge of God is a science, most important, yet within the reach of all. The Sabbath should be set apart for the pursuit of Divine knowledge. The Bible, which contains the treasures of unsullied truth, should be our constant study; we should build all our hopes upon its principles. It crushes superstition, and elevates our faith. It will be a shield to our virtue in the hour of temptation; and a comfort and a solace in the time of tribulation. We are, through its agency, enabled to investigate the works of nature as evidence of the Divine love towards erring man, which fills our hearts with joy and gladness; and we are ever ready to exclaim with the poet:—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lyre."

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

THERE is scarcely a feature in the whole garden upon which so much depends as upon the neatness of the bordering.

From the humble cottager to the lord of many acres—from the little suburban garden to Chatsworth or Frogmore—the edges, under one who possesses the organ of order, are of the first consideration; and we own that we have seen as much to admire, in some instances, in those of shells, pebbles, and flints, as we could find in the most costly marble.

And why? simply because the skill of the operator is conspicuous in the correctness of the lines, although many others may be seen so imperfectly done that we are almost set against such coarse materials; those, however, who are deficient in that respect, would be quite as awkward with a box edging, which, when well executed, is the perfection of gardening.

There are now such things as edging tiles, which are sunk four or five inches into the soil, and the ornamental edges, of twenty different patterns, stand up above the ground. We cannot for an instant compare them with box; but there are hundreds, nay, thousands of gardens where box will not thrive, and where any neat permanent edging would be preferable.

There is also a kind of wire edging frequently used, and when it is first done—and the gravel on one side, and the black earth on the other are well defined—it looks very chaste and neat; but a few showers of rain will wash the black soil through upon the gravel, and then it appears very ugly.

The siliceous stone edgings are also becoming popular for beds and borders near the house, and for gardens in and near London. They appear like marble, are very hard, may be had of any colour, and stand all kinds of weather.

The tile edging is in pieces nine inches long, consequently they take four to the yard; they vary from three halfpence to twopence each, according to the pattern and material, and last for ages, whereas box edging costs from sixpence to eightpence per yard, which may be called equal. The terra cotta bordering is made in lengths of ten inches, and may be obtained for about 15s. 6d. per 100 pieces.

All these mechanical edgings require to be nicely adjusted, so that the joints are not conspicuous; but the advantage of them is in the complete separation of the black soil and the clean gravel; and the tiles are well adapted for the kitchen garden, where the soil is so frequently disturbed as the crops are used and changed.

But there are many who prefer a useful edging—