

It is one called

"From the depth of days, when earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew."

Now as these our long departed sisters
grow into life and loveliness before our back-
ward gaze, and then recede from it again as
if swept from us by the roll of the ages that
have come between, we may say—

"Your tents are desolate; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains: your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and
still

All the fresh glories of the early world

Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!"

Evening was cool as its dews when the
bridal retinue came into the south country.

Isaac had gone into the fields to meditate,
his thoughts, we should imagine, being less
occupied with his prayers than with specula-
tions as to the kind of lady Eliezer might be
bringing to him. He stood beside the well
where poor Hagar had once flung herself
down in her forlornness and her misery; the well
that she had consecrated to the "Everliving
One who seeth me." Lifting up his eyes in
the direction where Eliezer and his party
might become visible, he descried them, and

the recognition was mutual. In answer to
Rebekah's eager inquiries, Eliezer told her
that her future lord and master was at hand.
Immediately she alighted from her camel, her
shyness and her Eastern instincts prompting
her to cover herself with a veil, which to her
was the emblem not only of modesty but also
of subjection. Thus the man and woman
whom God designed for each other met; Isaac
receiving her from Eliezer's hand, and hearing
from his lips a full recital of the events which
had transpired since he set forth on his
important mission; after which he took his
bride into his mother's tent. So he was no
longer lonely; he loved Rebekah, and was
comforted by her for his mother's death.

(To be concluded.)

HONORIA SPENCER'S MISTAKE;

OR, DUTY VERSUS LOVE.

By S. L. GIBBS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT is your
name, child?"

"Kate Mor-
ton, please,
ma'am, but
dear mamma
always called
me Kitty."

"Just like
Alice! She
was always so
excessively
foolish!"

Little Kitty
was striving
so hardly to stifle her
sobs that she did not
hear this remark, or an
opinion so freely ex-
pressed of her dead

mother might not have been soothing
to her already troubled feelings.

Who would not pity her as she
sat there, trying with all her childish
might not to cry, and watched
meanwhile by those two hard faces?

And yet, perhaps, Miss Honoria
Spencer and her maid Hannah deserved some
pity, too.

Miss Spencer had, when one and twenty,
"come into" a comfortable fortune. She
went at once to the manor house, part of her
property, and there she had resided ever since.

No one knew if she had ever loved; if so,
the feeling had long been over, and she
seemed now to have no heart left. Her
religion and her charity were alike cold and
stern. She however prided herself upon being
strictly just.

So, when a letter came to her from her
sister Alice in India, telling her that she was
about to join her dear husband, that she was
glad to go, her only sorrow being in leaving
her dear little daughter, but that she left
her to her sister's charge, knowing that she
would care for her as she herself would do—
when this letter came, accompanied by one
from the lawyer saying that Miss Morton was
already on her way to England, in the care of
a lady who was returning to her native land,
and who would see her safely to her aunt's
home—then Miss Spencer felt that her cup
was indeed full, and that all contentment—
enjoyment she never thought of—was over.

But she would do her duty! When Kitty
arrived, which she did late one evening,

there was a very nice supper laid for her, a
bright fire and lights, but there was no love
nor real welcome.

Children are quick observers, and though
no unkind remark was made by her aunt to
her, yet even on that first night Kitty felt a
little chilled, and feared this new home was
not to be like her old one, and when she went
to bed she cried herself to sleep.

When Hannah went to take the light
away she saw the tear-drops on her long
lashes, and felt a little sorry for her in a
vague, far-off sort of way.

Miss Honoria was waiting for her when she
came down, and desired her to take a seat.

"I foresee," said Miss Spencer, in a calm,
decided tone, "we shall have trouble with
that child. She has no self-control, a quality
so necessary to possess. If Alice had had it,
she would not have fretted so over her hus-
band's death as to die too. It is very hard,
but we must do our duty in this heavy trial.
We must do our duty, Hannah!"

Ah! how much better than a bushel of
duty would have been a grain of love!

CHAPTER II.

THE next day was Sunday, and Miss Spencer
felt almost sorry that Kate did not become a
trial at once. But she did not do so.

She came down early, gave a bright glance
and nod to Hannah, stepped up to her aunt
and kissed her (which act so surprised that
lady that she almost dropped her cup), and
then sat down to the table.

The breakfast proceeded for some time in
silence, Hannah standing behind her mistress's
chair and waiting on them. Presently Miss
Spencer said, in a very cold voice—

"You know to-day is Sunday?"

"Yes, aunt," replied Kate.

"Well, Katherine," coldly, as though the
child were an heathen, "we go to church in
England on Sunday—"

"Of course, aunt; so we did in India. We
had to go three miles—"

"I really must beg, Katherine, that you
will not interrupt me. In England it is
customary to go to church. I wish you to
accompany me; so, if you please, you will get
ready."

Kate jumped up at once and ran out of
the room. Once outside it, the tears would
flow, but, being naturally a merry little thing,
they were checked before she got upstairs.

"What a silly goose I am!" she thought;
"it is only aunt's way, and I was going to
make myself unhappy, fancying she did not

like me! Well, I am silly! I do wish,
though, she was more like dear mamma,"
here a few more tears fell; "but of course
she will be kinder when she knows me
better."

She was soon ready, and went down again.

"You see, Hannah!" said Miss Spencer,
as Kate left the room, "she is bad-tempered
and self-willed. Did you see how she ran
away? She could not bear to be told of her
faults. Well, well, we must do our best!"

Kate and her aunt went to church. This,
to the child's surprise, seemed to be no more
than a whitewashed barn, so plain, dull-
looking, clean, but very cold was it. She was
so little she could hardly see over the high
pew, and the clergyman who read the Psalms
and Lessons seemed to be reciting the Funeral
Service.

When he ascended the pulpit, and she
could see him, he preached the sermon, but
drew such horrible pictures of the grave and
death, that poor Kitty felt her flesh creep,
and thought her hair was rising.

This was dreadful enough; but presently
he looked straight at her, in her black dress,
and spoke of losing those we loved (not in
the way her mother had done, of a parting
with a sure, blessed, and pleasant meeting
together by-and-by), but as the most terrible
thing that could happen.

When he went on to speak of those with
no hope, then Kitty looked wildly round for a
means of escape, and would assuredly have
disgraced herself by screaming or fainting
away, had not Mr. Green been good enough
just to finish his discourse.

The congregation was dismissed after sing-
ing a most doleful hymn, and the child found
herself in the open air again, but with the
preacher's words still ringing in her ears.

Kate looked up to her aunt for comfort,
but that lady looked so coldly self-satisfied,
and so firmly agreeing with all that had been
said, that she dared not speak.

They reached home, Hannah walking be-
hind them like a grim sentinel. Kate went
to her room to take off her things, but the
remembrance of that sermon was too much
for her.

Hannah came in to help her. She sprang
up suddenly, and throwing her arms round
the old servant's neck, cried, "Oh, Hannah!
I am so frightened!"

To her own great surprise, Hannah found
herself taking the poor child on her knee and
saying words, which she greatly feared were
heresy, to comfort her.

"Maybe Mr. Green said more than he



knew, dearie, seeing he ain't dead yet. (No loss if he was, perhaps," she muttered to herself). "Anyhow, you have no call to fret. You seem a good little lamb."

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

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

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

Miss Spencer would have been righteously indignant if she had been accused of being unkind to her niece.

She would have answered that she did her duty by her, that she was fed, clothed, and cared for as carefully as her own mother could have done. What more would the child have?

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

When Kate Morton had come there, she was only eight years old, and naturally a happy, merry child. Her only grief had been her parents' death, and though that loss had

been a very heavy one at her age, the feelings are elastic, and had she had a pleasant home, she would have been a thoroughly cheerful girl.

As it was, as she grew up she became a quiet, reserved, but accomplished young lady.

Her aunt had been her instructress — a position for which she was excellently fitted, as her talents were of a very high order.

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

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

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

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

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

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

cared for her that there was something greatly amiss.

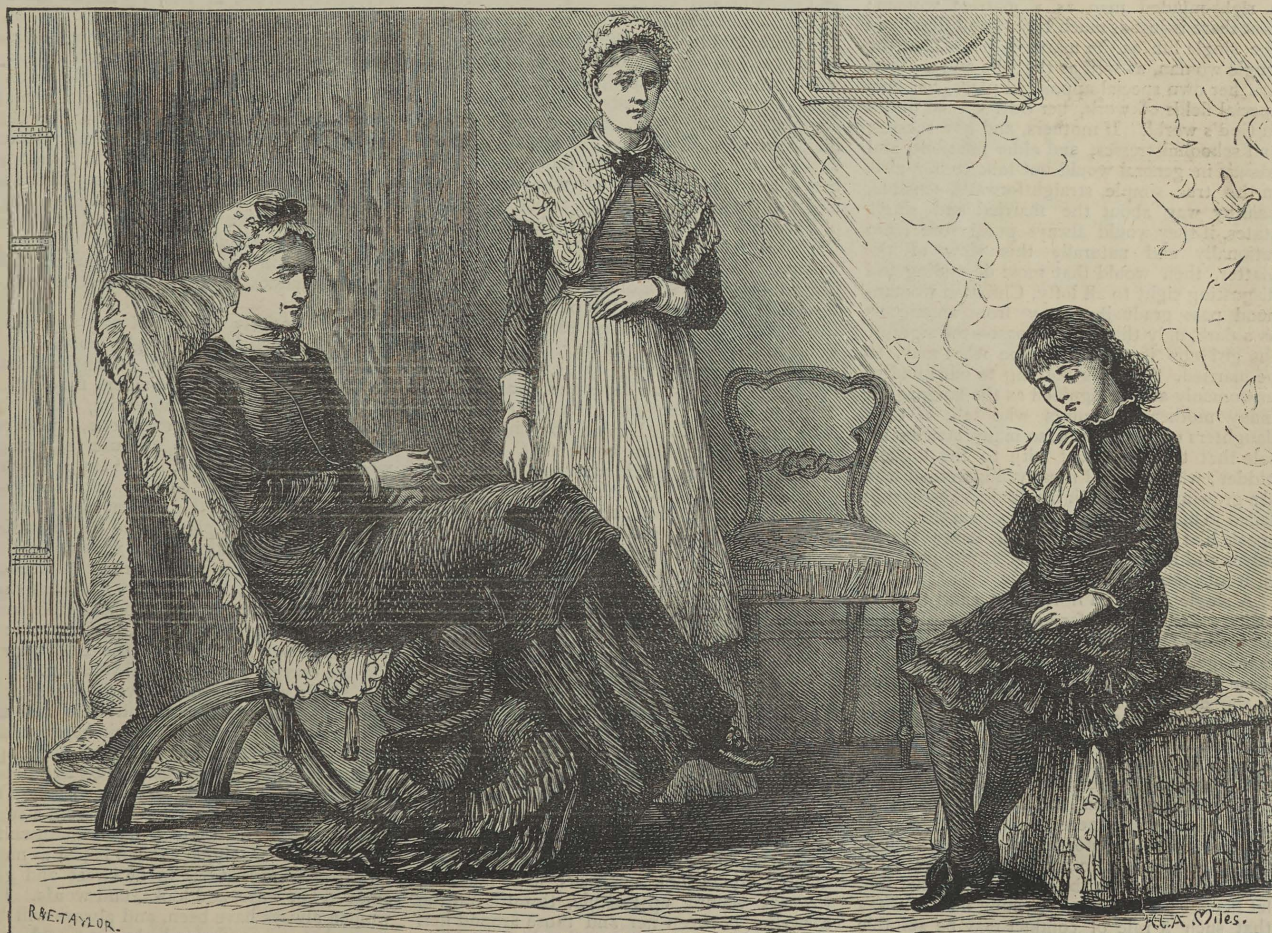
But at this sad time a change was coming, and brightness was, at last, to enter into her dull life.

(To be concluded.)

THE SINGLE LIFE.

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

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



"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, CHILD?"



"DICK IN THE MIDDLE, HOLDING THE MARKET BASKET."

HONORIA SPENCER'S MISTAKE; OR, DUTY VERSUS LOVE.

By S. L. GIBBS.

CHAPTER III.

KATE was seventeen when her Uncle Henry wrote to his sister as follows:—

"DEAR SISTER HONOR,

"It is a long time since I wrote to you. I now do so to ask a favour from you. My dear wife has been very ill for some time; the physicians give no hope of permanent recovery unless she leaves here immediately. We therefore start at once on a rather long tour, beginning with Algiers. The favour Ellen and I ask from you is, will you take care of our Millie till our return? We hope, as you have dear Alice's daughter with you, our girl will be little extra trouble. Millie starts this evening with Mrs. Glenny; she is mad with delight at the thoughts of seeing her unknown relations. Ellen is in no danger if she is moved at once."

This letter fell on Miss Spencer and Hannah like a thunderbolt.

Kate was bad enough, but her aunt owned that she was quiet; while the only remembrance she had of Millie was of a noisy little girl of five or six years of age, with a great deal to say, a determination to say it, and a decided will of her own.

"A hateful child!" Miss Honor had pronounced her to be; and was this child to become an inmate of her well-ordered household?

Kate looked forward to seeing her unknown

cousin with as much joy as her aunt did with dread, and would have asked many questions about her only she knew it would be useless, as her inquiries would not be answered.

Hannah could give her very little information, as she had only seen her once, when she had been quite a baby.

The eventful day arrived. Millie could not be there till very late. Kate ventured to ask to be allowed to sit up for her, but was sternly told that "it could not be thought of for a minute."

She heard a carriage drive up, a pleasant voice speaking; then all was quiet, and she fell asleep.

The next morning she was aroused by feeling a pair of hands placed over her eyes, and by hearing a clear voice bidding her "Get up, and guess who it was."

Kate guessed at once "Cousin Millie," and the hands being removed, she sat up and looked at her visitor.

She saw a piquant little lady of about eighteen years, with black hair fastened in a coil at the back of a well-shaped head, clear, grey eyes that were now looking in honest admiration at her, and such a pleasant expression, that, though she was not really beautiful, all her friends thought her so.

"How glad I am to see you, Kitty! May I call you Kitty? Papa always does. I am so glad you are so nice! I was afraid you might be after Aunt Honoria's pattern! Oh dear! I should not have said that, but I couldn't help it—it slipped out. I beg your

pardon, but surely you don't do your hair like that! It don't suit your face at all. May I do it for you? Felicie—that's mamma's maid, you know—says I am quite a grand hairdresser. Let me do it for you. I promise I won't pull it."

Kate sat down by the glass rather overwhelmed by her cousin's brisk chatter, and too shy to make any objection, waited results patiently.

Millie brushed the long beautiful hair, bidding her hastily not to move nor look till her work was finished. As she arranged it she continued talking busily.

"It could have been no one but you who placed the flowers in my room. I am so much obliged to you. Now you only want a rose in your hair and you will be perfect." She fastened one in quickly. "There, mademoiselle," she remarked, making an elaborate courtesy, "deign to look at your countenance in yon mirror, and tell me if I am not a deft lady's maid to 'the fair one with the golden locks'?"

Kate rose. The little excitement—a great one though to her—had sent a faint colour to her cheeks, usually so pale; her eyes sparkled. Her hair was dressed becomingly, the white rose just showing behind her tiny ear. Altogether she saw in the glass a very pretty picture.

Kitty stared in such evident surprise at herself that Millie laughed delightedly.

"Why, Kitty, I do believe you never knew you were pretty before! Just put this pink

ribbon round your neck and you'll do nicely. I shall laugh when I see Dick's surprise, because, you know, we both thought you would be like Aunt Honor."

"Dick?" said Kitty, nervously; "who is Dick?"

"Who's Dick?" echoed her cousin, "why, my brother, of course. Who did you think he was?"

"I didn't know he was coming, but—but I don't think I like boys."

"Didn't know he was coming! No more did I till three days ago. And he isn't a boy," she continued, half angrily; "he is more than twenty! Not like Dick! Nonsense! Everybody likes Dick!"

With this conclusive argument, she linked her arm in Kitty's, and they went down to the parlour.

Kate was so nervous and timid that she would almost have been relieved if the stairs had opened to swallow her up, for, in passing from her room door, she stepped into the arms of a young gentleman, who was also descending the stairs, and who gazed at her in undisguised amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said he, recovering himself, "but are you Cousin Kitty?"

"Didn't I tell you he would be surprised?" said Millie, mischievously. "You don't know what a flattering portrait we drew of you as we came here. We expected to see a Gorgon in spectacles with a perpetual frown—"

"Spectacles at seventeen!" cried Kate, with a rippling silvery laugh, the first that had been heard in that dreary house for many a long day. "And have you altered your flattering opinion?"

"I should think we had, indeed," said Dick, so earnestly that it brought the colour in floods to her face.

"A race! a race!" cried Millie. "Let's see who will be down first."

She rushed down the stairs, taking the last ones with a jump, and ran against the breakfast-room door out of breath.

Dick quickly, and Kate more slowly, came after, Kitty laughing merrily till the door opened, and Miss Spencer looked out.

Kate's merriment stopped suddenly, and the rest went in quietly enough.

After prayers they began breakfast, and then Miss Spencer noticed the difference in her niece's appearance.

"Katherine," she said, coldly, "pray what have you been doing to yourself? Why have you done your hair in that unbecoming manner? You must alter it directly."

Kate coloured; the tears sprang to her eyes. She was about to rise to obey her aunt, feeling deeply mortified at being scolded before comparative strangers, when Millie exclaimed—

"My dear Aunt Honor, surely you don't think it unbecoming! Why, she was going to do it like—like her grandmother might have done. Of course, I could not allow that, so I did it for her, and it looks ever so much better; don't it, Dick?"

"I do not admire it," said Miss Spencer, decisively, "but you need not alter it just now. I am sorry to see you so vain."

The subject was not allowed to drop till a long tirade had been preached about the evils of vanity and the unbecomingness of it in young persons.

When the uncomfortable meal was over, they rose with a feeling of relief. Millie asked Kate to show her the garden. Miss Spencer graciously allowing her to do so, they went out.

"Poor Kitty!" was all she said, with a caressing touch of the hand.

This touch was too much for her over-taxed feelings. Kate burst into a flood of tears. "I am so very, very miserable," she sobbed.

"I should think you were, indeed," said

Millie, indignantly. "Is she always like that? What a disagreeable old thing! Never mind, Kitty, I mean to love you very much, and while we are here you shall enjoy yourself. Oh! here comes Dick. What shall we do, Dick? Where shall we go? There is not much to see in this garden, is there?"

"Do I observe in the far distance a primeval forest?" asked Dick, with mock solemnity, pointing to the wood near them. "Would it be possible to reach it in a day's journey?"

"Well, if we walked fast we might get there in five minutes, but I don't think aunt would let us go."

"Wouldn't she! I'll go and ask her." Millie ran in quickly and a little noisily, and began her request, but was checked by Miss Spencer, who remarked, "Millicent, is this a ladylike mode of entering a room? I am sure you know it is not. Sit down and state your wishes quietly."

Millie sat down, and, as quietly as she could, stated her wishes.

"It cannot be thought of for a moment! I cannot go with you, and Hannah is busy."

"But, aunt, surely Kitty knows the way, and Dick will take care of us."

"The garden, I am sure, is large enough for recreation. Katherine never walks anywhere else. You cannot go."

"Poor Kitty," she sighed, involuntarily, and was going away, feeling that she had failed in her mission, when Dick came in at the window.

He guessed immediately how matters stood, and acted accordingly.

"Well, Millie," he said, rapidly, "I hope you have been long enough! You and Kate go on; I'll catch you. I want to ask you a favour, aunt. Please will you lend us a market basket, because we are going nutting. What, Millie, not gone yet? You need not wait for me; I'll fetch the basket. We won't be late, aunt. By the bye, what time is lunch?"

"Two o'clock," said Miss Spencer, "but—"

"All right, we won't be late, and we'll bring you lots of nuts. Good-bye, aunt. Make haste, Millie."

He hurried his sister away before either she or her aunt had time to speak.

As soon as they were out of hearing, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh, Millie! what a caution she is! 'You cannot go!' Can't we? Didn't I do it well? Don't tell Katie; it would only vex her, poor little thing! We must make her as jolly as we can while we stay. Do you know, Millie, I do believe that if we had not come, she would have gone melancholy mad."

"No doubt of it, and enough to make her!" replied Millie, indignantly.

They procured the basket—Dick kissing Hannah as payment, on which the old lady shook her head and wondered "what the world was coming to."

They went merrily to the wood.

On reaching it, they were thunderstruck to find that Kate had never been through any part of it but the path that led to the church.

They declined to walk there, and went down to the depths of it, amongst the closely growing trees and ferns, where they spent a most happy morning, and it was not till after one that they thought of returning.

"What sort of visitors have you here?—pleasant ones, I mean, of course."

"I hardly know," said Kate, doubtfully. "There is Mr. Green, the clergyman, but I don't think he is pleasant; and there are Mr. Barton, Miss Lesling, and a good many more, but they are not at all nice."

"Lively companions, indeed! Then we

shall have to depend on ourselves for society, and I, for one, am glad of it."

While they were returning, Miss Spencer was talking to Hannah.

"Yes, Hannah, actually carried them away against my express command! I do not blame Kate." ("I should think not," murmured Hannah, quietly.) "It was not her fault. She has always been a severe trial to me, and still will be so, of course; but I foresee they will be far worse. There is Mr. Green coming down the road; I am sure he will feel for our trouble. Look, Hannah!" she exclaimed, "there is a disgraceful exhibition to appear before a clergyman's eyes!"

Millie, Dick, and Kate were coming down the winding path leading to the house. Dick in the middle, holding the market basket heaped high with nuts in his two hands, the girls hanging on his arms and eating the nuts as fast as they could, laughing heartily at his pitiful entreaties to them not to steal, or, at least, to give him a share.

Millie had crowned Kate and herself with wreaths of wild honeysuckle, and made posies of wild flowers. Above the bright sun shone, and lit up the little happy party of joyous young people.

Hannah looked out, as she was told to do, and thought it a prettier sight than any she had ever seen, and so replied, rather tartly—

"Well, miss, I should think as Mr. Green must be pleased to see such an exhibition. It is a fine sight, surely. I beg your pardon, ma'am, for being so bold, but Miss Kate hasn't looked so happy as she does now since she's been here. Maybe, miss, girls want sunshine, and I misgave me she ain't had much."

She hurried away to let the visitors in. Miss Spencer repeated the words, "Girls want sunshine!" and a slight misgiving crossed her mind for the first time that, though she had done her duty, she had not done all that was required.

This thought was banished immediately, but it left her heart softer than usual, and the culprits were received without the severe scolding she had meant to administer.

The days and weeks passed by, each one brighter than the last to Kitty, who had quite regained her former good spirits, till the time came for her cousins to return to their home.

She would have been puzzled to tell why she felt so cold and miserable when she heard that they must go.

Her aunt had changed for the better. The idea that perhaps it was not wrong to be happy presented itself often to her mind, and seeing how much more good and cheerful Kitty was through her happiness and content, she tried the experiment herself.

At first it was very difficult. Difficult for a smile to come on her hard, stern face, to put a pleasant tone in her cold voice, or to think for others; but the effort was made, and after each attempt it was easier to be kind.

In the beginning of this Kate looked at her aunt in amazement at the change, but she found it so pleasant that in a short time she almost forgot that she had once been so different.

* * * *

It is some years later, and a cold winter's night. By a bright fire on a wide, old-fashioned hearth two elderly ladies and an old gentleman sit.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and our old friend Honor.

Miss Spencer is playing with a little, golden-haired girl, who runs continually from her to her baby brother, resting on his mother's knee.

That mother, whose hand is held closely

by her husband, is Kate, as merry and happy as it is possible to be; her husband, of course, is Dick.

Millie is married, and will visit them tomorrow to spend the Christmas season with them.

"Come to me, little Honor," says Miss Spencer, and as the child runs to her and nestles in her arms, she continues, softly, "Ah, Katie, you will never make the sad mistake I did in thinking duty would do instead of love."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CERTIE.—Write to the secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W., and give a full account of your capabilities and ask for advice.

MADGE.—You had better procure Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," price 5s., from the publishers, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is very neat and legible.

ONE WHO IS GREATLY IN NEED OF ADVICE.—You will find all the information you need in "How to Improve One's Education," vol. ii., page 794. The 3rd of February, 1866, was a Saturday.

LILY E.—The salary of clerks in the Post Office commences at £65 and increases to £53 per annum to £80. We do not think your writing would be good enough for either position.

MISS LONGCH.—There is no such word as "somewhen" in the dictionary. Your writing is neat.

IONA.—See pages 454-5, vol. i.; there you will find an article entitled "Nursing as a Profession," which will supply you with all the information you require.

AILEEN.—We do not act as educational agents, nor do we obtain situations for anyone. We should advise you to stay at home, as you have failed in your application to the address we gave.

ROSE.—The translation of the Latin motto, *Quo fas et gloria ducunt ubique*, is, "Wherever duty and glory lead." You gratify us by calling our paper "inestimable." You deserve all the help we can give you.

JUDY.—There are several branches of the Women's Emigration Society. Until last spring only one local branch existed. There is the branch for South Devon, managed by Miss Studdy, Waddeton Court, Brixham; one for Dorchester, by Miss Pearce, Somerleigh, Dorchester; one for Stepney and Whitechapel, by Mrs. Ross, St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, and 5, Cannon Place, Whitechapel-road, E., and a fourth has been opened by Viscountess Strangford, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W., managed by Mrs. Blanchard. Ladies recently sent out as governesses have obtained situations in the colonies worth from £70 to £100 per annum. The shop-keeping class and servants sent out have mostly met with equal comparative success. For some, free passages have been given, others have had loans or assisted passages, and others were paid for by friends. Two-thirds of these emigrants passing through this society's hands during the past year went to Canada and Queensland. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for their reception in the principal Canadian towns, and the society has correspondents at Townsville and Roehampton, Queensland; good arrangements at Sydney, a correspondent at Adelaide; and in New Zealand, correspondents at Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin. The description of women most needed in Canada are middle-aged working housekeepers and nurses for the sick.

ART.

MARGUERITE.—Read the articles on terra cotta painting, at page 225, vol. ii. We know of nothing better than white paint; add a little gum, and be careful not to rub off the outlines.

NELLA.—The trustees of both would be the proper authorities to apply to. If the picture be valuable, it would perhaps sell better at Christie's.

K. E. H.—The drawings you quote are intended for engraving.

THE FAMILY DISHCLOTH.—Water-colours are used for painting on satin. "Writing" is spelt with one "t" only, not two.

EUCLEA.—Enamel colours are used for metallic surfaces, and are purchased at the artist's colour-man's ready for use. The enamel on copper, and on gold and silver, must always be burnt.

SEAFORTH.—The usual charge made by shopowners for the sales made by commission is five per cent., but you will have to make your own bargain with them. They will require to see what you can do, and specimens must be shown to them. The idea that "ladies" cannot earn their living by their work without "losing caste" is one now quite exploded. People have come to their senses at last on this

subject, and have only been too long in so-doing! The natural quickness of perception and steady perseverance of their sex make them singularly successful in their undertakings. We wish you may prove a good example!

ADA.—"Stippling" is a process for getting graduated tints, or softening their edges, in painting and engravings, by the use of irregularly-shaped dots or very tiny oval touches. Have you read "Sketching from Nature," a series of valuable articles in vol. ii., by John C. Staples? You will find every process clearly and distinctly explained in them.

ATHALIAH.—The nearest school of art to you is, we think, that in Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane, Lambeth. All applications for admission, prospectuses, or other information should be made at the school. Write some roundhand copies to reform your writing.

SOBERSIDES (Beyrout).—The knives should be covered with boiled oil, or a cheap varnish, to prevent rust, and should then be put in the driest place in the house. The picture should not be varnished before some months, or perhaps a year has elapsed.

H. L. T.—You did not say whether you had drawn your cards from nature, but if you did, they show some promise for the future. Study the series on "Sketching from Nature," in vol. ii., which will help you. Your writing is legible but very large. Many thanks for your kind letter.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MILLINER.—The same directions are suitable for painting on any other material—card, canvas, or the prepared paper. For "Frames," see page 46, vol. ii., also page 139, vol. ii.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MATER.—We were glad to hear from you again, and regret to find that illness was the cause of your silence. We subjoin the subject of your letter. "The number of persons I have to provide for on my weekly allowance of £2 5s. is nine, five of whom are children, from fifteen to eight. My expenditure is nearly as follows:—Baker, 6s.; meat (Australian, and bones for soup), 9s.; groceries, 7s.; bacon, 2s.; vegetables, 4s. 6d.; lentils, oatmeal, &c., 1s.; eggs, 2s.; milk, 3s.; flour, 1s. 6d.; butter, 3s.; marmalade, 3s.; fruit, 1s. 3d.; washing, 9d.; sausages, 1s. The sausages are for sausage rolls, for the Sunday breakfast. For bacon, I generally buy what the shopkeepers call 'end pieces.' I use the best slices to fry in the Dutch oven, and the rest, it matters not however shabby the pieces, I fry in a plain batter of cornflour and one or two eggs, which forms a very nice breakfast with fried potatoes. The bacon rind, scraped, goes into the stockpot. Oatmeal porridge, and Indian-meal porridge—made in the same way, but needs longer boiling—are favourite breakfast-dishes with my children. Lentils and haricots I use largely for soup, which almost invariably forms a part of our dinner—pudding—always." Many thanks for answering us so clearly.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.—Your butcher's and grocer's bills appear to be very high. Read "Mater's" method of managing, which will help you to lower both. Tableaux and charades are a great amusement; reading aloud, scrapbooks, crest albums, and any natural history craze should all be encouraged in boys. Take in the *Boy's Own Paper*.

COOKERY.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—You will find recipes for Everton toffee on pages 15 and 176, vol. i. Your writing is very good, though rather too full of flourishes.

A CONSTANT READER (Woodbine Cottage).—The dried vegetables you speak of can be purchased at any good grocer's, or shop where jams and dried fruits are sold. They are about 1s. a pound, we believe, and are excellent for soup. In some countries peas, roots, beans, potatoes, and beets are dried for a short time first and then exposed to the gentle heat of an oven to preserve them. When wanted, they are soaked for a short time, and they will be found as good as fresh vegetables.

OSDHUN.—You will find the recipe on the outside of the package of cornflour.

E. B. B.—Many thanks for the recipe, which we gladly insert:—Rice, boiled, 2 pounds; currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; suet, finely chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; mixed peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound; half a nutmeg. This pudding is mixed with the rice after it has been boiled, and the whole is placed in a large pie-dish and baked. Sufficient for eight people, price 1s. 4d. The white of an egg well beaten is said to revive leather chair covers.

A PUZZLED COOK.—Many thanks for your letter. We do not understand where your difficulty lies, unless you added too much tallow when melting the resin. We never knew the recipe fail before.

HARRIE WALTON.—Take the shells carefully off the shrimps, and pound them in a mortar, adding a very little butter and cayenne pepper to them. Press into pots and cover with good butter, melted and poured on while warm.

MATER.—To make peas-pudding. Dry a pint of split peas thoroughly before the fire, then tie them up very loosely in a pudding cloth, put them into warm water, boil them two hours, till quite tender. Then take them up, beat them well in a dish with a little

salt and butter; when quite smooth return to the pudding cloth, tie it up, and boil for another hour.

YOUNG KITCHEN-MAID.—You may find out whether lobsters, crabs, and crayfish are fresh by pressing the horny projecting eyes. When no muscular movement in the claws is thereby produced they are stale.

DOROTHEA LAWSON.—The recipe which you require for making "snow-eggs" is as follows:—Take one pint of water, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of vinegar, four fresh eggs, half gill of cream, add pepper and pounded sugar to taste, and more salt if desired, also one ounce of butter. Put the vinegar, water, and salt into a frying-pan, and break each egg into a separate cup. When the liquid in the frying-pan reaches boiling point put the eggs into it carefully, not breaking the yolks. After simmering for about three or four minutes, at most, remove them (with a slice) to a hot dish, and trim their edges. Then throw out the contents of the pan, and replace the liquid with the cream, seasoning it with pepper, salt, and sugar. Bring the mixture to boiling-point, and then add the butter cut up in small pieces, moving the pan round and round till they be melted. Lastly, pour the liquid over the eggs, and serve. Were the cream and the butter warmed before the eggs were poached, so as that they could be poured over the eggs the moment they were dressed, you would ensure their not being spoiled by waiting for the sauce. We have great pleasure in hearing that our paper and especially the recipes have been so useful to you.

VICTOR EMANUEL AND FRANCES VON STRAWBENZEE.

—Scotch shortbread is made as follows:—Take of flour two pounds; of butter one pound; of powdered loaf sugar quarter of a pound; of caraway seeds half an ounce; of sweet almonds one ounce, and a few pieces of candied orange-peel. Beat the butter into a cream, dredge in the flour gradually; blanch and cut in pieces the almonds, adding them, the caraway seeds, and sugar. Then work the paste thoroughly, and when of an even consistency throughout, divide it into six portions, place each on a separate piece of paper, roll out the several cakes to the thickness of about an inch, and pinch them on all sides, prick well, and decorate with strips of orange-peel. In a good warm oven they will take from twenty-five minutes to half-an-hour in baking. Of course the addition of the caraway seeds should depend on taste, as their use is not essential.

A TRAVELLING SUBSCRIBER.—Strawberry cream is not necessarily made from fresh strawberries; a pot of good strawberry jam answers quite as well, and is infinitely less trouble. The jam must first be passed through a hair sieve, and then add to it an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little milk, whip a quart of cream to a froth and add to it, putting the mixture into a mould, and if possible laying it on the ice to set. If very firm when needed, dip the mould in hot water for a moment and turn out.

SMYRNA.—The following is a good recipe for dessert biscuits, which may be flavoured in a variety of ways. Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound powdered sugar; the yolks of six eggs, and ground ginger, for example, as flavouring. Warm the butter in a basin—but not so as to allow it to turn to oil—and beat it to a cream. Add flour gradually, then the sugar and flavouring. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, and moisten the paste with them. Then, when the whole has been well mixed, drop the mixture from a spoon upon a sheet of buttered paper, leaving some space between each cake, on account of their spreading when warm. Place in a rather slow oven, and bake for twelve or eighteen minutes. You might flavour half this quantity with ginger, and the other half of essence of lemon or currants. Do not allow the biscuits to become very brown. We feel obliged by your kind approval of our magazine.

CHERRY.—"Cheese toast" is what you are trying to describe, we think, not "Welsh rarebit." The "Cheese toast" is made as follows:—Grate, or scrape some rich cheese finely, and add pepper to your taste, and a beaten-up egg, with enough milk to make a mixture of the thickness of cream. Warm it on the fire, and when quite hot pour it over slices of hot buttered toast, and serve.

RHODA.—We agree with you in thinking that to make any dish look inviting, by a pretty method of garnishing it, is worth the attention of the cook and the nurse. Pickles, such as gherkins and red and green capsciums of small size, look pretty round boiled meat and stews. Mint, as well as parsley, round hot or cold lamb or mutton. Olives look well round stewed beef, and slices of Seville oranges round wild ducks, teal, and widgeons. Barberies for game, and slices of beetroot for either boiled beef, salt fish, or any kind of cold beef. With carrots and turnips, of course, you can do much in the way of decoration. Lobster coral and parsley suit boiled fish, and for salmon and mackerel you may use fennel, either pickled or fresh. Of course you know that for the trimming of the dish for boiled fowls, turkeys, roast veal, calves-head, or sweetbreads, and any kind of fish, slices of lemon are always correct. Watercress and red and white radishes—the long and the round—are very effective. For turbot fried smelts form a suitable garniture. That scrapings of horseradish go with hot and cold beef I need scarcely remark. When joints of meat are served hot, let all the gravy be served in a sauce-boat, and then neither the