

but he had loved this girl, and cherished her memory ever since their final parting.

He had been penniless. A rich suitor came to woo her at the moment when the sudden death of her father had reduced them almost to beggary, and, persuaded by her mother's tears and prayers, Alice had consented to break her engagement with Everard, but to marry no one else for at least a year. Poor girl! she hoped that in that time her lover would be able to offer her a home that her mother would think sufficiently good. It was many years ago, and their lives had drifted apart. He had been working hard and steadily, but at the end of the stipulated year he had not attained enough money to keep a wife in the manner he knew Mrs. Mainwaring required, so he had written one short letter to her to say so. That letter had never been answered, and he had heard no tale or tidings of them since.

A fortunate speculation had at that time made a rich man of him, and still, true to his first love, he has come back to England to seek her.

She was married and her mother dead, he thought, as he hurried away from the footsteps which had disturbed him; but he would walk to Brentley and make inquiries of them there. How well he remembered the village in the old happy days, when he and Alice were sent there on shopping errands—those delightful walks—and the rest at that spot in the wood, beneath the old tree on which their names were cut. Oh, it all seemed only yesterday.

The people who had disturbed Everard were a lady and a little girl.

"Here it is, mamma," said the child. "I am glad; it is a long walk, is it not?" and she flung herself down at once beneath the old tree. "Here is plenty of room for you, mammy, dear," she continued; "is it not jolly to get a rest!"

"I am not very tired, love," answered her mother, but she sighed heavily as she took her place beside the little girl.

"Why do you sigh then, naughty mother?" she asked, looking up into her mother's face.

"A foolish habit, dear, that is all," she answered.

"Well, now, you know you promised that the very next time we came here you would tell me a story about this tree, and why you like to come dragging all over here to look at it. I am sure our Finchden trees are quite as beautiful."

"More beautiful, Vera, but not so dear to me. When I was a girl, you know, I lived here, and used to come very, very often to this little wood; first of all to play with my doll, and—then to sit here in the long, sweet summer evenings with someone who was very dear to me, Vera. Look there, above your head; you will see his name and mine."

"Oh, mamma! but that was another lover before you knew papa, then?"

"No, dear. I knew papa then, but I did not love him as I did afterwards. Poor papa! he was very good to me, Vera, but I—. Never mind, I cannot tell you any more to-day; it is a long time ago since I sat beneath this tree in the old happy days. When you are rested, dear, we will go home again."

Vera was silent for a few moments, and then she said—

"I think you have not told me a pretty story, mother, but a sad truth."

Mrs. Fleming smiled sadly as she answered, "Yes, dear; but I hope when I can tell you all that it will be a lesson to you, teaching you to follow the instructions of one of the wisest of men, who bids us to our 'own selves' be true, and then we 'never can be false to any man.'"

And so hand in hand the mother and child strolled home again, and Everard Lascelles

reached Brentley and learned that Miss Mainwaring had married Mr. Freeling, the rich city merchant, and they had sold the old hall, and her mother had lived with them till she died. Now he was dead, and the widow lived at Finchden with her only little girl. Very well off they were, but she never looked or seemed happy, they said—not when he was alive, nor since his death. He had been dead five years now.

Finchden! He would go there to-morrow, and ordering a bed and supper at the little inn, he lay awake there till the morning, listening to the waves breaking on the shore, saying, over and over again, "Old love is waking; must it wake in vain?"

"Mamma—mamma!" cried little Vera, running to her mother's room, "there's a gentleman driven up to the door in a dog-cart, and whom we don't know, and he's the image of a little old faded photograph in your own book, which you let me look at sometimes on Sundays."

"My dear Vera, what do you mean?" asked her mother, looking up from her writing in a perplexed manner.

A loud ring at the door-bell followed.

"There—there he is," said the child. "Who can it be?"

"The tax-gatherer, dear, I should say, so early in the morning," answered her mother, with a smile at the child's excitement.

"No, but I tell you, mother, he is a gentleman, and like a picture in your book."

"A gentleman wishes to see you, madam," said the maid. "Frisbey says she is a stranger. He desired me to tell you this."

"Who can it be? I do not like seeing strangers," said Mrs. Freeling. "Go down, Stanley," she continued, turning to her maid, "and say that I do not receive until five o'clock, and that if he will send up his name and business I will attend to it."

He was pacing the room, thinking every moment an age—looking at the ornaments and the pictures, at the lovely garden, from where the sweetest scents came through the window which opened to the ground, wondering if she would know him or care to see him if she did.

The door opens; he starts forward. Only the maid to deliver her mistress's message.

"Tell her," he said, "I have no business; I only wish to see her. Say my name is Lascelles; stay, take her my card." And again he commenced the restless pacing of the room, till the door opened again, and a little, frail, tender-looking woman, with white face and lips, stood before him.

"Alice."

"Everard."

They could not tell anyone what either said next, but Vera could not think what business it was which kept mamma so long.

She went into the garden and tried to peep into the drawing-room, but they were seated too far back in the room for her curiosity to be gratified. Her maid chose to take her for a walk, but she said she could not go till she had seen mamma.

"Why, Emma, this strange man may be a murderer or a madman. Do you think I could go out," she said, "and leave mamma to his mercy?"

The maid laughed, but let her have her way; and Vera hovered about the window till the gong was sounded for luncheon, and to her great joy she heard her mother's voice calling her.

"I am here, mamma," she said, coming in quickly through the open window.

"Vera, dear, you were right; this gentleman's picture is in my book. Shake hands with him."

Wonderingly Vera did as she was desired, gazing first into the stranger's face and then

into her mother's, for there were new strange expressions to her in both of them.

"How like you—I am so glad, Alice," he said; and then they went into luncheon, and Vera was too puzzled to eat much; and after lunch was ended this strange gentleman went away, and mamma watched him from the window till he was quite out of sight, and then coming back into the room she took Vera into her arms and kissed her warmly, saying—

"The story I was going to tell you, my darling, has a happier ending than I dared to hope it would have. That was Everard Lascelles."

"The name on the tree!" exclaimed Vera.

"Yes, dear, he has come back to me never to leave me more. I pray you will try to love him, Vera, for little mother's sake."

The "old love" had "woke again," nor had it "woke in vain."

BATHS AT HOME AND BATHS BY THE SEA.

By Medicus.

THE morning bath, or tub, as it is often called, is eminently suited for the constitution of everyone, young or old, unless exceedingly delicate. If you have not been in the habit of indulging in this luxury, I do not advise you to commence the habit of matutinal cold water bathing all at once. The tepid soap bath will, in nine cases out of ten, suit young girls better, and they will not have taken a dozen morning baths of this kind before they become sensible of an increase in the appetite, in strength, and in good spirits, and in the capability of enjoying life and everything of good that is in this life. By the use of the soap bath, too, the complexion gradually becomes more clear and delicate, the roseate hues of health begin to bloom on the cheeks, and the skin is rendered as soft and pliant as that of a little child. This bath, too, causes the eye to become beautifully clear, and I know of nothing else that will do this.

Now, what is it you require in order to render this bath of mine quite a luxury, as well as an invigorator of both mind and body? Why, the soap bath is simple in the extreme. In your dressing-room you have cold soft water and a sponge, probably placed there over night, so that it is, in the morning, of the same temperature as the air; then you have a nice soft turkish washing glove, and a piece of plain yellow or primrose soap—not scented, that were dangerous to health; then standing before a basin of hot water, the whole body is quickly lathered and rubbed thoroughly. This ought to occupy not more than say three minutes, and after this comes the cold sponge bath, which need not take more than a minute and a half. A moderately coarse towel should be used, and the skin should be thoroughly dried. Remember that the towel must not be rough enough to irritate the skin, but only to produce a pleasant glow; remember, too, that there must be no dawdling over the bath—dawdle as much as you please while dressing, but bathe with judicious celerity; and remember, thirdly, that you must never neglect to wet the head with cold water, else disagreeable sensations may be the result.

The bath is to be taken on an empty stomach, and immediately after getting out of bed. The slight shock caused by the cold water will be succeeded by feelings very delightful indeed, feelings which I might describe if I chose, but will not, as I want you to experience them.

There are sponge baths, and plunge baths, and shower baths, all of which may be taken at home, but of all forms of household bathing commend me to the one I have just tried

to describe. In cold weather, I may tell you, great advantage will be found from drying and dressing in front of a fire. Having dressed and had breakfast, eaten I trust leisurely, half an hour's brisk walking will do you all the good in the world.

This walk greatly aids the effect of the bath, and tends to raise the spirits and cause everything to appear *couleur de rose* during the rest of the day.

I said take the bath in your dressing-room, because the air of the bed-room is generally more or less vitiated, but if the convenience of the former is not to be had, better have it in the room in which you sleep than not at all. The air of a bed-room, however, has no right to be impure, if people would only take my advice and sleep with a little bit at the top of the window open; the most delicate maiden can do this with impunity almost, if not quite, all the year round.

The soap bath renders those who take it regularly hardy and happy. They come in time to have the keenest relish for life-existence, the appetite is increased, and indigestion kept at bay; and if ever they do catch cold, which is unlikely, the complaint lasts but a very short time indeed, and is seldom painful or dangerous. Of course, during a cold, the bath must be foregone for a few days. You may commence the use of the soap bath at any age, or at any time of the year.

Just one or two additional remarks, and I have done with the morning bath at home, and will then take you off to the seaside.

(1.) Then you must consult your own feelings as to whether or not you ought to continue the bath through the livelong winter. I should say, "Try to do so."

(2.) Let the first sponge, full of cold water, be applied to the head and shoulders and adown the spine.

(3.) If you feel too much exhausted in the morning for a cold bath, from having been up late, raise the temperature of the cold bath several degrees.

(4.) Be guided by your own feelings as to the temperature of the hot and cold water. You ought to have a small bath thermometer, price about 1s., in order to regulate the temperature; from 32 to 60 degrees would be right for the cold bath, and about 90 degrees for the water in the basin.

(5.) A cold bath may be taken with advantage when the body is heated, from whatever cause, so long as there is no exhaustion or fatigue; but never go into the water if there be the slightest feeling of chilliness, nor after a full meal.

And now for a word by the sad sea wave. A course of sea-bathing, even if it only lasts for a week or a fortnight, and if taken judiciously, is extremely invigorating. The first thing that most young girls do when they first go to the seaside is to "go wild." You will pardon me the expression, I am sure; it is meant for your good, and to warn you against that over-excitement which the very sight of the ocean hardly ever fails to induce in the young. This ought to be kept within bounds; pleasure to be obtained at the seaside, if it is to be beneficial, ought to be more of the quiet and dreamy kind. While feeling thus you are laying up a store of health and vigour which will do you excellent service when you get back to town or to your own inland home.

I do not advise any girl to begin bathing the very first day of her arrival at the seaside. Better she should spend this day loitering on the sands or among the rocks, where, if she has any taste for the beautiful, she will find a thousand and one objects to interest her. Indeed, at the seaside one cannot be too much out of doors, and as for children they may with benefit paddle about among the wavelets, or build sand castles all day long. Avoid parties

and concerts while on your maritime holiday. Your pleasures ought to be of the very quietest nature possible.

Take plenty of exercise, but do not fatigue yourself, and beware of a too hot sun. Go to bed early and be up before the mists of morning have quite gathered themselves off the sea. Do not forget that the evenings are often chilly; it is well, therefore, if you mean to enjoy a walk after nightfall, to change your dress for it, putting on thicker boots, and flannels ought always to be worn, for the changes of temperature are often very trying even to the robust.

While at the seaside you ought to enjoy yourself all you can. I only want to warn you against excitement and fatigue.

Now as to actual sea-bathing. If you are really strong and hardy you may have a dip in the ocean before breakfast; in most cases, however, it is far better to wait until the day is more advanced—about three hours after the morning meal would therefore be the best time. Do not hurry down to the seaside, but walk at a moderately brisk rate, so that you may be neither very hot nor too cold. Nothing is more dangerous than going into the water either fatigued or cold.

If you can swim by all means do so; if not, there is nothing more easy than to learn; it is a very nice accomplishment even for a lady, and if you once gain confidence it is one that is easy of acquisition and impossible to forget.

I advise the use of a bathing cap in order to prevent the hair from being injured with the salt water. When you go first into the sea lave the face well, and afterwards get the whole body under water as speedily as possible.

Never stop very long in the water—three minutes will be long enough for the first day, and ten minutes will be found long enough for any young girl.

As soon as you come out rub the body instantly with a roughish towel, and finish drying with a smoother one; then dress leisurely, and if you should feel at all faint or sick lie down for a short time, it will soon pass off.

After dressing is just the time for a nice, brisk walk, and it is the time for something else which you ought not to feel ashamed to carry in your pocket—I mean a light biscuit.

Great benefit while at the seaside will be got from having the usual soap bath in the morning before going down to breakfast, followed by a sponge bath of salt instead of fresh water.

WRENS LEARNING TO SING.—A wren built her nest in a box, so situated, that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother-bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day.



PATTY GILLHAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

THE following lines were written in memory of little Patty (Martha Gillham), who was accidentally killed by the sudden blow of a swing, at the Crystal Palace Centenary of Sunday-schools, on June 30, 1880. She was one of sixteen who had been specially trained to sing on that occasion by her teacher, Mr. A. J. White, of the Sermon-lane Mission Schools, Islington, by whom, and the teachers generally, she was greatly beloved.

It is not only the aged
And the sick who are called away,
The summons comes for the children
In the midst of their merry play.

Away from the busy city,
In the summer sunshine bright,
There went forth a band of children,
With hearts that were gay and light.

Sixteen of them, with their teachers,
Joined the army of those who sang;
Through the transept of the Palace
Their youthful voices rang.

They sang of the birds and flowers,
They sang of the home above,
They sang of its joy and gladness,
And the Heavenly Father's love.

Then they wandered about the gardens,
And they played beneath the trees,
And the sound of their happy laughter
Was carried on the breeze.

And one of them, little Patty,
Was the merriest of them all;
She was first in the fun and frolic,
The race, and the game at ball.

But there came a hush to the laughter,
And a stop to the merry play,
For suddenly in one instant
The child was called away.

No time for a thought or a whisper,
No time for a last good-bye,
Ere the spirit had fled for ever
To its home beyond the sky.

So it is not only the aged
And the sick who are called away;
The summons comes for the children
In the midst of their happy play.

And the Lord that took little Patty
Is speaking to us to-day,
And whispering, Be ye ready,
Lest I come and call you away.

Do you ask how can I be ready
To enter that world of light?
How can a child so sinful
Be fit to dwell in God's sight?

This is the Lord's own answer,
And a child can take it in:
The precious blood of Jesus
Can cleanse us from all our sin.

JULIA SQUIRE.

