

large slug causes a panic, though, except to the gardener, it is perfectly harmless, in spite of its slimy path and great, soft, black body and horned head.

The larvæ of some insects are alarming-looking creatures to the uninitiated; for instance, the caterpillar of the goat-moth is a great soft thing, as large as a man's finger; it is harmless, but we don't advise any girl to touch it, for it gives out a strong and most offensive odour, which is very difficult to get rid of. Bees, wasps, hornets, gnats, and some flies are no doubt troublesome; hornets only are dangerous, and the first three are best left alone, as they rarely attack unless attacked. The gnat usually proclaims his presence in bedrooms by his trumpet-like hum, and as his bite is very venomous, it is better to have a gnat hunt where they are numerous before retiring. A veritable insect pest is the almost invisible *bête rouge* or harvest bug, which buries itself under the skin, making bumps

which last for a fortnight; but is such a tiny creature that there is no escape from its onslaughts; and the little midge is a still greater plague—greater in the sense of size, at any rate.

One precaution can be taken against these little plagues; put quassia-chips into your bath, this will make your skin so bitter that no insect will touch you.

As for earwigs, naturalists assure us that they are grossly maligned when it is said they creep into the ear; at the same time the writer knows two scientific men, one of whom was a botanist, the other a zoologist, though his line was among the microscopical infusoria; and each of these once had an earwig crawl into his ear during the night, and suffered horribly. But these are probably exceptional cases, though quite likely to occur to people sleeping out of doors, though this was not the case in either of the above-mentioned instances.

The earwig's forceps-like tails are generally

useful to them, not in nipping people's fingers, but in seizing other insects, though they feed chiefly on leaves and fruit.

They are the hares of the insect world, for they are very timid, quite as much afraid of the town cousins as the town cousins are of them, and they race away with tremendous speed. They possess very beautiful wings folded over their backs, but they seldom fly except at night, for they are nocturnal in their habits.

Objects of almost universal dislike, they have one redeeming trait—they are excellent mothers, and brood over their young like a hen, both before and after they are hatched; and, like every insect, and, indeed, every living creature, bird or beast, a better acquaintance with them will render them objects of interest rather than of fear, often of admiration instead of disgust; for they were all created to be of service to man in some way, and not the least of their uses is to arouse our admiration and wonder at their instinct and their habits.

A NOBLE SISTER OF CHARITY:

LETTICE, LADY FALKLAND.



Of all the great and good Englishmen who belonged to the time of the Civil War in the seventeenth century, no one is remembered with higher honour than Lord Falkland. Too soon for his country, this true patriot and gallant soldier fell in the first battle of Newbury, February 20, 1643.

Loyal and chivalrous, he could not refrain from taking the side of the King when affairs came to an open rupture, although he felt that the Parliament had justly protested against some of the acts of arbitrary power. If any man could have saved the nation from calamity by proposals of conciliation and peace, it was Lord Falkland. Of him Lord Clarendon, in his history, says, "His nature was so gentle, and his disposition so obliging, with courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him."

While the name of Lord Falkland thus lives in history, comparatively little has been heard of his wife, Lady Falkland, a woman of the highest excellence, worthy of such a husband, and with a character for wisdom and goodness such as has rarely been surpassed. Her name was Lettice Morison, a daughter of Sir Richard Morison. She also died young, in February, 1646, aged thirty-five, surviving Lord Falkland only three years. The record of her life we owe to another lady of those times, also memorable for her wisdom and virtue, Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, a leading man on the Parliamentary side in the Civil War. That a Republican lady thus celebrated the praises of her Royalist contemporary, shows how personal excellence is above mere party feeling, and it is the happiness of our more peaceful time that we can admire the devotion and imitate the example of each of these noble women. From Mrs. Hutchinson's memorial of Lady Falkland our readers will be pleased to see some extracts.

After telling of her happy married life, and the sorrow of her sad bereavement, Mrs. Hutchinson says that the years of Lady Falkland's widowhood "abounded in prayers and alms-deeds." Her first and grand employment was to study and to practise our blessed Saviour's sermon on the Mount, beginning with those virtues to which the beatitudes are annexed.

Much of her charity was such as could not be concealed; though often she sent relief to prisoners and needy persons, with strict charge that it should not be known from whence it came. Some of her near neighbours, who were either very old and not able to work, or very young and not fit for work, were wholly maintained by her. To other poor children she contributed much, both for their spiritual and their temporal well-being, by erecting a school for them, where they were to be taught both to read and to work. Much care she took that no man or woman or child should want employment, that their own hands might bring them in a competent subsistence, and accounted that to be the best management of her estate which set most poor people to work; for if it were to their profit she little regarded her own detriment in it. So that her principal care herein was to keep them from idleness, the root of most sin and wickedness.

As for the poor at home, and for strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the faint and weak, and in clothing the naked. Sometimes when she had given all the clothing she had of her own, she would in extremity beg garments from her servants (whom she requited soon after with new), that the poor wayfarer might not go naked or cold from her door. When one objected that idle and wicked people were by this sort of charity relieved at her house, her answer was, "I know not their hearts, but can only judge their carriage and speech; and I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants than that one member of Christ should go empty away."

And this her mercifulness extended to enemies as well as those who professed to be friends to the same cause. When many prisoners were taken by the King's soldiers, and were in great need, she consulted how she might send relief to them; and when it was said that such acts would raise jealousies in some of her loyalty to his Majesty, she re-

plied: "No man will suspect my loyalty because I pity and relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity if he would see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew. However, I would rather be so misunderstood than that any of my enemies should perish for want of it."

Beyond all, her mercifulness towards the sick was most laudable. When any of her poor neighbours were sick she had a constant care that they should neither want relief nor such attendance as their weak condition called for; and, if need were, she hired nurses to serve them. Her own frequent visiting of the poorest cottages, and her ready service to them on their sick-bed, argued as great humility as kindness in her; yet the books of spiritual exhortation she carried to those sick persons declared a further design she had therein of promoting them towards heaven, by reading to them, and by administering words of holy counsel to them. "There is no ground more fit," she would say, "for sowing good seed than this, while the ground of their hearts is softened by sorrow and sickness." And to gain this advantage it was that she was so frequent a visitor of the sick, going day after day to their bedside. This honourable lady hath been observed sitting in a cottage, waiting the sick woman's leisure, till the slumbers or fits were over, that she might read again to her, and finish the work she had begun.

For meekness also she was most eminent. She was second to none of her sex and age, I believe, among us for perspicuity of understanding and clearness of judgment; yet as far from self-conceit as from ignorance. Her way, indeed, was, upon debates, to object till all arguments she could think on to the contrary were satisfied, and when that was once done no cavil was heard, but her assent was readily given. This ready submission of her judgment to the best reasons I mention, to show the meekness of her wisdom. And she seldom delayed to do what she was convinced was fit to be done.

The greatest difficulty with her was as to her affections. Her natural temper, she would often complain, inclined her to anger, and being so well aware of it, she most diligently observed herself, and did in a great degree conquer that froward inclination, which was the more commendable because of the many difficulties she met with in it.

And now, after the exercise of all these virtues in this high degree, such a poverty of spirit and humility appeared in her, that on all occasions she was bewailing her weakness and lamenting her spiritual wants. If she ever heard any of those who were about her speaking of what she did, and wishing they were as forward in grace and virtue as she was, her reply was, "Oh, ye are not so backward; yet you wish yourselves better. Ye know not how vile and corrupt my heart is."

So that in some respects—in view of God's law—she counted herself the greatest of sinners. In no respect would she esteem herself better than the least of all saints—a well-wisher towards holiness, and a beginner still.

Thus she daily practised those graces and virtues to which our Saviour annexed such special blessings, and studied to be ever more and more perfect in them with as much diligence as a scholar doth his lessons;

and with as much success and good speed too.

Much more is told by the biographer about this excellent lady. What we have given is as nearly as possible in the quaint but clear and expressive language of the memoir. As Lady Falkland, she had wealth and influence above many, but there is no reader, even the youngest or humblest, who cannot emulate the spirit of this Christian gentlewoman, and strive to do good to others as there is opportunity.

IS BEAUTY EVANESCENT?

By MEDICUS.

Is beauty evanescent? If I wished anyone save myself to answer that question; if I appealed for a reply to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for instance—ten thousand sweet voices would be lifted up at once. "Beauty evanescent?" they would exclaim. "Why, of course it is. What can you be thinking of to put such a query? 'All things fair must fade away.' Wise men are never tired keeping this fact before our eyes. Poets in all ages down to the present have sung the song in mournful numbers. And if you lift up your eyes and gaze around you in the garden where you now sit at work, you will have an answer in the affirmative to your question. The month of May is already far spent. June will soon be here. June and summer. But where are now the beauty tints that erst were on the trees; the tender greens, the lightsome yellows, or the foliage-shades of bronzes and blues that spring had painted here and there on the hedgerows? Gone, gone, gone! But a fortnight ago no proud bride was ever adorned with glory and loveliness like that which Nature had, with so wanton a hand, thrown over the orchard trees. But May winds blew, and May rains fell, and the snowy petals came down in showers, and the sunshine has strengthened the leaves; they no longer look like silken tassels, they are erect and hardy; but, alas! their young beauty has faded or fled. Even the birds seem to note the change, and the songs that we hear in copse or grove are less jubilant now, have lost the glad, hopeful ring they had, while bud and burgeon yet adorned the boughs."

Now, I readily admit the truth of all this, and I for one never could witness the departing glories of spring-time, without a certain degree of sadness of heart. I grant at the same time that wise men are right in calling attention to the fleetingness of all that is bright and beautiful in the world. At the same time we are wise in making the best of beauty while it does last, and not only this, but we do well to make that beauty last as long as possible. This fact is peculiarly applicable to female beauty and comeliness. I have ever maintained, as I do now, that healthful adornment of the person is a duty you girls and young women owe to those with whom you come into daily contact, especially to us poor men folks, who, I must be pardoned for saying so, are far more capable of appreciating your brightness and freshness than is the sister sex.

The refrain of an old song keeps ringing in my head as I write. It is a somewhat mournful one—

"Time wears awa', time wears awa',
And winna let us be,
It's stolen the wild rose frae your cheek,
The blythe blink frae your 'ee."

Well, I wish to prove to my readers in this short paper, that although beauty is really

evanescent, it need only be slowly so. That though, as time wears on, the wild rose may leave your cheek and the "blythe blink" be stolen from your eyes to some extent, there are ways and means of retaining both for a far longer time than most people dream of. Sickness apart, remember, for sickness ages one very quickly. And I should add, chronic ill-health apart, for this makes twenty girls look old while sickness ages one.

To begin with, while they are yet very young, and probably scarcely out of their teens, most girls do actually waste beauty's bloom. The first wrinkle, or the first grey hair, is yet—so they imagine—an immeasurable distance away; they cannot help feeling that youth and loveliness will always be their lot, and so they take few, if any, precautions to retain their pristine health. Even when out of their teens, they are beautiful of course, but if they still go on turning a deaf ear to the dictates of reason, still go on disobeying the golden rules of health, a day comes, far sooner than they could have expected, when they are rudely awakened to the disagreeable fact that—that—how shall I put it?—that other people do not consider them quite so young as they themselves do.

So gradually has the change come over the trees in my garden here, so imperceptibly have the tender tints of spring given place to the riper greens of summer, that it is only by remembering what they were three weeks ago that I can grasp the fact that they have indeed altered, and that the leaves are young no longer. It is precisely the same with female beauty that has not gone hand in hand with health: spring tints leave it, complexion changes, but the change is not perceptible to her who sees her face in the mirror a dozen times a day.

"The fact of my getting old," said a young lady candidly to me the other day, while we were talking about complexion, "was first brought home to me by overhearing two chits of girls of barely sixteen talking about me. 'She is quite an old thing,' said one; 'she can't be a day under thirty.' 'And,' said the other, 'she is so wan and withered.' I could not help believing there must be truth in what the latter said, although I really am a day or two under four-and-twenty."

Complexion, we cannot be wrong in believing, is the first point of beauty that suffers from either age or ill-health. If the health does not improve, wrinkles come next. But stay a moment, please; do not imagine that I refer to those deep wrinkles called crowsfeet, nor to lines across the brow either. The wrinkles I refer to come long, long before these, and are so tiny as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, yet so numerous as to alter the whole tone of the complexion, giving to the face deeper shades and less high lights. These minute wrinkles have precisely the same effect on the countenance that

the dots or lines in an engraving or coloured photograph, due to what is called stippling, have on the picture. After these, in the process of ageing, we get a lack of brightness in the eye, and this in its turn is due to two things: first, a change in the colour of the whites—a loss of spring tint, you might call it—and, secondly, to a lessened degree of fullness and rotundity.

As regards the eyes, there are one or two drugs which I could name—but won't—that give an artificial brightness to the eye by temporarily enlarging the pupil. But this does not restore rotundity, nor can any outward application ever invented change the tint of the eye's white. Well, now, take the case of a girl who has lived too well, perhaps, but not too wisely, who has neglected to pay tribute to the laws of health; this poor lass becomes cognisant one day of the fact—which has been patent to her companions long ago—that her complexion is not so fresh as it used to be. What shall she do? Oh, happy thought! she has it. Other people do it; why shouldn't she? Do what? Paint? Dear me, no. I should not be the kindly-hearted, modest Medicus I am if I called the process by any such objectionable title. She will use cosmetics. She cannot take up a ladies' periodical without reading advertisements of "requisites" warranted to restore

"The pristine bloom of youth
To beauty's faded cheek."

Of course, she never thought that she would have to use any of these aids to beauty.

Yet stay, though; can she use them and still escape detection? This is doubtful, she thinks. But, after all, what does it matter? It is only a little harmless powder, and it is more to protect the skin than anything else; and has not one as good a right to wear powder for this purpose, as to carry a parasol on a sunny day in summer? Certainly one has. So she crosses the Rubicon. A neat little parcel comes for her by post one day; it is flowers, perhaps, or a book, or it is nobody's business what. Only after this—for a time, at all events—there is a drawer in her bedroom which is always kept locked. Perhaps it contains her jewellery; but servants have prying eyes, and brothers have a disagreeable habit of coming "slap-dash" into a room to look for a pin or a needle, so lock the drawer by all means.

I really happen to know all about the make-up of a young lady who wants to carry her years well; but I am not going to tell tales out of school. Nor need I; for female hand was never formed yet artistic enough to outline a vein or darken an eyelid in such a way as to escape detection by that curious animal called man.

Now these powders, so much vaunted in advertisements, nearly all contain deleterious substances that not only have an injurious